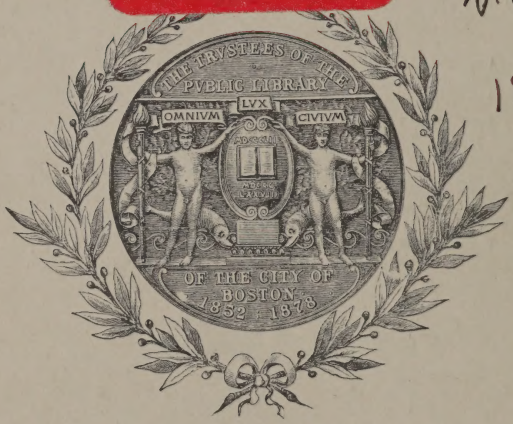
Boston Public Library
3 9999 10524 915 3

PER. RM.

AP2
.A8

v.25
1870



CONTENTS.

		Page
Accident, The Value of	*Charles Collins*	172
Adventurers and Adventuresses in New York	*Henri Junius Brown*	312
Alpine Home, An	*Angelo Tacchella*	498
Americanism in Literature	*T. W. Higginson*	56
Among the Isles of Shoals, II., III., IV.	*Mrs. Celia Thaxter*	16, 204, 579
Blue-Jay Family, The	*T. M. Brewer*	480
Blue River Bank Robbery, The	*W. G. Woods*	332
By Horse-Car to Boston	*W. D. Howells*	114
California Earthquakes	*N. S. Shaler*	351
Captain Ben's Choice	*Mrs. Francis Lee Pratt*	337
Channel Islands, The	*Mrs. Lynn Linton*	354
Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte, The	*James Parton*	712
Drives from a French Farm, I.	*P. S. Hamerton*	656
Duel of the Spanish Bourbons, The	*Richard West*	626
Duluth, A Week at	*J. T. Trowbridge*	605
English Governess at the Siamese Court, The I., II., III.,		396, 554, 730
Father Mériel's Bell	*J. K. Hosmer*	179
French and English Illustrated Magazines	*Eugene Benson*	681
From Pennsylvania Hills to Minnesota Prairies	*J. T. Trowbridge*	272
Gods of Wo Lee, The	*Sidney Andrews*	469
In Behalf of the Birds	*T. M. Brewer*	257
Is Marriage Holy?	*Henry James*	360
Hazlitt, William	*H. T. Tuckerman*	664
Hopes of a Spanish Republic	*Richard West*	368
Joseph and his Friend, I., II., III., IV., V., VI.	*Bayard Taylor*	30, 129, 262, 385, 513, 642
Lauson Tragedy, The I., II.,	*J. W. De Forrest*	444, 565
Let us be Cheerful	*Mrs. Lynn Linton*	694
Life in the Brick Moon	*Edward Everett Hale*	215
Logic of Marriage and Murder, The	*Henry James*	744
Lumberwoman, A		424
Master Treadwell	*J. E. Babson*	699
Military Ball at Goulacaska, The		282
Minor Theatres of London, The	*Pierce Egan*	294
Money Problem, Our		615
My Secretaryship	*Mrs. J. M. Church*	542
Night in a Typhoon, A		343
Oldtown Fireside Stories, I.	*Mrs. H. B. Stowe*	688
Peter Pitchlynn, Chief of the Choctaws	*Charles Lanman*	486
Pressure upon Congress, The	*James Parton*	145
Quaff	*J. W. Palmer*	159
Reviving Virginia	*James Parton*	432
Right and Left	*Burt G. Wilder*	455
Romance of Real Life, A	*W. D. Howells*	305
Signs and Showcases of New York	*Charles Dawson Shanly*	526
Stanton, Edwin M.	*Henry Wilson*	234
Street-Cries of New York	*Charles Dawson Shanly*	199
Study of History, The	*Goldwin Smith*	44
"The Woman Thou gavest with me"	*Henry James*	66
Through the Woods to Lake Superior	*J. T. Trowbridge*	411
Time works Wonders	*Burt G. Wilder*	321
Under the Midnight Sun	*I. I. Hayes*	102
Was he Dead?		86
What to do with the Surplus	*Francis A. Walker*	72
Wo Lee and his Kinsfolk	*Sidney Andrews*	223

Poetry.

Advent Preacher, The	*Marian Douglass*	410
Aspromonte	*T. W. Parsons*	614
Balder's Wife	*Alice Cary*	304
Cathedral, The	*J. R. Lowell*	1
Courage	*Mrs. Celia Thaxter*	423
Descent of Neptune to aid the Greeks, The	*W. C. Bryant*	113
Even-Song	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	349
Idler's Idyl, An	*Hiram Rich*	711
Il Guido Rospigliosi	*T. W. Parsons*	43
In June	*Norah Perry*	680
Legend of Jubal, The	*George Eliot*	589
Lost Art	*T. B. Aldrich*	525
May grown a-Cold	*Wm. Morris*	553
May-time Pastoral, A	*Bayard Taylor*	575
My Triumph	*J. G. Whittier*	467
Nauhaught, the Deacon	*J. G. Whittier*	64
Nearing the Snow-Line	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	86
Rhyme slayeth Shame	*Wm. Morris*	144
Risk	*Charlotte F. Bates*	198
Song		687
Way to Sing, The	*Mrs. Helen Hunt*	214
Winter Woods	*George Cooper*	171

Reviews and Literary Notices.

Alcott's (Louisa M.) An Old-fashioned Girl	752
Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy	124
Bible in the Public Schools, and Clark's Question of the Hour	638
Björnson's Tales	504
Chinese Classics, The	764
Cox's Search for Winter Sunbeams	761
Doyle's The American Colonies previous to the Declaration of Independence	759
Ellking's Memoirs of Major-General Riedesel	248
Father Hyacinthe's Discourses	250
Frothingham's (Ellen) Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea	761
Galton's Hereditary Genius	753
Harte's Luck of Roaring Camp	633
Hedge's Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition	383
Help's Casimir Maremma	637
Hunt's A Day by the Fire	639
Identification of the Artisan and the Artist, The	125
Jarves's Art-Thoughts	252
Konewka's Midsummer Dream	246
Leland's Hans Breitmann in Church	640
Lindsley's Elements of Tachygraphy	251
Lowell's Among my Books	757
McCarthy's My Enemy's Daughter	763
Memoir and Writings of Margaret Fuller Ossoli	251
Morris's The Earthly Paradise	750
Parkman's Discovery of the Great West	122
Phelps's (Elizabeth Stuart) Hedged In	756
Pope and the Council, The	384
Pumpelly's Across America and Asia	382
Red as a Rose is She	512
Ruskin's Mystery of Life and its Arts	635
Sweet's Twilight Hours in the Adirondacks	758
Tennyson's Holy Grail	249
Thackeray's Miscellanies	247
Thies's Catalogue of the Gray Collection of Engravings	127
Unforgiven	762

THE

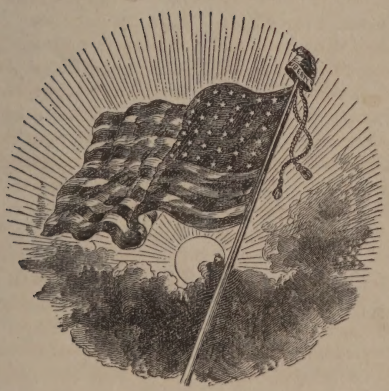
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOLUME XXV.

DORCHESTER.
*
53141
.25
Per. Rm.
1870
7668
18



BOSTON:
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.
1870.

158, 129
May 4, 1874
Gov. 85.1
Pubst 5324.1
9/7/12
X 340
v. 25

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & CO.,
CAMBRIDGE.

Dorchester Athenæum
PUBLIC LIBRARY
5 / 78

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XXV. — JANUARY, 1870. — NO. CXLVII.

THE CATHEDRAL.

FAR through the memory shines a happy day,
Cloudless of care, down-shod to every sense,
And simply perfect from its own resource,
As to a bee the new campanula's
Illuminate seclusion swung in air.
Such days are not the prey of setting suns,
Nor ever blurred with mist of afterthought;
Like words made magical by poets dead
Wherein the music of all meaning is
The sense hath garnered or the soul divined,
They mingle with our life's ethereal part,
Sweetening and gathering sweetness evermore,
By beauty's franchise disenthralled of time.

I can recall, nay, they are present still,
Parts of myself, the perfume of my mind,
Days that seem farther off than Homer's now,
Ere yet the child had loudened to the boy,
And I, recluse from playmates, found perforce
Companionship in things that not denied
Nor granted wholly; as is Nature's wont,
Who, safe in uncontaminate reserve,
Lets us mistake our longing for her love,
And mocks with various echo of ourselves.

These first sweet frauds upon our consciousness,
That blend the sensual with its imaged world,
These virginal cognitions, gifts of morn,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Ere life grow noisy, and slow-footed thought
Can overtake the rapture of the sense,
To thrust between ourselves and what we feel,
Have something in them secretly divine.
Vainly the eye, once schooled to serve the brain,
With pains deliberate studies to renew
The ideal vision: second-thoughts are prose;
For beauty's acme hath a term as brief
As the wave's poise before it break in pearl.
Our own breath dims the mirror of the sense,
Looking too long and closely: at a flash
We snatch the essential grace of meaning out,
And that first passion beggars all behind,
Heirs of a tamer transport prepossessed.
Who, seeing once, has truly seen again
The gray vague of unsympathizing sea
That dragged his fancy from her moorings back
To shores inhospitable of eldest time,
Till blank foreboding of earth-gendered powers,
Pitiless seignories in the elements,
Omnipotences blind that darkling smite,
Misgave him, and repaganized the world?
Yet, by some subtler touch of sympathy,
These primal apprehensions, dimly stirred,
Perplex the eye with pictures from within.
This hath made poets dream of lives foregone
In worlds fantastical, more fair than ours;
So memory cheats us, glimpsing half-revealed.
Even as I write she tries her wonted spell
In that continuous redbreast boding rain:
The bird I hear sings not from yonder elm;
But the flown ecstasy my childhood heard
Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him,
Haply made sweeter by the accumulate thrill
That threads my undivided life and steals
A pathos from the years and graves between.

I know not how it is with other men,
Whom I but guess, deciphering myself, —
For me, once felt is so felt nevermore.
The fleeting relish at sensation's brim
Had in it the best ferment of the wine.
One spring I knew as never any since:
All night the surges of the warm southwest
Boomed intermittent through the shuddering elms,
And brought a morning from the Gulf adrift,
Omnipotent with sunshine, whose quick charm
Startled with crocuses the sullen turf
And wiled the bluebird to his whiff of song:
One summer hour abides, what time I perched,
Dappled with noonday, under simmering leaves,
And pulled the pulpy oxhearts, while aloof

An oriole clattered and the robins shrilled,
Denouncing me an alien and a thief:
One morn of autumn lords it o'er the rest,
When in the lane I watched the ash-leaves fall,
Balancing softly earthward without wind,
Or twirling with directer impulse down
On those fallen yesterday, now barbed with frost,
While I grew pensive with the pensive year:
And once I learned how gracious winter was,
When, past the fence-rails downy-gray with rime,
I creaked adventurous o'er the spangled crust
That made familiar fields seem far and strange
As those stark wastes that whiten endlessly
In ghastly solitude about the pole,
And gleam relentless to the nightlong sun:
Instant the unsullied chambers of my brain
Were painted with these sovran images;
And later visions seem but copies pale
From those unfading frescos of the past,
Which I, young savage, in my age of flint,
Gazed at, and dimly felt a power in me
Parted from Nature by the joy in her
That doubtfully revealed me to myself.
Thenceforward I must stand outside the gate;
And paradise was paradise the more,
Known once and barred against satiety.
I blame not in the soul this daintiness,
Rasher of surfeit than a humming-bird,
In things indifferent purveyed by sense;
It argues her an immortality
And dateless incomes of experience,—
This unthrift housekeeping that will not brook
A dish warmed-over at the feast of life,
And finds Twice stale, served with whatever sauce.
Nor matters much how it may go with me
Who dwell in Grub Street and am proud to drudge
Where men, my betters, wet their crust with tears:
Use can make sweet the peach's shady side
That only by reflection tastes of sun.
But she, my Princess, who will sometimes deign
My garret to illumine till the walls,
Narrow and dingy, scrawled with hackneyed thought
(Poor Richard, slowly elbowing Plato out),
Dilate and drape themselves with tapestries
Such as Nausikaa stooped o'er, while, between,
Mirrors, effaced in their own clearness, send
Her only image on through deepening deeps
With endless repercussion of delight,—
Bringer of life, witching each sense to soul,
That sometimes almost gives me to believe
I might have been a poet, gives at least
A brain desaxonized, an ear that makes

Music where none is, and a keener pang
Of exquisite surmise outleaping thought, —
Her will I pamper in her luxury:
No crumpled rose-leaf of too careless choice
Shall bring a northern nightmare to her dreams,
Vexing with sense of exile; hers shall be
The invitiate firstlings of experience,
Vibrations felt but once and felt lifelong:
O, more than half-way turn that Grecian front
Upon me, while with self-rebuke I spell,
On the plain fillet that confines thy hair
In gracious bounds of seeming unconstraint,
The *Naught in overplus*, thy race's badge!

One feast for her I secretly designed
In that Old World so strangely beautiful
To us the disinherited of eld, —
A day at Chartres, with no soul beside
To roil with pedant prate my joy serene
And make the minster shy of confidence.
I went, and, with the Saxon's pious care,
First ordered dinner at the pea-green inn,
The flies and I its only customers,
Till by and by there came two Englishmen,
Who made me feel, in their engaging way,
I was a poacher on their self-preserve,
Intent constructively on lese-anglicism.
To them (in those old razor-ridden days)
My beard translated me to hostile French;
So they, desiring guidance in the town,
Half condescended to my baser sphere,
And, clubbing in one mess their lack of phrase,
Set their best man to grapple with the Gaul.
"Esker vous ate a nabitang?" he asked;
"I never ate one; are they good?" asked I;
Whereat they stared, then laughed, — and we were friends.
The seas, the wars, the centuries interposed,
Abolished in the truce of common speech
And mutual comfort of the mother-tongue.
Like escaped convicts of Propriety,
They furtively partook the joys of men,
Glancing behind when buzzed some louder fly.

Escaping these, I loitered through the town,
With hope to take my minster unawares
In its grave solitude of memory.
A pretty burgh, and such as fancy loves
For bygone grandeurs, faintly rumorous now
Upon the mind's horizon, as of storm
Brooding its dreamy thunders far aloof,
That mingle with our mood but not disturb.
Its once grim bulwarks, tamed to lovers' walks,

Look down unwatchful on the sliding Eure,
Whose listless leisure suits the quiet place,
Lisping among his shallows homelike sounds
At Concord and by Bankside heard before.
Chance led me to a public pleasure-ground,
Where I grew kindly with the merry groups,
Blessing the Frenchman for his simple art
Of being domestic in the light of day.
His language has no word, we growl, for Home;
But he can find a fireside in the sun,
Play with his child, make love, and shriek his mind,
By throngs of strangers undisprivacied.
He makes his life a public gallery,
Nor feels himself till what he feels comes back
In manifold reflection from without;
While we, each pore alert with consciousness,
Hide our best selves as we had stolen them,
And each by-stander a detective were,
Keen-eyed for every chink of undisguise.

So, musing o'er the problem which was best,
With outward senses furloughed and head bowed
I followed some fine instinct in my feet,
Till, to unbend me from the loom of thought,
Looking up suddenly, I found mine eyes
Confronted with the minster's vast repose.
Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff
Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat,
That hears afar the breeze-borne rote, and longs,
Remembering shocks of surf that clomb and fell,
Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman,
It rose before me, patiently remote
From the great tides of life it breasted once,
Hearing the noise of men as in a dream.
I stood before the triple northern port,
Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
Stern faces bleared with immemorial watch,
Looked down benignly grave and seemed to say,
Ye come and go incessant; we remain
Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past;
Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
Of faith so nobly realized as this.

I seem to have heard it said by learned folk
Who drench you with æsthetics till you feel
As if all beauty were a ghastly bore,
A faucet to let loose a wash of words,
That Gothic is not Grecian, therefore worse;
But, being convinced by much experiment
How little inventiveness there is in man,
Grave copier of copies, I give thanks
For a new relish, careless to inquire

My pleasure's pedigree, if it but please,
Nobly, I mean, nor renegade to art.
The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
The one thing finished in this hasty world,
Forever finished, though the barbarous pit,
Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and shout,
As if a miracle could be encored.
But ah! this other, this that never ends,
Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,
As full of morals half-divined as life,
Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise
Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,
Imagination's very self in stone, —
With one long sigh of infinite release
From pedantries past, present, or to come,
I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth.
Your blood is mine, ye architects of dream,
Builders of aspiration incomplete,
So more consummate, — souls self-confident,
Who felt your own thought worthy of record
In monumental pomp! No Grecian drop
Rebukes these veins that leap with kindred thrill,
After long exile, to the mother-tongue.

Ovid in Pontus, puling for his Rome
Of men invirile and disnatured dames
That poison sucked from the Attic bloom decayed,
Shrank with a shudder from the blue-eyed race
Whose force rough-handed should renew the world,
And from the dregs of Romulus express
Such wine as Dante poured, or he who blew
Roland's vain blast, or sang the Campeador
In verse that clanks like armor in the charge, —
Homeric juice, if brimmed in Odin's horn.
And they could build, if not the columned fane
That from the height gleamed seaward many-hued,
Something more friendly with their ruder skies:
The gray spire, molten now in driving mist,
Now lulled with the incommunicable blue;
The carvings touched with snow to meanings new,
Or commented with fleeting grace of shade;
The painted windows, frecking gloom with glow,
Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer,
Meet symbol of the senses and the soul;
And the whole pile, grim with the Northman's thought
Of life and death, and doom, life's equal fee, —
These were before me: and I gazed abashed,
Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past
And twittering round the work of larger men,

As we had builded what we but deface.
Far up the great bells wallowed in delight,
Tossing their clangors o'er the heedless town,
To call the worshippers who never came,
Or women mostly, in loath twos and threes.
I entered, reverent of whatever shrine
Guards piety and solace for my kind
Or gives the soul a moment's truce of God,
And shared decorous in the solemn rite
My sterner fathers held idolatrous.
The service over, I was tranced in thought:
Solemn the deepening vaults, and most to me,
Fresh from the fragile realm of deal and paint,
Or brick, sham-pious with a marble front;
Solemn the lift of high-embowered roof,
The clustered stems that spread in boughs disleaved,
Through which the organ blew a dream of storm, —
Though not more potent to sublime with awe
And shut the heart up in tranquillity,
Than aisles to me familiar that o'erarch
The conscious silences of windless woods,
Centurial shadows, cloisters of the elk:
Yet here was sense of undefined regret,
Irreparable loss, uncertain what:
Was all this grandeur but anachronism, —
A shell divorced of its informing life,
Where the priest housed him like a hermit-crab,
An alien to that faith of elder days
That gathered round it this fair shape of stone?
Is old Religion but a spectre now,
Haunting the solitude of darkened minds,
Mocked out of memory by the sceptic day?
Is there no corner safe from peeping doubt
Since Gutenberg made thought cosmopolite
And stretched electric threads from mind to mind?
Nay, did Faith build this wonder? or did Fear,
That makes a fetish and misnames it God
(Blockish or metaphysic, matters not),
Contrive this coop to shut its tyrant in,
Appeased with playthings, that he might not harm?
I turned and saw a beldame on her knees;
With eyes astray, she told mechanic beads
Before some shrine of saintly womanhood,
Bribed intercessor with the far-off judge, —
Such my first thought, by kindlier soon rebuked,
Pleading for whatsoever touches life
With upward impulse: be He nowhere else,
God is in all that liberates and lifts;
And happy they that wander not lifelong
Beyond near succor of the household faith,
The guarded fold that shelters, not confines!
Their steps find patience in familiar paths

Printed with hope by loved feet gone before
Of parent, child, or lover, glorified
By simple magic of dividing Time.
My lids were moistened as the woman knelt,
And, was it will, or some vibration faint
Of sacred Nature, deeper than the will,
My heart occultly felt itself in hers,
Through mutual intercession gently leagued.

Or was it not mere sympathy of brain?
A sweetness intellectually conceived
In simpler creeds to me impossible?
A juggle of that pity for ourselves
In others, which puts on such pretty masks
And snares self-love with bait of charity?
Something of all it might be, or of none:
Yet for a moment I was snatched away
And had the evidence of things not seen;
For one rapt moment; then it all came back,
This age that blots out life with question-marks,
This nineteenth century with its knife and glass
That make thought physical, and thrust far off
The Heaven, so neighborly with man of old,
To voids sparse-sown with alienated stars.

'T is irrecoverable, that ancient faith,
Homely and wholesome, suited to the time,
With rod or candy for child-minded men:
No theologic tube, with lens on lens
Of syllogism transparent, brings it near, —
At best resolving some new nebula,
And blurring some fixed-star of hope to mist.
Science was Faith once; Faith were Science now,
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
And arm her with the weapons of the time.
Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought,
For there 's no virgin-fort but self-respect,
And Truth defensive hath lost hold on God.
Shall we treat Him as if He were a child
That knew not His own purpose? nor dare trust
The Rock of Ages to their chemic tests,
Lest some day the all-sustaining base divine
Should fail from under us, dissolved in gas?
The armëd eye that with a glance discerns
In a dry blood-speck between ox and man,
Stares helpless at this miracle called life,
This shaping potency behind the egg,
This circulation swift of deity,
Where suns and systems inconspicuous float
As the poor blood-disks in our mortal veins.
Each age must worship its own thought of God,
More or less earthy, clarifying still

With subsidence continuous of the dregs;
Nor saint nor sage could fix immutably
The fluent image of the unstable Best,
Still changing in their very hands that wrought:
To-day's eternal truth To-morrow proved
Frail as frost-landscapes on a window-pane.
Meanwhile Thou smiledst, inaccessible,
At Thought's own substance made a cage for Thought,
And Truth locked fast with her own master-key;
Nor didst thou reck what image man might make
Of his own shadow on the flowing world;
The climbing instinct was enough for thee.
Or wast Thou, then, an ebbing tide that left
Strewn with dead miracle those eldest shores,
For men to dry, and dryly lecture on,
Thyself thenceforth incapable of flood?

Idle who hopes with prophets to be snatched
By virtue in their mantles left below;
Shall the soul live on other men's report,
Herself a pleasing fable of herself?
Man cannot be God's outlaw if he would,
Nor so abscond him in the caves of sense
But Nature still shall search some crevice out
With messages of splendor from that Source
Which, dive he, soar he, baffles still and lures.
This life were brutish did we not sometimes
Have intimation clear of wider scope,
Hints of occasion infinite, to keep
The soul alert with noble discontent
And upward yearnings of unstilled desire;
Fruitless, except we now and then divined
A mystery of Purpose, gleaming through
The secular confusions of the world,
Whose will we darkly accomplish, doing ours.
No man can think nor in himself perceive,
Sometimes at waking, in the street sometimes,
Or on the hill-side, always unforewarned,
A grace of being, finer than himself,
That beckons and is gone, a larger life
Upon his own impinging, with swift glimpse
Of spacious circles luminous with mind
To which the ethereal substance of his own
Seems but gross cloud to make that visible,
Touched to a sudden glory round the edge.
Who that hath known these visitations fleet
Would strive to make them trite and ritual?
I, that still pray at morning and at eve,
Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing more than Plato things I learned
At that best academe, a mother's knee,
Thrice in my life perhaps have truly prayed,

Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt
That perfect disenthralment which is God;
Nor know I which to hold worst enemy,—
Him who on speculation's windy waste
Would turn me loose, stript of the raiment warm
By Faith contrived against our nakedness,
Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain obscure,
With painted saints and paraphrase of God,
The soul's east-window of divine surprise.
Where others worship, I but look and long;
For, though not recreant to my fathers' faith,
Its forms to me are weariness, and most
That drony vacuum of compulsory prayer,
Still pumping phrases for the ineffable,
Though all the valves of memory gasp and wheeze.
Words that have drawn transcendent meanings up
From the best passion of all bygone time,
Steeped through with tears of triumph and remorse,
Sweet with all sainthood, cleansed in martyr-fires,
Can they, so consecrate and so inspired,
By repetition wane to vexing wind?
Alas! we cannot draw habitual breath
In the thin air of life's supremer heights,
We cannot make each meal a sacrament,
Nor with our tailors be immortal souls,—
We men, too conscious of earth's comedy,
Who see two sides, with our posed selves debate,
And only on great days can be sublime!
Let us be thankful when, as I do here,
We can read Bethel on a pile of stones,
And, seeing where God *has* been, trust in Him.

Brave Peter Fischer there in Nuremberg,
Moulding Saint Sebald's miracles in bronze,
Put saint and stander-by in that quaint garb
Familiar to him in his daily walk,
Not doubting God could grant a miracle
Then and in Nuremberg, if so He would;
But never artist for three hundred years
Hath dared the contradiction ludicrous
Of supernatural in modern clothes.
Say it is drift, not progress, none the less,
With the old sextant of the fathers' creed,
We shape our courses by new-risen stars,
And, still lip-loyal to what once was truth,
Smuggle new meanings under ancient names,
Unconscious perverts of the Jesuit, Time.
Change is the mask that all Continuance wears
To keep us youngsters harmlessly amused;
Meanwhile some ailing or more watchful child,
Sitting apart, sees the old eyes gleam out,
Stern, and yet soft with humorous pity too.

Whilere, men burnt men for a doubtful point,
As if the mind were quenchable with fire,
And Faith danced round them with her war-paint on,
Devoutly savage as an Iroquois;
Now Calvin and Servetus at one board
Snuff in grave sympathy a milder roast,
And o'er their claret settle Comte unread.
This is no age to get cathedrals built —
Did God, then, wait for one in Bethlehem?

Worst is not yet: lo, where his coming looms,
Of Earth's anarchic children latest born,
Democracy, a Titan who has learned
To laugh at Jove's old-fashioned thunderbolts —
Could he not also forge them, if he would?
He, better skilled, with solvents merciless,
Loosened in air and borne on every wind,
Saps unperceived: the calm Olympian height
Of ancient order feels its bases yield,
And pale gods look for help to gods as pale.
What will be left of good or worshipful,
Of spiritual secrets, mysteries,
Of fair religion's guarded heritage, —
Heirlooms of soul, passed downward unprofaned
From eldest Ind? This western giant coarse,
Scorning refinements which he lacks himself,
Loves not nor heeds the ancestral hierarchies,
Each rank dependent on the next above
In orderly gradation fixed as fate.
For him no tree of knowledge is forbid,
Or sweeter if forbid. How save the ark,
Or holy of holies, unprofaned a day
From his unscrupulous curiosity
That handles everything as if to buy,
Tossing aside what fabrics delicate
Suit not the rough-and-tumble of his ways?
What hope for those fine-nerved humanities
That made earth gracious once with gentler arts,
Now the rude hands have caught the trick of thought
And claim an equal suffrage with the brain?

The born disciple of an elder time
To me sufficient, friendlier than the new,
I thank benignant nature most for this, —
A force of sympathy, or call it lack
Of character firm-planted, loosing me
From the pent chamber of habitual self
To dwell enlarged in alien modes of thought,
Haply distasteful, wholesomer for that,
And through imagination to possess,
As they were mine, the lives of other men.
This growth original of virgin soil,

By fascination felt in opposites,
Pleases and shocks, entices and perturbs.
In this brown-fisted rough, this shirt-sleeved Cid,
This backwoods Charlemagne of empires new,
Whose blundering heel instinctively finds out
The goutier foot of speechless dignities,
Who, meeting Cæsar's self, would slap his back,
Call him "Old Horse," and challenge to a drink,
My lungs draw braver air, my breast dilates
With ampler manhood, and I front both worlds,
Of sense and spirit, as my natural fiefs,
To shape and then reshape them as I will.
It was the first man's charter; why not mine?
How forfeit? when deposed in other hands?

Thou shudder'st, Ovid? Dost in him forebode
A new avatar of the large-limbed Goth,
To break, or seem to break, tradition's clew,
And chase to dreamland back thy gods dethroned?
I think man's soul dwells nearer to the east,
Nearer to morning's fountains than the sun;
Herself the source whence all tradition sprang,
Herself at once both labyrinth and clew.
The miracle fades out of history,
But faith and wonder and the primal earth
Are born into the world with every child.
Shall this self-maker with the prying eyes,
This creature disenchanted of respect
By the New World's new fiend, Publicity,
Whose testing thumb leaves everywhere its smutch,
Not one day feel within himself the need
Of loyalty to better than himself,
That shall ennoble him with the upward look?
Shall he not catch the Voice that wanders earth,
With spiritual summons, dreamed or heard,
As sometimes, just ere sleep seals up the sense,
We hear our Mother call from deeps of time,
And, waking, find it vision, — none the less
The benediction bides, old skies return,
And that unreal thing, pre-eminent,
Makes air and dream of all we see and feel?
Shall he divine no strength unmade of votes,
Inward, impregnable, found soon as sought,
Not cognizable of sense, o'er sense supreme?
His holy places may not be of stone,
Nor made with hands, yet fairer far than aught
By artist feigned or pious ardor reared,
Fit altars for who guards inviolate
God's chosen seat, the sacred form of man.
Doubtless his church will be no hospital
For superannuate forms and mumping shams,
No parlor where men issue policies

Of life-assurance on the Eternal Mind,
Nor his religion but an ambulance
To fetch life's wounded and malingerers in,
Scorned by the strong; yet he, unconscious heir
To the influence sweet of Athens and of Rome,
And old Judæa's gift of secret fire,
Spite of himself shall surely learn to know
And worship some ideal of himself,
Some divine thing, large-hearted, brotherly,
Not nice in trifles, a soft creditor,
Pleased with his world, and hating only cant.
And, if his Church be doubtful, it is sure
That, in a world, made for whatever else,
Not made for mere enjoyment, in a world
Of toil but half-requited, or, at best,
Paid in some futile currency of breath,
A world of incompleteness, sorrow swift
And consolation laggard, whatsoe'er
The form of building or the creed professed,
The Cross, bold type of shame to homage turned,
Of an unfinished life that sways the world,
Shall tower as sovereign emblem over all.

The kobold Thought moves with us when we shift
Our dwelling to escape him; perched aloft
On the first load of household-stuff he went;
For, where the mind goes, goes old furniture.
I, who to Chartres came to feed my eye
And give to Fancy one clear holiday,
Scarce saw the minster for the thoughts it stirred
Buzzing o'er past and future with vain quest.
Here once there stood a homely wooden church,
By slow devotion nobly changed for this
That echoes vaguely to my modern steps.
By suffrage universal it was built,
As practised then, for all the country came
From far as Rouen, to give votes for God,
Each vote a block of stone securely laid
Obedient to the master's deep-mused plan.
Will what our ballots rear, responsible
To no grave forethought, stand so long as this?
Delight like this the eye of after days
Brightening with pride that here, at least, were men
Who meant and did the noblest thing they knew?
Can our religion cope with deeds like this?
We, too, build Gothic contract-shams, because
Our deacons have discovered that it pays,
And pews sell better under vaulted roofs
Of plaster painted like an Indian squaw.
Shall not that western Goth, of whom we spoke,
So fiercely practical, so keen of eye,
Find out some day that nothing pays but God,

Served whether on the smoke-shut battle-field,
In work obscure done honestly, or vote
For truth unpopular, or faith maintained
To ruinous convictions, or good deeds
Wrought for good's sake, mindless of heaven or hell?
I know not; but, sustained by sure belief
That man still rises level with the height
Of noblest opportunities, or makes
Such, if the time supply not, I can wait.
I gaze round on the windows, pride of France,
Each the bright gift of some mechanic guild
Who loved their city and thought gold well spent
To make her beautiful with piety.
I pause, transfigured by some stripe of bloom,
And my mind throngs with shining auguries,
Circle on circle, bright as seraphim,
With golden trumpets silent, that await
The signal to blow news of good to men.

Then the revulsion came that always comes
After these dizzy elations of the mind:
I walked forth saddened; for all thought is sad,
And leaves a bitterish savor in the brain,
Tonic, it may be, not delectable,
And turned, reluctant, for a parting look
At those old weather-pitted images
Of bygone struggle, now so sternly calm.
About their shoulders sparrows had built nests,
And fluttered, chirping, from gray perch to perch,
Now on a mitre poising, now a crown,
Irreverently happy. While I thought
How confident they were, what careless hearts
Flew on those lightsome wings and shared the sun,
A larger shadow crossed; and, looking up,
I saw where, nesting in the hoary towers,
The sparrow-hawk slid forth on noiseless air,
With sidelong head that watched the joy below,
Grim Norman baron o'er this clan of Kelts.
Enduring Nature, force conservative,
Indifferent to our noisy whims! Men prate
Of all heads to an equal grade cashiered
On level with the dullest, and expect
(Sick of no worse distemper than themselves)
A wondrous cure-all in equality;
Meanwhile, long-suffering, imperturbable,
Thou quietly complet'st thy syllogism,
And from the premise sparrow here below
Draw'st sure conclusion of the hawk above,
Pleased with the soft-billed songster, pleased no less
With the fierce beak of natures aquiline.

Thou, beautiful Old Time, now hid away

In the Past's valley of Avilion,
Perchance, like Arthur, till thy wound be healed,
Then to reclaim the sword and crown again!
Thrice beautiful to us; perchance less fair
To who possessed thee, as a mountain seems
To dwellers round its bases but a heap
Of barren obstacle that lairs the storm
And the avalanche's silent bolt holds back
Leashed with a hair, — meanwhile some far-off clown,
Hereditary delver of the plain,
Sees it an unmoved vision of repose,
Nest of the morning, and conjectures there
The dance of streams to idle shepherds' pipes,
And fairer habitations softly hung
On breezy slopes, or hid in valleys cool,
For happier men. No mortal ever dreams
That the scant isthmus he encamps upon
Between two oceans, one, the Stormy, passed,
And one, the Peaceful, yet to venture on,
Has been that future whereto prophets yearned
For the fulfilment of Earth's cheated hope,
Shall be that past which nerveless poets moan
As the lost opportunity of song.

O Power, more near my life than life itself
(Or what seems life to us in sense immured),
Even as the roots, shut in the darksome earth,
Share in the tree-top's joyance, and conceive
Of sunshine and wide air and wingëd things
By sympathy of nature, so do I
Have evidence of Thee so far above,
Yet in and of me! Rather Thou the root
Invisibly sustaining, hid in light,
Not darkness, or in darkness made by us.
If sometimes I must hear good men debate
Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,
As if there needed any help of ours
To nurse Thy flickering life, that else must cease,
Blown out, as 't were a candle, by men's breath,
My soul shall not be taken in their snare,
To change her inward surety for their doubt
Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof:
While she can only feel herself through Thee,
I fear not Thy withdrawal; more I fear,
Seeing, to know Thee not, hoodwinked with thought
Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed, Thou,
Walking Thy garden still, commun'st with men,
Missed in the commonplace of miracle.

AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

II.

"THESE islands bore some of the first footprints of New England Christianity and civilization. They were for a long time the abode of intelligence, refinement, and virtue, but were afterwards abandoned to a state of semi-barbarism." The first intelligence of the place comes to us from the year 1614, when John Smith is supposed to have discovered them. The next date is of the landing of Christopher Leavitt, in 1623. In 1645, three brothers, Robert, John, and Richard Cutts, emigrated from Wales, and on their way to the continent paused at the Isles of Shoals, and, finding them so pleasant, made their settlement here. Williamson mentions particularly Richard Gibson, from Topsham, England, and various other men from England and Wales. Many people speedily joined the little colony, which grew yearly more prosperous. In 1650, the Rev. John Brock came to live among the islanders, and remained with them twelve years. All that we hear of this man is so fine, he is represented as having been so faithful, zealous, intelligent, and humane, that it is no wonder the community flourished while he sat at the helm. It was said of him, "He dwells as near Heaven as any man upon earth." Cotton Mather thus quaintly praises him: "He was a good *grammarian*, chiefly in this, that he still *spoke the truth from his heart.* He was a good *logician*, chiefly in this, that he *presented himself unto God with a reasonable service.* He was a good *arithmetician*, chiefly in this, that he *so numbered his days as to apply his heart unto wisdom.* He was a good *astronomer*, chiefly in this, *that his conversation was in Heaven.* . . . . So much belonged to this *good man*, that so *learned a life* may well be judged worthy of being a *written one.*" After him came a long procession of the clergy, good, bad, and indifferent, up to the present time, when "divine service," so called, has seemed a mere burlesque as it has been often carried on in the little church at Star. On the Massachusetts records there is a paragraph to the effect that, in the year 1653, Philip Babb of Hog Island was appointed constable for all the islands of Shoals, Star Island excepted. To Philip Babb we shall have occasion to refer again. "In May, 1661," says Williamson, "being places of note and great resort, the General Court incorporated the islands into a town called Appledore, and invested it with the powers and privileges of other towns." There were then about forty families on Hog Island, but between that time and the year 1670 these removed to Star Island and joined the settlement there. This they were induced to do partly through fear of the Indians, who frequented Duck Island, and thence made plundering excursions upon them, carrying off their women while they were absent fishing, and doing a variety of harm; but, as it is expressly stated that people living on the mainland sent their children to school at Appledore that they might be safe from the Indians, the statement of their depredations at the Shoals is perplexing. Probably the savages camped on Duck to carry on their craft of porpoise-fishing, which to this day they still pursue among the islands on the eastern coast of Maine. Star Island seemed a place of greater safety, and probably the greater advantages of landing and the convenience of a wide cove at the entrance of the village, with a little harbor wherein the fishing-craft might anchor with some security, were also inducements. William Pepperell, a native of Cornwall, England, emigrated to the place in the year 1676, and lived there upwards of

twenty years and carried on a large fishery. "He was the father of Sir William Pepperell, the most famous man Maine ever produced." For more than a century previous to the Revolutionary War there were at the Shoals from three to six hundred inhabitants, and the little settlement flourished steadily. They had their church and school-house, and a court-house; and the usual municipal officers were annually chosen and the town records regularly kept. From three to four thousand quintals of fish were yearly caught and cured by the islanders; and, beside their trade with Spain, large quantities of fish were also carried to Portsmouth, for the West India market. In 1671 the islands belonged to John Mason and Sir Ferdinando Gorges. This indomitable old Spaniard always greatly interested me. He must have been a person of great force of character, strong, clear-headed, full of fire and energy. He was appointed governor-general of New England in 1637. Williamson has much to say of him: "He and Sir Walter Raleigh, whose acquaintance was familiar, possessing minds equally elastic and adventurous, turned their thoughts at an early period of life towards the American hemisphere." And so he came over, and, among other places, set his lordly feet upon these rocks. I can imagine his proud, dark, haughty figure standing on the lonely shore, in the quaint dress of the times; with plumed hat, short cloak, long boots, and a bright sword sheathed in its scabbard by his side. Perhaps the spell of the place may have touched him for a moment, and made him pause in the midst of his ambitious dreams; and, looking out with "a sad level gaze o'er the ocean," which challenges thought, whether men are disposed to think or not, he may have felt the emptiness of his brilliant schemes and the paltriness of the motives that controlled his life. Williamson thus laments over him: "Fame and wealth, so often the idols of superior intellects, were the prominent objects of this aspiring man. Constant and sincere in his friendships, he might have had extensively the estimation of others, had not selfishness been the centre of all his efforts. His life and name, though by no means free from blemishes, have just claims to the grateful recollections of the Eastern Americans and their posterity."

From 1640 to 1775, says a report to the "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and Others in North America," the church at the Shoals was in a flourishing condition and had a succession of ministers, — Messrs. Hull, Brock, Belcher, Moody, Tucke, and Shaw, all of whom were good and faithful men; two, Brock and Tucke, being men of learning and ability, with peculiarities of talent and character admirably fitting them for their work on these islands. Tucke was the only one who closed his life and ministry at the Shoals. He was a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1723, was ordained at the Shoals July 20, 1732, and died there August 12, 1773, — his ministry thus covering more than forty years. His salary in 1771 was paid in merchantable fish, a quintal to a man, when there were on the Shoals from ninety to one hundred men, and a quintal of fish was worth a guinea. His grave was accidentally discovered in 1800, and the Hon. Dudley Atkins Tyng, who interested himself most charitably and indefatigably for the good of these islands, placed over it a slab of stone, with an inscription which still remains to tell of the fine qualities of the man whose dust it covers; but year by year the rain-drops with delicate touches wear away the deeply cut letters, for the stone lies horizontal: even now they are scarcely legible, and soon the words of praise and appreciation will exist only in the memory of a few of the older inhabitants.

At the time of Mr. Tucke's death, the prosperity of the Shoals was at its height. But in less than thirty years after his death a most woful condition of things was inaugurated.

The settlement flourished till the

breaking out of the war, when it was found to be entirely at the mercy of the English, and obliged to furnish them with recruits and supplies. The inhabitants were, therefore, ordered by government to quit the islands; and as their trade was probably broken up, and their property exposed, most of them complied with the order, and settled in the neighboring seaport towns, where their descendants may be found to this day. Some of the people settled in Salem, and the Mr. White, so horribly murdered there many years ago, was born at Appledore. Those who remained, with a few exceptions, were among the most ignorant and degraded of the people, and they went rapidly down into untold depths of misery. "They burned the meeting-house, and gave themselves up to quarrelling, profanity, and drunkenness, till they became almost barbarians"; or, as Mr. Morse expresses it, "were given up to work all manner of wickedness with greediness." In no place of the size has there been a greater absorption of "rum," since the world was made. Mr. Reuben Moody, a theological student, lived at the Shoals for a few months in the year 1822, and his description of the condition of things at that time is really frightful. He had no place to open a school; one of the islanders provided him with a room, fire, etc.; giving as a reason for his enthusiastic furtherance of Mr. Moody's plans, that his children made such a disturbance at home that he could n't sleep in the day-time! An extract from Mr. Moody's journal affords an idea of the morals of the inhabitants at this period: —

"*May 1st.* — I yet continue to witness the Heaven-daring impieties of this people. Yesterday my heart was shocked at seeing a man about seventy years of age, as devoid of reason as a maniac, giving way to his passions; striving to express himself in more blasphemous language than he had the ability to utter, and being unable to express the malice of his heart in words, he would *run at* every one he saw. All was tumult and confusion, — men and women with tar-brushes, clenched fists, and stones; one female who had an infant but eight days old, with a stone in her hand and an oath on her tongue, threatened to dash out the brains of her antagonists. . . . . After I arrived among them some of them dispersed, some led their wives into the house, others drove them off, and a calm succeeded."

In another part of the journal is an account of an old man who lived alone, and drank forty gallons of rum in twelve months. In less than three months six hundred gallons were consumed by forty-seven men. This statement shows what was the great trouble at the Shoals; and though time has modified, it has not eliminated the apparently hereditary bane whose antidote is not yet discovered. The misuse of strong drink still proves a whirlpool more awful than the worst terrors of the pitiless ocean that hems the islanders in.

As may be seen by Mr. Moody's journal, the clergy had a hard time of it among the heathen at the Isles of Shoals; but they persevered, and many brave women at different times have gone among the people to teach the school and reclaim the little children from wretchedness and ignorance. Miss Peabody of Newburyport, who came to live with them in 1823, did wonders for them during the three years of her stay. She taught the school, visited the families, and on Sundays read to such audiences as she could collect, took seven of the poorer female children to live with her at the parsonage, instructed all who would learn in the arts of carding, spinning, weaving, knitting, sewing, braiding mats, etc. Truly she remembered what Satan finds for "idle hands to do," and kept all her charges busy and consequently happy. All honor to her memory: she was a wise and faithful servant. There is still an affectionate remembrance of her among the present inhabitants of Star, whose mothers she helped out of their degradation into a better life. I saw in one of the houses not long ago a sampler, blackened by

age, but carefully preserved in a frame; and was told that the dead grandmother of the family had made it when a little girl, under Miss Peabody's supervision. In 1835, the Rev. Origen Smith went to live at Star, and remained perhaps ten years, doing much good among the people. He nearly succeeded in banishing the great demoralizer, liquor, and restored law and order. He is reverently remembered by the islanders. In 1855, an excellent man by the name of Mason occupied the post of minister for the islanders, and from his report to the "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and Others in North America," I make a few extracts. He says: "The kind of business which the people pursue and by which they subsist affects unfavorably their habits, physical, social, and religious. Family discipline is neglected, domestic arrangements very imperfect, much time apparently wasted is spent in watching for favorable indications to pursue their calling..... A bad moral influence is excited by a portion of the transient visitors to the Shoals during the summer months." This is very true. He speaks of the people's appreciation of the efforts made in their behalf; and says that they raised subscriptions among themselves for lighting the parsonage, and for fuel for the singing-school (which, by the way, was a most excellent institution) and mentions their surprising him by putting into the back kitchen of the parsonage a barrel of fine flour, a bucket of sugar, a leg of bacon, etc. "Their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality," he says; and this little act shows that they were far from being indifferent or ungrateful. They were really attached to Mr. Mason, and it is a pity he could not have remained with them.

Within the last few years they have been trying bravely to help themselves, and they persevere with their annual fair to obtain money to pay the teacher who saves their little children from utter ignorance; and many of them show a growing ambition in fitting up their houses and making their families more comfortable. Of late, continually recurring fires, kindled in drunken madness by the islanders themselves, or by the reckless few who have joined the settlement, have swept away nearly all the old houses, which have been replaced by smart new buildings, painted white, with green blinds, and with modern improvements, so that yearly the village grows less picturesque; which is a charm one can afford to lose, when the external smartness is indicative of better living among the people. Twenty years ago Star Island Cove was charming, with its tumble-down fish-houses, and ancient cottages with low-shelving roofs, and porches covered with the golden lichen that so loves to embroider old weather-worn wood. Now there is not a vestige of those dilapidated buildings to be seen; almost everything is white and square and new; and they have even cleaned out the cove and removed the great accumulation of fish-bones which made the beach so curious.

The old town records are quaint and interesting, and the spelling and modes of expression so peculiar that I have copied a few. Mr. John Muchamore was the moderator of a meeting called "March ye 7th day, 1748. By a Legall town meeting of ye Free holders and Inhabitence of gosport, dewly quallefide to vote for Tiding men Collers of fish, Corders of wood. Addition to ye minister's sallery Mr John Tucke, 100 lbs old tenor."

In 1755, it was "Agred in town meating that if any person shall spelth [split] any fish above hie water marck and leave their heads and son bones [sound-bones] their, shall pay ten lbs new tenor to the town, and any that is above now their, they that have them their, shall have them below hie warter in fortinets time or pay the same." In another place "it is agreed at ton meating evry person that is are kow [has a cow] shall carry them of at 15 day of may, keep them their til the 15 day of October or pay 20 shillings lawful money." And "if any person that have any hogs, If

they do any damg, hom [whom] they do the damg to shall keep the hog for sattisfaxcon."

The cows seem to have given a great deal of trouble. Here is one more extract on the subject: —

"This is a Leagel vot by the ton meeting, that if any presson or pressons shall leave their Cowks out after the fifteenth day of May and they do any Dameg, they shall be taken up and the owner of the kow shall pay teen shillings old tenor to the kow constabel and one half he shall have and the other shall give to the pour of the place.

"Mr Dainel Randel
"*Kow Constabel.*"

"On March 11th 1762. A genarel free Voot past amongst the inhabents that every fall of the year when Mr Revd· John Tucke has his wood to Carry home evary men will not com that is abel to com shall pay forty shillings ould tenor."

But the most delightfully preposterous entry is this: —

"March 12th 1769. A genarel free voot past amongst the inhabents to cus [cause] tow men to go to the Revd Mr John Tucke to hear wether he was willing to take one Quental of fish each man, or to take the price of Quental in ould tenor which he answered this that he thought it was easer to pay the fish than the money which he consented to taik the fish for the year insuing."

"On March ye 25 1771. "then their was a meating called and it was *gurned* until the 23rd day of apirel.

"Mr Deeken Willam Muchmore
"*Moderator.*"

Among the "offorsers" of "Gospored" were, besides "Moderator" and "Town Clarke," "Seelekt meen," "Counstauble," "Tidon meen" (Tithing-men) "Coulears of fish," — "Coulear" meaning, I suppose, culler, or person appointed to select fish, — and "Sealers of Whood," oftener expressed corders of wood.

In 1845 we read that Asa Caswell was chosen highway "sovair."

Very ancient tradition says that the method of courtship at the Isles of Shoals was after this fashion: — If a youth fell in love with a maid, he lay in wait till she passed by, and then pelted her with stones, after the manner of our friends of Marblehead; so that if a fair Shoaler found herself the centre of a volley of missiles, she might be sure that an ardent admirer was expressing himself with decision certainly, if not with tact! If she turned and exhibited any curiosity as to the point of the compass whence the bombardment proceeded, her doubts were dispelled by another shower; but if she went on her way in maiden meditation, then was her swain in despair, and life, as is usual in such cases, became a burden to him.

Within my remembrance an occasional cabbage-party made an agreeable variety in the life of the villagers. I never saw one, but have heard them described. Instead of regaling the guests with wine and ices, pork and cabbage were the principal refreshments offered them; and if the cabbage came out of the garden of a neighbor, the spice of wickedness lent zest to the entertainment, — stolen fruit being always the sweetest.

It would seem strange that, while they live in so healthy a place, where the atmosphere is absolutely perfect in its purity, they should have suffered so much from ill health, and that so many should have died of consumption, the very disease for the cure of which physicians send invalids hither. The reasons are soon told. The first and most important is this, that, as nearly as they could, they have in past years hermetically sealed their houses, so that the air of heaven should not penetrate within. An open window, especially at night, they would have looked upon as madness, a temptation of Providence; and during the winter they have deliberately poisoned themselves with every breath, like two thirds of the rest of the world. I have seen a little room containing a whole family, fishing-boots and all, bed, furniture, cooking-stove in full blast, and an oil lamp with a wick so high that the deadly smoke

rose steadily, filling the air with what Browning might call "filthiest gloom," and mingling with the incense of ancient tobacco-pipes smoked by both sexes (for nearly all the old women used to smoke); every crack and cranny was stopped, and if by any chance the door opened for an instant, out rushed a fume in comparison with which the gusts from the lake of Tartarus might be imagined sweet. Shut in that deadly air a part of the family slept, sometimes all. What wonder that their chests were hollow, their faces haggard, and that apathy settled upon them! Then their food was hardly selected with reference to health, saleratus and pork forming two of the principal ingredients in their daily fare. Within a few years past they have probably improved in these respects. Fifteen years ago I was passing a window one morning, at which a little child two years old was sitting, tied into a high chair before a table drawn close to the window, eating his breakfast alone in his glory. In his stout little fist he grasped a large iron spoon, and fed himself from a plate of beans swimming in fat, and with the pork cut up in squares for his better convenience. By the side of the plate stood a tin mug of bitter-strong black coffee sweetened with molasses. I spoke to his mother within; "Arn't you afraid such strong coffee will kill your baby?" "O no," she answered, and held it to his lips; "there, drink that," she said, "that 'll make you hold your head up!" The poor child died before he grew to be a man, and all the family have fallen victims to consumption.

Very few of the old people are left at the present time, and the village is very like other fishing-villages along the coast. Most of the peculiar characteristics of the race are lost in the present generation of young women, who are addicted to the use of hoops and waterfalls, and young men, who condescend to spoil their good looks by dyeing their handsome blond beards with the fashionable mixture which inevitably produces a lustre like stove-blacking. But there are sensible fellows among them, fine specimens of the hardy New England fisherman, Saxon-bearded, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and bronzed with shade on shade of ruddy brown. The neutral blues and grays of the salt-water make perfect backgrounds for the pictures these men are continually showing one in their life about the boats. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the blendings and contrasts of color and the picturesque effect of the general aspect of the natives in their element. The eye is often struck with the richness of the color of some rough hand, glowing with blended red, brown, and orange, against the gray blue water, as it grasps an oar perhaps, or pulls in a rope. It is strange that the sun and wind, which give such fine tints to the complexions of the lords of creation, should leave such hideous traces on the faces of women. When they are exposed to the same salt wind and clear sunshine they take the hue of dried fish, and become objects for men and angels to weep over. To see a *bona-fide* Shoaler "sail a boat" (when the craft is a real boat and no tub) is an experience. The vessel obeys his hand at the rudder as a trained horse a touch on the rein, and seems to bow at the flash of his eye, turning on her heel and running up into the wind, "luffing" to lean again on the other tack, obedient, graceful, perfectly beautiful, yielding to breeze and to billow, yet swayed throughout by a stronger and more imperative law. The men become strongly attached to their boats, which seem to have a sort of human interest for them, — and no wonder. They lead a life of the greatest hardship and exposure, during the winter especially, setting their trawls fifteen or twenty miles to the eastward of the islands, drawing them next day if the stormy winds and waves will permit, and taking the fish to Portsmouth to sell. It is desperately hard work, trawling at this season, with the bitter wind blowing in their teeth, and the flying spray freezing upon everything it touches, — boats, masts, sails, decks, clothes,

completely cased in ice, and fish frozen solid as soon as taken from the water. The inborn politeness of these fishermen to stranger-women is something delightful to witness. I remember once landing in Portsmouth, and being obliged to cross three or four schooners just in (with their freight of frozen fish lying open-mouthed in a solid mass on deck) to reach the wharf. No courtly gentlemen could have displayed more beautiful behavior than did these rough fellows, all pressing forward, with real grace, because the feeling which prompted them was a true and lofty feeling, to help me over the tangle of ropes and sails and anchors to a safe footing on shore. There is a ledge forty-five miles east of the islands, called Jeffrey's Ledge, where the Shoalers go for spring fishing. During a northeast storm in May, part of the little fleet came reeling in before the gale; and, not daring to trust themselves to beat up into the harbor (a poor shelter at best), round the rocky reefs and ledges, the fishermen anchored under the lee of Appledore, and there rode out the storm. They were in continual peril; for, had their cables chafed apart with the shock and strain of the billows among which they plunged, or had their anchors dragged, which might have been expected (the bottom of the sea between the islands and the mainland being composed of mud, while all outside is rough and rocky), they would have inevitably been driven to their destruction on the opposite coast. It was not pleasant to watch them as the early twilight shut down over the vast weltering desolation of the sea, to see the slender masts waving helplessly from one side to another, — sometimes almost horizontal, as the hulls turned heavily this way and that, and the long breakers rolled in endless succession against them. They saw the lights in our windows a half-mile away; and we in the warm, bright, quiet room, sitting by a fire that danced and shone, fed with bits of wreck such as they might scatter on Rye Beach before morning, could hardly think of anything else than the misery of those poor fellows, wet, cold, hungry, sleepless, full of anxiety till the morning should break and the wind should lull. No boat could reach them through the terrible commotion of waves. But they rode through the night in safety, and the morning brought relief. One brave little schooner "toughed it out" on the distant ledge, and her captain told me that no one could stand on board of her, the pressure of the wind down on her decks was so great that she shuddered from stem to stern, and he feared she would shake to pieces, for she was old and not very seaworthy. Some of the men had wives and children watching them from lighted windows at Star. What a fearful night for them! They could not tell from hour to hour, through the thick darkness, if yet the cables held; they could not see till daybreak whether the sea had swallowed up their treasures. I wonder the wives were not white-haired when the sun rose and showed them those little specks yet rolling in the breakers! The women are excessively timid about the water, more so than landswomen. Having the terror and might of the ocean continually encircling them, they become more impressed with it and distrust it, knowing it so well. Very few accidents happen, however: the islanders are a cautious people. Years ago, when the white sails of their little fleet of whale-boats used to flutter out of the sheltered bight and stand out to the fishing-grounds in the bay, how many eyes followed them in the early light and watched them in the distance through the day, till toward sunset they spread their wings to fly back with the evening wind! How pathetic the gathering of women on the headlands, when out of the sky swept the squall that sent the small boats staggering before it, and blinded the eyes already drowned in tears, with the sudden rain that hid sky and sea and boats from their eager gaze! What wringing of hands, what despairing cries which the wild wind bore away while it caught and fluttered the homely draperies and unfastened the locks

of maid and mother, to blow them about their pale faces and anxious eyes! Now no longer the little fleet goes forth, for the greater part of the islanders have stout schooners, and go trawling with profit if not with pleasure. A few solitaries fish in small dories, and earn a slender livelihood thereby. The sea has helped these poor people, by bringing fuel to their very doors: the waves continually deposit driftwood in every cove and fissure of the rocks. But sad, anxious lives they have led, especially the women, many of whom have grown old before their time with hard work and bitter cares.

The local pronunciation of the Shoalers is very peculiar, and a shrewd sense of humor is one of their leading characteristics. Could De Quincey have lived among them, I think he might have been tempted to write an essay on swearing as a fine art, for it has reached a pitch hardly short of sublimity in this favored spot. They seemed to have had a genius for it, and some of them really devoted their best powers to its cultivation. The language was taxed to furnish them with prodigious forms of speech wherewith to express the slightest emotion of pain, anger, pleasure, or amusement; and though the blood of the listener was sometimes chilled in his veins, overhearing their unhesitating profanity, the prevailing sentiment was likely to be one of amazement mingled with intense amusement, — the whole thing was so grotesque and monstrous, and their choice and arrangement of words so comical, and generally so very much to the point. The real Shoals phraseology existing in past years was something not to be described; it is impossible by any process known to science to convey an idea of the intonations of their speech, quite different from Yankee drawl or sailor-talk, perfectly unique in itself. Why they should have called a swallow a "swallick," and a sparrow a "sparrick," I never could understand. Anything that ends in *y* or *e* they still pronounce *ay*, with great breadth: for instance, "Benny" is *Bennaye;* "Billy," *Billaye;* and so on. A man by the name of Beebe, the modern "missionary," was always spoken of as Beebay, when he was n't called by a less respectful title. Their sense of fun showed itself in the nicknames with which they designated any person possessing the slightest peculiarity. For instance, twenty years ago a minister of the Methodist persuasion came to live among them; his wife was unreasonably tall and thin. With the utmost promptitude and decision the irreverent christened her "Legs," and never spoke of her by any other name. "Laigs has gone to Portsmouth," or "Laigs has got a new gown," etc.! A spinster of very dark complexion was called "Scip," an abbreviation of Scipio, a name supposed to appertain particularly to the colored race. Another was called "Squint," because of a defect in the power of vision; and not only were they spoken of by these names, but called so to their faces habitually. One man earned for himself the title of "Brag," so that no one ever thought of calling him by his real name. His wife was Mrs. Brag; and constant use so robbed these names of their offensiveness, that the bearers not only heard them with equanimity, but would hardly have known themselves by their true ones. One man was called "Hing"; one of two brothers "Bunker," and the other "Shothead"; an ancient scold was called "Zeke," a flabby old woman "Flut," and so on indefinitely. Grandparents are addressed as Grans, and Gwammaye, Grans being an abbreviation of grandsire. "Tell yer grans his dinner 's ready," calls some woman from a cottage door. A woman, describing how ill her house was put together, said: "Lor, 't wa' n't never built, 't was only hove together." "I don' know whe'r or no it 's best or no to go fishing whiles mornin'," says some rough fellow, meditating upon the state of winds and waters. Of his boat another says, "She strikes a sea and comes down like a pillow," describing her smooth sailing. Some one relating the way the civil authorities used to take political mat-

ters into their own hands, said that "if a man did n't vote as they wanted him to, they took him and hove him up agin the meetin'-'us," by way of bringing him to his senses. Two boys in bitter contention have been known to call each other "Nasty-faced chowder-heads!" With pride a man calls his boat a "pretty piece of wood," and to test the sailing-capacities of their schooners I have been told that they used to have a method peculiar if not unique. Trying a vessel in a heavy sea, they melted a quantity of lard in a frying-pan on the tiny stove in the cabin, and if, in the plunging of her stormy course, the fat was "hove" out of the frying-pan and the pan remained on the stove, she was considered to be a first-rate sailor. "Does she heave the fat?" anxiously inquires the man at the helm of the watchers at the frying-pan below; and if the answer is in the affirmative, great is the rejoicing, and the character of the craft is established.

Nearly all the Shoalers have a singular gait, contracted from the effort to keep their equilibrium while standing in boats, and from the unavoidable gymnastics which any attempt at locomotion among the rocks renders necessary. Some stiff-jointed old men have been known to leap wildly from broad stone to stone on the smooth, flat pavements of Portsmouth town, finding it out of the question to walk evenly and decorously along the straight and easy way. This is no fable. Such is the force of habit. Most of the men are more or less round-shouldered, and seldom row upright, with head erect and shoulders thrown back. They stoop so much over the fish-tables, — cleaning, splitting, salting, packing, — that they acquire a permanent habit of stooping.

Twenty years ago, an old man by the name of Peter was alive on Star Island. He was said to be a hundred years old; and anything more grisly in the shape of humanity it has never been my lot to behold. So lean and brown and ancient, he might have been Methuselah, for no one knew how long he had lived on this rolling planet. Years before he died he used to paddle across to our light-house, in placid summer days, and, scanning him with a child's curiosity, I used to wonder how he kept alive. A few white hairs clung to his yellow crown, and his pale eyes, "where the very blue had turned to white," looked vacantly and wearily out, as if trying faintly to see the end of the things of this world. Somebody, probably old Nabbaye, in whose cottage he lived, always scoured him with soft soap before he started on his voyage, and in consequence a most preternatural shine overspread his blank forehead. His under jaw had a disagreeably suggestive habit of dropping, he was so feeble and so old, poor wretch! Yet would he brighten with a faint attempt at a smile when bread and meat were put into his hands, and say, over and over again, "Ye 're a Christian, ma'am, thank ye, ma'am, thank ye," thrust all that was given him, no matter what, between his one upper garment — a checked shirt — and his bare skin, and then, by way of expressing his gratitude, would strike up a dolorous quaver of —

> "Over the water and over the lea
> And over the water to Charlie,"

in a voice as querulous as a Scotch bagpipe.

Old Nabbaye, and Bennaye, her husband, with whom Peter lived, were a queer old couple. Nabbaye had a stubbly and unequal growth of sparse gray hair upon her chin, which gave her a most grim and terrible aspect, as I remember her, with the grizzled locks standing out about her head like one of the Furies. Yet she was a good enough old woman, kind to Peter and Bennaye, and kept her bit of a cottage tidy as might be. I well remember the grit of the shining sand on her scoured floor beneath my childish footsteps. The family climbed at night by a ladder up into a loft, which their little flock of fowls shared with them, to sleep. Going by the house one evening, some one heard Nabbaye call aloud to Bennaye up aloft, "Come, Bennaye, fetch me down

them heens' aigs!" To which Bennaye made answer, "I can't find no aigs! I 've looked een the bed and een under the bed, and I can't find no aigs!"

Till Bennaye grew very feeble, every summer night he paddled abroad in his dory to fish for hake, and lonely he looked, tossing among the waves, when our boat bore down and passed him with a hail which he faintly returned, as we plunged lightly through the track of the moonlight, young and happy, rejoicing in the beauty of the night, while poor Bennaye only counted his gains in the grisly hake he caught, nor considered the rubies the light-house scattered on the waves, or how the moon sprinkled down silver before him. He did not mind the touch of the balmy wind that blew across his weather-beaten face with the same sweet greeting that so gladdened us, but fished and fished, watching his line through the short summer night, and, when a blush of dawn stole up in the east among the stars, wound up his tackle, took his oars, and paddled home to Nabbaye with his booty, — his "fare of fish" as the natives have it. Hake-fishing after this picturesque and tedious fashion is done away with now; the islands are girdled with trawls, which catch more fish in one night than could be obtained in a week's hard labor by hand.

When the dust of Bennaye and Nabbaye was mingled in the thin earth that scarce can cover the multitude of the dead on Star Island, a youthful couple, in whom I took great interest, occupied their little house. The woman was remarkably handsome, with a beautiful head and masses of rich black hair, a face regular as the face of a Greek statue, with eyes that sparkled and cheeks that glowed, — a beauty she soon exchanged for haggard and hollow looks. As their children were born they asked my advice on the christening of each, and, being youthful and romantic, I suggested Frederick as a sounding title for the first-born boy. Taylor being the reigning President, his name was instantly added, and the child was always addressed by his whole name. Going by the house one day, my ears were assailed by a sharp outcry: "Frederick Taylor, if you don't come into the house this minute, I 'll slat your head off!" The tender mother borrowed her expression from the fishermen, who disengage mackerel and other delicate-gilled fish by "slatting" them off the hook.

All this family have gone, and the house in which they lived has fallen to ruin; only the cellar remains, just such a rude hollow as those scattered over Appledore.

The people along the coast rather look down upon the Shoalers as being beyond the bounds of civilization. A young islander was expressing his opinion on some matter to a native of Rye, who answered him with great scorn: "You don't know nothin' about it! What do *you* know? *You* never see an apple-tree all blowed out!" A Shoaler, walking with some friends along a road in Rye, excited inextinguishable laughter by clutching his companion's sleeve as a toad hopped innocently across the way, and crying: "Mr. Berraye, what kind of a bug do you call that? D—d if I ever see such a bug as that, Mr. Berraye!" in a comical terror. There are neither frogs nor toads at the Shoals. "Set right down and help yourselves," said an old fellow at whose door some guests from the Shoals appeared at dinner-time. "Eat all you can. I ain't got no manners; the girl 's got the manners, and she ain't to hum."

One old Shoaler, long since gone to another world, was a laughable and curious character. A man more wonderfully fulfilling the word "homely" in the Yankee sense, I never saw. He had the largest, most misshapen cheek-bones ever constructed, an illimitable upper lip, teeth that should not be mentioned, and little watery eyes. Skin and hair and eyes and mouth were of the same pasty yellow, and that grotesque head was set on a little thin

and shambling body. He used to be head singer at the church, and "pitched the tune" by whistling when the parson had read the hymn. Then all who could joined in the singing, which must have been remarkable, to say the least. So great a power of brag is seldom found in one human being as that which permeated him from top to toe, and found vent in stories of personal prowess and bravery unexampled in history. He used to tell a story of his encounter with thirteen "Spanish grandeers" in New Orleans, he having been a sailor a great part of his life: He was innocently peering into a theatre, when the grandeers fell upon him out of the exceeding pride of their hearts. "Wall, sir, I turned, and I laid six o' them grandeers to the right and seven to the left, and then I put her for the old brig, and I heerd no more on 'em!"

He considered himself unequalled as a musician, and would sing you ballad after ballad, sitting bent forward with his arms on his knees, and his wrinkled eyelids screwed tight together, grinding out the tune with a quiet steadiness of purpose that seemed to betoken no end to his capacities. Ballads of love and of war he sang, — the exploits of "Brave Wolf," or, as he pronounced it, "Brahn Wolf," and one famous song of a naval battle, of which only two lines remain in my memory: —

"With sixteen brass nineteens the Lion did growl,
With nineteen brass twenties the Tiger did howl."

At the close of each verse he invariably dropped his voice, and said, instead of sung, the last word, which had a most abrupt and surprising effect, to which a listener never could become accustomed. The immortal ballad of Lord Bateman he had remodelled with beautiful variations of his own. The name of the coy maiden, the Turk's only daughter, Sophia, was Susan Fryan, according to his version, and Lord Bateman was metamorphosed into Lord Bakum. When Susan Fryan crosses the sea to Lord Bakum's castle and knocks so loud that the gates do ring, he makes the bold young porter, who was so ready for to let her in, go to his master, who sits feasting with a new bride, and say: —

"Seven long years have I tended your gate, sir,
Seven long years out of twenty-three,
But so fair a creetur as now stands waitin'
Never before with my eyes did see.

"O, she has rings on every finger,
And round her middle if she 's one she has three;
O, I 'm sure she 's got more good gold about her
Than would buy your bride and her companie!"

The enjoyment with which he gave this song was delightful to witness. Of the many he used to sing, one was a doleful story of how a youth of high degree fell in love with his mother's fair waiting-woman, Betsy, who was in consequence immediately transported to foreign lands. But alas for her lover, —

"Then he fell sick and like to have died;
His mother round his sick-bed cried,
But all her crying it was in vain,
For Betsy was a-ploughing the raging main!"

The word "main" was brought out with startling effect. Another song about a miller and his sons I only half remember: —

"The miller he called his oldest son,
Saying, 'Now my glass it is almost run,
If I to you the mill relate,
What toll do you *re*sign to take?'

"The son replied: 'My name is Jack,
And out of a bushel I 'll take a peck.'
'Go, go, you fool,' the old man cried,
And called the next to his bedside.

"The second said: 'My name is Ralph,
And out of a bushel I 'll take a half.'
'Go, go, you fool,' the old man cried,
And called the next to his bedside.

"The youngest said: 'My name is Paul,
And out of a bushel I 'll take it all!"
'You are my son,' the old man cried,
And *shot* up his eyes and died in peace."

The manner in which this last verse was delivered was inimitable, the "died in peace" being spoken with great satisfaction. The singer had an ancient violin, which he used to hug under his wizened chin, and from which he drew such dismal tones as never before were heard on sea or land. He had no more idea of playing than one of the codfish he daily split and salted, yet he christened with pride all the shrieks and wails he drew out of the wretched instrument with various high-sounding titles. After he had entertained his

audience for a while with these aimless sounds he was wont to say, "Wall, now I 'll give yer Prince Esterhazy's March," and forthwith began again precisely the same intolerable squeak.

After he died, other stars in the musical world appeared in the horizon, but none equalled him. They all seemed to think it necessary to shut their eyes and squirm like nothing human during the process of singing a song, and they "pitched the tune" so high that no human voice ever could hope to reach it in safety. "Tew high, Bill, tew high," one would say to the singer, with slow solemnity; so Bill tried again. "Tew high agin, Bill, tew high." "Wull, *you* strike it, Obed," Bill would say in despair; and Obed would "strike," and hit exactly the same impossible altitude, whereat Bill would slap his knee and cry in glad surprise, "D—d if he ain't got it!" and forthwith catch Obed and launch on his perilous flight, and grow red in the face with the mighty effort of getting up there and remaining there through the intricacies and variations of the melody. One could but wonder whence these queer tunes came, how they were created; some of them reminded one of the creaking and groaning of windlasses and masts, the rattling of rowlocks, the whistling of winds among cordage, yet with less of music in them than these natural sounds. The songs of the sailors heaving up the anchor are really beautiful often, the wild chant that rises sometimes into a grand chorus, all the strong voices borne out on the wind in the cry of

"Yo ho, the roaring river!"

But these Shoals performances are lacking in any charm, except that of the broadest fun.

The process of dunning, which made the Shoals fish so famous a century ago, is almost a lost art, though the chief fisherman at Star still "duns" a few yearly. A real dunfish is handsome, cut in clear transparent strips, the color of brown sherry wine. The process is a tedious one: the fish are piled in the storehouse and undergo a period of "sweating" after the first drying, then are carried out into sun and wind, dried again slightly, and again piled in the warehouse, and so on till the process is complete. Drying fish in the common fashion is more difficult than might be imagined: it is necessary to watch and tend them continually as they lie on the picturesque "flakes," and if they are exposed at too early a stage to a sun too hot they burn as surely as a loaf of bread in an intemperate oven, only the burning does not crisp, but liquefies their substance.

For the last ten years fish have been caught about the Shoals by trawl and seine in such quantities that they are thinning fast, and the trade bids fair to be much less lucrative before many years have elapsed. The process of drawing the trawl is very picturesque and interesting, watched from the rocks or from the boat itself. The buoy being drawn in, then follow the baited hooks one after another. First perhaps a rockling shows his bright head above water; a pull, and in he comes flapping, with brilliant red fins distended, gaping mouth and indigo-colored eyes, and richly mottled skin; a few futile somersets, and he subsides into slimy dejection. Next, perhaps, a big whelk is tossed into the boat; then a leaden gray haddock, with its dark stripe of color on each side; then perhaps follow a few bare hooks; then a hake, with horrid, cavernous mouth; then a large purple star-fish; or a clattering crab; then a ling, a yellow-brown, wide-mouthed piece of ugliness never eaten here, but highly esteemed on the coast of Scotland; then more cod or haddock, or perhaps a lobster, bristling with indignation at the novel situation in which he finds himself; then a cusk, long, smooth, compact, and dark; then a catfish. Of all fiends commend me to the catfish as the most fiendish! Black as night, with thick and hideous skin, which looks a dull, mouldy green beneath the water, a head shaped as much like a cat's as a fish's head can be, in which the devil's own eyes seem to glow with a dull, malicious gleam, —

and such a mouth! What terrible expressions these cold creatures carry to and fro in the vast dim spaces of the sea! All fish have a more or less imbecile and wobegone aspect, but this one looks absolutely evil, and Schiller might well say of him that he "grins through the grate of his spiky teeth," and sharp and deadly are they; every man looks out for his boots when a catfish comes tumbling in, for they bite through leather, flesh and bones. They seize a ballast-stone between their jaws, and their teeth snap and fly in all directions. I have seen them bite the long blade of a sharp knife so fiercely, that when it was lifted and held aloft they kept their furious gripe, and dangled, flapping all their clumsy weight, hanging by their teeth to the blade. Sculpins abound and are a nuisance on the trawls. Ugly and grotesque as are the full-grown fish, there is nothing among the finny tribe more dainty, more quaint and delicate than the baby sculpin. Sometimes in a pool of crystal water one comes upon him unawares, — a fairy creature, the color of a blush-rose, striped and freaked and pied with silver and gleaming green, hanging in the almost invisible water as a bird in air, with broad transparent fins suffused with a faint pink color, stretched wide like wings to upbear the supple form. The curious head is only strange, not hideous as yet, and one gazes marvelling at all the beauty lavished on a thing of so little worth.

Wolf-fish, first cousins to the catfish, are found also on the trawls, and dog-fish, with pointed snouts and sand-paper skins, abound to such an extent as to drive away everything else sometimes. Sand-dabs, a kind of flounder, fasten their sluggish bodies to the hooks, and a few beautiful red fish, called bream, are occasionally found; also a few blue-fish and sharks; frequently halibut, — though these latter are generally caught on trawls which are made especially for them. Sometimes a monstrous creature of horrible aspect, called the nurse-fish, is caught on a trawl, — an immense fish weighing twelve hundred pounds, with a skin like a nutmeg-grater, and no teeth; a kind of sucker, hence its name. I asked a Shoaler what the nurse-fish looked like, and he answered promptly, "Like the Devil!" One weighing twelve hundred pounds has "two barrels of liver," as the natives phrase it, which is very valuable for the oil it contains. One of the fishermen described a creature which they call mud-eel, — a foot and a half long, with a mouth like a rat, and two teeth. The bite of this water-snake is poisonous, the islanders aver, and tell a story of a man bitten by one at Mount Desert last year, "who did not live long enough to get to the doctor." They bite at the hooks on the trawl, and are drawn up in a lump of mud, and the men cut the ropes and mangle their lines to get rid of them. Huge sun-fish are sometimes harpooned, lying on the top of the water, — a lump of flesh like cocoanut meat encased in a skin like rubber cloth, with a most dim and abject hint of a face roughly outlined on the edge, absurdly disproportionate to the size of the body. Sword-fish are also harpooned, weighing eight hundred pounds and upward; they are very delicate food. A sword-fish swimming leaves a wake a mile long on a calm day, and bewilders the imagination into a belief in sea-serpents. There 's a legend that a torpedo was caught here once upon a time, and the thrasher, fox-shark, or sea-fox occasionally alarms the fisherman with his tremendous flexible tail, that reaches "from the gunnel to the mainmast-top" when the creature comes to the surface. Also they tell of skip-jacks that sprang on board their boats at night when they were hake-fishing, "little things about as large as mice, long and slender, with beaks like birds." Sometimes a huge horse-mackerel flounders in and drives ashore on a ledge, for the gulls to scream over for weeks. Mackerel, herring, porgies, and shiners used to abound before the seines so thinned them. Bonito and blue-fish and dog-fish help drive away the more valuable varieties. It is a

lovely sight to see a herring-net drawn in, especially by moonlight, when every fish hangs like a long silver drop from the close-set meshes. Perch are found in inexhaustible quantities about the rocks, and lump or butter fish are sometimes caught; pollock are very plentiful, — smooth, graceful, slender creatures! It is fascinating to watch them turning somersets in the water close to the shore in full tides, or following a boat at sunset, and breaking the molten gold of the sea's surface with silver-sparkling fin and tail. The rudder-fish is sometimes found, and alewives and menhaden. Whales are more or less plentiful in summer, "spouting their foam-fountains in the sea." Beautiful is the sparkling column of water rising suddenly afar off and falling noiselessly back again. Not long ago a whale twisted his tail in the cable of the schooner "Vesper," lying to the eastward of the Shoals, and towed the vessel several miles, at the rate of twenty knots an hour, with the water boiling all over her from stem to stern!

Last winter some of the Shoalers were drawing a trawl between the Shoals and Boone Island, fifteen miles to the eastward. As they drew in the line and relieved each hook of its burden, lo! a horror was lifted half above the surface, — part of a human body, which dropped off the hooks and was gone, while they shuddered and stared at each other, aghast at the hideous sight.

Porpoises are seen at all seasons. I never saw one near enough to gain a knowledge of its expression, but it always seemed to me that these fish led a more hilarious life than the greater part of their race, and I think they must carry less dejected countenances than most of the inhabitants of the sea. They frisk so delightfully on the surface, and ponderously plunge over and over with such apparent gayety and satisfaction! I remember being out one moonless summer night beyond the light-house island, in a little boat filled with gay young people. The sea was like oil, the air was thick and warm, no star broke the upper darkness, only now and then the light-house threw its jewelled track along the water, and through the dense air its long rays stretched above, turning solemnly like the luminous spokes of a gigantic wheel, as the lamps slowly revolved. There had been much talk and song and laughter, much playing with the warm waves (or rather smooth undulations of the sea, for there was n't a breath of wind to make a ripple), which broke at a touch into pale green phosphorescent fire. Beautiful arms, made bare to the shoulder, thrust down into the liquid darkness, shone flaming silver and gold; from the fingers playing beneath, fire seemed to stream; emerald sparks clung to the damp draperies; and a splashing oar-blade half revealed sweet faces and bright young eyes. Suddenly a pause came in talk and song and laughter, and in the unaccustomed silence we seemed to be waiting for something. At once out of the darkness came a slow tremendous sigh that made us shiver in the soft air, as if all the woe and terror of the sea were condensed in that immense and awful breath; and we took our oars and pulled homeward, with the weird fires flashing from our bows and oar-blades. "Only a porpoise blowing," said the initiated, when we told our tale. It may have been "only a porpoise blowing," but the leviathan himself could hardly have made a more prodigious sound.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

"The better angel is a man right fair;
The worser spirit a woman colored ill."
Shakespeare, Sonnets.

CHAPTER I.

RACHEL MILLER was not a little surprised when her nephew Joseph came to the supper-table, not from the direction of the barn and through the kitchen, as usual, but from the back room up stairs, where he slept. His work-day dress had disappeared; he wore his best Sunday suit, put on with unusual care, and there were faint pomatum odors in the air when he sat down to the table.

Her face said — and she knew it — as plain as any words, "What in the world does this mean?" Joseph, she saw, endeavored to look as though coming down to supper in that costume were his usual habit; so she poured out the tea in silence. Her silence, however, was eloquent; a hundred interrogation-marks would not have expressed its import; and Dennis, the hired man, who sat on the other side of the table, experienced very much the same apprehension of something forthcoming, as when he had killed her favorite speckled hen by mistake.

Before the meal was over, the tension between Joseph and his aunt had so increased by reason of their mutual silence, that it was very awkward and oppressive to both; yet neither knew how to break it easily. There is always a great deal of unnecessary reticence in the intercourse of country people, and in the case of these two it had been specially strengthened by the want of every relationship except that of blood. They were quite ignorant of the fence, the easy thrust and parry of society, where talk becomes an art; silence or the bluntest utterance were their alternatives, and now the one had neutralized the other. Both felt this, and Dennis, in his dull way, felt it too. Although not a party concerned, he was uncomfortable, yet also internally conscious of a desire to laugh.

The resolution of the crisis, however, came by his aid. When the meal was finished and Joseph betook himself to the window, awkwardly drumming upon the pane, while his aunt gathered the plates and cups together, delaying to remove them as was her wont, Dennis said, with his hand on the door-knob: "Shall I saddle the horse right off?"

"I guess so," Joseph answered, after a moment's hesitation.

Rachel paused, with the two silver spoons in her hand. Joseph was still drumming upon the window, but with very irregular taps. The door closed upon Dennis.

"Well," said she, with singular calmness, "a body is not bound to dress particularly fine for watching, though I would as soon show him that much respect, if need be, as anybody else. Don't forget to ask Maria if there 's anything I can do for her."

Joseph turned around with a start, a most innocent surprise on his face.

"Why, aunt, what are you talking about?"

"You are not going to Bishop's, to watch? They have nearer neighbors, to be sure, but when a man dies, everybody is free to offer their services. He was always strong in the faith."

Joseph knew that he was caught, without suspecting her manœuvre. A brighter color ran over his face, up to the roots of his hair. "Why, no!" he exclaimed; "I am going to Warriner's to spend the evening. There 's to be a little company there, — a neighborly gathering. I believe it 's been talked of this long while, but I was only in-

vited to-day. I saw Bob, in the road-field."

Rachel endeavored to conceal from her nephew's eye the immediate impression of his words. A constrained smile passed over her face, and was instantly followed by a cheerful relief in his.

"Is n't it rather a strange time of year for evening parties?" she then asked, with a touch of severity in her voice.

"They meant to have it in cherry-time, Bob said, when Anna's visitor had come from town."

"That, indeed! I see!" Rachel exclaimed. "It 's to be a sort of celebration for — what 's-her-name? Blessing, I know, — but the other? Anna Warriner was there last Christmas, and I don't suppose the high notions are out of her head yet. Well, I hope it 'll be some time before they take root here! Peace and quiet, peace and quiet, that 's been the token of the neighborhood; but town ways are the reverse."

"All the young people are going," Joseph mildly suggested, "and so —"

"O, I don't say you should n't go, *this* time," Rachel interrupted him; "for you ought to be able to judge for yourself what 's fit and proper, and what is not. I should be sorry, to be sure, to see you doing anything and going anywhere that would make your mother uneasy if she were living now. It 's so hard to be conscientious, and to mind a body's bounden duty, without seeming to interfere."

She heaved a deep sigh, and just touched the corner of her apron to her eyes. The mention of his mother always softened Joseph, and in his earnest desire to live so that his life might be such as to give her joy if she could share it, a film of doubt spread itself over the smooth, pure surface of his mind. A vague consciousness of his inability to express himself clearly upon the question without seeming to slight her memory affected his thoughts.

"But, remember, Aunt Rachel," he said, at last, "I was not old enough, then, to go into society. She surely meant that I should have some independence, when the time came. I am doing no more than all the young men of the neighborhood."

"Ah, yes, I know," she replied, in a melancholy tone; "but they 've got used to it by degrees, and mostly in their own homes, and with sisters to caution them; whereas you 're younger according to your years, and innocent of the ways and wiles of men, and — and girls."

Joseph painfully felt that this last assertion was true. Suppressing the impulse to exclaim, "Why am I younger 'according to my years'? why am I so much more 'innocent' — which is, ignorant — than others?" he blundered out, with a little display of temper, "Well, how am I ever to learn?"

"By patience, and taking care of yourself. There 's always safety in waiting. I don't mean you should n't go this evening, since you 've promised it, and made yourself smart. But, mark my words, this is only the beginning. The season makes no difference; townspeople never seem to know that there 's such things as hay-harvest and corn to be worked. They come out for merry-makings in the busy time, and want us country folks to give up everything for their pleasure. The tired plough-horses must be geared up for 'em, and the cows wait an hour or two longer to be milked while they 're driving around; and the chickens killed half-grown, and the washing and baking put off when it comes in their way. They 're mighty nice and friendly while it lasts; but go back to 'em in town, six months afterwards, and see whether they 'll so much as ask you to take a meal's victuals!"

Joseph began to laugh. "It is not likely," he said, "that I shall ever go to the Blessings for a meal, or that this Miss Julia — as they call her — will ever interfere with our harvesting or milking."

"The airs they put on!" Rachel continued. "She 'll very likely think that she 's doing you a favor by so much as speaking to you. When the

Bishops had boarders, two years ago, one of 'em said, — Maria told me with her own mouth, — 'Why don't all the farmers follow your example? It would be so refining for them!' They may be very well in their place, but, for my part, I should like them to stay there."

"There comes the horse," said Joseph. "I must be on the way. I expect to meet Elwood Withers at the lane-end. But — about waiting, Aunt — you hardly need —"

"O, yes, I 'll wait for you, of course. Ten o'clock is not so very late for me."

"It might be a little after," he suggested.

"Not much, I hope; but if it should be daybreak, wait I will! Your mother could n't expect less of me."

When Joseph whirled into the saddle, the thought of his aunt, grimly waiting for his return, was already perched like an imp on the crupper, and clung to his sides with claws of steel. She, looking through the window, also felt that it was so; and, much relieved, went back to her household duties.

He rode very slowly down the lane, with his eyes fixed on the ground. There was a rich orange flush of sunset on the hills across the valley; masses of burning cumuli hung, self-suspended, above the farthest woods, and such depths of purple-grey opened beyond them as are wont to rouse the slumbering fancies and hopes of a young man's heart; but the beauty and fascination and suggestiveness of the hour could not lift his downcast, absorbed glance. At last his horse, stopping suddenly at the gate, gave a whinny of recognition, which was answered.

Elwood Withers laughed. "Can you tell me where Joseph Asten lives?" he cried, — "an old man, very much bowed and bent."

Joseph also laughed, with a blush, as he met the other's strong, friendly face. "There is plenty of time," he said, leaning over his horse's neck and lifting the latch of the gate.

"All right; but you must now wake up. You 're spruce enough to make a figure to-night."

"O, no doubt!" Joseph gravely answered; "but what kind of a figure?"

"Some people, I 've heard say," said Elwood, "may look into their looking-glass every day, and never know how they look. If you appeared to yourself as you appear to me, you would n't ask such a question as that."

"If I could only not think of myself at all, Elwood, — if I could be as unconcerned as you are —"

"But I 'm not, Joseph, my boy!" Elwood interrupted, riding nearer and laying a hand on his friend's shoulder. "I tell you, it weakens my very marrow to walk into a room full o' girls, even though I know every one of 'em. They know it, too, and, shy and quiet as they seem, they 're unmerciful. There they sit, all looking so different, somehow, — even a fellow's own sisters and cousins, — filling up all sides of the room, rustling a little and whispering a little, but you feel that every one of 'em has her eyes on you, and would be *so* glad to see you flustered. There 's no help for it, though; we 've got to grow case-hardened to that much, or how ever could a man get married?"

"Elwood!" Joseph asked, after a moment's silence, "were you ever in love?"

"Well," — and Elwood pulled up his horse in surprise, — "well, you *do* come out plump. You take the breath out of my body. Have I been in love? Have I committed murder? One 's about as deadly a secret as the other!"

The two looked each other in the face. Elwood's eyes answered the question, but Joseph's, — large, shy, and utterly innocent, — could not read the answer.

"It 's easy to see *you* 've never been," said the former, dropping his voice to a grave gentleness. "If I should say Yes, what then?"

"Then, how do you know it, — I mean, how did you first begin to find it out? What is the difference between that and the feeling you have towards

any pleasant girl whom you like to be with?"

"All the difference in the world!" Elwood exclaimed with energy; then paused, and knitted his brows with a perplexed air; "but I 'll be shot if I know exactly what else to say; I never thought of it before. How do I know that I am Elwood Withers? It seems just as plain as that, — and yet — well, for one thing, she 's always in your mind, and you think and dream of just nothing but her; and you 'd rather have the hem of her dress touch you than kiss anybody else; and you want to be near her, and to have her all to yourself, yet it 's hard work to speak a sensible word to her when you come together, — but, what 's the use? A fellow must feel it himself, as they say of experiencing religion; he must get converted, or he 'll never know. Now I don't suppose you 've understood a word of what I 've said?"

"Yes!" Joseph answered; "indeed, I think so. It 's only an increase of what we all feel towards some persons. I have been hoping, latterly, that it might come to me, but — but —"

"But your time will come, like every man's," said Elwood; "and, maybe, sooner than you think. When it does, you won't need to ask anybody; though I think you 're bound to tell me of it, after pumping my own secret out of me."

Joseph looked grave.

"Never mind; I was n't obliged to let you have it. I know you 're close-mouthed and honest-hearted, Joseph; but I 'll never ask your confidence unless you can give it as freely as I give mine to you."

"You shall have it, Elwood, if my time ever comes. And I can't help wishing for the time, although it may not be right. You know how lonely it is on the farm, and yet it 's not always easy for me to get away into company. Aunt Rachel stands in mother's place to me, and maybe it 's only natural that she should be over-concerned; any way, seeing what she has done for my sake, I am hindered from opposing her wishes too stubbornly. Now, to-night, my going did n't seem right to her, and I shall not get it out of my mind that she is waiting up, and perhaps fretting, on my account."

"A young fellow of your age must n't be so tender," Elwood said. "If you had your own father and mother, they 'd allow you more of a range. Look at me, with mine! Why, I never as much as say 'by your leave.' Quite the contrary; so long as the work is n't slighted, they 're rather glad than not to have me go out; and the house is twice as lively since I bring so much fresh gossip into it. But then, I 've had a rougher bringing up."

"I wish I had had!" cried Joseph. "Yet, no, when I think of mother, it is wrong to say just that. What I mean is, I wish I could take things as easily as you, — make my way boldly in the world, without being held back by trifles, or getting so confused with all sorts of doubts. The more anxious I am to do right, the more embarrassed I am to know what is the right thing. I don't believe you have any such troubles."

"Well, for my part, I do about as other fellows; no worse, I guess, and likely no better. You must consider, also, that I 'm a bit rougher made, besides the bringing up, and that makes a deal of difference. I don't try to make the scales balance to a grain; if there 's a handful under or over, I think it 's near enough. However, you 'll be all right in a while. When you find the right girl and marry her, it 'll put a new face on to you. There 's nothing like a sharp, wide-awake wife, so they say, to set a man straight. Don't make a mountain of anxiety out of a little molehill of inexperience. I 'd take all your doubts and more, I 'm sure, if I could get such a two-hundred-acre farm with them."

"Do you know," cried Joseph eagerly, his blue eyes flashing through the gathering dusk, "I have often thought very nearly the same thing! If I were to love, — if I were to marry —"

"Hush!" interrupted Elwood; "I

know you don't mean others to hear you. Here come two down the branch road."

The horsemen, neighboring farmers' sons, joined them. They rode together up the knoll towards the Warriner mansion, the lights of which glimmered at intervals through the trees. The gate was open, and a dozen vehicles could be seen in the enclosure between the house and barn. Bright, gliding forms were visible on the portico.

"Just see," whispered Elwood to Joseph; "what a lot of posy-colors! You may be sure they 're every one watching us. No flinching, mind; straight to the charge! We 'll walk up together, and it won't be half as hard for you."

CHAPTER II.

To consider the evening party at Warriner's a scene of "dissipation" — as some of the good old people of the neighborhood undoubtedly did — was about as absurd as to call buttermilk an intoxicating beverage. Anything more simple and innocent could not well be imagined. The very awkwardness which everybody felt, and which no one exactly knew how to overcome, testified of virtuous ignorance. The occasion was no more than sufficed for the barest need of human nature. Young men and women must come together for acquaintance and the possibilities of love, and, fortunately, neither labor nor the severer discipline of their elders can prevent them.

Where social recreation thus only exists under discouraging conditions, ease and grace and self-possession cannot be expected. Had there been more form, in fact, there would have been more ease. A conventional disposition of the guests would have reduced the loose elements of the company to some sort of order; the shy country nature would have taken refuge in fixed laws and found a sense of freedom therein. But there were no generally understood rules; the young people were brought together, delighted yet uncomfortable, craving yet shrinking from speech and jest and song, and painfully working their several isolations into a warmer common atmosphere.

On this occasion, the presence of a stranger, and that stranger a lady, and that lady a visitor from the city, was an additional restraint. The dread of a critical eye is most keenly felt by those who secretly acknowledge their own lack of social accomplishment. Anna Warriner, to be sure, had been loud in her praises of "dear Julia," and the guests were prepared to find all possible beauty and sweetness; but they expected, none the less, to be scrutinized and judged.

Bob Warriner met his friends at the gate and conducted them to the parlor, whither the young ladies, who had been watching the arrival, had retreated. They were disposed along the walls, silent and cool, except Miss Blessing, who occupied a rocking-chair in front of the mantel-piece, where her figure was in half shadow, the lamplight only touching some roses in her hair. As the gentlemen were presented, she lifted her face and smiled upon each, graciously offering a slender hand. In manner and attitude, as in dress, she seemed a different being from the plump, ruddy, self-conscious girls on the sofas. Her dark hair fell about her neck in long, shining ringlets; the fairness of her face heightened the brilliancy of her eyes, the lids of which were slightly drooped as if kindly veiling their beams; and her lips, although thin, were very sweetly and delicately curved. Her dress, of some white, foamy texture, hung about her like a trailing cloud, and the cluster of rosebuds on her bosom lay as if tossed there.

The young men, spruce as they had imagined themselves to be, suddenly felt that their clothes were coarse and ill-fitting, and that the girls of the neighborhood, in their neat gingham and muslin dresses, were not quite so airy and charming as on former occasions.

Miss Blessing, descending to them out of an unknown higher sphere, made their deficiencies unwelcomely evident: she attracted and fascinated them, yet was none the less a disturbing influence. They made haste to find seats, after which a constrained silence followed.

There could be no doubt of Miss Blessing's amiable nature. She looked about with a pleasant expression, half smiled — but deprecatingly, as if to say, "Pray, don't be offended!" — at the awkward silence, and then said, in a clear, carefully modulated voice: "It is beautiful to arrive at twilight, but how charming it must be to ride home in the moonlight; so different from our lamps!"

The guests looked at each other, but as she had seemed to address no one in particular, so each hesitated, and there was no immediate reply.

"But is it not awful, tell me, Elizabeth, when you get into the shadows of the forests? we are so apt to associate all sorts of unknown dangers with forests, you know," she continued.

The young lady thus singled out made haste to answer: "O, no! I rather like it, when I have company."

Elwood Withers laughed. "To be sure!" he exclaimed; "the shade is full of opportunities."

Then there were little shrieks, and some giggling and blushing. Miss Blessing shook her fan warningly at the speaker.

"*How* wicked in you! I hope you will have to ride home alone to-night, after that speech. But you are all courageous, compared with *us*. We are really so restricted in the city, that it's a wonder we have any independence at all. In many ways, we are like children."

"O Julia, dear!" protested Anna Warriner, "and *such* advantages as you have! I shall never forget the day Mrs. Rockaway called — her husband's cashier of the Commercial Bank" (this was said in a parenthesis to the other guests) — "and brought you all the news direct from head-quarters, as she said."

"Yes," Miss Blessing answered, slowly, casting down her eyes, "there must be two sides to everything, of course; but how much we miss, until we know the country! Really, I quite envy you."

Joseph had found himself, almost before he knew it, in a corner, beside Lucy Henderson. He felt soothed and happy, for of all the girls present he liked Lucy best. In the few meetings of the young people which he had attended, he had been drawn towards her by an instinct founded, perhaps, on his shyness and the consciousness of it; for she alone had the power, by a few kindly, simple words, to set him at ease with himself. The straightforward glance of her large brown eyes seemed to reach the self below the troubled surface. However much his ears might have tingled afterwards, as he recalled how frankly and freely he had talked with her, he could only remember the expression of an interest equally frank, upon her face. She never dropped one of those amused side-glances, or uttered one of those pert, satirical remarks, the recollection of which in other girls stung him to the quick.

Their conversation was interrupted, for when Miss Blessing spoke, the others became silent. What Elwood Withers had said of the phenomena of love, however, lingered in Joseph's mind, and he began, involuntarily, to examine the nature of his feeling for Lucy Henderson. Was she not often in his thoughts? He had never before asked himself the question, but now he suddenly became conscious that the hope of meeting her, rather than any curiosity concerning Miss Blessing, had drawn him to Warriner's. Would he rather touch the edge of her dress than kiss anybody else? That question drew his eyes to her lips, and with a soft shock of the heart, he became aware of their freshness and sweetness as never before. To touch the edge of her dress! Elwood had said nothing

of the lovelier and bolder desire which brought the blood swiftly to his cheeks. He could not help it that their glances met, — a moment only, but an unmeasured time of delight and fear to him, — and then Lucy quickly turned away her head. He fancied there was a heightened color on her face, but when she spoke to him a few minutes afterwards it was gone, and she was as calm and composed as before.

In the mean time there had been other arrivals; and Joseph was presently called upon to give up his place to some ladies from the neighboring town. Many invitations had been issued, and the capacity of the parlor was soon exhausted. Then the sounds of merry chat on the portico invaded the stately constraint of the room; and Miss Blessing, rising gracefully and not too rapidly, laid her hands together and entreated Anna Warriner, —

"O, *do* let us go outside! I think we are well enough acquainted now to sit on the steps together."

She made a gesture, slight but irresistibly inviting, and all arose. While they were cheerfully pressing out through the hall, she seized Anna's arm and drew her back into the dusky nook under the staircase.

"Quick, Anna!" she whispered; "who is the roguish one they call Elwood? *What* is he?"

"A farmer; works his father's place on shares."

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Blessing, in a peculiar tone; "and the blue-eyed, handsome one, who came in with him? He looks almost like a boy."

"Joseph Asten? Why, he's twenty-two or three. He has one of the finest properties in the neighborhood, and money besides, they say; lives alone, with an old dragon of an aunt as housekeeper. Now, Julia dear, there's a chance for you!"

"Pshaw, you silly Anna!" whispered Miss Blessing, playfully pinching her ear; "you know I prefer intellect to wealth."

"As for that" — Anna began, but her friend was already dancing down the hall towards the front door, her gossamer skirts puffing and floating out until they brushed the walls on either side. She hummed to herself, "O Night! O lovely Night!" from the *Désert*, skimmed over the doorstep, and sank, subsiding into an ethereal heap, against one of the pillars of the portico. Her eyelids were now fully opened, and the pupils, the color of which could not be distinguished in the moonlight, seemed wonderfully clear and brilliant.

"Now, Mr. Elwood — O, excuse me, I mean Mr. Withers," she began, "you must repeat your joke for my benefit. I missed it, and I feel so foolish when I can't laugh with the rest."

Anna Warriner, standing in the door, opened her eyes very wide at what seemed to her to be the commencement of a flirtation; but before Elwood Withers could repeat his rather stupid fun, she was summoned to the kitchen by her mother, to superintend the preparation of the refreshments.

Miss Blessing made her hay while the moon shone. She so entered into the growing spirit of the scene and accommodated herself to the speech and ways of the guests, that in half an hour it seemed as if they had always known her. She laughed with their merriment, and flattered their sentiment with a tender ballad or two, given in a veiled but not unpleasant voice, and constantly appealed to their good-nature by the phrase: "Pray, don't mind me at all; I 'm like a child let out of school!" She tapped Elizabeth Fogg on the shoulder, stealthily tickled Jane McNaughton's neck with a grass-blade, and took the roses from her hair to stick into the buttonholes of the young men.

"Just see Julia!" whispered Anna Warriner to her half-dozen intimates; "did n't I tell you she was the life of society?"

Joseph had quite lost his uncomfortable sense of being watched and criticised; he enjoyed the unrestraint of the hour as much as the rest. He was rather relieved to notice that Elwood

Withers seemed uneasy, and almost willing to escape from the lively circle around Miss Blessing. By and by the company broke into smaller groups, and Joseph again found himself near the pale pink dress which he knew. What was it that separated him from her? What had slipped between them during the evening? Nothing, apparently; for Lucy Henderson, perceiving him, quietly moved nearer. He advanced a step, and they were side by side.

"Do you enjoy these meetings, Joseph?" she asked.

"I think I should enjoy everything," he answered, "if I were a little older, or — or — "

"Or more accustomed to society? Is not that what you meant? It is only another kind of schooling, which we must all have. You and I are in the lowest class, as we once were, — do you remember?"

"I don't know why," said he, "— but I must be a poor scholar. See Elwood, for instance!"

"Elwood!" Lucy slowly repeated; "he is another kind of nature, altogether."

There was a moment's silence. Joseph was about to speak, when something wonderfully soft touched his cheek, and a delicate, violet-like odor swept upon his senses. A low, musical laugh sounded at his very ear.

"There! Did I frighten you?" said Miss Blessing. She had stolen behind him, and, standing on tiptoe, reached a light arm over his shoulder, to fasten her last rosebud in the upper buttonhole of his coat.

"I quite overlooked you, Mr. Asten," she continued. "Please turn a little towards me. Now! — has it not a charming effect? I do like to see some kind of ornament about the gentlemen, Lucy. And since they can't wear anything in their hair, — but, tell me, would n't a wreath of flowers look well on Mr. Asten's head."

"I can't very well imagine such a thing," said Lucy.

"No? Well, perhaps I am foolish: but when one has escaped from the tiresome conventionalities of city life, and comes back to nature, and delightful natural society, one feels so free to talk and think! Ah, you don't know what a luxury it is, just to be one's true self!"

Joseph's eyes lighted up, and he turned towards Miss Blessing, as if eager that she should continue to speak.

"Lucy," said Elwood Withers, approaching; "you came with the McNaughtons, did n't you?"

"Yes: are they going?"

"They are talking of it now; but the hour is early, and if you don't mind riding on a pillion, you know my horse is gentle and strong — "

"That 's right, Mr. Withers!" interrupted Miss Blessing. "I depend upon you to keep Lucy with us. The night is at its loveliest, and we are all just fairly enjoying each other's society. As I was saying, Mr. Asten, you cannot conceive what a new world this is to *me*: oh, I begin to breathe at last!"

Therewith she drew a long, soft inspiration, and gently exhaled it again, ending with a little flutter of the breath, which made it seem like a sigh. A light laugh followed.

"I know, without looking at your face, that you are smiling at me," said she. "But you have never experienced what it is, to be shy and uneasy in company; to feel that you are expected to talk, and not know what to say, and when you do say something, to be startled at the sound of your voice; to stand, or walk, or sit, and imagine that everybody is watching you; to be introduced to strangers, and be as awkward as if both spoke different languages, and were unable to exchange a single thought. Here, in the country, you experience nothing of all this."

"Indeed, Miss Blessing," Joseph replied, "it is just the same to us — to me — as city society is to you."

"How glad I am!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "It is very selfish

in me to say it, but I can't help being sincere towards the Sincere. I shall now feel ever so much more freedom in talking with you, Mr. Asten, since we have *one* experience in common. Don't you think, if we all knew each other's natures truly, we should be a great deal more at ease,—and consequently happier?"

She spoke the last sentence in a low, sweet, penetrating tone, lifted her face to meet his gaze a moment, the eyes large, clear, and appealing in their expression, the lips parted like those of a child, and then, without waiting for his answer, suddenly darted away, crying, "Yes, Anna dear!"

"What is it, Julia?" Anna Warriner asked.

"O, did n't you call me? Somebody surely called some Julia, and I 'm the only one, am I not? I 've just arranged Mr. Asten's rosebud so prettily, and now all the gentlemen are decorated. I 'm afraid they think I take great liberties for a stranger, but then, you all make me forget that I am strange. Why is it that everybody is so good to me?"

She turned her face upon the others with a radiant expression. Then there were earnest protestations from the young men, and a few impulsive hugs from the girls, which latter Miss Blessing returned with kisses.

Elwood Withers sat beside Lucy Henderson, on the steps of the portico. "Why, we owe it to you that we 're here to-night, Miss Blessing!" he exclaimed. "We don't come together half often enough as it is; and what better could we do than meet again, somewhere else, while you are in the country?"

"O, how delightful! how kind!" she cried. "And while the lovely moonlight lasts! Shall I really have another evening like this?"

The proposition was heartily seconded, and the only difficulty was, how to choose between the three or four invitations which were at once proffered. There was nothing better to do than to accept all, in turn, and the young people pledged themselves to attend. The new element which they had dreaded in advance, as a restraint, had shown itself to be the reverse: they had never been so free, so cheerfully excited. Miss Blessing's unconscious ease of manner, her grace and sweetness, her quick, bright sympathy with country ways, had so warmed and fused them, that they lost the remembrance of their stubborn selves and yielded to the magnetism of the hour. Their manners, moreover, were greatly improved, simply by their forgetting that they were expected to have any.

Joseph was one of the happiest sharers in this change. He eagerly gave his word to be present at the entertainments to come: his heart beat with delight at the prospect of other such evenings. The suspicion of a tenderer feeling towards Lucy Henderson, the charm of Miss Blessing's winning frankness, took equal possession of his thoughts; and not until he had said good night did he think of his companion on the homeward road. But Elwood Withers had already left, carrying Lucy Henderson on a pillion behind him.

"Is it ten o'clock, do you think?" Joseph asked of one of the young men, as they rode out of the gate.

The other burst into a laugh: "Ten? It 's nigher morning than evening!"

The imp on the crupper struck his claws deep into Joseph's sides. He urged his horse into a gallop, crossed the long rise in the road and dashed along the valley-level, with the cool, dewy night air whistling in his locks. After entering the lane leading upward to his home, he dropped the reins and allowed the panting horse to choose his own gait. A light, sparkling through the locust-trees, pierced him with the sting of an unwelcome external conscience, in which he had no part, yet which he could not escape.

Rachel Miller looked wearily up from her knitting as he entered the room. She made a feeble attempt to smile, but the expression of her face suggested imminent tears.

"Aunt, why did you wait?" said he, speaking rapidly. "I forgot to look at my watch, and I really thought it was no more than ten —"

He paused, seeing that her eyes were fixed. She was looking at the tall, old-fashioned clock. The hand pointed to half past twelve, and every cluck of the ponderous pendulum said, distinctly, "Late! late! late!"

He lighted a candle in silence, said, "Good night, Aunt!" and went up to his room.

"Good night, Joseph!" she solemnly responded, and a deep, hollow sigh reached his ear before the door was closed.

CHAPTER III.

JOSEPH ASTEN'S nature was shy and sensitive, but not merely from a habit of introversion. He saw no deeper into himself, in fact, than his moods and sensations, and thus quite failed to recognize what it was that kept him apart from the society in which he should have freely moved. He felt the difference of others, and constantly probed the pain and embarrassment it gave him, but the sources wherefrom it grew were the last which he would have guessed.

A boy's life may be weakened for growth, in all its fibres, by the watchfulness of a too anxious love, and the guidance of a too exquisitely nurtured conscience. He may be so trained in the habits of goodness, and purity, and duty, that every contact with the world is like an abrasion upon the delicate surface of his soul. Every wind visits him too roughly, and he shrinks from the encounters which brace true manliness, and strengthen it for the exercise of good.

The rigid piety of Joseph's mother was warmed and softened by her tenderness towards him, and he never felt it as a yoke. His nature instinctively took the imprint of hers, and she was happy in seeing so clear a reflection of herself in his innocent young heart. She prolonged his childhood, perhaps without intending it, into the years when the unrest of approaching manhood should have led him to severer studies and lustier sports. Her death transferred his guardianship to other hands, but did not change its character. Her sister Rachel was equally good and conscientious, possibly with an equal capacity for tenderness, but her barren life had restrained the habit of its expression. Joseph could not but confess that she was guided by the strictest sense of duty, but she seemed to him cold, severe, unsympathetic. There were times when the alternative presented itself to his mind, of either allowing her absolute control of all his actions, or wounding her to the heart by asserting a moderate amount of independence.

He was called fortunate, but it was impossible for him consciously to feel his fortune. The two hundred acres of the farm, stretching back over the softly swelling hills which enclosed the valley on the east, were as excellent soil as the neighborhood knew; the stock was plentiful; the house, barn, and all the appointments of the place were in the best order, and he was the sole owner of all. The work of his own hands was not needed, but it was a mechanical exhaustion of time, — an enforced occupation of body and mind, which he followed in the vague hope that some richer development of life might come afterwards. But there were times when the fields looked very dreary, — when the trees, rooted in their places, and growing under conditions which they were powerless to choose or change, were but tiresome types of himself, — when even the beckoning heights far down the valley failed to touch his fancy with the hint of a broader world. Duty said to him, "You must be perfectly contented in your place!" but there was the miserable, ungrateful, inexplicable fact of discontent.

Furthermore, he had by this time discovered that certain tastes which he possessed were so many weaknesses — if not, indeed, matters of reproach — in the eyes of his neighbors. The de-

light and the torture of finer nerves — an inability to use coarse and strong phrases, and a shrinking from all display of rude manners — were peculiarities which he could not overcome, and must endeavor to conceal. There were men of sturdy intelligence in the community; but none of refined culture, through whom he might have measured and understood himself; and the very qualities, therefore, which should have been his pride, gave him only a sense of shame.

Two memories haunted him, after the evening at Warriner's; and, though so different, they were not to be disconnected. No two girls could be more unlike than Lucy Henderson and Miss Julia Blessing; he had known one for years, and the other was the partial acquaintance of an evening; yet the image of either one was swiftly followed by that of the other. When he thought of Lucy's eyes, Miss Julia's hand stole over his shoulder; when he recalled the glossy ringlets of the latter, he saw, beside them, the faintly flushed cheek and the pure, sweet mouth which had awakened in him his first daring desire.

Phantoms as they were, they seemed to have taken equal possession of the house, the garden, and the fields. While Lucy sat quietly by the window, Miss Julia skipped lightly along the adjoining hall. One lifted a fallen rose-branch on the lawn, the other snatched the reddest blossom from it. One leaned against the trunk of the old hemlock-tree, the other fluttered in and out among the clumps of shrubbery; but the lonely green was wonderfully brightened by these visions of pink and white, and Joseph enjoyed the fancy without troubling himself to think what it meant.

The house was seated upon a gentle knoll, near the head of a side-valley sunk like a dimple among the hills which enclosed the river-meadows, scarcely a quarter of a mile away. It was nearly a hundred years old, and its massive walls were faced with checkered bricks, alternately red and black, to which the ivy clung with tenacious feet wherever it was allowed to run. The gables terminated in broad double chimneys, between which a railed walk, intended for a lookout, but rarely used for that or any other purpose, rested on the peak of the roof. A low portico paved with stone extended along the front, which was further shaded by two enormous sycamore-trees as old as the house itself. The evergreens and ornamental shrubs which occupied the remainder of the little lawn denoted the taste of a later generation. To the east, an open, turfy space, in the centre of which stood a superb weeping-willow, divided the house from the great stone barn with its flanking cribs and "overshoots"; on the opposite side lay the sunny garden, with gnarled grape-vines clambering along its walls, and a double row of tall old box-bushes, each grown into a single solid mass, stretching down the centre.

The fields belonging to the property, softly rising and following the undulations of the hills, limited the landscape on three sides; but on the south there was a fair view of the valley of the larger stream, with its herd-speckled meadows, glimpses of water between the fringing trees, and farm-houses sheltered among the knees of the farther hills. It was a region of peace and repose and quiet, drowsy beauty, and there were few farms which were not the ancestral homes of the families who held them. The people were satisfied, for they lived upon a bountiful soil; and if but few were notably rich, still fewer were absolutely poor. They had a sluggish sense of content, a half-conscious feeling that their lines were cast in pleasant places; they were orderly, moral, and generally honest, and their own types were so constantly reproduced and fixed both by intermarriage and intercourse, that any variation therein was a thing to be suppressed if possible. Any sign of an unusual taste, or a different view of life, excited their suspicion, and the most of them were incapable of discriminating be-

tween independent thought on moral and social questions, and "free-thinking" in the religious significance which they attached to the word. Political excitements, it is true, sometimes swept over the neighborhood, but in a mitigated form; and the discussions which then took place between neighbors of opposite faith were generally repetitions of the arguments furnished by their respective county papers.

To one whose twofold nature conformed to the common mould, — into whom, before his birth, no mysterious element had been infused, to be the basis of new sensations, desires, and powers, — the region was a paradise of peaceful days. Even as a boy the probable map of his life was drawn: he could behold himself as young man, as husband, father, and comfortable old man, by simply looking upon these various stages in others.

If, however, his senses were not sluggish, but keen; if his nature reached beyond the ordinary necessities, and hungered for the taste of higher things; if he longed to share in that life of the world, the least part of which was known to his native community; if, not content to accept the mechanical faith of passive minds, he dared to repeat the long struggle of the human race in his own spiritual and mental growth; then, — why, then, the region was *not* a paradise of peaceful days.

Rachel Miller, now that the dangerous evening was over, was shrewd enough to resume her habitual manner towards her nephew. Her curiosity to know what had been done, and how Joseph had been affected by the merry-making, rendered her careful not to frighten him from the subject by warnings or reproaches. He was frank and communicative, and Rachel found, to her surprise, that the evening at Warriner's was much, and not wholly unpleasantly, in her thoughts during her knitting-hours. The farm-work was briskly forwarded; Joseph was active in the field, and decidedly brighter in the house; and when he announced the new engagement, with an air which hinted that his attendance was a matter of course, she was only able to say: —

"I 'm very much mistaken if *that* 's the end. Get a-going once, and there 's no telling where you 'll fetch up. I suppose that town's girl won't stay much longer, — the farm-work of the neighborhood could n't stand it, — and so she means to have all she can while her visit lasts."

"Indeed, Aunt," Joseph protested, "Elwood Withers first proposed it, and the others all agreed."

"And ready enough they were, I 'll be bound."

"Yes, they were," Joseph replied, with a little more firmness than usual. "All of them. And there was no respectable family in the neighborhood that was n't represented."

Rachel made an effort and kept silence. The innovation might be temporary, and in that case it were prudent to take no further notice; or it might be the beginning of a change in the ways of the young people, and if so, she needed further knowledge in order to work successfully against it in Joseph's case.

She little suspected how swiftly and closely the question would be brought to her own door.

A week afterwards the second of the evening parties was held, and was even more successful than the first. Everybody was there, bringing a cheerful memory of the former occasion, and Miss Julia Blessing, no longer dreaded as an unknown scrutinizing element, was again the life and soul of the company. It was astonishing how correctly she retained the names and characteristics of all those whom she had already met, and how intelligently she seemed to enjoy the gossip of the neighborhood. It was remarked that her dress was studiously simple, as if to conform to country ways, yet the airy, graceful freedom of her manner gave it a character of elegance which sufficiently distinguished her from the other girls.

Joseph felt that she looked to him,

as by an innocent, natural instinct, for a more delicate and intimate recognition than she expected to find elsewhere. Fragments of sentences, parenthetical expressions, dropped in her lively talk, were always followed by a quick glance which said to him: "We have one feeling in common; I know that *you* understand me." He was fascinated, but the experience was so new that it was rather bewildering. He was drawn to catch her seemingly random looks, — to wait for them, and then shrink timidly when they came, feeling all the while the desire to be in the quiet corner, outside the merry circle of talkers, where sat Lucy Henderson.

When, at last, a change in the diversions of the evening brought him to Lucy's side, she seemed to him grave and preoccupied. Her words lacked the pleasant directness and self-possession which had made her society so comfortable to him. She no longer turned her full face towards him while speaking, and he noticed that her eyes were wandering over the company with a peculiar expression, as if she were trying to listen with them. It seemed to him, also, that Elwood Withers, who was restlessly moving about the room, was watching some one, or waiting for something.

"I have it!" suddenly cried Miss Blessing, floating towards Joseph and Lucy; "it shall be *you*, Mr. Asten!"

"Yes," echoed Anna Warriner, following; "if it could be, how delightful!"

"Hush, Anna dear! Let us keep the matter secret!" whispered Miss Blessing, assuming a mysterious air; "we will slip away and consult; and, of course, Lucy must come with us."

"Now," she resumed, when the four found themselves alone in the old-fashioned dining-room, "we must, first of all, explain everything to Mr. Asten. The question is, where we shall meet, next week. McNaughtons are building an addition (I believe you call it) to their barn, and a child has the measles at another place, and something else is wrong somewhere else. We cannot interfere with the course of nature; but neither should we give up these charming evenings without making an effort to continue them. Our sole hope and reliance is on you, Mr. Asten."

She pronounced the words with a mock solemnity, clasping her hands, and looking into his face with bright, eager, laughing eyes.

"If it depended on myself—" Joseph began.

"O, I know the difficulty, Mr. Asten!" she exclaimed; "and, really, it's unpardonable in me to propose such a thing. But is n't it possible — just possible — that Miss Miller might be persuaded by us?"

"Julia dear!" cried Anna Warriner, "I believe there 's nothing you 'd be afraid to undertake."

Joseph scarcely knew what to say. He looked from one to the other, coloring slightly, and ready to turn pale the next moment, as he endeavored to imagine how his aunt would receive such an astounding proposition.

"There is no reason why she should be asked," said Lucy. "It would be a great annoyance to her."

"Indeed?" said Miss Blessing: "then I should be *so* sorry! But I caught a glimpse of your lovely place the other day, as we were driving up the valley. It was a perfect picture, — and I have such a desire to see it nearer!"

"Why will you not come, then?" Joseph eagerly asked. Lucy's words seemed to him blunt and unfriendly, although he knew they had been intended for his relief.

"It would be a great pleasure; yet, if I thought your aunt would be annoyed —"

"I am sure she will be glad to make your acquaintance," said Joseph, with a reproachful side-glance at Lucy.

Miss Blessing noticed the glance. "*I* am more sure," she said, playfully, "that she will be very much amused at my ignorance and inexperience. And I don't believe Lucy meant to frighten me. As for the party, we won't think

of that, now; but you will go with us, Lucy, won't you, — with Anna and myself, to make a neighborly afternoon call?"

Lucy felt obliged to accede to a request so amiably made, after her apparent rudeness. Yet she could not force herself to affect a hearty acquiescence, and Joseph thought her singularly cold.

He did not doubt but that Miss Blessing, whose warm, impulsive nature seemed to him very much what his own might be if he dared to show it, would fulfil her promise. Neither did he doubt that so much innocence and sweetness as she possessed would make a favorable impression upon his aunt; but he judged it best not to inform the latter of the possible visit.

IL GUIDO ROSPIGLIOSI.

"La concubina di Titone antico
Già s'imbiancava al balzo d'oriente,
Fuor delle braccia del suo dolce amico:
Di gemme la sua fronte era lucente—"
PURGATORIO, IX.

FORTH from the arms of her beloved now,
Whitening the orient steep, the Concubine
Of old Tithonus comes! — her lucent brow
Glistening with gems, her fair hands filled with flowers,
And from her girdle scatters wealth of pearls
Round ocean's rocks and every vessel's prow
That cuts the laughing billows' crested curls:
Behind her step the busy, sober Hours,
With much to do, and they must move apace:
Wake up, Apollo! must the women stir,
And thou be lagging? brighten up thy face!
Those eyes of Phaeton more brilliant were —
Hurry, dull God! Hyperion, to thy race!
Thy steeds are galloping, but thou seem'st slow —
Hesper, glad wretch, hath newly fed his torch,
And flies before thee, and the world cries, Go!
Light the dark woods, the drenchèd mountain scorch —
Phœbus! Aurora calls; why linger so?

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

WHEN Austria offered to recognize the French Republic, the victorious general of France replied that the Republic stood in no more need of recognition than the sun in heaven. Perhaps it is equally needless to vindicate the claim of the study of history to a place in a course of education.

To some of those who have come to be educated here, the study may be professionally useful. I refer to those destined for the profession of journalism, some of whom are pretty sure to be included in any large assemblage of the youth of so journalistic a country as this. It is quite possible that, as society advances, it may call for some political guidance more responsible and more philosophical than that of the anonymous journalist. But at present the journalist reigns. His pen has superseded not only the sceptre of kings, but the tongue of the parliamentary or congressional debater, whose speeches, predetermined and forestalled as they are by the discussions of the press, are read with a languid interest; a result which the enemies of rhetorical government, considering that the pen is usually somewhat more under control and more accurate than the tongue, may regard with a pensive satisfaction. The right education of the journalist is a matter of as much importance to the public, in a country like this, as the right education of princes is in a monarchical country. But if it is so important to the public, it is equally important to the journalist himself. A calling which society sanctions or demands, and which morality does not proscribe, must be pursued; and any inherent evils which there may be in it must be laid to the account of society, not to that of the individual writer. But those who have seen anything of anonymous journalism will, I believe, generally be of opinion that all the safeguards which high training can afford are necessary to protect the anonymous journalist against the peril of falling into great degradation, — to save him from becoming an organ of narrow and malignant passions, possibly even of something worse. It is more difficult, to say the least, to sin against light. A man who has been raised by the study of history and its cognate subjects to the point of view where the eye and the heart take in humanity, will not find it quite so congenial to him to wallow in the mire of party fanaticism or of scurrilous personalities.

Another calling seems likely to be opened, for which the studies of a school of political science, such as the plan of our institution contemplates, would form a qualification. A movement is being made in favor of the institution of a permanent civil service. I do not wish to express an opinion on any political question relating to this country, at least from this chair. But I am so sensible of the advantages which we derive in England from the existence of such a service, by which the whole of the ordinary administration of the country is not only placed in well-trained hands, but taken almost entirely out of the influence of party and out of the category of party spoils, that I cannot help thinking that the measure will commend itself to the national mind, and that the movement will be crowned with success. In that case, our school of Political Science will become a school of preparation for the civil service. The subjects of the school will be history, studied from the political point of view; jurisprudence, including what is called, rather by anticipation than with reference to the ex-

isting state of things, international law; and political economy, embracing not only the general laws of wealth as demonstrated and illustrated by Adam Smith and his successors, but the most useful facts relating to commerce and production, especially with reference to this country.

To the mass of the students, however, the study of history must commend itself, not as one of professional utility, but as part of a course of self-culture. To the mass of students the study even of physical science can commend itself on no other ground, since the number of those who will ever make a professional use of geology, chemistry, or anatomy must be limited. And if a knowledge of physical science is necessary to self-culture, as unquestionably it is, equally necessary is a knowledge of history. If it is essential to our intellectual development, to our moral well-being, to our due discharge of the part assigned to us in life, that we should be placed in our right relations to the material world and the lower orders of animals, it is surely at least as essential that we should be placed in our right relations to humanity. If our powers of observation require to be cultivated by scientific pursuits, so do our powers of moral reasoning and our moral sympathies require to be cultivated by their appropriate training, which is the study of history. In a country like this, — with republican institutions which assume the active co-operation of all citizens in the work of government, and which, without that co-operation, lose their vitality and degenerate into a cover for wire-pullers and jobbers, — political studies, and the study of humanity generally, have an especial claim on the attention of the citizen, both as a matter of interest and of duty.

It is useless, of course, for the advocates of any particular kind of culture to address themselves to those writers on education, or, as I should rather say, against education, who, if they mean what they sometimes say, would cast all culture aside, and, under color of making education practical (as though everything that did us good were not practical), would reduce all your universities and colleges to mere organs of industrial and commercial instruction; one result of which would be that, as the intellectual tastes and appetites of a great nation could not really be confined within a circle traced by its least cultivated members, America would have to import all the products of the higher intellect and the imagination, and would thus remain intellectually the slave of Europe, to the great detriment of Europe as well as to her own. One of the organs of this extreme utilitarianism proclaimed, the other day, as a proof of the uselessness or worse than uselessness of high culture, that there were thousands of college graduates who were unable to earn their own bread. It was meant, I suppose, that they were unable to earn their bread by manual labor; a statement scarcely true in itself, — since, if they were not crippled in any of their limbs by their knowledge of classics and mathematics, they might still take up a spade, list as soldiers, or go into service as porters, — and which, if true, would not be of much significance, since, whatever may be the case among tribes in a state of nature, in civilized countries men are able to earn their bread, and their butter too, with their brains as well as with their hands. Even a being so helpless and useless, to the merely bucolic eye, as Sir Isaac Newton, provided for himself pretty well in a less intellectual age than the present. The development of the mental faculties therefore pays just as well as that of the muscular powers. It is as the means of self-support for those who are undergoing a course of high education, not as a substitute for high education, that manual labor is encouraged in this institution. If classics have been rated too highly as instruments of mental training, if they have been studied in an irrational way and with too much attention to philological or paleographical details, if they have been allowed to take up too much time,

or even if, upon a deliberate review of the question, apart from the blind violence of iconoclasts, we should be led to the conclusion that their day is past, it does not follow that high culture altogether is to be discarded as folly, and that all our places of high education are to be turned into technological institutes, model farms, and workshops. Certainly, if any voice in the matter is to be allowed to public policy, and if public policy points to anything beyond the mere accumulation of wealth, there will be some hesitation and reflection before the preponderance of material objects, already great enough, is increased by throwing the whole weight of public education into the material scale.

Wealth is a proper object of individual pursuit so long as it is pursued honorably, which, when pursued very passionately and exclusively, it is apt, as every newspaper you take up shows you, not to be. I have no ascetic fancies on that subject, nor do I deprecate the frank avowal of the attainment of wealth as an object of education. Only let it be borne in mind that we need not alone the art of making wealth, but the art of enjoying it; and that, as the capacity of the stomach is so limited, if that is the only organ of enjoyment, wealth will be but poorly enjoyed. But the individual pursuit of wealth is a matter in which the state has little interest. The only thing in which the state has an interest, and which makes it worth the while of the state to found and endow universities, is the improvement of the students as members of the community, with due reference, of course, to its industrial objects, but also with due reference to those other objects without which a community of men would be no higher, and enjoy no more happiness, than a community of beavers or bees. The common welfare is not promoted by enabling A to rise over B's head, and to wrench the prize of life out of his hands. Perhaps some day a doubt may arise whether even individual welfare is promoted by stimulating cupidity and ambition in the breast of youth; and the world, though it refuses to accept from theology, may accept from biological and social science, the doctrine that contentment is happiness. However this may be, the mere satisfaction of personal desires is not a public object; and when our charter tells us that this institution is founded to promote the "liberal and practical education" of those for whom it is intended, if the term "practical" points to the industrial and commercial objects of the individual student, the term "liberal" points to the object of the state. Knowledge which is directly convertible into money stands in little need of artificial encouragement.

An objection has been sometimes taken to history, on the ground of its uncertainty. This objection comes from physical science, the extreme devotees of which sometimes affect to cast doubt on all human testimony, and to maintain that nothing is worthy of belief but that which can be reproduced by experiment, — forgetting that they have no better ground than human testimony for believing that the experiment has been made before with the same result. It is true our historical judgments are continually being modified; our conceptions of history as a whole are changing; some supposed facts are being eliminated, while others are coming to light in the course of historical research. But may not something analogous be said of physical science? Are not her theories also continually undergoing change? Where are the astronomical conceptions of yesterday? They have given way to the nebular hypothesis, which, in its turn, may possibly be overthrown or absorbed by some other hypothesis, — leaving, no doubt, a residuum of truth, just as successive theories of history leave, some more, some less, of a residuum of truth, though no one of them can be said to be final. History is the scene of controversy: but is not science also? Ask Darwin and Agassiz, and the other combatants on either side of the controversy as to the origin of species. I remember a passage in

a letter written by the late Sir G. C. Lewis, a philosopher certainly not wanting in scepticism as to historical facts and the testimony on which they rest. He then held the office of Home Secretary, one of the duties of which is to advise the sovereign in the exercise of the prerogative of mercy, and he had been going into the case of Swethurst, a man convicted of poisoning on evidence of doubtful validity. Sir George Lewis remarked that the professors of moral philosophy showed more forbearance than policy in not retorting on the professors of physical science the charge of uncertainty, inasmuch as he had been consulting all the highest scientific authorities on the scientific parts of the case, and they had contradicted each other all round. Absolute and final certainty is the prerogative of no study, except the formal sciences of logic and mathematics. It has been truly said that the most important facts in history are the best ascertained. It is not about the great steps in the progress of humanity, or about their connection with each other, that we are in doubt. It is about personal details, which, though not devoid of moral interest, are of secondary importance, and the discussion of which would be trivial if it did not exercise the judicial faculties of the historian. History may safely permit Scotchmen to maintain forever the innocence of Mary, Queen of Scots, though it might not be so safe to concede the general principle, on which the defence rests, that a pretty Scotchwoman cannot do wrong. Nor ought we to overrate the proportion borne by the controverted to the uncontroverted facts. Mr. Lowe, in one of those mob orations against mental culture by which he endeavored to atone to the masses for his oligarchical opposition to the extension of the suffrage, scoffed at history, because, as he said, everything was unsettled in it, and if you asked two men for an account of Cromwell, their accounts would be so different, that you would not know that they were speaking of the same man. But this is a great exaggeration. The two accounts would coincide as to all the leading facts: they would differ as to the moral quality or political expediency of certain actions; just as the judgments of a Republican and a Democrat would differ as to the moral quality and political expediency of certain actions of General Grant, whose existence and history are nevertheless substantial facts. And these divergences of opinion are being diminished by the gradual prevalence of more comprehensive views of history and of a sounder morality. The most extreme judgments on Cromwell's character would not be so wide apart now as were those of the Cavaliers and Roundheads in his own day.

The position that man is to be studied historically, if it be taken to mean that man is to be studied only in history, is untrue. A simple inspection of historical phenomena could never enable us to discern good from evil in human action, or furnish any standard of progress: we could never have attained the idea of progress itself in that way. But taken in the sense that a knowledge of the history of humanity is essential to a right view of any question respecting man, the position is a most momentous and pregnant truth, and one the perception of which has already begun profoundly to modify moral and political philosophy, and may further modify them to an almost indefinite extent. This prevalence of the historical method in the study of man is clearly connected with the prevalence of the Darwinian theory respecting the formation of species in natural science, as well as with our new views of geology and cosmogony, and with the discovery of those sidereal motions which indicate that progress is the law not only of the earth but of the heavens. The whole amounts to a great reconstitution of the sum of our knowledge, and of our conceptions of the universe both material and moral, on which, as I believe, a rational theology will in time be based. We have hitherto formed arbitrary notions of the Deity, and deduced theological systems from

them. We shall now begin to form our notions of the Deity from his manifestations of himself in the universe and in man. Ethics will probably undergo an analogous change, and, instead of being deduced from arbitrary principles, will be based on a real examination of human nature; and when so reformed the study will become fruitful, and enable us to frame practical rules for the formation of character, and effective cures for the maladies of our moral nature, in place of general precepts and barren denunciations.

Whatever may be the special results, to moral science, of the study of man by the historical method, it has already had the general effect of binding us more closely to humanity as a whole, of causing the monastic idea of separate salvation to give way to the idea of salvation with and in humanity, and of making us feel more distinctly that the service of humanity is the service of God. It has at the same time taught us a more grateful appreciation of the past, and repressed the self-conceit which exaggerates the powers and the importance of the generation of workers to which we happen to belong. In new countries especially, where there are no monuments to plead for the past, the study of history is eminently needed, to repress this collective egotism to which each generation is liable, and which leads not only to errors of taste and sentiment, but to more serious mischief. At the head of one of your leading organs of public opinion, I see a woodcut representing the past and the future. The past is symbolized by temples, pyramids, and the ancient implements of husbandry; the future by railroads, steam-vessels, factories, and improved agricultural machines. The two are divided from each other by a timepiece, on which the American Eagle is triumphantly perched, with his tail to the past and his head to the future. A figure representing, I presume, Young America, in an attitude of enthusiasm, is rushing into the future with the star-spangled banner in his hand. This symbolism is false, even in the case of the most advanced nation, inasmuch as it contravenes the fact that the history of man is a continuous development, to which no one generation or epoch contributes much more than another; each transmitting to the future, with but little addition, the accumulated heritage which it has received from the past; so that, when we have done all, we are but unprofitable servants of humanity. The symbolism is also doubtful, as I venture to think, inasmuch as it assumes, in accordance with the popular impression, that an acceleration of our material progress is to be the characteristic of the coming age. Owing to the marvellous expansion of material wealth, and of the knowledge which produces it, on the one hand, and to the perplexity into which the spiritual world has been cast by the decay of ancient creeds and the collapse of ancient authorities on the other, men are at present neglecting or abandoning in despair the questions and interests symbolized by the temples, and turning to those symbolized by the railroads and the reaping-machines. But the higher nature will not in the end be satisfied with that which appeals only to the lower nature; and problems touching the estate and destiny of man may soon present themselves, no longer under the veil of Byzantine or mediæval mysticism, but in a rational and practical form, which would make the coming age one of spiritual inquiry rather than of material invention. To those who keep the experience of history in view, the predominance of material interests in this generation itself suggests their probable subordination in the next.

To the statesman, and to all who take part in politics in a free country, history is useful, not only as a record of experience, — in which point of view indeed its value may be overrated, since the same situation never exactly recurs, — but because, displaying the gradual and at the same time unceasing progress of humanity, it inspires at once hope and moderation; at once condemns the conservatism, as chimerical as any

Utopia, which strives to stereotype the institutions of the past, and the revolutionary fanaticism which, breaking altogether with the past and regardless of the conditions of the present, attempts to leap into the far-off future and makes wreck, for the time, of progress in that attempt. To adopt the terms of a more general philosophy, history teaches the politician to consider circumstance as well as will, though it does not teach him to leave will out of sight and take account of circumstance alone.

I here deal with history politically. Not that I deem politics the highest of all subjects, or the political part of history the deepest and the most vitally interesting. If the ultimate perfectibility of human nature which Christianity assumes and proclaims is to be accepted as a fact, as I think all rational inquiry into human nature tends to show that it is, the time will come, though it may be countless ages hence, when the political and legal union, which implies imperfection and is based upon force, will finally give place to a union of affection, and when politics and jurisprudence will fall into one happy grave. But for the purpose of these lectures I take the political portion of the complex movement of humanity apart from the rest, and subordinate to it the other portions, — intellectual, economical, and social, — touching on these merely as they affect political characters and events. One advantage of this course is that we shall escape the necessity of dealing with any religious question, and thus perhaps avoid collision with some good people, who, though they are thoroughly convinced that to burn men alive for their opinions is a mistake, are not yet thoroughly convinced that perfect freedom of thought and speech, unchecked by any penalties, legal or social, by fagots or by frowns, is the sole guaranty of truth, and the only hope of escape from the perplexity and distress into which all who do not bury their heads in the sand to escape danger must see that the religious world has unhappily fallen.

The nation of the political history of which I am to treat is England. English history is the subject of my professorship. But, apart from this, few would deny to England the foremost place, on the whole, in the history of political development, whatever they may think of her achievements in other spheres. The Constitution which she has worked out through so many ages of continuous effort will after all prove, I doubt not, merely transitional: it is simply the bridge over which society is passing from feudalism to democracy. But it has now been adopted in its main features by all the civilized nations of Europe, among which I do not include the half-Oriental as well as half-barbarous despotism of Russia. It was adopted by France in 1789. Since that time the Bonapartes have labored to establish in their own power a personal government after the model of the Roman Empire, the great historical antagonist of the Teutonic monarchy. But the present Emperor finds himself compelled by the spirit of the age and the force of example, as the condition of his son's succession, to lay down his personal power and reduce his monarchy to the English form. The fundamental connection between the English and the American constitution cannot fail to be seen. If on the one hand the hereditary element has been left behind by society in its transition to the New World (as it has been dropped by the more recent framers of constitutions in Europe so far as the Upper Chamber is concerned), on the other hand the monarchical element has been here reinvested with a large portion of the power of which in England it has under decorous forms been entirely deprived; and if the American form of government is compared with the English form in this respect, the American form may be said to be an elective and terminable monarchy, while the English form is a republic.

Treating merely of a segment of history, and from a special point of view, I am hardly called upon to discuss the universal theories of history which have

been recently propounded: I will, however, just indicate my position with regard to them. They are theories ignoring the existence of spiritual life, — though some of them retain and even affect the name spiritual, without any real meaning, — and involving the assumption that the history of mankind is a necessary evolution, of which human volitions are merely the steps, just as physical occurrences are the steps of a necessary evolution or development in the material world; and they seem to me to be the characteristic products of minds which, having been formed too exclusively under the influence of physical science, cannot conceive any limits to physical method, and at the same time are eager to complete, as they think, a great intellectual revolution, by extending it from the material world to humanity, and reorganizing moral and political philosophy in supposed accordance with physical science.

I am ready to enter into the verification of any hypothesis, however novel, and from whatever quarter it may come, provided that it covers the facts. But the authors of these theories of history do not attempt, so far as I am aware, to account for the phenomena of volition, for the distinction which we find ourselves compelled to make between voluntary and involuntary actions, or for morality generally, which implies that human will is free, — not free in the sense of being arbitrary, but free in the sense of being self-determined, not determined by antecedent circumstance, like the occurrences of the material world. Is the subversion of public right by a military usurper a necessary incident in an historic evolution? Is the commission of so many murders per annum the effect of an irreversible law denoted by criminal statistics? Then why denounce the usurper and the murderer? Why denounce them any more than the plague or the earthquake? It is possible that a physical explanation of all these moral phenomena may be in store for us, and that our consciousness of self-determination in our actions, commonly denoted by the term "free-will," may prove to be an illusion; but I repeat that, so far as I am aware, no attempt to supply such an explanation has yet been made. Nor am I aware that any attempt has been made to give an account of the personality of man, and explain what this being is, which, being bound by necessary laws, yet rises to the contemplation and scrutiny of those laws, and can even, as the necessarian school admits, modify their action, though we are told he cannot change it, — as though modification were not change. The theory tacitly adopted is that of the Calvinist writers, who have labored to reconcile the moral justice of God in rewarding the good and punishing the wicked with the doctrine of predestination, but whose arguments have never, I believe, given real satisfaction even to their own minds, much less to minds which are not Calvinist, and the chief of whom has, it seems to me, recently received specific confutation at the hands of your fellow-countryman, Mr. Hazard, whose book "On the Will" I mention with pleasure as a work of vigorous and original thought, and so esteemed by judges whose opinion is of more value than mine.

The theory of Comte is that the human mind collectively (and, if I understand him rightly, that of every individual man in like manner) is compelled, by its structure and by its relation to the circumstances in which it is placed, to pass through three successive phases, — the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive, — drawing with it society, which in corresponding succession is constituted, first on a theological, then on a metaphysical, and finally on a positive basis. The term "positive" will be found, on examination, to mean nothing more than scientific. The ascendency of science is, according to this theory, the extinction of religion; the metaphysical era in which, as Comte asserts, man attributes phenomena, not to God, but to nature and other metaphysical entities, being the twilight between the theological night and the

scientific dawn. I mean, by religion, a religion with a God: for, to fill the void in the human breast, Comte invented a religion without a God, which will be found, saving this one omission, a close and even servile imitation of the Catholic Church (to which Comte was accustomed) with its sacraments and ceremonies, and above all with a priestly despotism as oppressive and as destructive of free inquiry as the Papacy itself.

I think I should be prepared to show that this hypothesis does not correspond with the facts of history in detail. But I again submit that this is unnecessary: the hypothesis is untenable on the face of it, antecedently to any process of verification. The ascendency of science is not the extinction of religion, nor is there any incompatibility between the theological and the scientific view of the universe. Between Polytheism, which splits up the universe into the domains of a multitude of gods, and science, which demonstrates its unity, there is an incompatibility; but between monotheism and science there is none. The two propositions, that there is an intelligent Creator, and that his intelligence displays itself in a uniformity of law throughout his creation, — the first of which is the basis of religion, the second that of science, — are as far as possible from being inconsistent with each other. The most intense belief in God and the highest science dwelt together in the minds of Pascal and Newton. Therefore the two terms of the supposed series, "theological," and "positive" or scientific, do not bear to each other the relation which the hypothesis requires, — they are not mutually exclusive; and the hypothesis falls to the ground. So far is science from extinguishing theology, that its discoveries as to the order and motion of the universe seem likely, in conjunction with an improved philosophy of history and a more rational psychology, to render far more palpable to us than they have ever been before, the existence and the presence of God; so that Byzantine theosophy and the mythology of the Middle Ages will clear away only to leave theology stronger, and society more firmly founded on a theological basis than ever. Comte, familiar with Catholic miracles and legends, asserts that all religion must be supernatural: prove that, instead of contravening nature, it results from nature, and his attacks lose all their force.

The want of a well-laid foundation for Comte's theory is betrayed by his lamentations over the intellectual and social anarchy of his age, and by his denunciations of those who, as he thinks, prolong that anarchy and prevent his philosophy from regenerating the world. If law reigns absolutely, how can there be anarchy? If the whole evolution of humanity is necessary, why is that part of the evolution with which Comte comes into angry collision, and which he styles anarchy, less necessary than the rest? Anarchy implies a power in men of breaking through the law; in other words, it implies free-will.

The theory of Mr. Buckle, though not clearly stated and still less clearly worked out, seems to me to be, in effect, a reproduction of that of Comte. He, too, supposes a necessary intellectual evolution which is, in fact, a gradual exodus of humanity from religion into science. Doubt, for which *scepticism* is only the Greek name, is with him the grand spring of progress, though it seems plain that doubt can never move any man or body of men to action or production. His attempts to deduce the character and history of nations from the physical circumstances of their origin are very unconnected, and often very unsuccessful. He ascribes, for instance, the superstitious tendencies of the Scotch to the influence of their mountain scenery and its attendant thunder-storms, confounding the Saxon-Scotch of the Lowlands, of whom he is throughout treating, with the Celts of the Highlands, who remained an entirely distinct people down to the middle, at least, of the last century, and whose characteristics are

fundamentally the same as those of their kinsmen, the Irish, Welsh, and Britons, while the aspect of nature varies greatly in the four countries. He assigns the frequency and destructiveness of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in Italy and in the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula as the explanation of what he assumes to be the fact that these are the two regions in which superstition is most rife and the superstitious classes most powerful. But we have no reason for believing that the ancient inhabitants of Italy were peculiarly superstitious: the Romans, though in the better period of their history a religious people, were never superstitious in the proper sense of the term, as compared with other ancient nations, and the more educated class became, in the end, decided free-thinkers. In later times the Papacy, supported by the forces of the Catholic kingdoms, forced superstition on the people; but we may safely say that Ætna and Vesuvius and the earthquakes of Calabria had very little to do with the growth of the Papal power. In the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula there are no volcanoes, and the only historic earthquakes are those of Lisbon and Malaga, both long subsequent to the culmination of superstition among the Spanish and Portuguese. The Celtiberians, the earliest inhabitants of the peninsula known to history, do not seem to have been more superstitious than the other Celts; and the influence of the bishops under the Visigothic monarchy, like that of the bishops in the empire of Charlemagne, was more political than religious, and denotes rather the strength of the Roman element in that monarchy than the prevalence of superstition. Spanish superstition and bigotry had their source in the long struggle against the Moors, the influence of which Mr. Buckle afterwards recognizes, though he fails to connect it with any physical cause, as well as to compare it with its historic analogue, the struggle of the Russians against the Tartars, which has left similar traces in the fanaticism of the Russian people. In the same passage to which I have just referred, Mr. Buckle adduces another circumstance, indicative, as he says, of the connection between the physical phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes and the predominance of the imagination. "Speaking generally," he says, "the fine arts are addressed to the imagination, the sciences to the intellect: now it is remarkable that all the greatest painters and nearly all the greatest sculptors modern Europe has possessed have been produced by the Italian and Spanish peninsulas." Here again he fails to notice that, though the action of the alleged cause — the awful character of the physical phenomena — has been constant, the supposed effect has been confined within very narrow limits of time. The ancient Romans were not great painters; their excellence in any works of the imagination was small compared with that of the Greeks, whose country is remarkably free from physical phenomena of an overwhelming kind. Italian art sprang up with the wealth, taste, and intellectual activity of the great Italian cities of the Middle Ages; it sprang up, not among the Calabrian peasantry, but among the most advanced portions of the population, and those least under the moral influence of physical phenomena; it had its counterpart in the art which sprang up in the great cities of Germany and Flanders; and it was accompanied by a scientific movement as vigorous as the resources of the age would permit, — the two meeting in the person of Leonardo Da Vinci. Spanish art was a concomitant of the splendor of the Spanish monarchy, and its rise was closely connected with the possession by Spain of part of Italy and the Netherlands, from which countries not a little of it was derived. Spanish and Italian art are now dead; while England, which in those days had no painters, now, under the stimulus of wealth and culture, without any change in the physical circumstances, produces a school of painting, with the names of

Turner, Millais, and Hunt at its head, which is the full equivalent in art of Tennyson's poetry. To what influence of physical phenomena are we to trace the marvellous burst of Christian imagination in the cathedrals of the North, or the singular succession of great musical composers in Germany during the last century?

The greater part of Mr. Buckle's work is taken up with an analysis of certain portions of history, — erudite, acute, and sometimes instructive, but exhibiting no novelty in its method, assigning to persons great influence over events, bestowing praise and blame with a vehemence curiously at variance with the necessarian theory of character and action, and having, as it seems to me, no very clear thread of philosophical connection, unless it be a pervading hostility to the clergy, the consequence of Mr. Buckle's antagonism to the State Church of England, and another proof of the effect of state churches in driving criticism to extremes and producing antipathy to religion.

Mr. Buckle, while he generally coincides with Comte, has to himself the doctrine that morality does not advance, and that the progress of humanity is purely scientific. It is difficult to believe that he had ever turned his attention to the movement which followed the preaching of Christianity. Comte, on the contrary, maintains with great beauty and force that the progress of society depends on the prevalence of the unselfish over the selfish affections, though his disciples are mistaken in thinking that their master was the first author of the precept to love one another.

The force of those influences which Mr. Buckle, if he had carried out his theory consistently, would have traced everywhere is, of course, not denied. They form, as it were, the body of history; but there is also, or appears to be, a living soul. Circumstances, however great their influence upon action may be, do not act; it is man that acts. If I walk from this building to the university, the relative positions of the two places, the curves of the road between them, and the structure of my body, are conditions and limitations of my walking; but they do not take the walk, nor would an account of them be a complete account of the matter. Without a thorough and rational investigation of human nature as the point of departure, all these theories are mere collections of remarks, more or less suggestive, more or less crude: the fundamental problem remains unsolved.

It is time that the minds of all who make humanity their study should be turned, in the light of reason, to that aggregate of phenomena, not dreamed of in the philosophy of the physicists, which is included in the term "spiritual life," — the spiritual convictions, affections, aspirations of man, and his tendency to form a spiritual union or church with God for its head and bond, and to merge other unions gradually in this. Is all this to be explained away as mere illusion, with the mythology of the Middle Ages and other superstitions; or are the superstitions only incrustations, from which the spiritual life will in the end work itself clear? Supposing special prayers for physical miracles, and invocations of Divine help, where the duty is set before us of helping ourselves, to be irrational, — does it follow, as the physicists tacitly assume, that all communion of the spirit with God is a hallucination also? Granting that the natural evidences of the immortality of the soul ordinarily adduced are unsatisfactory, as assuredly they are, — does spiritual life contain in itself no assurance of ultimate victory over the material or quasi-material laws by which the rest of our being is bound, and through which we are subject to death? Supposing spiritual life to be a reality, it would obviously be necessary to construct the philosophy of history on a plan totally different from any which the physicists have proposed.

Pending this inquiry we may fairly require, in the name of science herself, that some caution shall be exercised by

physicists in laying down the law as to the order of the universe, and the character and purposes of its maker. One of the most eminent of the number, and one from whom I should have least expected any rash excursions into the unknown, undertook to assure us the other day, on the strength of merely physical investigations, that the Author and Ruler of the universe was an inexorable Power, playing, as it were, a game of chess against his creatures, respecting and rewarding the strong, but ruthlessly checkmating the weak. In the physical world taken by itself, this may be true; but in the spiritual world it is contrary to all the phenomena or apparent phenomena, and therefore apparently not true. God there manifests himself not as a ruthless chess-player, but as a God of love, to whom the weak are as precious as the strong. It is assumed naturally enough by those whose minds have been turned only to one kind of phenomena and one sphere of thought, that the appearance of man as an animal in the world was the consummation of the order of nature, and that our animal structure must therefore contain in itself a complete key to humanity. Yet physiology has up to this time made but little progress in tracing the connection between man's animal structure and his spiritual aspirations, or even his larger and more unselfish affections. You see books professing to treat of mind physiologically; but the authors of those books, though they are always sneering at what they call metaphysics, that is, the evidence of consciousness, really draw their knowledge of the existence of mind and of the several mental functions from no other source. The physiological part of these works amounts to little more than a very general demonstration of the connection between mind and the brain and between mental aberration and cerebral disease, which may itself be said almost to be a part of consciousness.* It is reasonable to suppose that other and more fruitful discoveries will be made in these regions, as well as with regard to the connection between physical temperament and moral tendencies. But it is not reasonable to pronounce what the discoveries will be before they have been made. For my own part, I wait for further light.

It is certain, as a matter of historical fact, that with the advent of Christianity a new set of forces came upon the scene, and that under their operation commenced a gradual transmutation of the character and aims of humanity, both individual and collective. Faith, Hope, and Charity, the three great manifestations of spiritual life, were not merely modifications of existing moral virtues: they were new motive powers. The ancient world had no names for them: for I need hardly say that though the terms are found in classical Greek, their meaning in classical Greek is not their meaning in the New Testament. It is by these new motive powers that all Christian life, individual and collective, including a good deal of life which has ceased to call itself Christian, is pervaded and sustained, and of them all Christian institutions are embodiments. They have superseded the motives which formed the springs of the merely moral life, as described, for instance, in Aristotle's Ethics. Before the arrival of Christianity, the fulcrum of those who moved humanity was in the seen, since that time it has been in the unseen world. The ideal of the ancient world was always, if anywhere, in the past; no hope of better things to come can be traced in any ancient philosopher; Plato's Utopia is primitive Sparta; that of Roman reformers was primitive Rome; that of Voltaire is a fabulous China; that of Rousseau the state of nature; but the ideal of Christianity has always been in the future. Ancient art embodied at the utmost conceptions of ideal beauty; Christian art embodies spiritual aspirations. These remarks, and others which might be

* It is confidently stated that in all cases of mental disease there is lesion or dilapidation of the brain. But surely something very like mental disease may be produced by the indulgence of uncontrolled egotism, which it seems difficult to connect with any antecedent physical condition of the brain.

made in the same sense, if they are correct, are not priestly dogmas, but historical facts, such as must be taken into account by any one who is constructing a philosophy of history. And they stand independent of any controversies as to the authenticity or historical character of any particular Christian documents.

Science has revealed to us God as a being acting, not by mere fiat, but by way of progress and development in analogy with human effort, and conducting his work upwards through a succession of immeasurable periods from a mere nebulous mass to an ordered universe, and from inorganic matter to organic and ultimately to intellectual and moral life. There is nothing, therefore, contrary to nature, or, to use Comte's phrase, supernatural, in the belief that, in the fulness of time, spiritual life also came into the world. There was a time when animal life made its appearance, — not abruptly, perhaps, but decisively, and so as to open a new order of things. The appearance of spiritual life was not abrupt. Apart from any question as to the Messianic character of prophecy, we see a line of hope, continually brightening amidst national calamity, along the course of Hebrew history. The Platonic doctrine of ideas and the transcendental motives for self-improvement which were preached in some of the ancient schools of philosophy may be called a rudimentary faith. The brotherhoods of the philosophers, and perhaps even the sublimated patriotism of the Roman, were a rudimentary charity. But in the case of spiritual as well as in that of animal life, there was a critical moment when the appearance was complete.

The spring of human progress, as it seems to me, since the advent of Christianity, has been the desire to realize a certain ideal, — individual and social. And I have elsewhere (in Oxford lectures on the study of history) given reasons for regarding this ideal as still identical with that proposed by the Founder of Christianity and exemplified in his life and in his relations with his disciples. I believe that intellectual progress will be found to be a part of the same movement, and that the spring of intellectual as well as of social effort is really the love of mankind. Suppose a man entirely cut off from his kind; he would scarcely be sustained in intellectual effort by the mere desire of speculative truth.

If spiritual life is still weak in the world, and but little progress has yet been made in the transformation of humanity, this need not surprise us, knowing as we do that gradual progress is the law of the universe. Christianity is as yet young to the Pyramids. It has not been in the world half the time that it takes a ray of light to reach the earth from a star of the twelfth magnitude. Nor do the lateness of its advent, the lapse of generations previous to its coming, and its partial diffusion up to the present time, contradict the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, unless it can be proved that the order of the universe is limited to a single evolution. The most recent discoveries of astronomy as to the motions and tendencies of the sidereal systems seem to indicate that this is not the fact, but that the phenomena point to an indefinite series of revolutions, each revolution a mere pulsation, as it were, in the being of God.

But, as I have said, with regard to these universal theories I have only to indicate my own position, which is that of one who believes the physical and necessarian hypothesis to be unproved, and the Christian view of humanity, taken in a rational sense, to be still in possession of the field. My limited theme is the political history of England, in dealing with which as one who has been connected with party politics, I will endeavor to do justice to the other party; and as an Englishman, I will endeavor to show that, while I love England well, I love humanity better, and know that God is above all. History written in the old spirit of national pride and exclusiveness would be particularly out of place in this country, where the conditions which in Europe

gave birth to the narrower type of civilization, — the divisions of race, language, and territory, — are absent, and the counsels of Providence seem to point to an ampler development of humanity in the form of a federated continent having many centres of intellectual and political life, the guaranties of a varied and well-balanced progress, but with security for perfect freedom of intercourse and uninterrupted peace. There is no reason for assuming that the nation, any more than the tribe or clan, which preceded it, is the final organization of human society, and that to which the ultimate allegiance of men will be due. But at all events, if we are Christians we ought to regard the nation as an organ of humanity, not of inhuman antipathies and selfishness. One may see histories, popular in civilized nations, and used in the education of the young, which seem to have no object but that of inflaming national vanity and malignity, and the spirit of which is really not above that of the red Indian who garnishes his wigwam with the scalps of his slain enemies. Compared with such histories, whatever may be their literary merits, the most wretched chronicle of a mediæval monk is a noble and elevating work. The monk at least recognizes a Christendom, and owes allegiance to a law of love.

AMERICANISM IN LITERATURE.

THE voyager from Europe who lands upon our shores perceives a difference in the sky above his head; the height seems loftier, the zenith more remote, the horizon-wall more steep; the moon appears to hang in middle air, beneath a dome that arches far beyond it. The sense of natural symbolism is so strong in us, that the mind unconsciously seeks a spiritual significance in this glory of the atmosphere. The traveller is not satisfied to find the sky alone enlarged, and not the mind, — *coelum, non animum.* One wishes to be convinced that here the intellectual man inhales a deeper breath, and walks with bolder tread; that philosopher and artist are here more buoyant, more fresh, more fertile; that the human race has here escaped at one bound from the despondency of ages, as from their wrongs.

And the true and healthy Americanism is to be found, let us believe, in this attitude of hope; an attitude not necessarily connected with culture nor with the absence of culture, but with the consciousness of a new impulse given to all human progress. The most ignorant man may feel the full strength and heartiness of the American idea, and so may the most accomplished scholar. It is a matter of regret if thus far we have mainly had to look for our Americanism and our scholarship in very different quarters, and if it has been a rare delight to find the two in one.

It seems unspeakably important that all persons among us, and especially the student and the writer, should be pervaded with Americanism. Americanism includes the faith that national self-government is not a chimera, but that, with whatever inconsistencies and drawbacks, we are steadily establishing it here. It includes the faith that to this good thing all other good things must in time be added. When a man is heartily imbued with such a national sentiment as this, it is as marrow in his bones and blood in his veins. He may still need culture, but he has the basis of all culture. He is entitled to an imperturbable patience and hopefulness, born of a living faith. All that is scanty in our intellectual attainments, or poor in our artistic life, may then be

cheerfully endured: if a man sees his house steadily rising on sure foundations, he can wait or let his children wait for the cornice and the frieze. But if one happens to be born or bred in America without this wholesome confidence, there is no happiness for him; he has his alternative between being unhappy at home and unhappy abroad; it is a choice of martyrdoms for himself, and a certainty of martyrdom for his friends.

Happily, there are few among our cultivated men in whom this oxygen of American life is wholly wanting. Where such exist, for them the path across the ocean is easy, and the return how hard! Yet our national character develops slowly; we are aiming at something better than our English fathers, and we pay for it by greater vacillations and vibrations of movement. The Englishman's strong point is a vigorous insularity which he carries with him, portable and sometimes insupportable. The American's more perilous gift is a certain power of assimilation, through which he acquires something from every man he meets, but runs the risk of parting with something in return. For the result, greater possibilities of culture, balanced by greater extremes of sycophancy and meanness. Emerson says that the Englishman of all men stands most firmly on his feet. But it is not the whole of man's mission to be found standing, even at the most important post. Let him take one step forward, — and in that advancing figure you have the American.

We are accustomed to say that the war and its results have made us a nation, subordinated local distinctions, cleared us of our chief shame, and given us the pride of a common career. This being the case, we may afford to treat ourselves to a little modest self-confidence. Those whose faith in the American people carried them hopefully through the long contest with slavery will not be daunted before any minor perplexities of Chinese immigrants or railway brigands or enfranchised women. We are equal to these things; and we shall also be equal to the creation of a literature. We need intellectual culture inexpressibly, but we need a hearty faith still more. "Never yet was there a great migration that did not result in a new form of national genius." But we must guard against both croakers and boasters; and above all, we must look beyond our little Boston or New York or Chicago or San Francisco, and be willing citizens of the great Republic.

The highest aim of most of our literary journals has thus far been to appear English, except where some diverging experimentalist has said, "Let us be German," or "Let us be French." This was inevitable; as inevitable as a boy's first imitations of Byron or Tennyson. But it necessarily implied that our literature must, during this epoch, be chiefly second-rate. We need to become national, not by any conscious effort, implying attitudinizing and constraint, but by simply accepting our own life. It is not desirable to go out of one's way to be original, but it is to be hoped that it may lie in one's way. Originality is simply a fresh pair of eyes. If you want to astonish the whole world, said Rahel, tell the simple truth. It is easier to excuse a thousand defects in the literary man who proceeds on this faith, than to forgive the one great defect of imitation in the purist who seeks only to be English. As Wasson has said, — "The Englishman is undoubtedly a wholesome figure to the mental eye; but will not twenty million copies of him do, for the present?" We must pardon something to the spirit of liberty. We must run some risks, as all immature creatures do, in the effort to use our own limbs. Professor Edward Channing used to say that it was a bad sign for a college boy to write too well; there should be exuberances and inequalities. A nation which has but just begun to create a literature must sow some wild oats. The most tiresome vaingloriousness may be more hopeful than hypercriticism and spleen. The follies of the

absurdest spread-eagle orator may be far more promising, because they smack more of the soil, than the neat Londonism of the city editor who dissects him.

It is but a few years since we have dared to be American in even the details and accessories of our literary work; to make our allusions to natural objects real, not conventional; to ignore the nightingale and skylark, and look for the classic and romantic on our own soil. This change began mainly with Emerson. Some of us can recall the bewilderment with which his verses on the humblebee, for instance, were received, when the choice of subject seemed stranger than the words themselves. It was called "a foolish affectation of the familiar." Happily the illusion of distance forms itself rapidly in a new land, and the poem has now as serene a place in literature as if Andrew Marvell had written it. The truly cosmopolitan writer is not he who carefully denudes his work of everything occasional and temporary, but he who makes his local coloring forever classic through the fascination of the dream it tells. Reason, imagination, passion, are universal; but sky, climate, costume, and even type of human character, belong to some one spot alone till they find an artist potent enough to stamp their associations on the memory of all the world. Whether his work be picture or symphony, legend or lyric, is of little moment. The spirit of the execution is all in all.

As yet we have hardly begun to think of the details of execution in any art. We do not aim at perfection of detail even in engineering, much less in literature. In the haste of American life, much of our literary work is done at a rush, is something inserted in the odd moments of the engrossing pursuit. The popular preacher becomes a novelist; the editor turns his paste-pot and scissors to the compilation of a history; the same man must be poet, wit, philanthropist, and genealogist. We find a sort of pleasure in seeing this variety of effort, just as the bystanders like to see a street-musician adjust every joint in his body to a separate instrument, and play a concerted piece with the whole of himself. To be sure, he plays each part badly, but it is such a wonder he should play them all! Thus, in our rather hurried and helter-skelter literature, the man is brilliant, perhaps; his main work is well done; but his secondary work is slurred. The book sells, no doubt, by reason of the author's popularity in other fields; it is only the tone of our national literature that suffers. There is nothing in American life that can make concentration cease to be a virtue. Let a man choose his pursuit, and make all else count for recreation only. Goethe's advice to Eckermann is infinitely more important here than it ever was in Germany: "Beware of dissipating your powers; strive constantly to concentrate them. Genius thinks it can do whatever it sees others doing, but it is sure to repent of every ill-judged outlay."

In one respect, however, this desultory activity is an advantage: it makes men look in a variety of directions for a standard. As each sect in religion helps to protect us from some other sect, so every mental tendency is the limitation of some other. We need the English culture, but we do not need it more evidently than we need the German, the French, the Greek, the Oriental. In prose literature, for instance, the English contemporary models are not enough. There is an admirable vigor and heartiness, a direct and manly tone; King Richard still lives: but Saladin also had his fine sword-play; let us see him. There are the delightful French qualities, — the atmosphere where literary art means fineness of touch. "Où il n'y a point de délicatesse, il n'y a point de littérature. Un écrit où ne se rencontrent que de la force et un certain feu sans éclat n'annonce que le caractère." But there is something in the English climate which seems to turn the fine edge of any very choice scymitar till it cuts Saladin's own fingers at last.

God forbid that I should disparage this broad Anglo-Saxon manhood which is the basis of our national life. I knew an American mother who sent her boy to Rugby School in England, in the certainty, as she said, that he would there learn two things, — to play cricket and to speak the truth. He acquired both thoroughly, and she brought him home for what she deemed, in comparison, the ornamental branches. We cannot spare the Englishman from our blood, but it is our business to make him more than an Englishman. That iron must become steel; finer, harder, more elastic, more polished. For this end the English stock was transferred from an island to a continent, and mixed with new ingredients, that it might lose its quality of coarseness, and take a finer and more even grain.

As yet, it must be owned, this daring expectation is but feebly reflected in our books. In looking over any collection of American poetry, for instance, one is struck with the fact that it is not so much faulty as inadequate. Emerson set free the poetic intuition of America, Hawthorne its imagination. Both looked into the realm of passion, Emerson with distrust, Hawthorne with eager interest; but neither thrilled with its spell, and the American poet of passion is yet to come. How tame and manageable are wont to be the emotions of our bards, how placid and literary their allusions! There is no baptism of fire; no heat that breeds excess. Yet it is not life that is grown dull, surely; there are as many secrets in every heart, as many skeletons in every closet, as in any elder period of the world's career. It is the interpreters of life who are found wanting, and that not on this soil alone, but throughout the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not just to say, as some one has said, that our language has not in this generation produced a love-song, for it has produced Browning; but was it in England or in Italy that he learned to sound the depths of all human emotion?

And it is not to verse alone that this temporary check of ardor applies. It is often said that prose fiction now occupies the place held by the drama during the Elizabethan age. Certainly this modern product shows something of the brilliant profusion of that wondrous flowering of genius; but here the resemblance ends. Where in our imaginative literature does one find the concentrated utterance, the intense and breathing life, the triumphs and despairs, the depth of emotion, the tragedy, the thrill, that meet one everywhere in those Elizabethan pages? What impetuous and commanding men are these, what passionate women; how they love and hate, struggle and endure; how they play with the world; what a trail of fire they leave behind them as they pass by! Turn now to recent fiction. Dickens's people are amusing and lovable, no doubt; Thackeray's are wicked and witty; but how under-sized they look, and how they loiter on the mere surfaces of life, compared, I will not say with Shakespeare's, but even with Chapman's and Webster's men. Set aside Hawthorne in America, with perhaps Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot in England, and there would scarcely be a fact in prose literature to show that we modern Anglo-Saxons regard a profound human emotion as a thing worth the painting. Who now dares delineate a lover, except with good-natured pitying sarcasm, as in "David Copperfield" or "Pendennis"? In the Elizabethan period, with all its unspeakable coarseness, hot blood still ran in the veins of literature; lovers burned and suffered and were men. And what was true of love was true of all the passions of the human soul.

In this respect, as in many others, France has preserved more of the artistic tradition. The common answer is, that in modern French literature, as in the Elizabethan, the play of feeling is too naked and obvious, and that the Puritan self-restraint is worth more than all that dissolute wealth. I believe it; and here comes in the intellectual worth of America. Puritanism was a

phase, a discipline, a hygiene; but we cannot remain always Puritans. The world needed that moral bracing, even for its art; but, after all, life is not impoverished by being ennobled; and in a happier age, with a larger faith, we may again enrich ourselves with poetry and passion, while wearing that heroic girdle still around us. Then the next blossoming of the world's imagination need not bear within itself, like all the others, the seeds of an epoch of decay.

I utterly reject the position taken by Matthew Arnold, that the Puritan spirit in America was essentially hostile to literature and art. Of course the forest pioneer cannot compose orchestral symphonies, nor the founder of a state carve statues. But the thoughtful and scholarly men who created the Massachusetts Colony brought with them the traditions of their universities, and left these embodied in a college. The Puritan life was only historically inconsistent with culture; there was no logical antagonism. Indeed, that life had in it much that was congenial to art, in its enthusiasm and its truthfulness. Take these Puritan traits, employ them in a more genial sphere, adding intellectual training and a sunny faith, and you have a soil suited to art above all others. To deny it is to see in art only something frivolous and insincere. The American writer in whom the artistic instinct was strongest came of unmixed Puritan stock. Major John Hathorne, in 1692, put his offenders on trial, and generally convicted and hanged them all. Nathaniel Hawthorne held his more spiritual tribunal two centuries later, and his keener scrutiny found some ground of vindication for each one. The fidelity, the thoroughness, the conscientious purpose, were the same in each. Both sought to rest their work, as all art and all law must rest, upon the absolute truth. The writer kept, no doubt, something of the sombreness of the magistrate; each, doubtless, suffered in the woes he studied; and as the one "had a knot of suffering in his forehead all winter" while meditating the doom of Arthur Dimmesdale, so may the other have borne upon his own brow the trace of Martha Corey's grief.

No, it does not seem to me that the obstacle to a new birth of literature and art in America lies in the Puritan tradition, but rather in the timid and faithless spirit that lurks in the circles of culture, and still holds something of literary and academic leadership in the homes of the Puritans. What are the ghosts of a myriad Blue Laws compared with the transplanted cynicism of one "Saturday Review"? How can any noble literature germinate where young men are habitually taught that there is no such thing as originality, and that nothing remains for us in this effete epoch of history but the mere recombining of thoughts which sprang first from braver brains? It is melancholy to see young men come forth from the college walls with less enthusiasm than they carried in; trained in a spirit which is in this respect worse than English toryism, — that it does not even retain a hearty faith in the past. It is better that a man should have eyes in the back of his head than that he should be taught to sneer at even a retrospective vision. One may believe that the golden age is behind us or before us, but alas for the forlorn wisdom of him who rejects it altogether! It is not the climax of culture that a college graduate should emulate the obituary praise bestowed by Cotton Mather on the Rev. John Mitchell of Cambridge, "a truly aged young man." Better a thousand times train a boy on Scott's novels or the Border Ballads than educate him to believe, on the one side, that chivalry was a cheat and the troubadours imbeciles, and on the other hand, that universal suffrage is an absurdity and the one real need is to get rid of our voters. A great crisis like a civil war brings men temporarily to their senses, and the young resume the attitude natural to their years, in spite of their teachers; but it is a sad thing when, in seeking for the generous impulses of

youth, we have to turn from the public sentiment of the colleges to that of the workshops and the farms.

It is a thing not to be forgotten, that for a long series of years the people of our Northern States were habitually in advance of their institutions of learning, in courage and comprehensiveness of thought. There were long years during which the most cultivated scholar, so soon as he embraced an unpopular opinion, was apt to find the college doors closed against him, and only the country lyceum — the people's college — left open. Slavery had to be abolished before the most accomplished orator of the nation could be invited to address the graduates of his own university. The first among American scholars was nominated year after year, only to be rejected, before the academic societies of his own neighborhood. Yet during all that time the rural lecture associations showered their invitations on Parker and Phillips; culture shunned them, but the common people heard them gladly. The home of real thought was outside, not inside, the college walls. It hardly embarrassed a professor's position if he defended slavery as a divine institution; but he risked his place if he denounced the wrong. In those days, if by any chance a man of bold opinions drifted into a reputable professorship, we listened sadly to hear his voice grow faint. He usually began to lose his faith, his courage, his toleration, — in short, his Americanism, — when he left the ranks of the uninstructed.

That time is past; and the literary class has now come more into sympathy with the popular heart. It is perhaps fortunate that there is as yet but little *esprit de corps* among our writers, so that they receive their best sympathy, not from each other, but from the people. Even the memory of the most original author, as Thoreau, or Margaret Fuller Ossoli, is apt to receive its sharpest stabs from those of the same guild. When we American writers find grace to do our best, it is not so much because we are sustained by each other, as that we are conscious of a deep popular heart, slowly but surely answering back to ours, and offering a worthier stimulus than the applause of a coterie. If we once lose faith in our audience, the muse grows silent. Even the apparent indifference of this audience to culture and high finish may be in the end a wholesome influence, recalling us to those more important things, compared to which these are secondary qualities. The indifference is only comparative; our public prefers good writing, as it prefers good elocution; but it values energy, heartiness, and action more. The public is right; it is the business of the writer, as of the speaker, to perfect the finer graces without sacrificing things more vital. "She was not a good singer," says some novelist of his heroine, "but she sang with an inspiration such as good singers rarely indulge in." Given those positive qualities, and I think that a fine execution does not hinder acceptance in America, but rather aids it. Where there is beauty of execution alone, a popular audience, even in America, very easily goes to sleep. And in such matters, as the French actor, Samson, said to the young dramatist, "sleep is an opinion."

It takes more than grammars and dictionaries to make a literature. "It is the spirit in which we act that is the great matter," Goethe says. "*Der Geist aus dem wir handeln ist das Höchste.*" Technical training may give the negative merits of style, as an elocutionist may help a public speaker by ridding him of tricks. But the positive force of writing or of speech must come from positive sources, — ardor, energy, depth of feeling or of thought. No instruction ever gave these, only the inspiration of a great soul, a great need, or a great people. We all know that a vast deal of oxygen may go into the style of a man; we see in it not merely what books he has read, what company he has kept, but also the food he eats, the exercise he takes, the air he breathes. And so there is oxygen in the collective literature of a nation, and

this vital element proceeds, above all else, from liberty. For want of this wholesome oxygen, the voice of Victor Hugo comes to us uncertain and spasmodic, as of one in an alien atmosphere where breath is pain; for want of it, the eloquent English tones that at first sounded so clear and bell-like now reach us only faint and muffled, and lose their music day by day. It is by the presence of this oxygen that American literature is to be made great. We are lost if we leave the inspiration of our nation's life to sustain only the journalist and the stump-speaker, while we permit the colleges and the books to be choked with the dust of dead centuries and to pant for daily breath.

Perhaps it may yet be found that the men who are contributing most to raise the tone of American literature are the men who have never yet written a book and have scarcely time to read one, but by their heroic energy in other spheres are providing exemplars for what our books shall one day be. The man who constructs a great mechanical work helps literature, for he gives a model which shall one day inspire us to construct literary works as great. I do not wish to be forever outdone by the carpet-machinery of Clinton or the grain-elevator of Chicago. We have not yet arrived at our literature, — other things must come first; we are busy with our railroads, perfecting the vast alimentary canal by which the nation assimilates raw immigrants at the rate of half a million a year. We are not yet producing, we are digesting: food now, literary composition by and by: Shakespeare did not write "Hamlet" at the dinner-table. It is of course impossible to explain this to foreigners, and they still talk of convincing, while we talk of dining.

For one, I cannot dispense with the society which we call uncultivated. Democratic sympathies seem to be mainly a matter of vigor and health. It seems to be the first symptom of biliousness to think that only one's self and one's cousins are entitled to consideration, and constitute the world. Every refined person is an aristocrat in his dyspeptic moments; when hearty and well, he demands a wider range of sympathy. It is so tedious to live only in one circle and have only a genteel acquaintance! Mrs. Trench, in her delightful letters, complains of the society in Dresden, about the year 1800, because of "the impossibility, without overstepping all bounds of social custom, of associating with any but *noblesse*." We order that matter otherwise in America. I wish not only to know my neighbor, the man of fashion, who strolls to his club at noon, but also my neighbor, the wheelwright, who goes to his dinner at the same hour. One would not wish to be unacquainted with the fair maiden who drives by in her basket-wagon in the afternoon; nor with the other fair maiden, who may be seen at her wash-tub in the morning. Both are quite worth knowing; both are good, sensible, dutiful girls: the young laundress is the better mathematician, because she has been through the grammar school; but the other has the better French accent, because she has spent half her life in Paris. They offer a variety, at least, and save from that monotony which besets any set of people when seen alone. There was much reason in Horace Walpole's coachman, who, having driven the maids of honor all his life, bequeathed his earnings to his son, on condition that he should never marry a maid of honor.

I affirm that democratic society, the society of the future, enriches and does not impoverish human life, and gives more, not less, material for literary art. Distributing culture through all classes, it diminishes class-distinction and develops distinctions of personal character. Perhaps it is the best phenomenon of American life, thus far, that the word "gentleman," which in England still designates a social order, is here more apt to refer to personal character. When we describe a person as a gentleman, we usually refer to his manners, morals, and education, not to his property or birth; and this change alone is worth the transplantation across the

Atlantic. The use of the word "lady" is yet more comprehensive, and therefore more honorable still; we sometimes see, in a shopkeeper's advertisement, "Saleslady wanted." Now the mere fashionable novelist loses terribly by the change: when all classes may wear the same dress-coat, what is left for him? But he who aims to depict passion and character gains in proportion; his material is increased tenfold. The living realities of American life ought to come in among the tiresome lay-figures of average English fiction like Steven Lawrence into the London drawing-room: tragedy must resume its grander shape, and no longer turn on the vexed question whether the daughter of this or that matchmaker shall marry the baronet. It is the characteristic of a real book that, though the scene be laid in courts, their whole machinery might be struck out and the essential interest of the plot remain the same. In Auerbach's "On the Heights," for instance, the social heights might be abolished and the moral elevation would be enough. The play of human emotion is a thing so absorbing, that the petty distinctions of cottage and castle become as nothing in its presence. Why not waive these small matters in advance, then, and go straight to the real thing?

The greatest transatlantic successes which American novelists have yet attained — those won by Cooper and Mrs. Stowe — have come through a daring Americanism of subject, which introduced in each case a new figure to the European world, — first the Indian, then the negro. Whatever the merit of the work, it was plainly the theme which conquered. Such successes are not easily to be repeated, for they were based on temporary situations, never to recur. But they prepare the way for higher triumphs to be won by a profounder treatment, — the introduction into literature, not of new tribes alone, but of the American spirit. To analyze combinations of character that only our national life produces, to portray dramatic situations that belong to a clearer social atmosphere, — this is the higher Americanism. Of course, to cope with such themes in such a spirit is less easy than to describe a foray or a tournament, or to multiply indefinitely such still-life pictures as the stereotyped English or French society affords; but the thing when once done is incomparably nobler. It may be centuries before it is done: no matter. It will be done, and with it will come a similar advance along the whole line of literary labor, like the elevation which we have seen in the whole quality of scientific work in America, within the past twenty years.

We talk idly about the tyranny of the ancient classics, as if there were some special peril about it, quite distinct from all other tyrannies. But if a man is to be stunted by the influence of a master, it makes no difference whether that master lived before or since the Christian epoch. One folio volume is as ponderous as another, if it crush down the tender germs of thought. There is no great choice between the volumes of the Encyclopædia. It is not important to know whether a man reads Homer or Dante: the essential point is whether he believes the world to be young or old; whether he sees as much scope for his own inspiration as if never a book had appeared in the world. So long as he does, he has the American spirit; no books, no travel, can overwhelm him, but these can only enlarge his thoughts and raise his standard of execution. When he loses this faith, he takes rank among the copyists and the secondary, and no accident can raise him to a place among the benefactors of mankind. He is like a man who is frightened in battle: you cannot exactly blame him, for it may be an affair of the temperament or of the digestion; but you are glad to let him drop to the rear, and to close up the ranks. Fields are won by those who believe in the winning.

NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON.

NAUHAUGHT, the Indian deacon, who of old
Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his narrowing Cape
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds
And the relentless smiting of the waves,
Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream
Of a good angel dropping in his hand
A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name of God.

He rose and went forth with the early day
Far inland, where the voices of the waves
Mellowed and mingled with the whispering leaves,
As, through the tangle of the low, thick woods,
He searched his traps. Therein nor beast nor bird
He found; though meanwhile in the reedy pools
The otter plashed, and underneath the pines
The partridge drummed: and as his thoughts went back
To the sick wife and little child at home,
What marvel that the poor man felt his faith
Too weak to bear its burden, — like a rope
That, strand by strand uncoiling, breaks above
The hand that grasps it. "Even now, O Lord!
Send me," he prayed, "the angel of my dream!
Nauhaught is very poor; he cannot wait."

Even as he spake, he heard at his bare feet
A low, metallic clink, and, looking down,
He saw a dainty purse with disks of gold
Crowding its silken net. Awhile he held
The treasure up before his eyes, alone
With his great need, feeling the wondrous coins
Slide through his eager fingers, one by one.
So then the dream was true. The angel brought
One broad piece only; should he take all these?
Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb woods?
The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely miss
This dropped crumb from a table always full.
Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear the cry
Of a starved child; the sick face of his wife
Tempted him. Heart and flesh in fierce revolt
Urged the wild license of his savage youth
Against his later scruples. Bitter toil,
Prayer, fasting, dread of blame, and pitiless eyes
To watch his halting, — had he lost for these
The freedom of the woods; — the hunting-grounds
Of happy spirits for a walled-in heaven
Of everlasting psalms? One healed the sick
Very far off thousands of moons ago:

Had he not prayed him night and day to come
And cure his bed-bound wife? Was there a hell?
Were all his fathers' people writhing there —
Like the poor shell-fish set to boil alive —
Forever, dying never? If he kept
This gold, so needed, would the dreadful God
Torment him like a Mohawk's captive stuck
With slow-consuming splinters? Up in heaven
Would the good brother deacon grown so rich
By selling rum to Indians laugh to see him
Burn like a pitch-pine torch? His Christian garb
Seemed falling from him; with the fear and shame
Of Adam naked at the cool of day,
He gazed around. A black snake lay in coil
On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong eye
Watched from a dead bough. All his Indian lore
Of evil blending with a convert's faith
In the supernal terrors of the Book,
He saw the Tempter in the coiling snake
And ominous, black-winged bird; and all the while
The low rebuking of the distant waves
Stole in upon him like the voice of God
Among the trees of Eden. Girding up
His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he thrust
The base thought from him: "Nauhaught, be a man!
Starve, if need be; but, while you live, look out
From honest eyes on all men, unashamed.
God help me! I am deacon of the church,
A baptized, praying Indian! Should I do
This secret meanness, even the barken knots
Of the old trees would turn to eyes to see it,
The birds would tell of it, and all the leaves
Whisper above me: 'Nauhaught is a thief!'
The sun would know it, and the stars that hide
Behind his light would watch me, and at night
Follow me with their sharp, accusing eyes.
Yea, thou, God, seest me!" Then Nauhaught drew
Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus
The pain of hunger, and walked bravely back
To the brown fishing-hamlet by the sea;
And, pausing at the inn-door, cheerily asked:
"Who hath lost aught to-day?"
"I," said a voice;
"Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,
My daughter's handiwork." He looked, and lo!
One stood before him in a coat of frieze,
And the glazed hat of a seafaring man,
Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with no trace of wings.
Marvelling, he dropped within the stranger's hand
The silken web, and turned to go his way.
But the man said: "A tithe at least is yours;
Take it in God's name as an honest man."

And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed
Over the golden gift, "Yea, in God's name
I take it, with a poor man's thanks," he said.

So down the street that, like a river of sand,
Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer sea,
He sought his home, singing and praising God;
And when his neighbors in their careless way
Spoke of the owner of the silken purse —
A Wellfleet skipper, known in every port
That the Cape opens in its sandy wall —
He answered, with a wise smile, to himself:
"I saw the angel where they see a man."

"THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST WITH ME."

THE question which is seeking to get itself resolved by the "women's-rights" agitation is, whether woman is or is not the mere female of man. We know very well that there is a female man *in rerum natura;* and the Good Book, moreover, has long taught us that man was "created" male and female; but the doubt which is gathering in many minds is, whether woman, properly speaking, is that man. The question is suggesting itself to thoughtful persons, whether woman does not express an absolute or final phase of human nature rather than a contingent and complementary one; whether she is not something very much more than man either male or female, — something, in fact, divinely different from either. It is absurd to suppose, if woman were merely the female man she is commonly reputed to be, that her *rôle* in history could have been so unlike that of the male man, or that she could have so impressed herself on the imagination of the race as to make submission not rule, persuasion not authority, attraction not command, the distinctive mark of her genius. It is contrary to the analogy of nature that the female of any species should display so signal a contrast to the male as to amount to a generic diversity. And yet this is the difference woman exhibits to man. To be sure, there have been some conspicuous instances of the female man in history, such as Boadicea, Queen Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, and doubtless some of those Indian princesses whose examples Mr. Mill has recently invoked. But no one can deny that these are very exceptional cases, and that woman on the whole has displayed a cast of character and a method of action so generically distinct from that of man as utterly to confute the notion of her being merely his female.

It is a curious feature of the symbolic Genesis, — viewed in this connection, — that, while plants and animals are said to be created *each after its kind*, i. e. to possess mere natural or generic identity, man alone is said to have been created *in God's image, male and female*, i. e. to possess not merely generic identity, but specific individuality. Indeed, if this were not so, we should have had no history different from that of the ant and the beaver: for history is the only field of human individuality. It is another curious trait of this mystic record that man, or Adam, thus created male and female, emerges upon

the scene fully formed before Eve, or woman, is apparently so much as thought of. And then, when she does appear, we find her signalized not by any means as the female of man, sustaining a merely natural or outward relation to him, like that of the female of every other species to the male, but as his wife, sustaining an inward or spiritual relation to him: his *wife, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh*, or so intimately near and dear to him, that he shall contentedly leave father and mother, i. e. *renounce his own nature*, in order to cleave to her. And again, — what seems altogether irreconcilable with the customary hypothesis of her generic subserviency to Adam, — we find her influence over the man growing at such a pace that she not only lifts him above his own nature, but persuades him to forfeit Paradise itself rather than continue to dread the death involved in obedience to the moral instinct. "The woman thou gavest with me," quoth the old Adam, "she gave me of the tree, and I did eat"; and the poor naked, shivering creature disappears at once from history, leaving to the woman and *her* seed its exclusive future responsibility. For finally, although the woman in common with man suffers the consequences of his fall, she is seen henceforth to supersede him in the divine regard, her seed and not his being the pivot upon which the redemption of the race from the hardships imposed upon it by his credulity or unbelief is appointed to turn.

Now certainly I make no appeal to these sacred symbols with a view to extracting any literal or scientific information from them; for their distinctive sacredness lies in their singular ineptitude to prompt or dominate thought, while they are just as singularly adapted to illustrate and promote it; and it is for this purely correspondential aid and service that I now resort to them. I avail myself of their picturesque garb only to clothe and set off my own private conception of woman, or give it outline and color to the reader's apprehension; for I myself, like everybody else, suffer grievously from the excessive drought that pervades the ordinary literature of the topic, in which the spiritual or distinctively human conception of sex gasps and expires under the mere sensuous or organic conception. I am deeply interested in the practical success of the woman's enterprise, but it is not because I care an iota for woman as the female man merely, i. e. as expressing a simply organic or animal subserviency to the male man; for I have long been used to believe in woman not as sexually, but only as spiritually, pronounced. No, it is exclusively because I regard her as a hitherto slumbering, but now fully aroused and original divine force in our nature, both male and female, or above sex, without whose acknowledgment the wheels of the world's destiny henceforth obstinately refuse to go forward. Women may be what they please; they have no power to compromise woman any more than man has, however appropriately their natural modesty, grace, and refinement reflect her essential infinitude. For woman means not human nature, but human culture. She means human nature no longer outwardly finited by its own necessities, or its own animal, vegetable, and mineral instincts, but inwardly freed from this bondage, or infinited, by God's own indwelling. In short, woman in my opinion symbolizes humanity no longer in its merely created or physical and moral aspect, in which it feels itself under law to God, or to a nature infinitely incommensurate with itself; but in its regenerate, or social and æsthetic, aspect, in which it feels itself divorced from any legal vassalage even to God, and becomes, on the contrary, freely and frankly at one with him.

Practically, then, the woman's movement claims infinitely grander associations than those lent to it by its more conspicuous advocates in either gender; and I, for my part, see no reasonable prospect even of their lesser aspirations in its behalf being realized, until it is duly honored in this superior light.

It is not at bottom a movement in behalf of either sex chiefly, but of both sexes quite equally; though, if there be any difference, I should say that man would turn out its chief beneficiary. For if woman is dependent upon him for her outward subsistence and honor, he is dependent upon her influence for all those inward or spiritual qualities which lift him above the brute, and should be even more interested than she herself is, therefore, to have her character and action freed from all gratuitous obstruction. Thus the agitation is not in the least a partial one. It is an agitation, if there ever was one, in behalf of humanity itself. The specific watchword under which the battle is fought, and the victory will yet be won, is doubtless woman; but woman in her representative character only, standing for all that is divine in our common nature, or for the dignity of the human race itself and the chances of its immortal future, which alone are the vital interests at stake. Pity it is, accordingly, to find the cause conducted with so much partisan acrimony as it habitually is on both sides. What with the Todds and Fultons here, and the Trains and Anthonys there, the good cause will, erelong, cease to recognize itself. Even Mr. Mill, whose name is a guaranty of honesty in any cause, loses his judicial rectitude in this, and betrays the wilful zeal of a sharp attorney.* Nevertheless, his book is on every account the one best worth reading that the controversy has called forth. His fundamental principle, unfortunately, is the insignificance of sex, and the cordial way in which he flagellates that venerable superstition is little short of astounding. The distinction between man and woman, in Mr. Mill's estimation, if I do not misconceive him, is purely organic. There is really nothing corresponding to it in either the rational or moral plane. Sex is an attribute of matter, not of mind, or holds true only in universals, not in particulars.

* The Subjection of Women. By John Stuart Mill. New York: Appleton & Co.

But Mr. Mill's heart is after all a great deal wiser than his head. No animal, even if he were for the nonce the highly moral and rational animal Mr. Mill is, could ever have felt the noble lyrical rage which has repeatedly burst forth in Mr. Mill's inspired and impressive, though exaggerated, tributes to the memory of his wife. That fine passion lifted Mr. Mill quite above the earth, and made him acutely feel the whilst, if not reflectively understand, the literally infinite distance that separates marriage from concubinage, or woman from man. What among the animals answers to the marriage sentiment in the human bosom, is not the passion of the male for the female, were it even that of the dove for its mate, but that unconscious or involuntary looking up of the whole animal creation to man, which we see exemplified in the dog's delight in his master. Love, I admit, so long as it remains unchastened by marriage, is the same in man as in the animal. That is to say, it demands the entire subjection of the female, and if it were not the fatally illogical thing it is, would eventually compass her annihilation. Look for example, if you need any, at Mr. Swinburne's epileptic muse. Mr. Swinburne is the modern laureate of love, love inspired by sense, or unreconciled to marriage; and you have only to consult his poems to see how fatal always the lover turns out to his paramour, how he yearns literally to consume her, or to flesh his teeth in her, just as if he were mere unmitigated tiger, and she mere predestinated kid. But marriage is the apotheosis of woman, and I envy no man's spiritual possibilities who is not liable on occasion to Mr. Mill's practical hallucination in that regard, when he identified all divine and human worth with the person of his wife. Mr. Mill is not near so explicit as he might be on this subject, but his implicit deliverance leaves no doubt that he speculatively regards marriage as a mere voluntary tie between men and women, essentially devoid of social obligation, or having

at most only a politico-economical interest to society. What I mean to say is, he regards marriage as devoid of any distinctively spiritual sanction, any sanction above the personal welfare of the parties to it, or reflecting any interests more vital and sacred than those of their reciprocal delight in each other.

But in every marriage contract there are three inevitable parties; a particular man and woman, professing mutual affection for each other, on one hand, and the society of which they are members, on the other. Now the marriage institution does not originate in the necessities primarily of this or any other man and woman, but in the necessities of society itself. It is a strictly social institution, growing out of the exigencies, not of human nature, but of human culture; and it contemplates first of all, therefore, the advantage of society itself, and through that alone the advantage of all its individual members. And Mr. Mill is above all things a moralist, not a philosopher. That is to say, he cherishes so supreme a zeal for the interests of freedom in man, as to feel a comparatively inert sympathy for society, or the interests of order. And consequently, when he describes marriage he pictures it as a mere covenant of extreme friendship entered into by a man and a woman, involving no external obligation, and limited only by their own good pleasure. Mr. Mill, of course, means very well. He means at bottom simply to utter a manful protest against the assumption of any fatal contrariety between the public and private life of the world, between the interests of force or necessity and those of freedom. But, like all moralistic or rationalistic reasoners, he fails to give due speculative weight to the idea of our associated destiny, and hence, whenever the interests of universality and those of individuality conflict, he makes no effort to reconcile them, but avouches himself the blind devoted partisan of the latter interest.

A man's life is one thing, and his opinions a very different one; so that, however much Mr. Mill's notion of marriage violates our ordinary canons as to the essential discrepancy between chaste and libidinous manners, Mr. Mill himself is too right-minded a man to share the practical illusions upon that subject which have long been creeping over the private mind of the race both in Europe and in this country. It is astonishing to observe the small drizzle of indecency that is settling down upon the minds of imbecile, conceited people here and there and everywhere, and passing itself off as so much heavenly dew. It seems to be an accepted notion, even among many sober-minded people, that any union of the sexes is chaste if the parties to it are only fanatically indifferent to the ordinary obligations of sexual morality. But a chaste union of the sexes always contemplates marriage either actually or prospectively, and so prevents the mere outward intercourse of the parties to it becoming a conspicuous fact of consciousness on either side. The only thing that degrades the relation of the sexes, or keeps it inhuman and diabolic, is, that its sensuous delights are prized above its inward satisfactions or the furtherance it yields to men's spiritual culture. And what marriage does for men, accordingly, the great service it renders our distinctively moral or human instincts, is, that it dulls the edge of these rapacious delights, of these insane cupidities, by making them no more a flattering concession of privilege, but a mere claim of right or matter of course. In short, the sole dignity of marriage, practically viewed, lies in its abasing the male sway in our nature, and exalting the feminine influence to its place. Thus, when a man loves a woman with chaste love, it is with a distinct self-renunciation, because he perceives in her a self infinitely more near and dear to his heart than his own self, or because she presents to his imagination such an ineffable grace of modesty or self-oblivion as makes him feel that to possess her, to associate her with the evolution of his proper

heart and mind, would be to sum up all the blessedness God himself can confer upon him. I wonder that no husband or lover has ever discovered in the mystical genesis of Eve, and the record of her subsequent relations to the mystical Adam, first and second, that she could have been intended to symbolize nothing else than the principle of selfhood or freedom in human nature; and that marriage consequently prophesies that eventual reconciliation of spirit and flesh, individuality and universality, of the divine and human natures, in short, which is to take place only in a perfect society or fellowship of man with man in all the earth.

Dr. Bushnell also contributes an element to the current dispute, but his book* is neither so earnest nor yet so sincere as Mr. Mill's; its chief interest arising from its reflecting so boldly the liberalized sentiment which in many quarters is invading the Church, in regard to questions of public morality. His essay lacks consequently that deep, rich flavor of personal conviction which abounds in Mr. Mill's discourse, where truth, or what the author deems such, is everything, and rhetoric goes for naught; but it has its value, nevertheless, as showing with what strides the conservative mind among us is adjusting itself to the new horizons of thought, when even rhetoric finds its account in repeating them. For Dr. Bushnell would open all spheres of action to women, except the administrative one; so that I suppose it is only a question of time, when he and those he represents will yield this intrenchment also.

Nor yet does Yale College wish to go all unheard in the present *melée* of speculative thought, her learned president's essay† being an animated protest against the prevalent relaxation of the marriage bond operated by our State legislation. It is an historical compend of old-time laws and usages relating to marriage, and a vigorous though hopeless plea for a return to the Christian law of divorce. I say "hopeless," because it is evident that President Woolsey does not himself expect any retrograde legislation on this subject to succeed. I am persuaded, for my own part, that the only hope of good men like President Woolsey, who cherish purity and order in the sexual relations, and are, therefore, utterly bewildered by any present outlook in that direction, is in looking forwards, not backwards. These great ends are to be promoted, not by any legislation whatever, but only by the increased energy and diffusion of the social sentiment. The inappreciable value of ritual marriage consists in its having furnished the sole guaranty of the family unity, which is the indispensable germ in its turn of that eventual unity of the race, which we call by the name of "society." If then, as all our divorce legislation proves, the marriage tie is losing the literal sanctity which once hallowed it, it can only be because the isolated family sentiment is providentially dying out, or giving place to a sentiment more spiritual, which is that of the associated family; in which case we are entitled and even bound to hope that whatever ritual sanctity may be lost to marriage will be made up to it in real sanctity. No divine institution can ever be enfeebled from without, but only from within, that is, by surviving its uses; so that if, as all signs show, the family bond is really dissolving, we may be sure that it is doing so only through the access of a *larger* family spirit in men; that is, by the gathering instinct of a family unity among us large enough at last to house all mankind. And when this unity becomes avouched in appropriate institutions, we need have no fear that the relations of the sexes, now so degraded, will not become elevated out of the dust of men's contempt. For then, for the first time in history, the interests of chaste marriage, which alone give law to those relations, will command no longer the voluntary or calculated, but

* Woman's Suffrage: the Reform against Nature. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Scribner & Co.

† Divorce and Divorce Legislation. By T. D. Woolsey, D. D. New York: Scribner & Co.

the spontaneous and irresistible homage of the human heart.

A person interested in these matters may also read, not without profit, "The Woman who Dared."* It is an unrhymed, and yet by no means wholly unrhythmical, plea for the freedom of individual men and women to take the marriage law into their own hands, and tighten or relax it at their own pleasure: a plea with which the author's sympathetic heart has evidently had more to do than his reflective judgment. I do not mean to say that there is any evidence of inspiration in the poem. On the contrary, it is a regular social-science report, relieved by bits of descriptive rhetoric; and no muse that haunts hallowed places was ever invoked for her consent to a syllable of it. At the same time, it leaves you with a cordial friendliness to the author; your wonder being that a writer so terribly intentional as he is should turn out on the whole so amiable and innocuous. Mr. Sargent, too, in his turn, seems intellectually indifferent to the grandly social aspects of the sexual problem, and sensitive only to its lower personal bearings. These are much, no doubt; but they are incomparably below the others in intellectual importance. Indeed, Mr. Sargent's speculative views on this subject are so extreme, he leaves the interests of society as a factor in human affairs so wholly out of sight, that I utterly fail to see how he would discriminate between marriage and concubinage. Marriage is essentially a race-interest in humanity, while concubinage is essentially a personal one. This difference is what forever spiritualizes marriage to men's regard, and what forever carnalizes concubinage. In other words, what alone sanctifies the sexual instinct among men, and lifts it above mere brute concupiscence, is that it is not rightfully bound to the sensuous caprice of the subject, but obeys the interests of society; that the welfare of society is primary in it, and the welfare of persons altogether secondary. Such is the sole meaning of marriage. It is a social institution, a race-interest exclusively, not a personal one, and no one has the least title to its honors and emoluments, spiritually regarded, who is not habitually ready to postpone himself to his neighbor. *A fortiori* then, Mr. Sargent's poetical men and women have no right, underived from their own ignorance or wilfulness, to take the marriage law into their own keeping and abrogate it at their own convenience, without the amplest previous social authorization.

This consideration ought to be decisive also, in my opinion, as to the pretension which Dr. Bushnell and Mr. Sargent both alike lend to women, — that of voluntarily initiating the conjugal compact. For I cannot help regarding the marriage of a man and woman as a crude earthly type or symbol of a profounder marriage which, in invisible depths of being, is taking place between the public and private life of man, or the sphere of his natural instinct and that of his spiritual culture: man, in the symbolic transaction, standing for the former or coercive element, that of physical force or passion; while woman represents the latter or yielding element, that of personal freedom or attraction. And if this be so, then clearly the initiative in all things relating to love and marriage belongs of right to man alone; and no woman can practically dispute his prerogative without so flagrant a dereliction of her proper nature, or her instinctive modesty, as to provoke the long disgust of every man in whose favor she should thus unsex herself.

On the whole, and to conclude: — There is vastly more in the woman's movement, so called, than meets the eye of sense, which yet is the eye of the mind with all those who obstinately regard woman as the mere sexual counterpart and diminutive of man. A whole library, full of reconciling significance to the controversy, still remains unpublished and eke unwritten, without which nevertheless the contro-

* The Woman who Dared. By Epes Sargent. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

versy will not have reached its due intellectual dimensions, nor consequently allow itself to be permanently settled. In fact, I am persuaded that we shall never do ripe justice even to the material aspects of the problem, until we come to look upon man and woman as two contrasted terms of a great creative allegory, in which Man stands for what we call the World, meaning thereby human nature in moral or voluntary revolt from God; and Woman for what we call the Church, meaning thereby human nature in spiritual or spontaneous accord with its divine source: the actual point of unity or fusion between the two being furnished by the final *social* evolution of humanity.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE SURPLUS.

THE battle of the surplus has once before been fought on the floor of Congress. No constitutional or economical principle, it is true, could be settled by the mere fact of a temporary excess of receipts over expenditures: the right of the general government, under the Federal compact, to take stock in a turnpike would have been just as complete had the treasury exhibited a chronic deficit, instead of a handsome surplus, when Andrew Jackson vetoed the Maysville Road Bill; the policy of protection, on the grounds on which it was urged and combated in 1832, would have been just as beneficial or baleful had the Secretary not been able to make both ends meet at the close of the year; nor was the expediency of holding the public lands at a price somewhat above the cost of survey and agency discussed so much with a view to present as to prospective revenue. And yet it is certain that, in fact, the decision of each of these fiercely contested questions was greatly influenced, though in principle not affected at all, by the accident of a favorable balance of the treasury from 1830 to 1833; and that underneath all the arguments of party leaders, the most potential element of the case was the popular knowledge of a large and increasing surplus.

The relation of receipts and expenditures had indeed become sufficiently remarkable to influence very decidedly the determination of the questions, how revenues should be raised, and how disbursed. The advocates of extreme protection had not then learned how to make a tariff so high as to defeat the purposes of revenue; and to their infinite chagrin and embarrassment found the money pouring into the treasury in such unmistakable excess as to render the pretence of a governmental necessity impossible, and to reduce the question of protecting American industry to pure economical principles. Hence the desperate efforts of Mr. Clay and his friends to commit the general government to a wholesome scheme of internal improvements which should absorb this uncomfortable surplus; hence the angry protests of the Southern States against the alleged and most undoubted sectionalism of the scheme of protection; hence nullification, and hence the compromise act of Mr. Clay. Had the receipts of the treasury barely sufficed to meet the necessary expenses of the government, the opposition to the then existing tariff never could have attained a dangerous height; the scheme of a general subscription to incorporated companies all over the Union never would have been presented; and the propriety of deriving revenue from the public lands would have passed unchallenged. The whole complication of 1832–33 might have been avoided, had the advocates of the "American system" originally insisted

on a rate of duties sufficiently high to defeat the purposes of revenue.

But at the time we write of, the philosophy of high duties was not so well understood as it is now. From 1828 to 1830 inclusive, three years, the revenue had stood at about twenty-four millions and three quarters. But in 1831 the receipts jumped to twenty-eight millions and a half. In 1832 they rose to thirty-one millions and three quarters; and in 1833 to thirty-four millions. Meanwhile the ordinary expenditures of the government had been but twelve millions and a half in 1829, rising in 1830 to thirteen and a quarter; in 1831 to thirteen and three quarters; 1832 to sixteen and a half; and in 1833 to the maximum, twenty-two millions and three quarters, leaving still a surplus of eleven millions and a quarter, or one third of the government revenue. Such a flourishing condition of the finances had of course allowed large payments upon the small debt of those days. Nine millions had been paid in 1828; nine and three quarters in 1829; nine and a half in 1830; fourteen and three quarters in 1831; and seventeen millions, or more than one half of the total receipts, in 1832.

Unfortunately, too, at this juncture, while the receipts from customs were obstinately increasing year by year, and the expenditures, notwithstanding the friendly services of a Congress acting in the spirit of Mr. Clay's famous resolution of 1807,* hung at the inconsiderable total of twenty millions or so, this great resource, the debt, began to fail. The surplus of the five preceding years had made quick work of it; and the beginning of 1833 found the entire principal at but a trifle above seven millions. In vain did Mr. Hemphill's committee, in 1831, in something like despair at the fast-accumulating surplus, resolve, "that it is expedient that the general government should continue to prosecute internal improvements by direct appropriations of money, or *by subscriptions for stock* in companies incorporated in the respective States." Turnpikes, in those primitive and slow old days, were unfortunately not expensive. Had there been railroads to build at $48,000 a mile (second mortgage), a different story might have been to be told. As a resource to absorb a surplus of fifteen millions, turnpikes were as futile as Mrs. Partington's mop against the incoming "Atlantical wave." The plan of general subscription to all "deserving" joint-stock companies for some reason did not hit the public fancy; the clamor for the reduction or removal of taxes which produced double the honest necessities of the government grew louder and fiercer; the extinction of the debt completed the discomfiture of the advocates of the existing tariff; South Carolina carried its exasperation to the point of insurrection; Mr. Clay introduced his compromise tariff; and the battle was over. As surely as any effect can be predicated of any cause, it was the surplus which broke the back of protection in 1832–33.

The same *embarras de richesses* is likely to set Congress by the ears the present session; and, with a longer or shorter period of agitation, to produce equally important changes in the fiscal policy of the government. It is difficult to fix exactly the surplus of the treasury for a single year, inasmuch as nations, like individuals, sometimes let little bills stand over; but it is fair to put the proper surplus of 1868–69 at fifty millions of dollars. This amount has been, in the main, well and properly applied to the reduction of the debt. Some may think that absolutely the best course was not pursued; but all will agree that, without so much as the outlines of a policy laid down by Congress, we are very fortunate in having no worse disposition of the annual surplus.

* "Resolved, that the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to prepare, and report to the Senate at their next session, a plan for the application of such means as are within the power of Congress to the purposes of opening roads and making canals, together with a statement of undertakings of that nature which as objects of public improvement *may require and deserve* the aid of government." Fancy the Forty-first Congress advertising for jobs in that fashion! The lobby must have been very modest or very verdant in those days, to need such jogging.

But when we come to calculate the probable receipts and expenditures of the present fiscal year, we find that we have a much more formidable surplus to deal with; one so enormous, in fact, as to render it almost impossible that the session should pass without substantial legislation for disposing of it. A surplus of fifty millions might perhaps be left to "run itself," without a policy, and even without any legal authority for dealing with it. But a surplus of one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five millions would be rather too large to be ignored by the most happy-go-lucky of politicians, with the largest faith in Providence, and the smallest acquaintance with finance. In 1868–69, there was paid on account of bounties the sum of eighteen millions and a half. But the bounties covered by existing laws are nearly all paid; and the disbursements on that account during the present year cannot exceed, if they reach, three millions. Last year we paid seven millions and a quarter for Alaska. If to the saving on these accounts we add the interest accruing from the sinking-fund, we have twenty-five millions added to the virtual resources of the treasury, irrespective of any decrease in the other expenditures of the government. But the reduction that has taken place in all the departments and services cannot reasonably be calculated at less than an equal amount. Indeed, the changes instituted, with so much courage and comprehension, in the army alone, would amply account for three fifths, if not two thirds, of this sum. The reduction from forty-five to twenty-five regiments of infantry — the annual cost of each regiment approximating a million of dollars — was, if we consider the extent of the reform, the many good, cowardly reasons that might have been urged against it, the instant seasonableness of the measure, and the effect which this example produced upon the whole service, one of the finest strokes of genius. An administrator of less courage than the present head of the army would have contented himself with dropping off half a dozen regiments this year and as many next year, protracting over four or five years what General Sherman effected within a week of inauguration-day. It was in carrying out the details of this magnificent scheme of retrenchment that Secretary Rawlins was enabled to perform such signal service to the nation.

A proportionate saving was hardly to be expected in the navy, or in any branch of the civil service; but no establishment, except the diplomatic, has escaped sharp and severe reduction. The changes in the Washington offices alone will save the government millions of dollars; while the same tightening hand has been felt in the remotest branch of the revenue and postal organizations. It is probable, indeed, that the retrenchment which has already taken place has gone quite as far as the real interests of the public service will allow; and that further reduction would not be found to be true economy. The first efforts of the administration have, naturally and properly enough, been almost altogether of the lower and cheaper kind of retrenchment, — the scrimping of men and supplies, and the putting of every service on an allowance with which it must get along as best it may. This is a kind of retrenchment which does not require large abilities, but only an unflinching purpose and a degree of obtuseness. In such retrenchment the most useful and least inflated establishments are commonly called upon to contribute as much as the less deserving; and considerable losses in efficiency must always be counted upon.

There is a higher kind of retrenchment, which requires comprehension and courage of no mean order; which consists, not in reducing offices to their minimum, but in consolidating establishments, detecting extensive duplications of power and agency, and bringing the force of government at every point close to its work. Without, however, dwelling on the extensive possibilities opened at this point, it is perfectly safe to assume a saving

in all the services and establishments of the government of not less than twenty-five millions from the total of the last year, even if the diplomatic service should escape any appreciable reduction.

All this discussion has taken for granted that the revenue will stand fast at the figures of the last year, that is, at three hundred and seventy millions. But there is no reason to doubt that the revenue, under existing laws, should very nearly approach four hundred millions. In the first place, the natural annual growth of the revenue of the country — what the English economists improperly style "elasticity" — ought to make up a third of the difference, and even more at the present time, when the Southern States are so rapidly returning to productive industry and the consumption of dutiable articles. It is not growth alone, however, that we have to look to. The revenue never has been fairly collected. The early months of the present administration exhibited the first vigorous and intelligent effort to enforce the laws, with a resulting gain of many millions for every month General Grant has been in office. Without, however, attempting to fix the gain of the revenue for another year from this source, we shall have enough for the purposes of this argument if we have shown it to be reasonably probable that the receipts of 1869–70 would, with the present taxes, exceed the necessary expenditures of the government by a clear hundred millions, with a fair chance, or even a strong likelihood, of a surplus larger by many millions.

With a scheme of taxation constructed thus to yield easily a hundred millions over the demands of the government, no one, probably, would contend that the whole of that revenue could, as human and official nature go, be safely harvested; or that some portion of what might be brought into the treasury would not be lightly and unnecessarily spent, unless that surplus were already in advance so far engaged to a particular object — as, for example, the payment of the debt, and that, too, by a public and formal declaration of the government through its highest organs — as to make such an appropriation almost, in effect, one of the necessary expenditures of the year. With taxes which might yield ninety millions of dollars, or, under a more careful and rigid collection, a hundred millions, it is safe to say that it would not be the larger of those amounts which would be collected; while, at the other end, with a revenue thus calculated to exceed expenditures by ninety, or it might be, by only eighty millions of dollars, it is fair to assume that the surplus at the close of the year would be found to be, not ninety, but eighty.

That is, with a scheme of taxation calculated to yield a surplus of one hundred millions under stringent collections and careful disbursements, that surplus remaining unappropriated, ten millions would be a moderate estimate for the loss caused by the inevitable and indeed unconscious relaxing of effort and watchfulness on the part of the whole body of officials, high and low, engaged in collecting the revenue; while another ten millions would probably not be an exaggerated statement of the increased expenditures, in all the departments of government, due to the general knowledge of an enormous surplus not expressly pledged to any use. In other words, with a certain revenue, the government could remit fifty millions of taxes and pay fifty millions of debt, while if it sought to appropriate the whole receipts to the latter object, the end of the year might well find no more than eighty millions of the debt paid. No one familiar with the collection and disbursement of public moneys will doubt this statement.

Nor is it enough that there should be a generally acknowledged duty, or a vaguely professed purpose, to devote whatever surplus might accrue to some particular object, as the payment of debt. Large surpluses are not collected on such conditions; nor are the revenues of a state administered to

the best advantage with such latitude of operation. In a period of rare honesty and energy it might be possible, as in the splendid start made by the present administration, to apply a vague and uncertain surplus to such uses as scrupulously as if a scanty revenue were being made to answer the urgent necessities of government; but such exertions are not to be expected of average finance ministers in ordinary times. Nothing did more to continue the extravagant expenditures of the war period, and to postpone the time when a searching and painful retrenchment should be instituted, than the fact of a practically unlimited revenue, — a revenue, that is, which no honest expenditure could begin to reach, and which even a wasteful administration of the finances could hardly exhaust. The proposition of Mr. Hooper of Massachusetts, to limit the prospective revenue strictly to three hundred millions, and then trust to the necessities of the situation to bring the expenditures within that mark, was at once a philosophical and a statesmanlike recognition of important laws of public conduct. We need to take one step farther, to make one more application of the same principle to the relations between receipts and expenditures in the immediate future. The relentless reduction of taxation has already borne excellent fruit in both the increased efficiency of collection and the heightened carefulness of disbursement; but the effect of that legislation is about exhausted. If we are to look for further improvement in the same direction, it must be by another turn of the same screw.

So much for a vague and unappropriated surplus. It is something for which we have to thank God, and not our own wisdom, if it be not plundered and wasted till little enough is left for the treasury or the public creditor. As it has happened, we have been compelled, since March, to try this method of reducing the debt, for want of a better; but there will be no excuse for us if we continue it through another season. When the present administration succeeded to power, nobody knew whether we were likely to have a surplus or not; and our legislators were perhaps excusable in declining to make provision for the disposal of it. But the first question of the present session unquestionably is the disposition of the surplus. It is not often in the history of the world that a legislature has had occasion to decide on the application of such an amount of revenue above all reasonable charges. No government ever before had the felicity of being enabled to dispose, on abstract principles, of a cool hundred millions of money.

And such legislation is not more a luxury than a necessity. The country, to speak plainly, will not submit to a scale of taxation calculated to yield such a surplus, without having it pretty distinctly agreed upon what is to be done with the money. The pressure of taxation is seriously felt; schemes for relief are popular; and the taxpayers are not in a humor to pay into the treasury a hundred millions to be used anyhow or nohow, according to circumstances or caprice. A moderate surplus is a strength to an administration; but, on the other hand, an excessive surplus excites discontent more quickly than the most unfavorable balance of the treasury; and nothing could be more threatening to the Republican ascendency than an attempt to maintain taxation admittedly disproportionate to the wants of the government, without at least as good a reason stated as the speedy extinguishment of the debt.

Is it, then, to be desired, on the most careful calculation of the resources of the country for the present and coming fiscal years, that the Secretary of the Treasury should be authorized to appropriate to the increase of the sinking-fund or the cancellation of the bonds all the money (the larger the amount the better, whether it be seventy-five or a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five millions) which can be got from the people, and which is not required for ordinary expenses? Is debt an evil

in such a sense and to such a degree that the maximum of taxation is desirable to remove it? Would such a course promote or impair the chances of a full, final liquidation? Does the industrial condition of the country at the present time permit of such an effort?

There is certainly no more proper object of taxation than the payment of debt. Within the limits of prudence and strength, no one of the expenditures of government is more commendable. In fact, it is about the only expenditure that is looked upon as a subject of positive congratulation. There is no end for which it better becomes a free people to submit to sacrifice than this. But next to the duty of making steady and equable exertions to such an end is the duty of refraining from everything that is spasmodic and extravagant. Our national resources should be carefully measured, and our efforts adapted at once to the object in view and to our own strength. It would be but a sorry sequel to the payment of a hundred millions in 1870, to pay nothing whatever in 1871; and though the total of the debt might be the same, at the beginning of 1872, as if an equable payment of fifty millions a year had been maintained, it is not at all likely that the disposition of the people to bear future taxation for the purpose would be as good. Now, we firmly believe that it would not be as well for the ultimate payment of the debt, to have the entire possible surplus of the current fiscal year appropriated in this way. Such an undue effort could not but prejudice the cause it sought to advance. There are so many advocates of national dishonor, and their schemes are of such number, variety, and plausibility, that the friends of an honest liquidation have to treat the subject with as much of prudence as of vigor.

Indeed, if there is any question to be made in the matter, it is, whether fifty millions be not a disproportionate and excessive contribution to this purpose. Six months ago, the most strenuous advocate of an early payment would have been glad to compromise for a reduction of twenty-five millions annually, to begin with. Would it be wise to allow ourselves to be so far led away by the splendid success of the revenue in the past six months, as now to deem fifty millions too little? The administration no more owes the country a large reduction of the debt, than it owes the country a large reduction of taxation. If but one of the two things were possible, we should rather say that the latter should have preference. Now that both can be secured together, there can be no excuse for refusing the relief so earnestly demanded.

Unless, then, we have wholly mistaken the probabilities of the revenue for the coming year, and the temper of the country relative to taxation, a considerable part of the surplus, be it seventy-five or a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five millions, should be applied to the abatement or abolition of existing taxes. Which shall be the taxes to suffer this reduction, is a more complicated question, — endless, indeed, if it were to be discussed on the merits of the several imposts, or their fitness to form a connected scheme of contribution; but we shall choose to view it as a matter of popular feeling and public opinion, asking rather which taxes are likely to be removed than which ought to be removed.

From this point of view, the first tax to be considered is unquestionably that upon incomes. It is, in fact, the only one in which a change is absolutely certain. The present law expires by limitation in 1870, so that, if the tax is again to be collected, it must be by a re-enactment; and there is no reason to believe that this can be effected without large modifications. Yet, after all, it is fairly a question whether such modifications as are likely to take place can be considered as a reduction of taxation. It is not in the least improbable that an income tax at three per cent, but without some of the present irrational exemptions, would bring nearly

if not quite as much money into the treasury as the present duty of five per cent. The fact is, the tax is too high, as the whiskey tax was last year. Five per cent is a great deal for only one form of taxation, when it is remembered what a small margin at best is allowed by the necessary expenses of living in these days. What a man *must* have requires so large a part of the income of all but the wealthy, that very little is left for pleasure or leisure. Take a representative income of twenty-five hundred dollars, with thirteen hundred dollars of exemption. At five per cent the tax is sixty dollars. Yet how few heads of families of that income ever have a clear sixty dollars, which they feel able to devote to a distinctly luxurious expenditure! For incomes of this class, it is not exaggeration to say that the tax absorbs the whole of what would otherwise be the pleasure-fund of the family; not a small sacrifice to make when it is remembered that the same tax-payer has already paid a hundred and fifty dollars, at the least, to the government in duties on foreign goods, while he has suffered from a general enhancement of prices, in consequence of State and Federal taxation, to twice that amount. And it is really not the best finance to maintain the income tax at such a point, in ordinary times, as to constitute a grievance. An income tax is properly a war tax. It is so regarded in England. It should be kept up in time of peace; but at its minimum, not its maximum.

Yet while the reduction of the rate from five to three per cent would afford a great relief to every man who now honestly pays to the full amount of his liability, it is highly probable that the receipts from this source would be diminished little if any, especially if the measure were accompanied by others restricting the effect of the several exemptions. A great many people who now do not suspect the fact would find that they had incomes; while many of those who pay at present would not exercise half as much ingenuity in making the exemptions cover the ground. There is nothing better established than that men generally do not like to cheat, evade the law, expose themselves to penalties, or swear to questionable statements. At the same time, it is very easy so to construct the law as to make it morally certain that every second man in the community will do these things. The case of the whiskey duty is in point. In the fiscal year 1868, the tax was two dollars a gallon, and the amount collected was thirteen millions. In 1869, the duty was reduced to fifty cents, and the receipts rose to thirty-one millions. So fully is this principle of revenue proved by all financial experience, that we feel at liberty to assume that the difference would at the worst be "halved" between the tax-payers and the treasury. Of the thirty-four millions received from this tax last year, nine millions came from the income of corporations. For these there should be no reduction. The twenty-five millions received from the incomes of individuals would indicate a clear taxable income of five hundred millions. On this amount three per cent would yield fifteen millions,—a loss to the revenue of ten millions. But of this we may safely calculate that five millions would be recouped by a more honest assessment, provided the year were moderately favorable for industry.

Simultaneously, however, with the reduction of the rate, the present exemption of rent should be changed in an important degree. On general grounds there is no more reason why a man's rent should be free from taxation than his grocer's bill. Indeed, this exemption is peculiarly liable to objection, as giving the man who does not own his house an advantage over his neighbor who does, discouraging thus permanent investments, and in turn contributing to raise rents, already forced up almost beyond endurance by a combination of causes unfavorable to house-owning except for purposes of speculation.

But while the exemption of rent is

thus theoretically false, it is practically advantageous up to a certain point, as affording the poorer classes a partial compensation against the grievous injustice of a non-graded tax. It is an anomaly: but many things are anomalies without being any the worse for it. The true idea of an income tax is that of the old Solonian law, which recognized five distinct grades of income, and assessed each at a different rate, according to the ability which it indicated in the citizen. But since this precious Constitution of ours, which is never heard of except to prevent some good thing from being done, is supposed to forbid graded taxation, we substantially effect the same result by allowing certain exemptions from gross income. The $1,000 exemption is of this kind. Under it, an income of $1,000 pays nothing; one of $1,500 pays $25, or one and one third per cent; one of $2,000 pays $50, or two and a half per cent; one of $3,000 pays $100, or three and a third per cent; one of $5,000 pays $200, or four per cent; one of $10,000 pays $450, or four and one half per cent. This is right, so far as it is carried. Now comes in the exemption of rent, without limitation of amount. To the extent of two or three or possibly five hundred dollars, this also serves to reduce the injustice of a single rate of taxation. But when carried above this, the exemption becomes irrational and mischievous. There is no reason why a $1,000 or a $5,000 rent should be exempted. There is every reason why it should not. There is no more distinct form of luxury; none about which the person who indulges it is more at liberty to make his own choice as to the scale of expense; no kind of expenditure which it is less the interest of the state to encourage. Unfortunately we have no statistics whatever in regard to the income tax; but there is every reason to believe that the effect of this exemption is to reduce the revenue by many millions, and that its limitation to $500 would go far to counterbalance the reduction of the rate, while its limitation to $200 would actually increase the receipts.

It must not be supposed that, because we have figured out a loss to the revenue of but five millions or less on a present collection of thirty-four millions, the relief to the community is to be estimated in that ratio only. Under an onerous tax, it is doubtful which hates the law worse, the man who pays, or the man who is driven to fraud to escape payment. The present income tax is no more of a hardship (and it is much more of an injustice) than if it collected fifty millions. Under such a rate as we have proposed, those who now pay the first ten millions of the tax would probably pay but six; those who pay the next ten millions would pay but eight; those who pay the remaining fourteen millions (corporations namely, and the class that rent brownstone fronts) would pay about what they now do; while six millions would be paid by those who now pay nothing, and hate the government for it a little worse than if they paid their share.

Incomes being thus disposed of, and whiskey and tobacco remaining by the unanimous consent of all but the "rings" subject to their present reduced rates, the numerous minor taxes under the internal revenue acts would call for an endless discussion if they were to be treated each on its merits. But the public opinion which has been forming for a long time, and has been taking shape very rapidly of late, is not inclined to consider them on their merits, or consider them separately at all. These taxes are: general stamps for legal and commercial instruments, which yielded last year about eleven millions and three quarters; proprietary stamps, to be affixed to patent medicines, matches, etc., yielding about four millions, one half from matches alone; legacy and succession duties, which yielded last year about two millions and a half, and would yield twice as much but for the false appraisement of estates; the tax on gas companies, yielding two millions; taxes on articles in "Schedule A," that is, such luxuries as billiard-

tables, gold watches, and silver plate, yielding less than one million; the tax on the circulation and deposits of banks and bankers, which yielded above three millions in 1868–69 (the national banks paying directly into the treasury six millions of dollars in addition for their franchises); the tax on the gross receipts of corporations, like railroad, canal, and express companies, yielding six and a quarter millions; the tax on the premiums and assessments of insurance companies, yielding one million and a quarter; and lastly, an immense body of "special taxes," which may be characterized by the single word *licenses*. The last taxes fall upon nearly all who exercise any art, profession, or calling, except preaching, — upon civil engineers, assayers, pedlers, photographers, and opera singers. These taxes yielded, last year, nine millions. One million and a half of the receipts from internal revenue for 1868–69 were from taxes now abolished. The remaining, which we have enumerated, yielded forty-nine millions. Incomes, whiskey, and tobacco produced one hundred and eight millions and a half, making up the grand total of the internal revenue, one hundred and fifty-nine millions.

It will be seen that, taken together, these minor and miscellaneous taxes yield no inconsiderable portion of the internal revenue. But they have always been regarded as essentially war taxes. Some of them savor too much of inspection and inquisition to be agreeable to our democratic spirit, and they excite constant resistance in collection. There is no slight danger of their all going over together, on the plea that they are too vexatious for the amount they yield, and that they hinder the freedom of transport and traffic. The prejudice against them is unquestionably a growing one, and the demand for their abolition, in view of the revenue surplus, is likely to be urgent and peremptory. Not a few of the leading politicians of the country have already taken ground in favor of collecting the entire inland revenue under the general heads, income, whiskey, and tobacco. It is clear, however, that this demand is not sufficiently discriminating. Much of the present complicated system of internal taxation must be given up; but a clear distinction exists between those taxes which are in restraint of trade and meddle with private business, and those which affect only corporations enjoying special privileges, and are thus proper subjects for taxation. The duties on gross receipts, on legacies and successions, on banks and insurance companies, and on the gas monopolists of cities, as well as the general stamp duties, ought to be retained, in justice alike to the treasury and to individual tax-payers. These together yielded twenty-six millions and a half last year; and, as it always happens that when one of two taxes is repealed the proceeds of the other increase, something more than this sum might be expected from them. The whole system of licenses, of proprietary stamps, of taxes on sales, of duties on private carriages and family silver, might properly be given up to the demand for reduction and retrenchment. This would amount to a remission of twenty-two millions and a half, in addition to the two or three millions that might be lost by the changes indicated in the income tax.

It may be thought that, having made away with twenty-five millions of the surplus by the repeal or reduction of taxes under the internal-revenue system, we have not much left in hand with which to effect the needed reform in the customs duties of the country. But it must be borne in mind that the most senseless and mischievous specifications of the tariff are those from which practically no revenue is derived. Hundreds of articles might be added to the free list, without reducing the receipts from customs by a million of dollars; and thousands without reducing the revenue from this source so much as one fifth. The judicious application of twenty millions of the surplus to the simplification of the tariff, while it would leave the scale of duties

still inexcusably high and rigorous, while it would leave the battle of protection still to be fought out on other grounds, would yet be sufficient to abolish all that may be called the nuisances of the system; would clear the frame of the existing tariff of all the absurdities with which the greediness of every petty industry or possibility of an industry has overlaid it. The general plan of our protective system is consistent and intelligible enough, founded, as it is, simply on the distrust of art, progress, and mutuality of services; but it has been stuck all over with the most fantastic and contradictory features. No one can study our customs duties without wonder. It is evidently no work of a finance minister. It is difficult to believe that it could have been the result of the actual sessions and consultations of a committee, even the most variously and inharmoniously constituted. No idea pervades the whole; proportion and relation are utterly discarded; incongruity and disorder appear in every part. Special legislation certainly did its worst when the existing tariff laws of the United States were enacted. Almost every article for which the ingenuity of man has found a name appears upon the list. Of nearly four thousand specifications contained in Ogden's Digest, twenty furnish half the revenue; three thousand five hundred at least are merely vexatious and mischievous.

Take the whole line of chemicals and drugs, for example. If any class of commodities should be made free of duty, these should. When used as medicines, they are the direst necessaries. Probably no expense that comes to a distressed family is more painfully felt than the outlay on this account. When used in the arts, they are the rawest of raw materials. Yet the existing tariff collects duties on hardly less than one thousand articles under this general head. Scarcely a single known substance, be it solid, liquid, or vapor, which can possibly be classed as a chemical, a drug, or a dye, escapes a tax, although there are hundreds of these articles which we do not ourselves produce, never did produce, and never shall produce. The total sum received from the entire class barely reaches four millions of dollars. A quarter of the specifications of the tariff are thus devoted to articles which yield one forty-fifth part of the revenue. For this purpose experts have to be kept at every important custom-house to ascertain whether pyroligneous acid be over or under 1.040 specific gravity; and an amount of testing and tasting, weighing and gauging, goes on which would be sufficient to collect the whole excise tax on whiskey, or the customs duties on sugar and molasses, which together produce thirty-five or forty millions a year. And all this annoyance is incurred by taxing articles which by every rational and consistent principle of protection ought to be admitted free of duty.

We dare say our "infant manufactures" would survive the shock should the acetate of ammonia cease to pay its annual contribution of two dollars and eighty cents, the acetate of baryta its one dollar and twenty, collodion its three dollars, aluminium its eighty cents, or benzine its forty cents. Can anything, indeed, surpass the absurdity of keeping up a tax for the purpose of collecting from forty millions of people such amounts as these, which are but ordinary instances of the character of many of the collections under the existing tariff? Is it not correct to call such impositions nuisances? What possible interests can be involved in them, except the grand interest of trade to have them all swept away? Suppose that powdered alabaster should abruptly cease to pay one dollar and forty cents into the treasury, what good thing would thereby cease from the earth? Is a tax of seventeen dollars and ten cents on glue absolutely necessary to sustain Mr. Spalding in his patriotic and union-saving enterprise? Would not our Yankee hens continue to lay, should ostrich eggs escape the exaction of six dollars and ninety cents which they paid in 1868? Might not

the revenue of six dollars odd, now yielded by sour-krout, be surrendered as a graceful concession to the national susceptibilities of our German fellow-citizens? Would not yeast rise overnight if the foreign article remained untaxed? Is the tax of one dollar and eighty cents on "heel-balls" designed for the encouragement of any particular branch of industry, — and has it anything to do with the facility with which they are formed in damp snow? What effect had the collection of three dollars from apple-sauce, at our custom-houses, in 1868, upon the production of that delicious article of food? We could understand the duty on "Brazil bugs," if we supposed that this was some new and ferocious species of insect, straight from the Amazon, marching upon the wheat-fields of the West or the apple-orchards of the East; but as we the rather conceive them to belong to some curious and interesting variety, and to be preserved in a way that renders them incapable of extensive harm to American agriculture, we really think the revenue might give up the twenty dollars derived from this source, and dismiss the entomological or bug clerk at the New York Custom-house. How much would the "exportation of our soil" be hastened by remitting the six dollars or so now obtained from alizarine? And, speaking of the soil, is it not odd enough to find that the government derived as much as $47.80, in 1868, from the importation of "garden earth"? What sort of policy is this, pray, to prohibit the soil of other countries from coming to us! What kind of protection is it which forbids us to supply the "waste" and "exhaustion" produced by exporting our grain, from the countries which are thus draining us of the very vital juices of our land? Garden earth certainly, if nothing else, should be made free of duty.

It is not alone these preposterous taxes, yielding from fifty cents to fifty dollars, which should be removed. There are many, yielding hundreds or thousands of dollars, which should go the same way. Trade cannot be worried for any such petty considerations. Impotent as these taxes are for good, they are yet capable of much mischief. Unquestionably government could raise the same revenue from fifty articles without disturbing the general values of the country half as much as by taxing four thousand articles.

High Prices is a milleped, an animal that goes upon a thousand small legs. Few of our readers but recollect when the horse-railroad companies all over the country put up their fares from five to six cents in consequence of the internal-revenue tax amounting to an eighth or tenth of a cent per passenger carried. Horse-railroad directors are no worse than other people, notwithstanding they get so much abuse. Trade always revenges itself in this way for hindrances and vexations; and hence every petty tax, every minor imposition, should be swept away, and only those suffered to remain for which a substantial reason can be shown.

There is also a class of articles, yielding a million and a quarter to the revenue, which stand in a peculiar relation to our native industry. Of every other article recognized in the tariff laws (except, perhaps, Brazil bugs), it can be said that if we are to consume it, it were desirable enough that we should produce it; the only question being whether protection is the best way of accomplishing the result. But of lumber this can, in the present state of our country, be absolutely and unequivocally denied. It is not desirable that all our lumber should be of native growth. It is not desirable that any of it should be, when a foreign article can possibly be afforded at the same price. It is, therefore, not desirable that any restriction should be imposed upon the foreign article, or any encouragement held out for the more rapid consumption of the domestic supply. There was a time when "the axe of the pioneer" was the proper emblem of our advancing civilization. That stage has been passed in almost all our territory; and there is now more reason to fear that

our soil will be impoverished, and the just distribution of heat and moisture fatally disturbed, by cutting down our forests, than to desire the further clearing of the land. There are, it is true, large sections where there is yet no danger of an early exhaustion; but in those sections and the country which they supply there is no occasion for protecting that interest. Transportation is so great an element in the cost of lumber, that no timber-growing region needs to be fenced from the approach of the foreign article. It is in those sections which are equally distant from native and Canadian supply — indeed, so far as the cost of transportation is concerned, nearer the latter than the former — that the enhancement of price, consequent on the present exorbitant rates of duty, encourages the cutting of even the scant and insufficient covering of timber which nature has interposed to save the land from drought and sterility. Singular that philosophers who are so much afraid of having our "soil exported" should advocate a policy which would do more, in a generation, to exhaust the productive capability of the United States, than the export of a hundred millions of wheat annually to the end of time!

In such warfare upon nature, the all-devastating Spaniards have hitherto enjoyed an evil pre-eminence. They turned the valley of Mexico from a garden into something very like a desert by cutting down the timber, and thus drying up the lakes. They did the same bad work in some sections of the Pacific coast; and now, where the giant trunks of a former vegetation have scarcely rotted from the ground, there is not soil enough to bear the scantiest crop. They stripped the plains of even their own Castile of the noble forests that once covered them; and Castile has become comparatively fruitless under the curse of outraged nature. Hardly a European nation but has suffered, and is still suffering, from the same improvidence; hardly one but is striving at vast expense to repair the waste. France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, England, are planting trees for very life, while we are "encouraging" the felling of the forests, which secure the proper distribution of heat and moisture, provide for the irrigation of the soil, and conduct away in nourishing showers the angry elements of hail, lightning, and tornado. Even in India, England has established a bureau for the sole purpose of restoring the forests, having found by painful experience that Nature, while the harmony of her parts and forces remains undisturbed, will perform the office of irrigation somewhat more cheaply than an elaborate system of wind-mills, reservoirs, and canals. We certainly ought to profit by the experience of so many countries. Already there are few of the Northern and Western States that would not be the better for laws passed in restraint of "clearing"; yet Nature, with the most benevolent intentions, has placed an almost inexhaustible supply in the regions farther north, with a system of water-courses admirably adapted to bring the timber to our very shops.

The salt duty is another of those indefensible imposts which must give way under an accumulating odium, since there can no longer be urged any excuse for their continuance on the score of revenue. The damaging exposure of this monopoly which Commissioner Wells made in his Annual Report for 1868 must, we believe, kill the tax. The simple exhibit of the profits of the Syracuse company, by which they have been enabled to increase their capital tenfold in half as many years, through the monopoly of one of the commonest necessaries of life, makes all argument on the subject seem tame. It is not possible that anything more than an exposure of such a state of things is necessary to bring it to an end. The salt tax is one of the abominations of the present tariff, and must be given up. The attempt to retain it must involve the whole scheme in unnecessary odium, while it could hardly prevent the abolition of a duty so offensive and unjust. The million and a quarter of revenue derived from this

source, at the expense of many millions in enhanced prices to the consumer, should be relinquished, as one of the first-fruits of the surplus.

It may be taken for granted that the duty on coal will be repealed during the present session. Whatever might be the economical reasons for imposing and maintaining such a tax, considerations of humanity alone ought to render it impossible, after the experience of the past few months. It is a familiar fact that there is actually more misery in our large cities every hard winter for want of fuel than for want of food. The destitution of the very poor takes the form of cold rather than of hunger. More protracted suffering, more permanent injury, and more coroners' cases are due to dear coal than to dear corn. Such a tax is, therefore, a most cruel and unjustifiable imposition. It is one of those things which no supposed economical considerations can excuse. We have no right to measure the interest of the capitalist class, or even of the able and well-to-do laboring class, against the necessities of the helpless and dependent classes.

But instead of finding any economical reason in contradiction of the plain dictates of humanity in this respect, we find the latter reinforced by the former. Coal is a raw material for almost every class of manufactures, but is also raw material in a peculiar sense. It is the raw material of power. Nothing could be more irrational than to impose such a tax in the interest of protection. But there is little reason to fear that the artifices and resources of a gigantic monopoly will avail to withstand the almost unanimous sentiment of the people in respect to the tax. The rise in coal last summer, through the unprincipled combinations of the railroads and the mining companies, has aroused a general and intense indignation, which can have but one logical result, namely, the utter abolition of the duty and the throwing open of our seaboard to the coal of the British provinces. The loss of revenue to the treasury by the repeal will not be large. The tax at present is almost prohibitory, being $1.25 upon two thousand pounds, or $1.40, in gold, on the proper ton of commerce, equal to $1.96 in currency at average rates. Such an addition to the wholesale price of bituminous coal practically cuts us off from that source of supply. Half a million will be well spent in bringing to consumers a relief that can only be measured by millions.

The recent thorough discussion as to the cost of making pig-iron in the United States has entirely settled the point that an addition, unnecessary even to secure the production of that article here, is made to the market price of the metal, to the full extent of the present duty of nine dollars a ton. The tax, then, simply serves to secure higher profits to the manufacturers, by restricting the amount available for consumption within the country to the capacity of the Pennsylvanian and a few other scattered furnaces. That is to say, the present profits are secured by diminishing the amount of iron which in the United States is cast, wrought, or converted into steel! There are scores of recognized industries which, in the number of workmen they unitedly support, far exceed the pig-iron establishments of the country, and which have to pay one third more for their material than they would but for this duty. Is this protecting American industry? Take the iron-bridge building interest, which is assuming so much importance. Unquestionably, but for the enhancement of the price of iron plates, rods, and bolts by the monopoly of iron, the demand for such things would be doubled. The difference between the cost of bridges made of wood and those made of iron is now just enough to determine nine boards of railroad directors out of ten, nine boards of selectmen out of ten, reluctantly to decide in favor of wood. Put it in the power of builders to offer to lay down iron bridges for twenty per cent less than at present, and in five years we should find that half the bridges being built were of that mate-

rial. The same is true, in a greater degree, of iron-ship building. In 1868, just five iron vessels were built in the United States. England is building them by the thousand. England has cheap iron. We think it necessary to have dear iron.

It is in view of such facts, and not from the standpoint of free-trade, that the pig-iron monopoly is being attacked. It is assailed by men who can prove, from the actual transactions of large establishments, that the metal can be produced at home without the duty, and that the enhanced price goes to increase profits and not wages. It is assailed by men who hold firmly by the principle of protection, and who are prepared to maintain the duties on all the higher manufactures of iron and steel at their present rates; but who insist on regarding pig-metal not as finished product, but raw material, to be obtained as cheaply as possible in the best market. The duties now collected on this article amount to somewhat over a million of dollars.

It is not, of course, possible, nor desirable, in an article of this scope, to go through the four thousand specifications of the tariff, and show which five hundred or fifteen hundred or twenty-five hundred distinct taxes might be repealed without reducing the revenue below the actual honest requirements of the treasury, and without injuring, even temporarily, a single considerable industry of the country. That is properly the task of a committee. Such a reform would involve the removal of taxes like those on manufactured india-rubber and gutta-percha, which now yield a revenue of two hundred thousand dollars; on raw hemp, jute, and flax, which yield half a million; on gums, which yield about six hundred and twenty thousand dollars; on hides and skins, which are now taxed to the extent of a million; and leather, which yields a million and a quarter more; on unmanufactured cork and potters' clay, each producing fifty thousand dollars, which the revenue could well spare; on wools, with the loss of only a million and a quarter; on paints for another half-million; on almost all the oils; on all the seeds; on all the spices, except, perhaps, pepper, cloves, and cassia, which yield sums worth collecting; on hatters' furs, which yield nearly three hundred thousand, and other furs, dressed and undressed, which yield two hundred thousand more; on oranges, lemons, dates, prunes and plums, figs and currants, and all the tropical fruits, retaining perhaps the duty on raisins as a convenient source of revenue to the extent of a million of dollars, and because they are not good for little boys. Human hair we would admit free of duty, at a loss of seventy-two thousand dollars, as also human bones, at a loss of two dollars and twenty cents. Honey, butter, and cheese together would cost the revenue but two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Zinc should be made free, at a sacrifice of nearly as much more. Few would believe that the people of this country pay in duties on sardines and anchovies as much as a quarter of a million. For what earthly reason, since the treasury does not need the money?

It will be seen that the removal of duties which we have indicated as especially vexatious and unnecessary would leave the main question of protection wholly undisturbed. We might still protect, if that were thought wise, all manufactures of iron and steel, paper, cotton, wool, flax, and silk, — a larger circle of industries than Mr. Clay ever contemplated. Speaking with the utmost candor, we believe that, taking the whole line of protected industries together, the impositions specified hinder the employment of ten American workmen where they make room for the employment of one. Taxes upon raw materials, in the worst sense, they constitute a heavy drag upon all the higher manufacturing interests of the nation; and, so far as they are operative, serve to defer or defeat the intended benefits of protection.

There is a very plain reason why we should not enter upon the dispute between the advocates of a revenue tariff

and the friends of incidental protection, in a paper on the disposition of the immediate surplus. This reason is, that the reduction of the present scale of duties on the larger and more highly protected industries must be a matter of time, to be accomplished by degrees, while it is almost certain that the first effect of such a movement would be to stimulate receipts, and still further increase the disposable surplus. A reduction of taxes in this interest is hence plainly no part of our subject. But, without any reference to the ideas of free-trade, the tariff should be cleared of the absurdities, puerilities, and contradictions which now encumber it, and at least be made rational, intelligible, and consistent. Such a reform would afford a judicious and a popular employment for a portion of the surplus, and would leave the subsequent financial policy of the country to be contested on large and statesmanlike considerations, without prejudice from a scheme of taxation manifestly extortionate and burdensome. Such a reduction of taxes would strengthen the Republican supremacy, while it would undoubtedly prove favorable in the end to an early payment of the public debt.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

SLOW toiling upward from the misty vale,
I leave the bright enamelled zones below;
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,
Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale;
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow
Along the margin of unmelting snow;
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
White realm of peace above the flowering-line;
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine!

WAS HE DEAD?

IN the fickle glow of ruddy firelight the great egg of the dinornis swung solemnly through its long arc of motion. There are five eggs of the dinornis in the known world: four are in great museums, and the fifth belongs to my friend Purpel, and is one of the oddest of his many curiosities. The room I enter is spacious, and clad warmly with dark rows of books. Above them the walls are irregularly hidden by prints, pictures, and the poisoned weapons of savage tribes, — dark and sombre javelin and arrow, — with awful security of death about them, and none of the cold, quick gleam of honest steel. The light flashes on a great brass microscope with its sheltering glass, and half reveals in corners an endless confusion of the dexterous ap-

paratus born of modern science. The glittering student-lamp on the central writing-table stands unlighted, deep in that comfortable confusion of letters, books, and papers, which is dear to certain men I know, and to them only is not confusion. Just above these a thread of steel wire held suspended the giant egg of the dinornis, which, as I have said, was now swinging in a vast round of motion, like a great white planet through the lights and shades of eternal space.

"Purpel," said I, "that egg cost you a hundred pounds. What demon of rashness possesses you to set it flying round the room?"

"Mercantile friend," replied the slight figure in the spacious arm-chair at the fireside, "it is a venture. If there be left in your dollar-driven soul any heirship of your great namesake, Sir Thomas, you will comprehend me. This egg is more dear to me than your biggest East-Indiaman, and yet I risk it, as you do the galleon, for what it fetches me out of the land of mystery. See the huge troubled wake it makes through my columns of pipe-breath." With this he blew forth a cloud such as went before the Israelites, and contentedly watched the swirl of the egg as it broke through the blue ribbons, dogged by its swift shadow on wall and bookcase.

"Sit down, Gresham," said my friend.

"Be so good, then, as to stop that infernal egg," said I. "Do you think I want ten pounds of lime on my head?"

"Bless you," returned Purpel, contentedly, "for a new idea. Perhaps it may be an *ovum infernale*. What proof have I that it was of dinornis hatch? A devil's egg! There 's meat for thought, Mercator! However," he continued with a smile, "what is there we will not do for friendship?" And so saying he climbed on a chair, and, seizing the egg, checked its movement and left it hanging as by some witchcraft from its unseen thread.

"Have you seen Vance to-day? He was to be here at nine. I hope he won't fail us. My brain has been as fidgety as a geyser all day, and I want a little of his frosty, definite logic."

"I thought, doctor," said I, "that it was not always what you liked."

"What I liked!" said he, "I loathe it sometimes, just as I do my cold plunge of a morning in December; but, bless you, old man, it 's a bitter good tonic for a fellow like me, with a Concord craze and a cross of French science. There he is. Speak of the devil! — How d' ye do, V.? There 's your pipe on the jar yonder. Have a match?" And, so saying, he struck a lucifer, in whose yellow glare and splutter I noted the strong contrast of the two faces.

Purpel, short and slight, chiefly notable for a certain alertness of head-carriage, untamable brown locks, and a sombre sincerity of visage altogether American in type, mouth over-size and mobile, eyes large and wistful. Great admiration of this man has the shrewd, calm owner of the cool blue eyes which flash now in the gleam of matchlight through the slight eye-glass he wears. The face and head of my friend Vance are moulded, like his mind, in lines of proportioned and balanced beauty, with something architectural and severe about the forehead. Below are distinct features and watchful lips, like those of a judge accustomed to wait and sentence, only a tell-tale curve at the angles, a written record of many laughters, a wrinkle of mirth, says Purpel, who loves him and has for him that curious respect which genius, incapable of self-comprehension, has for talent, whose laws it can see and admire.

We are very old friends, and why I like them is easy to see; but why they return this feeling is less clear to me, who am merely a rather successful merchant, unlike them in all ways and in all pursuits. Perhaps a little of the flavor of their tastes has come to be mine by long companionship; or it may be that Purpel, who is sardonic at times, and talks charades, hovered about the truth when he said I represented in their talks the outside world of common opinion. "A sort of test-man,"

grins Vance; which troubles me little, knowing surely that they both love me well.

The three meerschaums slowly browning into the ripe autumn of their days were lighted, and we drew our chairs around the smouldering logs. I am afraid that Purpel's feet were on the mantel-ledge, at which I laughed for the hundredth time. "G.," said he, — for this was one of his ways, Vance being V., — "don't you know it sends more blood to your head to feed the thinking-mill, and so accounts for the general superiority of the American race?"

"And Congressmen," added Vance.

"And tavern loafers," said I.

"Nonsense!" cried Purpel. "If the mill be of limited capacity, it were useless to run the Missouri over its water-wheel."

"One of your half-thoughts," returned Vance, "and nearly half believed."

"Not at all," said Purpel. "Does not everybody think best when lying down? More blood to the head, more thought and better."

"Well," I exclaimed, rashly, with a gleam of inspiration, "how about the circus fellows, doctor?"

"He 's coming on," cried Vance, with a slap on the back. "Try it in your back counting-room an hour a day, and you will clean out Vanderbilt in a week."

"Now," said Purpel, irascibly, "here 's the old story. You think along a railway track, V., and I wander about at my own will, like a boy in a wood. My chances of a find are the better of the two."

"You 're like a boy in another way, old man," said the other. "You accumulate a wondrous lot of queer inutilities in those mental pockets of yours."

"Don't you know what my pet philosopher says?" returned Purpel. "'Inutilities are stars whose light has not yet reached us.' Smoke the pipe of silence, V., if you have no better wisdom than that. To believe anything useless is only to confess that you are a hundred years too young."

"Come in," he exclaimed; for there was a knock at the door.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Show him up," said Purpel. "What in the name of decency does any one but you two old heathen want with me at this hour!"

Presently the door opened, and a very ordinary-looking person entered the room. "Dr. Purpel?" said he, looking from one to the other.

"I am Dr. Purpel," said my friend; "what can I do for you? Take a seat. I beg pardon, but I did not catch your name."

"Thunderin' queer if you did," said the stranger, "when I never give it."

Vance touched my arm. "Too many for P., was 'nt he?"

"Humph!" said Purpel, slightly nettled. "I suppose you can talk without a label. What is your errand?"

"Could I speak with you alone?" returned the stranger.

"I suppose so," said the doctor, lazily rising, and laying down his pipe. "I shall be back presently, V." And so saying he walked into a back room, followed by the visitor. The brief absence he had promised lengthened to an hour, when, as the clock struck twelve, he reappeared alone, and, hastily excusing himself, went out again. Vance and I presently ended our chat and went our ways homeward through the drifting snows of the January night.

Early next morning I received a request to meet Vance in the evening at our friend's rooms. We were still as constant companions as new ties and our varying roads through life would permit, so that any subject of strong interest to one was apt to call all of us together in council; and therefore it was I felt no surprise at a special appointment being thus made. I have already whispered to you that I represented to these men the gentler and better of the commonplaces of business existence. Purpel, I am told, is a fine specimen of what a man of genius becomes with the quickest blood of this century in his veins. Marvellously made to study with success the how,

the why, and the wherefore of nature, he refuses to recognize a limit to philosophic thought, and delights to stand face to face with the hundred speechless sphinxes who frown upon us from those unknown lands which his favorite philosopher has described as

> "Filled with the quaintest surprises
> Of kaleidoscopic sunrises,
> Ghosts of the colors of earth, —
> Where the unseen has its birth."

Vance, a man of easy circumstances, represents a school of more regular and severe logic, but of less fertility, and for whom the sciences he loves are never so delightful as when he can chain their result within the iron lines of a set of equations. Purpel was at his old tricks again that evening, as we shook the snow from our boots, and, lighting the calumets, settled down into the easy comfort of the positions each liked the best. He was at his old tricks, I have said, for the great egg of the dinornis was swinging majestic in a vast curve, as if propelled at each flight through space by some unseen hand of power.

"I should get into the shadow of the charm it has for you, Purpel," said I, "if I watched it long."

"All motion is mystery," said he, musingly, "and all life is motion. What a stride it has. I suppose if it were big enough, and had a proportional initial impulse, some such world-egg might be set swinging through all eternity."

"Nothing is endless," said Vance. "Even the stars are shifting their courses. It would stop as they must. Motion is definite enough; it is only this wretched element of humanity which baffles us."

"Ay," said Purpel, "and for all we know it may be playing the mischief with the motor functions of the old globe herself. I don't suppose that we can have been digging and mining and tunnelling and carting the dirt from this place to that, without damaging the ballast of the poor old egg we live on. Human will may disturb the equilibrium so horribly some day, that we shall go tumbling through space with no more certainty than a lop-sided billiard-ball."

"May I be there to see!" said Vance, with a jolly laugh. "I think the dirt account will foot up even, during my time. Start something else, stupid; — you will take to Planchette next if you go on muddling your smoky old cerebrum much longer. How comes on the murder case?"

"It was about that I wanted to talk to you," said Purpel. "The anonymous gentleman who disturbed our talk last night is one of the detective force. He was sent to me by Fred Dysart, who is engaged for the nephew and niece. It seems that he wanted me to examine the wounds in the old woman's body. After making the proper inspection, I went over the premises with the curiosity one has in a case so utterly baffling. I cut off some of the blood-stains on the floor, but found nothing beyond what is usual."

"Is it always easy to detect blood-stains?" asked I.

"Usually," he replied, "it is. Always we can say whether or not the stain be blood, and whether it be that of a reptile, a bird, or a mammal, although we cannot be sure as to its being that of man or beast, the corpuscles of which differ only as to size. It has been made probable of late, however, that with very high microscopic powers even this may be attainable."

"I suppose," said Vance, "that some time or other we shall be able to swear to a man from some known peculiarity of his blood-globule. Missing I. S. may be known by his blood-globules, which belong to species *b*, variety 2."

"I doubt that," returned Purpel, not noticing the other's smile. "There does not seem to be anything less individual than the blood. It is the same in structure in youth and age. Individuality lies in the solids."

"So that," said Vance, "should the clown fool of Elizabeth have had his arteries run full of the blood of Shakespeare, it would not have helped him to jest the better."

"No, sir: nor if the case had been

reversed, provided the blood were healthy, should we any the less have possessed Hamlet."

"How odd then," said I, "that popular phrase and thought should have selected the least individual portion of a man to express his qualities, or to indicate his descent and relationships. You think," continued I, "that it would be absurd to try to rejuvenate an old man by filling his vessels with young blood."

"Perfectly so," said Purpel. "In fact, it has been tried over and over again. The blood of the young has been bought to fill the veins of age, and even ugliness, it is said, has sought a remedy by acquiring the blood which nourished rosy cheeks and rounded limbs."

"Who first tried it, Purpel?" asked Vance.

"No less a person than Christopher Wren is said to have proposed the use of transfusion, but it was first applied to a man about 1667 by one Daniel Magon, of Bonn. After this in numerous instances the blood of sheep or calves was thrown into the veins of men."

"And without injury?" asked Vance.

"Yes," added Purpel. "Nor could any change be perceived in the receiver of the blood from the animal. Not only is this as I state it, but it is still more strange that ammonia salts were employed to keep the blood fluid while using it. The persons who first invented transfusion also threw medicaments into the veins in disease, a method revived of late, but long disused. However, as usual, I am run away with by a doctor's hobby."

"I for one," cried Vance, "regret the failure. Think what delicious confusions of individualities must have resulted. How could the man of twenty, with silken beard and mustache, be expected to honor his bill for the wig he needed last week? The old beldame Nature sets us many queer sums, but she does n't allow of her arrangements being so easily upset as they might be in such a case."

"It 's a tempting subject, though," returned Purpel, "and perhaps we are not yet at the end of it."

"A tempting subject!" shouted Vance, in scorn. "Nonsense! you don't suppose I felt a molecule of me in earnest about it. A pretty nice subject for folks who believe that somewhere 'there is an eternal teapot.' You 're getting worse all the time, and will want a full course of Emerson."

"Now, Vance," said Purpel, "that 's a barred subject; and you know it, too. The kind of regard — "

"Gammon," said Vance, "I meant Emerson's Arithmetic, man. That 's what you want, — definition of idea, numerical sharpness of thought, a course of mathematics."

"What!" returned Purpel, "do you fancy no one great who can not excel in algebra? Why, dear fellow, there are lines of research in which a mathematician could not excel, and for success in which a man must be almost as much poet as man of science. This is why imagination is so often highly developed in chemists and physiologists and certain physicists. What is it your philosopher says? — 'Science is only Poetry sworn to truth on the altar of nature'; and this explains to us Haller and Davy and Goethe and Faraday, and is seen more or less in the marvellous gift of expression which we so frequently see illustrated in the writings of men of science. The first living naturalist in this country never yet has been able to comprehend how a symbol can come to express a number and be used as its representative. And as to the Emerson business, I don't believe you, V."

"Sir," said Vance, standing under the egg of the dinornis, "you are now talking the language of common humanity, for when a man says, 'I don't believe you,' he is simple, impressive, and unmistakable; but then it is so rare that a philosopher of your school ventures to be thus explicit. It is so easy to dress up a commonplace in new clothes, and foist off the old stupid as a bright and clever fellow."

"He 's at my friends again, Gresh-

am, and the best of the fun is, that he can't quote a line of the author he sneers at."

"Can't I?" retorted Vance, enchanted with Purpel's annoyance at this never-failing source of chaff. "Can't quote him? What's that he says about the Devil, P.? — O, where he calls him an 'animated Torrid Zone.' Now that was descriptive enough."

"Confound you, V.," broke in Purpel; "it was a humblebee he said that about."

"Then I don't see the connection of ideas," returned the other. "However, he has a neater way of saying one fibs than you have. It's neater, but bless us, P., is n't it — "

"Is n't it what?" cried Purpel. "What are you raging about?"

"Wait a little, and I'll tell you. There, fill my pipe for me, P., while I quote: 'If my brother repute my conscience with a lie (not of my telling), surely he has done me a good deed, for whether I lie is immaterial, so as that it causes another introspect. But, as concerns variety, there are two kinds of liars. This man lies to himself, and after is in earnest about it with the world. This other lies only to the world and is not self-deceived. Moreover, each century says to the last, You lie; so that to lie is only to prophesy.' Now, P., is n't that a more charitable mode of putting the case than just merely to say it is n't so? I wish I could give you page and line, but, as you see, my memory is good enough."

"Wretch," groaned Purpel, "your memory, indeed! You are too near this man to take in his dimensions.

> 'Men there be so broad and ample
> Other men are but a sample
> Of a corner of their being,
> Of a pin-space of their seeing.

Let him answer you himself."

"I am satisfied," growled Vance. "Satiated, I may say. Let's get back to earth again. You were going to tell us about the murder, I believe."

"Yes, V. I feel really a great interest in the matter. I do not see how the nephew is to escape conviction."

"What are the circumstances?" I asked.

"The victim," replied Purpel, "was an old Quaker lady of slight means, who lived in a small three-story house off of Mill Street. On the day of the murder she drew a hundred dollars, which, as usual, she kept upon her person. The lower rooms were sub-let to others. She herself lived in a third-story back-room. The house is separated on the west by an alley from a blank wall of a warehouse. On the north there is a narrow area bounded by a tenement-house, about to be altered for some purpose, and at present without inhabitants above the first story. The old woman's rocking-chair was in its usual place, facing a table, and with its back to the north window. It had been pushed away from the table, and the body lay beside it on the floor. All of the blood, or nearly all, was in front of the chair, on the ceiling, walls, and table."

"Who gave the alarm?" asked I.

"No one," he answered, "until in the morning her niece found her on the floor with her throat cut. By the by, it must have been done early, because the girl left her at nine, and she usually read the paper a little later, and was in bed by ten. Now when found she lay alongside of her chair, dressed."

"But about the nephew?" said I.

"The nephew," continued Purpel, "is a man of forty or thereabouts. Like the rest of them, he seems to have led at some time an easier life, but is now a reporter in a small way, and is said to be engaged to the niece, his cousin. There is some evidence that he has plagued the old woman a good deal for money, and that he is one of your luckless people never actually starving, but never distinctly succeeding. He came to the house in the afternoon, stayed to tea, and remained with the old lady to read the paper to her after the niece left. The girl says he was alone with her only about a quarter of an hour, and she heard him

shut the street door before she herself had finished undressing. When arrested he was found to have on his person fifty dollars in notes, one of which was identified by the clerk of the insurance company who paid the annuity. The most careful inspection detected no blood-stains upon any of his clothes, and he wore the same suit both days. Now, Vance, how does it strike you?"

"I have no decision to give," was his reply. "You have told me enough to hang him, and hanged I suppose he will be."

"There are numberless possibilities in his favor," said I.

"True," added Vance, "but at present it is the fashion to hang folks. What is his name?"

"Upton," said Purpel, — "Denis Upton."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Vance. "Why, Gresham, you know that man. He was a small clerk in my uncle's employ. Don't you recall him, — a cleverish fellow, one of your massive youngsters, with huge, shaggy features and awkward ways. I am very sorry. I heard he had gone under the social ice a good while ago; but what a hideous ending! I must see him, P."

Somewhat awed by this unlooked-for revival of an old acquaintance, we suffered the talk to die out, and presently broke up and walked thoughtfully homeward.

I went next day with my friends, first to the house of Mrs. Gray, and then to visit Upton in jail. We accompanied the officer in charge through the various rooms, and Purpel and Vance carefully studied them in turn. In the room where the murder was done there were jets of dried blood on the walls, and a ghastly semi-fluid pool on the floor, but none behind the woman's chair, the back of which was towards the north window. Apparently the chair had been pushed away from the table, and she had advanced a step or two towards the door when the assault was made. There was no blood, however, on the door-handle or the north window.

Struck with the defective nature of the evidence, we left the house and made our visit to the prisoner, or rather Vance made his, for we waited in the keeper's rooms. By and by he returned, and as he had an engagement we agreed to meet at night and hear his account of the interview.

"I suppose it is our man, Vance?" said I.

"I am sorry to say it is," he replied, "and a more wretched being I have never seen. He told me a long story of endless ill luck and disappointments, through all of which this girl has clung to him tenaciously. He did not pretend to conceal from me that he had gambled and drunk at times, but his evil fortunes seem to have depended less on these vices than upon a certain want of practicality, if there be such a word."

"There is such a thing," said I.

"You would n't know him, Gresham. He is one of your colossally built men, with huge features, and nothing very nice about his face but his smile."

"'Smile'!" said Purpel, "could the poor fellow smile?"

"So we are made," said Vance; "the moment rules us. I saw a fellow garroted in Havana, who killed a mosquito on his cheek a minute before they pinioned him."

"It seems ghastly," said I. "Is he greatly alarmed about himself?"

"No," returned Vance. "He comprehends his position, but I do really think he is so wretched with running the gauntlet of untiring ill luck, that he is in a manner indifferent, except as to this girl."

"And what of her?"

"Well, P., she is rather a character. I saw her at his request, and found a woman about thirty, with that hard, bony style of face which belongs to the acid type of Quaker. She must have had a rather dull sort of life, what with the old woman and the weary waiting for a future that never came. We had a pretty long talk, and at last she said, 'Does thee think him guilty?' I said, 'No.' And indeed, I do

not. 'Does thee think it would clear him if another were to confess?' I said, 'Yes, certainly,' astonished, as you may suppose. Then she said, 'If thee would n't mind, I would like to be alone.' And so I came away."

A few days after this little talk, the woman was released, as no kind of suspicion appeared to cling to her; while about the man Upton the toils gathered closer and closer. As this story is only in a manner connected with ourselves and our talks, which, after all, are what I want to render, I hasten through the acts of this ugly drama. As Vance had foreseen, according to a present fashion Upton was convicted, and within a day or two his history and reputed crime were forgotten in the roar of the great city's tide of busy life, only to be recalled anew when the story of the gallows should be told to eager readers over comfortable breakfast-tables.

Amidst the general neglect, we three alone held to a sturdy belief in the innocence of the convicted man, who, like a hare sore beset by hounds, seemed to have cast himself down to await the coming death; altogether indifferent to its approach, so much worse did life seem to be than any death he could conceive of.

About a week before the day set for turning over this man's case to the judgment-seat of God, we met as of custom. It was a common habit with us, as it may be with other like circles, to sit a little time silent over the first freshly lighted pipes.

By and by the pleasant glamour of our Lady of the Leaf would come between us and the day's long labors and vexations; and, slaves no longer to custom or the world of men, we drifted away whithersoever the tides of thought or fancy might choose to carry us. It had been agreed that we should talk no longer of the tragedy which most men had already forgotten, and so it was that our chat turned on other matters.

"I saw to-day," said Vance, "that some one has been speculating upon the probable effect on the German mind of the use of tobacco; but I suspect that before long there will be no nation sufficiently smokeless for comparison."

"Possibly, not," said I. "It is said that the Indian, the primary smoker, has never used it to that excess which other races have done."

"He lives out of doors," said Purpel, "and the pipe has no bane for the dweller in tent or wigwam."

"I can vouch for that," returned Vance; "but, how curious it is that we alone should chew, and that the German soldier, who chewed inveterately during the Thirty Years' War, should have utterly abandoned the vice."

"I never knew of the facts," said Purpel; "but all honor to the Dutchman. As to tobacco, it is utterly vain to oppose it; nor do I for one believe that it is hurtful when moderately used by men of matured development. I might, I don't say I would, give up this old meerschaum for a wife; but I think I should like to be as certain of the woman's power to soothe and charm as I am of my pipe's, before I ventured on the exchange. I suppose it does hurt some folks' cerebral organs, but it seems to me somehow very strange that this or that drug should have the power to interfere with the machinery of a thing as spiritual as thought. It is really impossible, reason as we may, for us to disassociate the higher mental qualities from some relationship with a sphere of activities beyond those which we can study."

"And yet," said Vance, "we have, scientifically speaking, every evidence to relate thought in all its forms to material changes in brain tissue. Given certain conditions which insure the integrity of nerve-matter, — and we think, remember, imagine. Take any one of these away, and we do these things ill or not at all."

"To me," said Purpel, "the strangest part of the problem lies in the fact that, whereas the forms of mental activity are so distinct, we have no nota-

ble differentiation in the tissues of the various parts of the brain set apart for their production."

"Nor," said Vance, "is there any apparent distinction in texture between the average brain and that of La Place or Newton."

"Difference of bulk or weight there probably is," added Purpel; "but nothing that accounts for the vast separation in the character of the products of the contrasted brains we are talking of."

"Of course, it bewilders *me*," said I, humbly. "If you see a very strong man, one exceptional in his way, he seems always to possess a vast quantity of muscle; now, the amount of increase of brain-tissue needed to make the difference between commonplace and genius seems to be so small as to fill me with astonishment."

"But, G.," said Purpel, "do not you think it quite impossible to compare the two forms of result? The muscle is only one element in the making of a perfect human machine for the evolution of physical force such as motion. The nerves stand for something here, and the nerve-centres also; for in spite of the popular notion that a muscular man alone is strong, it really seems as though amount of muscle-mass might be but the least important element in the case, and nerve-force the greatest."

"How so?" said I.

"Because," said Purpel, "you may see the slightly-built insane man exhibiting the power of an athlete."

"Considering, then," said Vance, "the whole nervo-muscular apparatus for causing motion, we see it attain its maximum of power in the insane or convulsed —"

"It is so said," broke in Purpel, "but whether truly or not, I doubt a little. An insane man is so indifferent to the pains which often come of utterly reckless exertion, that it is hard to compare the vigor thus exhibited with that of health. If I understood you aright, you were going on to point out that the mental organs possess no power to produce, when diseased, the highest mental result."

"Not unless genius be truly madness, — for the 'great wit' of the couplet means that, I presume," said I.

"I do not believe much in their near alliance!" exclaimed Purpel. "And I fully agree with the great Frenchman, who said of this theory that, were it so, genius would more often be inherited."

"And is it not?" said Vance.

"No," replied Purpel. "Talents are often matter of descent; and as a rule, two clever people are more apt to leave able descendants than two fools; but genius, so far as I can remember, is very rarely inherited."

"No doubt, you are correct," said Vance; "and, in fact, there is a curious and self-born difficulty in the continuity of any great faculties in a line of descent."

"How?" said I.

"Thus," returned Vance. "It has been clearly shown that the descendants of great men are few in number; and this depends upon a law of the human economy, by virtue of which the over-use of the intellectual powers lessens the activity of the generative faculties, and thus, because a man is a hero, or statesman, or poet, he is likely to leave fewer descendants; and for a similar reason these run a greater risk of being imperfect creatures than the babies of the next mechanic."

"The children of the brain slay the children of the body," said Purpel.

"A rather bold mode of statement," replied Vance, "but, to return a little, — when I think it over, it does seem to me that the diseased brain may often turn out the larger amount of product; but then the quality is poor, while the muscle, brain, and system give you in the crazed — if the public be correct — not only amount of force, but swiftness of motion, and unequalled endurance of exertion. In other words, the best is evolved only when a morbid element is thrown in. What say you to that, P.?"

"I still doubt the facts," cried Purpel.

"Ah, ha!" said I, "you and V. seem to have exchanged parts to-night. How is it, V.?"

"Which accounts for his talking so well," said Purpel; "but, to return again."

"Is there such a thing possible as stimulating the mental organs with electricity?"

"No," said Purpel. "Some few of the central organs of motion and sensation may be galvanized in animals so as to give response. But many nerve-centres, those included, to which we assign the parentage of mental states, make no sign when irritated in this manner."

Said Vance: "You cannot reach them in life, I mean in man."

"No," returned Purpel; "but we can reach them in living animals."

"Where? alas!" was the answer. "You have a practical impossibility of reply, either owing to the injury done, or because the animal is defective in its power to express mental states."

"Why not try it on man?" said I.

"Would you be pleased to volunteer?" retorted Vance, with a laugh.

"You can find a man to do anything conceivable," I continued; "but for this especial business you must look farther."

"Well," said Vance, "to return on our tracks. If, as Purpel told us last week, the organs of special sense record only in their own language the prick of a pin or an electric shock —"

"Stop," said I; "what do you mean?"

"Only this," said Purpel, taking up the thread of talk, "that if you hurt the globe of the eye so as to press on the optic nerve, you will feel it as a flash of light only. So in the mouth, an electric discharge is felt as a taste, and a like conclusion is probable as to hearing."

"I see," said I; "and now, Vance, as I interrupted you, what were you about to say?"

"I was thinking," said he, "that in like manner irritating or electrizing the nerves which must run from one mental organ to another might call out the special function of the part, whether as thought, memory, fancy, or what not. However, I presume one would get about as orderly replies as when disease does act on these nerve-wires, or as when a thunder-storm meddles with the telegraph-lines."

"Humph!" returned Purpel; "you had best not get beyond your last, old friend, and your last is a little ahead of most of your notions."

"Well," said I, with one of those queer flashes of inspiration that come to a dull fellow who lives enough among his intellectual betters to rub off on on him, now and then, a little of their phosphorus, — "well," said I, "of course, Purpel, such an experiment tried on a living man would produce endless confusion of mind and all kind of interferences; but suppose you could keep alive only the intellectual organs, and could contrive to stimulate them one at a time."

I never can tell whether Vance is in earnest or in jest, unless he takes out his pencil and a card and begins, Let $a+b=$ etc., and let q be etc. This time his soul on a sudden revolted at the wildness of the talk into which we had wandered.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "who started all this nonsense?" And then he went off into a furious tirade against the feebleness with which men talked, and urged the need for mathematical training and the like.

Meanwhile, Purpel had passed into one of his thoughtfullest of moods, and was slowly navigating about the room around chairs and tables. At last he exclaimed: "Yes, yes, it must be that even thought and imaginations have a material basis without which we should know them not. Even Paul could conceive of no resurrection that did not include the body. If I can take a severed hand and keep it alive two or three days, and it responds to a blow by muscular motion, and sweats, and *is* alive, why not be able some day to keep alive the brain-organs separately, and get replies from them, which, even if disordered, would tell us what they do, what their work is?"

"Do you mean," said I, "that it is

in any way possible after a part is dead to restore it to life?"

"That depends," he returned, "upon what you call alive. A great savant secured the hand of a man guillotined at 8 A.M. After fourteen hours it was cold and stiff. He then threw into its arteries blood taken from his own arm. Presently the fluid began to flow from the veins. The supply was kept up in this manner, and the returning blood was aerated by agitation. In a few minutes the member flushed, and then began to assume the hue of life. The stiffness of death departed, and the muscles contracted when struck or when galvanized. As long as he sustained the supply of blood, — and he did this for six hours, — so long did the separated part exhibit all the phenomena of life. Was it dead before? We cannot say that it was not alive afterwards."

"It appears, then," said Vance, "that life is what one of your biologists called it, an assemblage of conditions — of more or less interdependent conditions."

"A partial statement of the case," continued Purpel, "for there is more in life than so vague a definition covers."

"But," said I, "can you in like manner revive the brain?"

"I was about to say so," said he. "The same experimenter repeated his process on dogs apparently dead from various causes, and by letting out the blood from the veins of the neck so as to relieve the over-distended heart, and then throwing blood into the arteries of the head, he succeeded in restoring certain of his animals to life. As the blood entered, the visage altered, the features moved, the eyes opened, and the pupils changed their size under varying amounts of light. Of course the brain acted, but how completely we cannot say."

"And," said Vance, "has this been tried on man?"

"No," replied Purpel, "not under precisely the same conditions; but there is no reason why it should not succeed as well with him as with the dog. In but few, I presume, would recovery occur, but in some, at least, it might do so."

"What a hideous thought," said Vance, "to bring a man back to life only to die anew. There are some folks for whom I would prefer not to assume such a responsibility."

"Yet," said Purpel, "we assume it for every dying man we preserve alive. The doctor's instinct is to save life. The after-consequences lie not with him."

"If I were the vitalized victim," said Vance, "I should look upon you very much as Frankenstein's monster did upon his maker. You would have to provide me with board and lodging to the uttermost limit of my secondary existence; and as to what expensive tastes I might bring back with me from the nether world, who can say?"

"I would risk it," said Purpel, smiling. "Who 's there?" he added; for at this moment his servant opened the door in haste, exclaiming: "Here 's a woman, sir, would come up all I could do!" "Who, — what?" said Purpel, as a figure swept past the man into the room, and stood facing the light, a strange and unpleasant intruder.

"Good gracious!" said Vance. "Miss Gray, what on earth brought you here at this hour?" It was the niece of the murdered woman.

The figure before us threw back a worn tweed cloak, and stood erect, in a faded silk dress fitting closely her gaunt frame. She held a Quaker bonnet in her hand, and her face and hair were wet with the sleet of the storm without. A stern, set face, with the features drawn into lines of pain and care, a weary look about the mouth, and the eyes of one hunted down by a sorrow too awful for mortality to bear.

"Can nothing be done?" said the woman. "Must he die?"

So startling was this appearance, that for a moment all of us were alike confounded. Then Purpel said kindly, "Sit down by the fire, Miss Gray"; and presently he had taken her bonnet

and cloak and seated her close to the blazing logs, which I quickly piled on the fire.

For a moment the warmth seemed to capture her physical sense of comfort, and she bent over, holding both hands to the blaze. Then, on a sudden, she turned to Vance, and exclaimed, with a quick look of curious cunning: "I don't want thee to tell, but — I did it. I want thee to go with me to — to — somebody, and let me tell them the way it was done; but don't tell him. He 'd say it was n't so. Thee won't tell him, will thee?"

"Of course not," said Vance; "but, Miss Gray, no one thinks you did it."

"But they 'll believe me. They 'll believe me," she cried. "Come, we have no time to lose. Where 's the bonnet? Let me go."

"What shall we do, Purpel?" said I.

He made me no answer, but as she rose he faced her, and, placing a hand on each of her shoulders, said, firmly: "We none of us think he did it, my poor woman. We are sure he did not. We have done and are doing all we can to save him. Will not this content you, without your taking a lie upon your own soul? You are half crazed, — and no wonder; but you know that you did not do this thing. Still no one has a right to stop you, and I myself will go with you to the district-attorney, and secure you a hearing, although as to his believing you I have the gravest doubts."

"Yes," she cried, "who else could have done it? I believe I did it. I can see myself doing it. I mean I did it. Is n't thee ashamed to be near me? Come!" Purpel made us a sign to remain, and was leaving the room, when she turned suddenly. "And if," she exclaimed, "O, gracious God! if, if they will not — believe me, and — they kill him, surely — surely, he must come back and see me, and say, 'Little woman?' — Perhaps thee doen't know that 's what he calls me. Sometimes 'little woman,' and sometimes 'little thee and thou.' What was I saying? He will say, 'The dead lie not, being so near to God, and I am white of this sin.'"

"This is horrible," cried Vance. "For God's sake, take her away. Stay, I will get a hack from the corner." And so saying, he left the room, followed by Purpel and Miss Gray, who paused a moment on the threshold to say to me, "Thee does not think him guilty?"

"Who, — I?" I returned; "no indeed."

"Well," she added, "don't thee mind me. I ask everybody that." And then impatiently turning to Purpel, she added, "Why does thee wait? Thee will get into trouble should thee try to keep me."

I was too excited for sleep, and therefore piled up the logs anew, and, lighting a pipe, occupied myself with such thoughts as chose to be my guests until my two friends came back, having restored the poor half-crazed girl to the kindly custody of a lady of her own sect, from whose home she had escaped that evening. It were needless to add that, although Miss Gray told a story of the murder cunningly consistent, it broke down under the slightest inspection, and she finally owned to the authorities her complete innocence of all share in the murder. From this time, however, she continued to invent similar but varying accounts, until at last her mind gave way totally, and she was sent to an asylum for the insane.

To return to ourselves. Purpel and Vance, after telling me what they had done upon leaving me, silently sat for a time, until at last Purpel broke out abruptly in this wise: —

"If a man should return from the dead, surely he would be believed, and why should he not be made to speak? Vance, do you think there would be wrong done to any if — if — it were possible so far to resuscitate a dead man as to get from him a confession of guilt or innocence?"

"What," said I, "as your *savant* revived his dogs?"

"Why not?" returned Purpel.

"Well, of all the wild schemes!" cried Vance.

"Wild or not," said Purpel, "it is possible, and especially after death from asphyxia."

"But what would the law say, Purpel," said I, "in case you revived the man permanently?"

"We need not do that," he replied.

"Need not," said Vance. "Why, man, to let him die after revival would be murder."

"Queer dilemma," said I. "The law kills a man; you bring him to life again, ask a question or two, and let him depart. Suit for malpractice by surviving relatives."

"The law has had its way with him, hanged him, and pronounced him dead," said Purpel; "will it go back on its verdict and say he was not dead? I would take that risk, and in this case without a fear."

"And I also," added Vance; "but the thing is absurd. Why talk about it at all! Let us go, it is near daybreak." And so the talk ended.

For the next week Purpel was unusually silent, and we saw little of him until the day after that which hastened poor Denis Upton out of the world. He died, like many a man, asserting his freedom from guilt; but experience had too distinctly taught the worthlessness of this test of innocence, and few pitied his fate or doubted the justice of his punishment.

As usual, we met at Purpel's rooms quite late at night, and found him in a singularly restless mood, walking about and muttering half-aloud, while his great dinornis-egg swung to and fro above him, apparently as restless as its owner.

"Another chance gone," he said. "Another; and life so short, so very short."

"What are you maundering about, P.?" said Vance.

"Only a little disappointment," returned the other.

"Pass your hat round," said Vance, "and we will drop in our little sympathies. What's all that stuff in the corner, P.?" he asked, pointing to a pile of tubing, battery-cells, and brass implements.

"Well," replied Purpel, "you may laugh if you like, — but I meant to have made the effort to resuscitate the poor wretch they hanged yesterday. It might have succeeded partially or completely, but at the least I should have tried, and even entire failure would have taught me something."

Vance tapped his forehead, looking at me. "Quite gone," said he; "the wreck of a fine mind, Gresham."

But Purpel was too deeply interested for jesting, and replied, rather fiercely for him: "Have your joke, if it pleases you to be merry over such a theme as yesterday's. I, for one — "

"Purpel, Purpel," said Vance, interrupting him, "nobody thinks of jesting about that. I was only smiling at your woful visage. That woman's face haunts me like a ghost. Was it her words which brought you to think of this strange experiment?"

"Those, and my own ideas on the scientific aspect of the subject," said Purpel; "but, no matter; poor Upton's friends interposed at the last minute, and denied me the chance of a trial."

"If the opportunity should recur," said Vance, "let me see the experiment."

"I shall be very glad to do so," returned Purpel. "To-day I the more sorrowfully regret my failure in this present instance, because I have learned that which more than ever makes me certain that an innocent man was murdered yesterday, — a man as guiltless of blood as you or I, Vance."

"Indeed," said I, "what has occurred?"

"I will tell you," he said. "Do you remember the relation of Mrs. Gray's house to those nearest it?"

"Perfectly," said I.

"It was separated by an alley from a blank wall on the west, and by a space of eight or ten feet from a small house on the north," said Vance.

"Exactly," continued Purpel; "and in this house were windows a little above the level of those belonging to Mrs. Gray's residence. When the police examined the premises they found

the window of the room opposite to Mrs. Gray's with the shutters barred. Her own dwelling had no outside shutters. On the lower story lived a cobbler, who was distinctly shown to have been elsewhere at the time of the murder."

"I remember the man," said I. "He exhibited the utmost nervousness during his cross-examination. You do not think him guilty, Purpel?"

"Certainly not," said the latter. "The other tenants had been ordered out by the landlord, so that he might make a change in the house, which with the next two was to be altered into a carpenter's-shop. They had already begun to repair the roof, and the two upper stories were piled full of lumber for the purpose of serving as scaffolding on the roof, which was to be raised several feet."

"But what kept the cobbler there?" said I.

"He had still three months to stay before his lease was out," said Vance. "I remember the question in court, and his reply. Go on, P."

"I myself," continued Purpel, "have never before inspected his premises; but this morning, under an impulse which I can scarcely explain, I set out quite early and found the cobbler at work. I explained to him that I had felt some curiosity about the Gray murder, and asked him to go with me over the house. At first he was crusty enough, but a little money and a bland word or two made him willing. I went directly to the room opposite to Mrs. Gray's. It was pitch-dark, and I felt an oppressive consciousness that I was about to learn something strange and terrible connected with the woman's fate. The cobbler opened the window, and the chill of what I might call expectant horror passed away with the light of day. The cobbler assured me that, owing to various causes, among others the failure of the owner, the lumber on the floor had remained unused. The window-sash was easily raised or lowered; the space between that and the opposite window was nine feet ten inches, as I learned by measurement. I next proceeded to examine the window-ledge and sash, but found nothing. Then I turned over the boards lying nearest to the wall, but still in vain; the cobbler assuring me repeatedly that 'them detectives had been and done just the same.' At last, however, I raised a board which lay flat against the wall, partly below the window; and on it, near to one end, I found four small spots not over a line wide, and further along a larger one, — dark brown, nearly black spots. What were they? A hundred years ago no man on God's earth could have told: in an hour or two I should know. Do you wonder I was excited?"

"Wonder," said I, — "it is terrible; I am almost sorry you found them. What next, Purpel?"

"I thought," said he, "that my quest was at an end. You shall hear how strangely I was mistaken. I turned to the cobbler, without pointing out the spots, and asked him to bring me up some sharp tool. In a minute or two he returned with his cobbler's-knife, and with this I readily shaved away the chips now on yonder table, which were the only portions of the plank thus stained. As I was about to hand him the knife, a chill went through me, with one of those singular mental presentiments such as sometimes foreshadow the idea about to appear to you in full distinctness of conception. The knife was perfectly new. 'This tool is very sharp, I see,' said I; 'it must have been recently bought.'

"'Well,' said he, snappishly, 'what then, — suppose it was? I ain't got no more time to waste. Give me my knife, and let me shut up the place.' Without heeding him, I continued, 'When did you buy that knife?'"

"Think I should have postponed that question," said Vance, "until we were down stairs."

"Don't stop him," cried I. "What next, Purpel?"

"The man said, of course, he did n't see as it was any of my business. I replied, that it was easy to get an

answer in other ways, upon which he surlily closed the window, muttering to himself while I went slowly down stairs. Once in his shop, I turned on him quite abruptly and repeated my question, upon which he ordered me to put down the knife and clear out. Then I made a rash venture. Said I, 'You bought that knife not very long after the murder. Where is the old knife?' You should have seen the man; — he looked at me a moment quite cowed, and then exclaimed: —

"'You don't mean to say you think I done it. I swear I did n't. I don't know nothin' about them knives, except just that I missed my old knife the day that 'ere murder was done; I missed it, sir, and I kind a knowed them as done it must have stole my knife, so I went and buyed a new one, and was afeared to say more about it.'

"'Great heavens!' said I, 'you have hanged an innocent man, you coward! Afraid! what were you afraid of?'

"'Don't be hard on me, sir,' he said. 'I am a poor man, and if I 'd a told about this, don't you think I 'd a laid in jail for witness; and who was to look after my wife and little uns?'

"'Is this possible?' said I. 'You fool, your wife and babies would have been well enough cared for; and now — Why did I not think of all this a week ago?'

"'You won't speak of it,' said the man, 'you won't tell nobody.'

"'Tell!' said I, 'come along with me, instantly.' He pleaded very hard, but I was altogether remorseless; and in half an hour he had made his confession to the district-attorney. There, Vance, you have my story."

We drew long breaths, Vance and I, and a vision of the gallows went through my brain, filling me with a horror too deep for speech.

At last, Vance said, "And is it blood, Purpel?"

"Beyond a doubt," answered the latter, "and as surely the blood of Mrs. Gray."

Here he crossed the room, and, returning, showed us the chips he had cut away, each with its drop of dark brownish red.

"But," said I, after a pause, "this might have been blood from the finger of one of the workmen."

"Might have been, but is not," returned Purpel.

"And the cobbler," added Vance, — "is he free from suspicion?"

"You forget," said I, "that he proved an alibi without flaw."

"Moreover," continued Purpel, "I noticed that the cobbler is left-handed, which in a trade like his must be a very awkward defect. Now, if you will remember one of our former talks, you will recall that I considered the murder to have been done by a man who, standing behind the woman, suddenly placed a hand on her mouth and with the other inflicted a single wound in the neck. That wound was made with the right hand, being deepest on the left side of her neck. The men, — I suspect there were two, — gained access to the empty rooms of the house I visited to-day. At night they opened the window and put a plank across, quietly. The old woman, who was, as you have heard, quite deaf, is first startled by the cold air from the opened window. She rises suddenly, and is seized from behind. Perhaps she struggles, resisting the effort to rob her. Perhaps the murder may have been prearranged. It matters not now. There is resistance, a sharp knife drawn athwart the throat, and the robbery is effected. One confederate is probably somewhat bloody, the other less so or not at all. The latter shuts the window behind them, withdraws the plank, and bars the shutters of the cobbler's house, through which they escape, unnoticed."

"If," said Vance, "your view be correct, they premeditated only plunder at first, but in passing through the cobbler's work-room they probably seized the knife as a weapon which might prove useful."

"I suspect it was as you state it, Purpel," said I. "The persons who did this deed must have been thorough adepts in crime, or they would have

been incapable either of planning such a scheme or of carrying it out so calmly as to leave only these very slight traces. The little blood you found probably dropped on the plank as they crawled over it."

"There might have been more," returned Purpel; "and had I made this examination earlier, I should possibly have found further traces, since it is scarcely conceivable that a red-handed murderer should have failed to put a wet hand somewhere, in such a way as to leave a mark.

"And what better for it all is poor Upton?" said Vance. "We shall find few, I think, so credulous as to believe the tale we have heard to-night."

And so it proved; for although every effort was made to set the matter in a clear light before the public, it was generally regarded as only a barefaced attempt on the part of Upton's friends to save his memory from just reproach.

Months went by, and we had ceased at length to talk of the horrible tragedy which for a little while had disturbed the still waters of our quiet lives. One evening, late in the next winter, both Vance and myself received from Purpel a hasty note, stating that he meant next day to attempt the experiment which he had failed to try in the former instance. When we met in the evening, he explained to us that he had made such arrangements as would enable him to secure the body of a criminal who was to be hanged on the following morning. The man in question was a friendless wretch, who had been guilty of every known crime, and who was at last to suffer for one of the most cold-blooded murders on the records of the courts. His body was to be delivered to Purpel as soon as possible after the execution. Our friend, for obvious reasons, desired to have no other assistance than our own, and he now proceeded to instruct us carefully as to the means he intended to use, so that no time should be lost during the necessary operations.

On the following day, a little after noon, we assembled in the laboratory back of Purpel's house, where he was accustomed to carry on such of his researches as involved the use of animals. It was a bare whitewashed room, scantily furnished, and rather too dark. We lit the gas-lights, however, above the central table, and with a certain awe awaited the coming of the body. Thanks to Purpel's purse, we had not long to rest in suspense. In about an hour after the execution, a covered wagon was driven into the stable at the side of the lot, and the two men in charge deposited the corpse on the table, and drove away, with a good round fee as their reward.

Purpel hastily withdrew the sheet in which the man was wrapped, and exposed a powerful frame clad in a red shirt and worn black clothes. The face was mottled red and white, marked with many scars, and of utterly wolfish ferocity.

"The body is warm," said Purpel; "and now, as to the heart," he added. "I cannot hear it beat, but possibly the auricles may still be moving faintly."

As speedily as possible arrangements were made, by opening a vein in the neck, so as to relieve the heart, and allow of the outflow of blood. Then a simple pump capable of sucking up blood from a basin of that fluid and of forcing it into the brain was fitted by double tubes to the two great arteries which supply the brain. Vance was then taught how to move the chest-walls by elevating the arms and alternately compressing the breast, so as to make artificial breathing.

"It is very clever," said Vance, coolly, "but it won't work, P."

"Well," said the latter, "if I get a partial success it will suffice. I have no desire to restore a scoundrel like this to the world again." So saying, the experiment began, while profound silence was kept by one and all of us.

At last said Purpel, "Look!" The mottled tints of the visage were slowly fading away. The eyes lost their glaze, the lips grew red, slight twitches crossed the face here and there. At last the giant's chest heaved once slow-

ly, as of itself, then paused, and stirred again.

I looked at Purpel: he was deadly pale.

Said Vance, huskily: "Stop, Purpel, stop! — he will live. I will not go on."

"A moment," urged Purpel, "only a moment."

"Look!" said I; for the eyes rolled to and fro, and I even thought they seemed to follow my movements.

Suddenly said Vance, "Who spoke? What was that?" A hoarse murmur startled us all.

"He spoke," said I. "It spoke."

"Impossible!" said Purpel. "Raise his head a little. Lift the plank."

"Hush!" I cried.

A whisper broke from the lips of the wretch before us. "The plank," he said, — "only an old woman, — the plank."

We looked at one another, each whiter than his fellow.

"I will not stand this," screamed Vance. "You hear — you hear, — Mrs. Gray; — this man did it. He — he killed her, — killed Mrs. Gray."

"Gray," said the living dead man, "gray hair, yes."

"Purpel," said I, sternly, "this is enough. You must stop."

"Nay, I will stop," exclaimed Vance; and with an uncontrollable impulse he overturned the vase of blood on the floor.

"It is well," said Purpel. "Hush, V. What is that he says? See, the color changes. Ah! he said, 'Mother, mother!'"

"No more, and enough!" cried Vance. "Have we sinned in this thing? Let us go."

UNDER THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

V. A Greenland Boat and Crew.

THE fiord on the banks of which stands the town, or colony, of Julianshaab is now known as the fiord of Igalliko, meaning the fiord of the "deserted homes"; the deserted homes being the desolate and long-abandoned ruins of the Norse buildings which are scattered along its picturesque banks. The ancient name was Ericsfiord.

How this came to be applied, and why it fell into disuse, and through what cause Igalliko came to be substituted for it, are matters of historical interest which we shall have occasion to inquire into by and by. At present, our interest lies with the fiord itself, and not with its name and history.

It stretches away in a northeasterly direction from Julianshaab, and is from three to five miles wide. It is a grand inlet from the sea, and its length is not far from forty miles. Midway it branches to the right and left, and both branches lead to important places of the ancient Norse times. That to the right leads to Brattahlid, where Eric founded his first colony, and to Gardar, where the bishop built his cathedral. That to the left leads to Krakotok.

Krakotok is a native and not a Norse name. It means the place where there are white rocks. The rocks are of the same metamorphic character and general appearance as elsewhere in that part of Greenland, only that, by one of Nature's freaks, they were made lighter of color than in the regions round about.

To the place of the white rocks we agreed to go, and the pastor of Julianshaab, my old friend the Rev. Mr. Anton, agreed to be our pilot, and he very kindly offered us transportation thither. We had boats of our own, and good ones, too; but then, what so appropriate for a Greenland fiord as a

Greenland boat? So, at least, said Pastor Anton, and so we were very willing to confess. But what then was a Greenland boat?

A Greenland boat is a curiosity in marine architecture. It is anywhere from twenty to forty feet long, from five to seven feet wide, and from two to three feet deep. The sides are almost perpendicular, the bottom is quite flat, and both ends are sharp like a whale-boat, or one of those very wonderful United States naval devices known as "double-enders." It has no rudder, but is steered after the most primitive of all fashions, precisely as the Phœnicians and Romans and Norsemen steered their ships; that is, with a paddle or oar lashed to one side of the stern. The native name for this native boat is *oomiak*. It is a very different kind of boat from the light little skin canoe, made for carrying one man, and completely decked over, called the *kayak*.

Mr. Anton took us down to look at his oomiak, that we might decide whether we would trust ourselves to it or to our own boat. It was turned bottom upwards on a scaffolding, so that we could stand under it and look up through it at the sky, for it was semi-transparent. I gave it a thump with a stick, and it rattled like a drum.

"What, go to sea in a thing like that?"

"Certainly," said Pastor Anton,—"certainly, why not?" And he called three or four people, who had it off the scaffolding in a twinkling, and down into the water, where it floated like a feather, looking as if whole tons and tons of solid pig-iron would neither take it down nor ballast it.

"Oomiak! oomiak!" I ran the name over in my mind. "What does oomiak mean?"

"Woman's boat," said Pastor Anton.

"Ah yes, I see,—made by women"; and cunningly made it was. It was thirty-six feet long and six feet wide, and there was not a peg or nail in it. There was first a frail-looking skeleton of the lightest kind of wood,—all the pieces firmly lashed together with thongs of raw seal-hide. Then over this skeleton there had been spread, and stretched to the utmost possible tension, a seal-skin cover, each skin of which was so firmly sewed to the other that not a drop of water could possibly find its way through the seams; while, as for the skin itself, it was so well tanned, and saturated with oil, that it was as impervious to water as an iron plate. There were twelve thwarts tied across it, at a very convenient height for sitting, and there were six short oars with broad blades tied to the gunwale, and ready for use.

The pastor wanted to know how we liked the looks of it.

To confess the truth, it looked a little too balloonish for our fancy. "Would he be good enough to shove the thing off, and give us a touch of its quality?"

"Of course, by all means"; and the pastor called the crew together. And,—shades of Harvard and Oxford defend us,—*what* a crew! And what a rig! Very long boots of tanned seal-skin, reaching some distance above the knee, and of divers colors and of pretty shape, gave a trim and natty look to their pedal extremities. Then they wore silver-seal-skin pantaloons, very short, beginning where the boots left off, and ending midway on the hips, and calico jackets (bright of hue and lined with soft fawn-skins), drawn on over the head and falling to meet the pantaloons.

The jacket was trimmed around the neck with black fur, beneath which peeped up a white covering to the throat; the hair was drawn out of the way and tied with red ribbon on the top of the head; and altogether the costume was calculated to show off the respective figures of the crew to the greatest possible advantage.

And then such names for boatmen! "Go along," said the pastor,—"go along, Maria, and take the others with you."

Maria was stroke-oar; and the stroke-oar called Catharina and Christina and Dorothea and Nicholina and Concordia; and away they all went, chattering and

giggling at an amazing rate; and they scrambled into the boat, and skipped over the thwarts in a very gay and lively manner to their respective places, all brimful of fun and mischief, and making altogether quite a shocking exhibition for a boat's-crew, whose duties we are in the habit of regarding as of an exceedingly sober description. But they quieted down a little when a more sedate individual (who proved to be the coxswain), dressed in short boots and long silver-seal-skin pantaloons and jacket, and with a cap on his head, came along and took the steering-oar, and gave the order to shove off; which order was executed in handsome style. Then they pulled away for the mouth of the harbor, each of the crew rising with the stroke of the oar; and, bending to their work with a will, they made this singular-looking boat fairly hum again.

"Lively-looking oarsmen," somebody suggested.

"Oars*men!*" exclaimed the pastor, laughing at somebody's exceeding innocence. "Oarsmen! why, dear me, they are oars*women!*"

"Oars what?"

"Oarswomen, to be sure."

"Oarswomen! man alive! and do they always pull the boat?"

"Always," replied the pastor. "A man will never pull an oar in an oomiak. He would be disgraced. An oomiak is strictly a woman's-boat."

"And do *they* pull the boat to-morrow if we go in the oomiak?"

"Certainly."

"Just that same precious crew?"

"The same crew exactly."

"Including the bow-oar, you call Concordia?"

"Including her, of course."

"Then the boat will do for me. I ship in that craft for one. Call the dear creatures back, I beg of you."

"Then they will do?" said Pastor Anton, inquiringly, to all.

"Yes, yes," said everybody.

And do they did superbly, when the morning came, fresh and sparkling as their eyes.

VI. Up a Greenland Fiord.

At an early hour of the morning the oomiak, propelled by the lively crew of yesterday, and bearing our cheery friend the pastor, came stealing through the bright sunshine over the still waters of the harbor; the quiet air broken only by the merry voices of Maria, Christina, Catharina, Dorothea, Nicholina, and Concordia, who, in their native tongue, were singing a song to the music of the sparkling oars.

The arrival of the boat alongside the ship made a sensation. Such a boat, propelled in such a fashion, was a sight new to sailors' eyes; and it did not seem easy for our people to reconcile such uses and occupations for womankind with a sailor's ideas of gallantry. Numerous were the jests passed upon these novel oarswomen; hardly, however, at their expense, for they understood not a word that was said.

"And it 's pretty you are," says Welch, the fireman, to the stroke-oar. "It 's pretty you are, me stroke-oar darlint. And me bow-oar honey there, with the red top-knot, sure an' she 's the one I 'd like to be shipmates with till the boat sinks."

The bow-oar nodded, smiled graciously, and said, "Ab."

"And is it talking you are, me honey?" says Welch.

Somebody hinted that *ab* meant "yes."

"Ah, thin, an' it 's too willin' ye are, me honey, intirely. But ye 's a well-rigged craft alow and aloft, for all that," said the bantering fireman.

"For'ed there, and attend to your work," said a voice, very like the captain's, which speedily put an end to the merriment.

We were soon ready with all our needful preparations, our "traps" were quickly stowed in the oomiak, and we quickly followed, — the photographers with their baths, plates, and cameras; the artist with his sketch-books and paint-boxes and whole sheaves of pencils; the surveyor with his sextant, barometers, and tape-lines; the hunters

with their weapons, game-bags, and ammunition; the steward with his cooking-fixtures and substantive meats and drinks, — and each and every one in the very best of spirits.

"All aboard!" and the oomiak was shoved off. The fair oarswomen dipped their paddles, rising with the act, and coming down with a good solid thud upon the thwart when the paddle took the water; and the light boat shot away from the ship like an arrow from a bow, and then glided smoothly out upon the unrippled waters of the silvery-surfaced fiord.

The day could not have been better chosen: the sky was quite cloudless, and the great mountains by which we were surrounded on every side climbed up into the pearly atmosphere, and their crests of ice and snow blended softly with the pure and lovely air. Sometimes we crept along in shadow beneath a towering cliff which seemed to frown upon us as intruders, and again we passed in front of a similar wall of rock, which smiled in the bright sunshine and seemed to rejoice to see its sides mirrored in the still waters, that to us were more like the charmed sea of some strange dream than a simple Greenland fiord.

A few days ago, and we had been scouring the hills of Newfoundland; a few days before that we were sweltering in the summer heat of New York; and here now we were within the regions lighted by the midnight sun, rejoicing in the soft atmosphere of budding spring, surrounded by the most sublime scenery, and gliding between shores now wholly uninhabited, but rich in historical associations, dotted everywhere with the ruins of an ancient Christian people, who once made the welkin ring with their joyous songs as over these same waters they rowed from place to place in the pursuit of profitable industry or in the performance of acts of friendship or hospitality.

The spirit of the scene was contagious. A solemn yet quiet grandeur attached to every object which the eye beheld in the delightful atmosphere; miles and miles of rich meadow-land stretched along the borders of the fiord in places; and the fancy, now catching the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep, would sometimes detect the voices of men; and again it seemed as if we heard,

> "By distance mellowed, o'er the water's sweep,"

the "song and oar" of some gay inhabitants of the fiord, descendants of brave old Eric and his followers, who on the gentle plains beneath the ice-crowned hills, within this rampart of the ice-girt isles, sought asylum from their enemies. And our native crew were not behind us in the feeling of the hour; encouraged by their pastor, with rich voices and in a melody which showed a remarkable natural ear for music, our oarswomen, keeping time with the paddles' stroke, broke out in the fine swelling notes of an old Norse hymn: —

> "O hear thou me, thou mighty Lord,
> And this, my cry, O heed.
> O give me hope, I trust thy word;
> O help me in my need."

And as the refrain came echoing back to us over the waters, from hill and dale, it struck the fancy more and more that human voices came to us from the depths of those solitudes.

Three hours of this pleasant experience brought us near the end of the fiord, where it narrows to a mile in breadth; and then, winding in hook-like shape between the hills, it finally vanishes in a point in the midst of a verdant valley which, miles in width, stretches away to the base of the Redkammen, one of the noblest mountains to the artist-eye, and one of the boldest landmarks to the mariner, in all Greenland, conspicuous everywhere as Greenland is for its lofty and picturesque scenery.

And there Redkammen stood in its solitary grandeur, away up in a streak of fleecy summer clouds, its white top now melting with them into space, now standing out in soft faint line in heaven's tenderest blue. And what a heaven it was! The great mountain rose,

step by step in green and purple, and the cloud trailing from its summit melted in the distance and bridged the space that divides the known from the vast unknown.

The general topographical features of the region are here not without importance in the picture of the situation. Thus far we had come up the fiord with the mainland (on which, beyond Redkammen, stood Brattahlid and Gardar) on our right, and on our left a long and lofty island bearing the euphonious native name of Aukpeitsavik. After passing beyond this island, and before reaching the narrow part of the fiord, we entered a sea some five miles wide, fronting an immense line of cliffs, the altitude of which I estimated at from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet, including the ample slope at their base, which stretches along the north side of the fiord and finally is lost in the valley at the foot of Redkammen. This slope is covered with verdure, except where it is here and there broken by a low cliff or rocky ledge.

At the front of this green slope stood, some centuries ago, the Norse hamlet of Krakotok, the ruins of which we were now seeking.

Mr. Anton pointed out to the oarswomen what he took to be the spot; the oarswomen held a chattering consultation as to the exact locality, and the steersman was consulted as to the correctness of each opinion. During the progress of this discussion our glasses were in requisition, and all doubt was quickly removed as to the accuracy of our steering by an announcement from one of the party that "he saw the church." We were not long now in reaching land, and were soon ashore on a beach of sand and shingle, and then came a scramble for first entrance into the ruin.

The scramble was over a slope of tangled underbrush and grass, speckled with bright flowers, — trailing junipers and matted crake-berry; willow-bushes, and whortleberry-bushes in full fruit; the angelica so luscious, and the andromeda so fragrant; the hardy festucae and the graceful poa; the dandelion, the buttercup, the bluebell; the crow's-foot and the cochlearia, and a hundred familiar plants, bushes, and flowers, to make a soft carpet for the feet, or to trip us up if we ventured on too fast.

But, horror of horrors! what was that? was it a mosquito's buzz? Surely it was. There could be no doubt about it. A hundred, — ay, a thousand, — ten thousand times a thousand insects buzz in our ears. They fill the very air. It is most surprising, and is not pleasant. Yet still, for all, we reach the ruin through the hungry, buzzing cloud; and then, enveloping our heads in handkerchiefs and our hands in gloves, prepare ourselves to photograph the scenery and sketch the ruins, and to wonder at them.

The buildings are nine in number, as I find on close examination, — a church, a tomb, six dwellings, and one round tower; and besides there were the remains of a thick, high wall enclosing some of them.

These are not, however, all the ruins on this branch of the fiord, for they are dotted everywhere along its green and sloping banks. But these make up the cluster which once belonged to the church estate, — to the officers who governed the country roundabout, and administered, in this distant place, at what was then thought to be the farthest limits of the habitable globe, the ordinances of the Pope of Rome.

But some mention of the people who dwelt here, and of whence they came and of how they disappeared, seems to be necessary before we further describe the ruins they have left behind them; and I hope that the reader may have found sufficient interest in my narrative thus far, to pause for a while over a scrap of Norseland history.

VII. "Lost Greenland."

With most persons, to mention Greenland is to suggest a paradox. The name is, in itself, well enough, and pleasant enough to the ear; but the associations which it recalls are

somewhat chilly, and altogether the reverse of what the name would seem to call for. Why Greenland at all?

It received its name some eight hundred and seventy-odd years ago; that is to say, it was discovered and occupied in the year 983 of the Christian era, when the climate was probably milder than it is to-day. I should, however, rather say that it was then rediscovered, since, years before that time,—as we learn from the Landnama, or Iceland *Doomsday-Book* of Aré Frode, that is, Aré the Wise,—one Gunnbiörn, a Norwegian, having been driven by a storm to the west of Iceland, discovered some skerries, to which he gave his name; and afterwards he saw an extensive land, and lofty mountains covered with snow. But nothing more was known of it until 983.

An old Norse saga of Aré Frode, written in Iceland about the year 1100, the original of which was in existence up to 1651, and a copy of which is still preserved in Copenhagen, thus relates the story: —

"The land which is called Greenland was discovered and settled from Iceland. Eric the Red was the man, from Bredefiord, who passed thither from hence [Iceland], and took possession of that portion of the country now called Ericsfiord. But the name he gave to the whole country was Greenland. 'For,' quoth he, 'if the land have a good name, it will cause many to come thither.' He first colonized the land fourteen or fifteen winters before Christianity was introduced into Iceland, as was told to Thorkil Gelluson in Greenland; by one who had himself accompanied Eric thither."

Now since this Thorkil Gelluson was Aré Frode's uncle, it is clear that the historian was likely to be pretty accurate in his information. Eric the Red seems to have been a high-spirited outlaw, and in consequence of being somewhat too much addicted to the then popular pastime of cutting people's throats, he was banished from Iceland for three years, and went in search of the land of Gunnbiörn. Previous to this, both he and his father, who was an Earl of Jadar in Norway, had been banished from their native country, and it seems pretty hard now that the red-headed son, who had sought an asylum in Iceland, should be sent off to unknown regions merely for killing a churlish knave who would not return a door-post that he had borrowed. Perhaps if the borrowed article had been a book instead of a door-post, they would never have banished him for the murder; for the people of Iceland were then, and continued to be for several centuries afterward, the freest, the most intellectual, the most highly cultivated of any in the north of Europe. In fact, they gave literature and laws to the whole of Scandinavia. The child was wiser than the parent. Here writers first gave shape to the Norse mythology; and much of the best blood of Denmark and Norway is proudly traced to ancient Iceland.

Eric set sail from Bredefiord in a small, half-decked ship, and in three days he sighted Greenland. Not liking the looks of it, he coasted southward until he came to a turning-place or Haarf, now Cape Farewell; and thence he made his way northward to what he called Ericsfiord, the site of the modern Julianshaab, where he passed the three years of his forced exile.

Returning to Iceland, Eric was graciously received, and had no trouble in obtaining twenty-five shiploads of adventurous men, with whom he set sail for the country he had discovered. Fourteen only of these ships, however, reached their destination. The others were either lost at sea, or were forced by bad weather to return to Iceland.

Eric was resolved to found a nation for himself, and this was the nucleus of his empire. He took his fourteen ships into Ericsfiord, and at once began a settlement. Others followed him, and the settlement was enlarged; and some even went farther north, beyond what is now known as the "Land of Desolation." In after years they

even penetrated so far as the islands where Upernavik now stands, in latitude 72° 50′, as we know from a Runic inscription on a stone discovered by Sir Edward Parry in 1824. The inscription is thus translated: —

"Erlig Sighvatson and Biorn Thordveson and Eindrid Oddson on Saturday before Ascension week raised these marks and cleared ground, 1135."

Think of "clearing ground" in Greenland up in latitude 72° 50′! But then it must be borne in mind that this happened more than seven hundred years ago, when there was clearly less ice than at the present time.

The first people who migrated northward from Ericsfiord settled in the neighborhood of the present site of modern Godthaab, and this colony became known as the Vesterbygd, that is to say, western inhabited place, while Eric's colony in Ericsfiord was called the Osterbygd, or eastern inhabited place. The fiord is, however, no longer known by the name which Eric gave it, but is marked down upon the maps as the Fiord of Igalliko, as we have already seen.

Eric's first settlement was named Brattahlid. The next was called Gardar, after the principal man who went there under Eric's direction. Other colonies were founded, up and down the coast, and among them the conspicuous one of Krakotok.

From the very first these colonies prospered. The inhabitants increased rapidly in numbers, until in a few years the hills around Ericsfiord echoed to seven thousand voices. The fame of Greenland had spread far and wide, and people flocked thither from Norway, from Denmark, from the Hebrides, and from Iceland. And they were for the most part an industrious, contented, and sober people. They abandoned the arts of war when they turned their backs on Europe, and they were soon wholly taken up with the arts of peace. They built strong and comfortable houses, they cultivated the land, they reared large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and in beef and wool they conducted an extensive trade with Norway. "Greenland beef" became "a famous dish to set before the king." The grass grew richly, and the pastures were of limitless extent. Fish and game were abundant at all seasons. The summers were warm and the winters not more severe than those to which the settlers had been accustomed.

Thus did the people of ancient Greenland live and flourish. But it seems strange to find them wandering so far away from the lines of conquest and colonization of their brothers and ancestors. For they were kindred of the Northman Rollo, who ravaged the banks of the Seine and played buffoon with the king of France; the same with those Danes who in Anglo-Saxon times conquered the half of England; descendants they were of the same Cimbri who threatened Rome in the days of Marius, and of the Scythian soldiers of conquered Mithridates, who under Odin migrated from the borders of the Euxine Sea to the north of Europe, whence their posterity descended within a thousand years by the Mediterranean, and flourished their battle-axes in the streets of Constantinople; fellows they were of all the sea-kings and vikings and "barbarians" of the North, whose god of war was their former general, and who, scorning a peaceful death, sought for Odin's "bath of blood" whenever and wherever they could find it.

But here in Greenland they seem to have lost in a great measure the traditional ferocity of their race, though not its adventurous spirit. A son of Eric named Lief, and surnamed the Fortunate, sailed westward and discovered America. Previously, however, this same son had visited Norway and become a Christian.

These two voyages of Lief symbolize the character of this wonderful race of Northmen. They were ever ready for adventure, and ever ready for change. Love of change made their conversion to Christianity easy; love

of adventure ended in the crowning glory of their career, their landing on the shores of America.

Lief's voyage to America was made in the year 1001. His brother Thorvald followed after him the next year, and the new land was called Vinland (Vinland hin goda), from the great quantities of wild grapes found there, of which they made wine. Thorvald was killed by the savages, and his brother Thorstein went in search of his body the next year, and died without finding it. Then came Thorfinn Karlsefne, surnamed the Hopeful, an Icelander, who had gone to Brattahlid in 1006. The old saga describes him as a man of great wealth, and at Brattahlid he was the guest of Lief, with whom he spent the winter, falling in love with Gudrid, the widow of Lief's brother Thorstein, and marrying her. They spoke much about Vinland, and finally resolved on a voyage thither; and they got together a company of one hundred and sixty, among whom were five women, Gudrid being one. "Then they made an agreement with Karlsefne, that each should have equal share they made of gain. They had with them all kinds of cattle, intending to settle in Vinland"; and then they sailed on their voyage, and in course of time they came to Wonderstrand, which is supposed to be Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and found Lief's houses. Then they went on to Rhode Island, and spent the winter near Mount Hope Bay. But the natives came out of the woods and troubled them so that they had no peace. They finally fought a great battle and killed many of the natives, whom they called Skrællings. One of them had a long beard like themselves. Although winning this battle, they were finally compelled to go back to Greenland, without having made much profit by their voyage and without having founded a settlement. But Thorfinn Karlsefne had a son born to him in America, in the year 1007, to whom he gave the name of Snorre, and from whom was descended a line of men famous in Icelandic history.

Afterward, in 1011, a sister of Lief, named Freydis, went to Vinland, and lived for some time in the same place which her brothers had before occupied; and after this other voyages were made, of which we have record; but whether any permanent settlements were made by the Northmen in America is an open question; though one might well suppose they were, from the fact that Bishop Erik paid a visit to Vinland in 1121, during his Greenland mission, and the fact that as late as 1347 we have written accounts of Greenlanders going from Brattahlid to Markland (Nova Scotia) to cut timber. Who knows what influence these adventurous voyages may have subsequently had upon the discovery of America by Columbus? That great navigator made a visit to Iceland in 1477, and may he not there have learned of this land of the grape and wine to the westward, and may not the tales of the Icelanders have encouraged his western aspirations, which are said to have first originated in 1470?

With respect to this Norse discovery of America, Humboldt remarks as follows in the Cosmos, basing his observations upon Rafn's *Antiquitates Americanæ:* "Parts of America were seen, although no landing was made on them, fourteen years before Lief Ericson, in the voyage which Björne Herjolfson undertook from Greenland to the southward in 986. Lief first saw land at the island of Nantucket, 1° south of Boston; then in Nova Scotia; and lastly in Newfoundland, which was subsequently called 'Libla Helluland,' but never 'Vinland.' The gulf which divides Newfoundland from the mouth of the great river St. Lawrence was called by the Northmen, who had settled in Iceland and Greenland, Markland's Gulf."

But the introduction of Christianity into Greenland is much more important to our present purpose. This happened in the year 1000. Lief had gone to Norway the year before. The saga states that, —

"When fourteen winters were passed

from the time that Eric the Red set forth to Greenland, his son Lief sailed from thence to Norway, and came thither in the autumn that King Olaf Tryggvason arrived in the North from Halgaland. Lief brought up his ship at Nidaros (Drontheim), and went straight to the king. Olaf declared unto him the true faith, as was his custom unto all heathens who came before him, and it was not hard for the king to persuade Lief thereto, and he was baptized, and with him all his crew."

Nor was it hard for King Olaf to "persuade" his subjects generally "thereto." His Christianity was very new and rather muscular, and under the persuasive influence of the sword this royal missionary made more proselytes than ever were made before or since, in the same space of time, by all the monks put together.

When Lief came back to Greenland with a new religion, and a priest to boot, his father Eric was much incensed, and declared the act pregnant with mischief; but after a while he was prevailed upon to acknowledge the new religion, and at the same time he gave his wife, Thjodhilda, leave to erect a church, she having been from the first a willing convert.

Thus runs the saga: "Lief straightway began to declare the universal faith throughout the land; and he laid before the people the message of King Olaf Tryggvason, and detailed unto them how much grandeur and great nobleness there was attached to the new belief. Eric was slow to determine to leave his ancient faith, but Thjodhilda, his wife, was quickly persuaded thereto, and she built a kirk, which was called Thjodhilda's Kirk. And from the time that she received the faith, she separated from Eric, her husband, which did sorely grieve him."

Whether this first Greenland church was built at Brattahlid or Gardar or Krakotok is not now positively known; but we might conclude it was the latter, from the fact that an old man named Grima, who lived at Brattahlid, made complaint that "I get but seldom to the church to hear the words of learned clerks, for it is a long journey thereto." This much, however, we know, — the church was begun in 1002, and was known far and wide as "Thjodhilda's Kirk." Several churches were built afterward; and in course of time the Christian population of Greenland became so numerous that the Bishops of Iceland made frequent voyages thither to administer the duties of that part of their see. A hundred years thus passed away. The colonies had multiplied greatly; their trade with Iceland, Norway, and Denmark was profitable and the intercourse regular; the inhabitants were well governed; and, wholly unmolested by the outside world, and for a long time undisturbed by wars and rumors of wars, they lived a Christian people, in the peaceful possession of their personal liberties, and in the enjoyment of every needful thing.

One thing only was lacking in their scheme of perfect independence. They needed a bishop of their own, which would make them wholly, in spiritual as they had been in temporal matters, free from dependence upon Iceland. And in truth the Icelanders prized their own freedom and independence too much to withhold their support from the aspirations of their brethren, the Greenlanders. Numerous petitions were therefore soon obtained and despatched, to secure the good offices of the king of Norway. For a time these efforts were attended with but partial success, since a temporary bishop only was vouchsafed them, in the person of Erik, who set out for Greenland in 1120, and returned home after visiting Vinland.

Then one of their chief men, named Sokke, grew indignant, and declared that Greenland should, like every other country, have a bishop of its own. Their personal honor, the national pride, — to say nothing of the safety of the Christian faith itself, — demanded it; and a bishop they must have. Accordingly, under the advice of Sokke, a large present of walrus-ivory and valuable furs was voted to the king; and Einer,

Sokke's son, was commissioned to carry the petition and the presents.

The result proved that the Greenlanders were wise in their choice of means; — at least, either through the earnestness of their appeals, or the value of the presents, or the persuasiveness of the ambassador, or through all combined, they obtained, in the year 1126, Bishop Arnold, who forthwith founded his episcopal see at Gardar, and there erected a cathedral.

Arnold seems to have been a most excellent, pious, and earnest leader of these struggling Christians. Zealous as the famous monk of Iona, without the impulsiveness of that great apostle of Scotland, he bound his charge together in the bonds of Christian love, and gave unity and happiness to a peaceful people.

Bishop Arnold died in 1152, and thenceforth, until the year 1409, the "see of Gardar" which he had founded was maintained. According to Baron Holberg, in his history of Denmark, seventeen successive bishops administered the ordinances of the church of Gardar, the list terminating with Andreas, who was consecrated in 1406. The last we hear of him and the see of Gardar was three years afterward, when he officiated at a marriage from which men now living are proud to trace their ancestry.

About this time the Greenland colonies rapidly declined. The first blow had come in the form of a royal decree, laying a prohibition on the Greenland trade, and creating it a monopoly of the crown. But "misfortunes never come singly." In 1418 a hostile fleet made a descent upon the coast, and, after laying waste their buildings, carried off what plunder and as many captives as they could. Then the black death came to help their ruin; the Esquimaux, or Skrællings, as they were called, grew bold in the presence of the diminished numbers, and completed the destruction which the crown of Norway had begun; and thus a nation famed for centuries was swept away, and "Lost Greenland" passed into tradition.

There are numerous interesting records of the struggles of these Greenlanders. In 1383 we find the following curious entry in the Icelandic annals, which shows to what straits the Greenland commerce, once so prosperous, had now become reduced: —

"A ship came from Greenland to Norway, which had lain in the former country for two whole years; and certain men returned by this vessel who had escaped from the wreck of Thorlast's ship. These men brought the news of Bishop Alf's death from Greenland, which had taken place there six years before."

Yet there were vestiges of life there even up to the middle of the fifteenth century. So late as 1448, Pope Nicholas the Fifth writes to the Bishop of Iceland, commending to his care what may be left of the ravished colonies.

"In regard," says the Pope's letter, "to my beloved children born in and inhabiting the island of Greenland, which is said to be situated at the farthest limits of the Great Ocean, north of the kingdom of Norway, and in the see of Trondheim, their pitiable complaints have reached our ears and awakened our compassion; seeing that they have, for a period of near six hundred years, maintained, in firm and inviolate subjection to the authority and ordinances of the apostolic chair, the Christian faith established among them by the preaching of their renowned teacher, King Olaf, and have, actuated by a pious zeal for the interests of religion, erected many churches, and among others a cathedral, in that island; where religious service was diligently performed until about thirty years ago, when some heathen foreigners from the neighboring coasts came against them with a fleet, fell upon them furiously, laid waste the country and its holy buildings with fire and sword, sparing nothing throughout the whole island of Greenland but the small parishes said to be situated a long way off, — and which they were prevented from reaching by the moun-

tains and precipices intervening, — and carrying away into captivity the wretched inhabitants of both sexes, particularly such of them as were considered to be strong of body and able to endure the labors of perpetual slavery."

Furthermore, the letter states that some of them who were carried away captive have returned, but that the organization of the colonies is destroyed, and the worship of God is given up because there are neither priests nor bishops; and finally the bishop of Iceland is enjoined to send to Greenland "some fit and proper person for their bishop, if the distance between you and them permit."

But the distance did not permit; at least there is no evidence of any action having been taken; and this is the last we know of ancient Greenland. Its modern history begins in 1721 with the missionary labors of Hans Egede. But not a vestige of the old Northmen remained when Egede came there, except the ruins of their villages, their churches, and their farms. About four hundred years had passed away, and in that time these hills and rocks that once echoed the sound of the church-bell and the voices of Christian people had known nothing but the shouts of skin-clad savages and the cries of wild beasts.

Few people imagine the extent of these ancient Greenland colonies. At best it seems to most persons some sort of arctic fable, and they are hardly prepared to learn that of this Greenland nation contemporary records, histories, papal briefs, and grants of land yet exist. So complete was the destruction of the colonies, and so absolutely were they lost to the rest of the world, that for centuries Europe was in doubt respecting their fate, and up to a very recent period was ignorant of their geographical position.

Twenty years ago the Dublin Review thus alluded to the ruins of these ancient towns in Greenland: —

"To the Catholic they must be doubly interesting when he learns that here as in his own land the traces of his faith, of that faith which is everywhere the same, are yet distinctly to be found; that the sacred temples of our worship may still be identified; nay, that, in at least one instance, the church itself, with its burial-ground, its aumbries, its holy-water-stoup, and its tombstones bearing the sacred emblem of the Catholic belief and the pious petitions for the prayer of the surviving faithful, still remain to attest that here once dwelt a people who were our brethren in the Church of God. It was not, as in our own land, that these churches, these fair establishments of the true faith, were ruined by the lust and avarice of a tyrant; no change of religion marked the history of the church of Greenland; the colonies had been lost before the fearful religious calamities of the sixteenth century. How or when they were swept away we scarcely know, save from a few scattered notices and from the traditions of the wandering Esquimaux, a heathen people that burst in upon the old colonists of Greenland, and laid desolate their sanctuaries and their homes, till not one man was left alive."

THE DESCENT OF NEPTUNE TO AID THE GREEKS.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THE monarch Neptune kept no idle watch;
For he in Thracian Samos, dark with woods,
Aloft upon the highest summit sat,
And thence o'erlooked the tumult of the war.
For thence could he behold the Idæan mount
And Priam's city and the fleet of Greece.
There, coming from the ocean-deeps, he sat,
And pitied the Greek warriors put to rout
Before the Trojans, and was wroth with Jove.
Soon he descended from those rugged steeps,
And trod the earth with rapid strides: the hills
And forests quaked beneath the immortal feet
Of Neptune as he walked. Three strides he took,
And at the fourth reached Ægæ, where he stopped,
And where his sumptuous palace-halls arose
Deep down in ocean, — golden, glittering, proof
Against decay of time. These when he reached
He yoked his fleet and brazen-footed steeds,
With manes of flowing gold, to draw his car,
And put on golden mail, and took his scourge,
Wrought of fine gold, and climbed the chariot-seat,
And rode upon the waves. The whales came forth
From their deep haunts, and gambolled round his way:
They knew their king. The waves rejoicing smoothed
A path, and rapidly the coursers flew;
Nor was the brazen axle wet beneath.
And thus they brought him to the Grecian host.
Deep in the sea there is a spacious cave,
Between the rugged Imbrus and the isle
Of Tenedos. There Neptune, he who shakes
The shores, held back his steeds, took off their yoke,
Gave them ambrosial food; and, binding next
Their feet with golden fetters which no power
Might break or loosen, so that they might wait
Their lord's return, he sought the Grecian fleet.

BY HORSE-CAR TO BOSTON.

AT a former period the writer of this had the fortune to serve his country in an Italian city whose great claim upon the world's sentimental interest is the fact that

> "The sea is in her broad, her narrow streets
> Ebbing and flowing,"

and that she has no ways whatever for hoofs or wheels. In his quality of United States official, he was naturally called upon for information concerning the estates of Italians believed to have emigrated early in the century to Buenos Ayres, and was commissioned to learn why certain persons in Mexico and Brazil, and the parts of Peru, had not, if they were still living, written home to their friends. On the other hand, he was entrusted with business nearly as pertinent and hopeful by some of his own countrymen, and it was not quite with surprise that he one day received a neatly lithographed circular, with his name and address written in it, signed by a famous projector of such enterprises, asking him to co-operate for the introduction of horse-railroads in Venice. The obstacles to the scheme were of such a nature that it seemed hardly worth while even to reply to the circular; but the proposal was one of those bold flights of imagination which forever lift objects out of vulgar association. It has cast an enduring poetic charm even about the horse-car in my mind, and I naturally look for many unprosaic aspects of humanity there. I have an acquaintance who insists that it is the place above all others suited to see life in every striking phase. He pretends to have witnessed there the reunion of friends who had not met in many years, the embrace, figurative of course, of long-lost brothers, the reconciliation of lovers; I do not know but also some scenes of love-making, and acceptance or rejection. But my friend is an imaginative man, and may make himself romances. I myself profess to have beheld for the most part only mysteries; and I think it not the least of these that, riding on the same cars day after day, one finds so many strange faces with so little variety. Whether or not that dull, jarring motion shakes inward and settles about the centres of mental life the sprightliness that should inform the visage, I do not know, but it is certain that the emptiness of the average passenger's countenance is something wonderful, considered with reference to Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, and the intellectual repute which Boston enjoys among envious New-Yorkers. It is seldom that a journey out of our cold metropolis is enlivened by a mystery so positive in character as the young lady in black, who alighted at a most ordinary little street in Old Charlesbridge, and heightened her effect by going into a French-roof house there that had no more right than a dry-goods box to receive a mystery. She was tall, and her lovely arms showed through the black gauze of her dress with an exquisite roundness and *morbidezza*. Upon her beautiful wrists she had heavy bracelets of dead gold, fashioned after some Etruscan device; and from her dainty ears hung great hoops of the same metal and design, which had the singular privilege of touching, now and then, her white columnar neck. A massive chain or necklace, also Etruscan, and also gold, rose and fell at her throat, and on one little ungloved hand glittered a multitude of rings. This hand was very expressive, and took a principal part in the talk which the lady held with her companion, and was as alert and quick as if trained in the gesticulation of Southern or Latin life somewhere. Her features, on the contrary, were rather insipid, being too small and fine; but they were redeemed by the liquid splendor of her beautiful

eyes, and the mortal pallor of her complexion. She was altogether so startling an apparition, that all of us jaded, commonplace spectres turned and fastened our weary, lack-lustre eyes upon her looks, with an utter inability to remove them. There was one fat, unctuous person seated opposite, to whom his interest was a torture, for he would have gone to sleep except for her remarkable presence: as it was, his heavy eyelids fell half-way shut, and drooped there at an agonizing angle, while his eyes remained immovably fixed upon that strange, death-white face. How it could have come of that colorlessness, — whether through long sickness or long residence in a tropical climate, — was a question that perplexed another of the passengers, who would have expected to hear the lady speak any language in the world rather than English; and to whom her companion or attendant was hardly less than herself a mystery, — being a dragon-like, elderish female, clearly a Yankee by birth, but apparently of many years' absence from home. The propriety of extracting these people from the horse-cars and transferring them bodily to the first chapter of a romance was a thing about which there could be no manner of doubt, and nothing prevented the abduction but the unexpected voluntary exit of the pale lady. As she passed out everybody else awoke as from a dream, or as if freed from a potent fascination. It is part of the mystery that this lady should never have reappeared in that theatre of life, the horse-car; but I cannot regret having never seen her more; she was so inestimably precious to wonder that it would have been a kind of loss to learn anything about her.

On the other hand, I should be glad if two young men who once presented themselves as mysteries upon the same stage could be so distinctly and sharply identified that all mankind should recognize them at the day of judgment. They were not so remarkable in the nature as in the degree of their offence; for the mystery that any man should keep his seat in a horse-car and let a woman stand is but too sadly common. They say that this public unkindness to the sex has come about through the ingratitude of women, who have failed to return thanks for places offered them, and that it is a just and noble revenge we take upon them. There might be something advanced in favor of the idea that we law-making men, who do not oblige the companies to provide seats for every one, deserve no thanks from voteless, helpless women when we offer them places; nay, that we ought to be glad if they do not reproach us for making that a personal favor which ought to be a common right. I would prefer, on the whole, to believe that this selfishness is not a concerted act on our part, but a flower of advanced civilization; it is a ripe fruit in European countries, and it is more noticeable in Boston than anywhere else in America. It is, in fact, one of the points of our high polish which people from the interior say first strikes them on coming among us; for they declare — no doubt too modestly — that in their Bœotian wilds our Athenian habit is almost unknown. Yet it would not be fair to credit our whole population with it. I have seen a laborer or artisan rise from his place and offer it to a lady, while a dozen well-dressed men kept theirs; and I know several conservative young gentlemen, who are still so old-fashioned as always to respect the weakness and weariness of women. One of them, I hear, has settled it in his own mind that if the family cook appears in a car where he is seated, he must rise and give her his place. This, perhaps, is a trifle idealistic; but it is magnificent, it is princely. From his difficult height, we decline — through ranks that sacrifice themselves for women with bundles or children in arms, for old ladies, or for very young and pretty ones — to the men who give no odds to the most helpless creature alive. These are the men who do not act upon the promptings of human nature like the laborer, and who do not refine

upon their duty like my young gentlemen, and make it their privilege to befriend the idea of womanhood; but men who have paid for their seats and are going to keep them. They have been at work, very probably, all day, and no doubt they are tired; they look so, and try hard not to look ashamed of publicly considering themselves before a sex which is born tired, and from which our climate and customs have drained so much health that society sometimes seems little better than a hospital for invalid women, where every courtesy is likely to be a mercy done to a sufferer. Yet the two young men of whom I began to speak were not apparently of this class, and let us hope they were foreigners, — say Englishmen, since we hate Englishmen the most. They were the only men seated, in a car full of people; and when four or five ladies came in and occupied the aisle before them, they might have been puzzled which to offer their places to, if one of the ladies had not plainly been infirm. They settled the question — if there was any in their minds — by remaining seated, while the lady in front of them swung uneasily to and fro with the car, and appeared ready to sink at their feet. In another moment she had actually done so; and too weary to rise, she continued to crouch upon the floor of the car for the course of a mile, the young men resolutely keeping their places, and not rising till they were ready to leave the car. It was a horrible scene, and incredible, — that well-dressed woman sitting on the floor, and those two well-dressed men keeping their places; it was as much out of keeping with our smug respectabilities as a hanging, and was a spectacle so paralyzing that public opinion took no action concerning it. A shabby person standing upon the platform outside swore about it, between expectorations: even the conductor's heart was touched; and he said he had seen a good many hard things aboard horse-cars, but that was a little the hardest; he had never expected to come to that. These were simple people enough, and could not interest me a great deal, but I should have liked to have a glimpse of the complex minds of those young men, and I should still like to know something of the previous life that could have made their behavior possible to them. They ought to make public the philosophic methods by which they reached that pass of unshamable selfishness. The information would be useful to a race which knows the sweetness of self-indulgence, and would fain know the art of so drugging or besotting the sensibilities that it shall not feel disgraced by any sort of meanness. They might really have much to say for themselves; as, that the lady, being conscious she could no longer keep her feet, had no right to crouch at theirs, and put them to so severe a test; or that, having suffered her to sink there, they fell no further in the ignorant public opinion by suffering her to continue there.

But I doubt if that other young man could say anything for himself, who, when a pale, trembling woman was about to drop into the vacant place at his side, stretched his arm across it with, "This seat 's engaged," till a robust young fellow, his friend, appeared, and took it and kept it all the way out from Boston. The commission of such a tragical wrong, involving a violation of common usage as well as the infliction of a positive cruelty, would embitter the life of an ordinary man, if any ordinary man were capable of it; but let us trust that nature has provided fortitude of every kind for the offender, and that he is not wrung by keener remorse than most would feel for a petty larceny. I dare say he would be eager at the first opportunity to rebuke the ingratitude of women who do not thank their benefactors for giving them seats. It seems a little odd, by the way, and perhaps it is through the peculiar blessing of Providence, that, since men have determined by a savage egotism to teach the offending sex manners, their own comfort should be in the infliction of the penalty, and that it should be as much a pleasure as a duty to keep one's place.

Perhaps when the ladies come to vote, they will abate, with other nuisances, the whole business of overloaded public conveyances. In the mean time, the kindness of women to each other is a notable feature of all horse-car journeys. It is touching to see the smiling eagerness with which the poor things gather close their volumed skirts and make room for a weary sister, the tender looks of compassion which they bend upon the sufferers obliged to stand, the sweetness with which they rise, if they are young and strong, to offer their place to any infirm or heavily burdened person of their sex.

But a journey to Boston is not entirely an experience of bitterness. On the contrary, there are many things besides the mutual amiability of these beautiful martyrs which relieve its tedium and horrors. A whole car-full of people, brought into the closest contact with one another, yet in the absence of introductions never exchanging a word, each being so sufficient to himself as to need no social stimulus whatever, is certainly an impressive and stately spectacle. It is a beautiful day, say; but far be it from me to intimate as much to my neighbor, who plainly would rather die than thus commit himself with me, and who, in fact, would wellnigh strike me speechless with surprise if he did so. If there is any necessity for communication, as with the conductor, we essay first to express ourselves by gesture, and then utter our desires with a certain hollow and remote effect, which is not otherwise to be described. I have sometimes tried to speak above my breath, when, being about to leave the car, I have made a virtue of offering my place to the prettiest young woman standing, but I have found it impossible; the *genius loci*, whatever it was, suppressed me, and I have gasped out my sham politeness as in a courteous nightmare. The silencing influence is quite successfully resisted by none but the tipsy people who occasionally ride out with us, and call up a smile, sad as a gleam of winter sunshine, to our faces by their artless prattle. I remember one eventful afternoon that we were all but moved to laughter by the gayeties of such a one, who, even after he had ceased to talk, continued to amuse us by falling asleep, and reposing himself against the shoulder of the lady next him. Perhaps it is in acknowledgment of the agreeable variety they contribute to horse-car life, that the conductor treats his inebriate passengers with such unfailing tenderness and forbearance. I have never seen them molested, though I have noticed them in the indulgence of many eccentricities, and happened once even to see one of them sit down in a lady's lap. But that was on the night of Saint Patrick's day. Generally all avoidable indecorums are rare in the horse-cars, though during the late forenoon and early afternoon, in the period of lighter travel, I have found curious figures there; — among others, two old women, in the old-clothes business, one of whom was dressed, not very fortunately, in a gown with short sleeves, and inferentially a low neck; a mender of umbrellas, with many unwholesome whity-brown wrecks of umbrellas about him; a pedler of soap, who offered cakes of it to his fellow-passengers at a discount, apparently for friendship's sake; and a certain gentleman with a pock-marked face, and a beard dyed an unscrupulous purple, who sang himself a hymn all the way to Boston, and who gave me no sufficient reason for thinking him a sea-captain. Not far from the end of the Long Bridge, there is apt to be a number of colored ladies waiting to get into the car, or to get out of it, — usually one solemn mother in Ethiopia, and two or three mirthful daughters, who find it hard to suppress a sense of adventure, and to keep in the laughter that struggles out through their glittering teeth and eyes, and who place each other at a disadvantage by divers accidental and intentional bumps and blows. If they are to get out, the old lady is not certain of the place where, and, after making the car stop, and parleying

with the conductor, returns to her seat, and is mutely held up to public scorn by one taciturn wink of the conductor's eye.

I had the pleasure one day to meet on the horse-car an advocate of one of the great reforms of the day. He held a green bag upon his knees, and without any notice passed from a question of crops to a discussion of suffrage for the negro, and so to womanhood suffrage. "Let the women vote," said he, — "let 'em vote if they want to. *I* don't care. Fact is, I should like to be there to see 'em do it the first time. They 're excitable, you know; they 're excitable"; and he enforced his analysis of female character by thrusting his elbow sharply into my side. "Now, there 's my wife; I 'd like to see *her* vote. Be fun, I tell you. And the girls, — Lord, the girls! Circus would n't be anywhere." Enchanted with the amusing picture which he appeared to have conjured up for himself, he laughed with the utmost relish, and then patting the green bag in his lap, which plainly contained a violin, "You see," he went on, "I go out playing for dancing-parties. Work all day at my trade, — I 'm a carpenter, — and play in the evening. Take my little old ten dollars a night. And *I* notice the women a good deal; and *I* tell you they 're *all* excitable, and *I* sh'd like to see 'em vote. Vote right and vote often, — that 's the ticket, eh?" This friend of womanhood suffrage — whose attitude of curiosity and expectation seemed to me representative of that of a great many thinkers on the subject — no doubt was otherwise a reformer, and held that the coming man would not drink wine — if he could find whiskey. At least I should have said so, guessing from the odors he breathed along with his liberal sentiments.

Something of the character of a college-town is observable nearly always in the presence of the students, who confound certain traditional ideas of students by their quietude of costume and manner, and whom Padua or Heidelberg would hardly know, but who nevertheless betray that they are banded to

"Scorn delights and live laborious days,"

by a uniformity in the cut of their trousers, or a clannishness of cane or scarf, or a talk of boats and base-ball held among themselves. One cannot see them without pleasure and kindness; and it is no wonder that their young-lady acquaintances brighten so to recognize them on the horse-cars. There is much good fortune in the world, but none better than being an undergraduate twenty years old, hale, handsome, fashionably dressed, with the whole promise of life before: it 's a state of things to disarm even envy. With so much youth forever in her heart, it must be hard for our Charlesbridge to grow old: the generations arise and pass away, but in her veins is still this tide of warm blood, century in and century out, so much the same from one age to another that it would be hardy to say it was not still one youthfulness. There is a print of the village as it was a cycle since, showing the oldest of the college buildings, and upon the street in front a scholar in his scholar's-cap and gown, giving his arm to a very stylish girl of that period, who is dressed wonderfully like the girl of ours, so that but for the student's antique formality of costume, one might believe that he was handing her out to take the horse-car. There is no horse-car in the picture, — that is the only real difference between then and now in our Charlesbridge, perennially young and gay. Have there not ever been here the same grand ambitions, the same high hopes, — and is not the unbroken succession of youth in these?

As for other life on the horse-car, it shows to little or no effect, as I have said. You can, of course, detect certain classes; as, in the morning the business-men going in, to their counters or their desks, and in the afternoon the shoppers coming out, laden with paper parcels. But I think no one can truly claim to know the regular from the occasional passengers by any greater

cheerfulness in the faces of the latter. The horse-car will suffer no such inequality as this, but reduces us all to the same level of melancholy. It would be but a very unworthy kind of art which should seek to describe people by such merely external traits as a habit of carrying baskets or large travelling-bags in the car; and the present muse scorns it, but is not above speaking of the frequent presence of those lovely young girls in whom Boston and the suburban towns abound, and who, whether they appear with rolls of music in their hands, or books from the circulating-libraries, or pretty parcels or hand-bags, would brighten even the horse-car if fresh young looks and gay and brilliant costumes could do so much. But they only add perplexity to the anomaly, which was already sufficiently trying with its contrasts of splendor and shabbiness, and such intimate association of velvets and patches as you see in the churches of Catholic countries, but nowhere else in the world except in our "coaches of the sovereign people."

In winter, the journey to or from Boston cannot appear otherwise than very dreary to the fondest imagination. Coming out, nothing can look more arctic and forlorn than the river double-shrouded in ice and snow, or sadder than the contrast offered to the same prospect in summer. Then all is laughing, and it is a joy in every nerve to ride out over the Long Bridge at high tide, and, looking southward, to see the wide crinkle and glitter of that beautiful expanse of water, which laps on one hand the granite quays of the city, and on the other washes among the reeds and wild grasses of the salt-meadows. A ship coming slowly up the channel, or a dingy tug violently darting athwart it, gives an additional pleasure to the eye, and adds something dreamy or vivid to the beauty of the scene. It is hard to say at what hour of the summer's-day the prospect is loveliest; and I am certainly not going to speak of the sunset as the least of its delights. When this exquisite spectacle is presented, the horse-car passenger, happy to cling with one foot to the rear platform-steps, looks out over the shoulder next him into fairy-land. Crimson and purple stretches the bay westward till its waves darken into the grassy levels, where here and there a hay-rick shows perfectly black against the light. Afar off, south-eastward and westward the uplands wear a tinge of tenderest blue; and in the nearer distance, on the low shores of the river, hover the white plumes of arriving and departing trains. The windows of the stately houses that overlook the water take the sunset from it evanescently, and begin to chill and darken before the crimson burns out of the sky. The windows are, in fact, best after nightfall, when they are brilliantly lighted from within; and when, if it is a dark, warm night, and the briny fragrance comes up strong from the falling tide, the lights reflected far down in the still water, bring a dream, as I have heard travelled Bostonians say, of Venice and her magical effects in the same kind. But for me the beauty of the scene needs the help of no such association; I am content with it for what it is. I enjoy also the hints of spring which one gets in riding over the Long Bridge at low tide in the first open days. Then there is not only a vernal beating of carpets on the piers of the draw-bridge, but the piles and walls left bare by the receding water show green patches of sea-weeds and mosses, and flatter the willing eye with a dim hint of summer. This reeking and saturated herbage, — which always seems to me in contrast with dry-land growths what the water-logged life of sea-faring folk is to that which we happier men lead on shore, — taking so kindly the deceitful warmth and brightness of the sun, has then a charm which it loses when summer really comes; nor does one, later, have so keen an interest in the men wading about in the shallows below the bridge, who, as in the distance they stoop over to gather whatever shell-fish they seek, make a very fair show of being some ungainlier sort of storks, and

are as near as we can hope to come to the spring-prophesying storks of song and story. A sentiment of the drowsiness that goes before the awakening of the year, and is so different from the drowsiness that precedes the great autumnal slumber, is in the air, but is gone when we leave the river behind, and strike into the straggling village beyond.

I maintain that Boston, as one approaches it, and passingly takes in the line of Bunker Hill Monument, soaring pre-eminent among the emulous foundry-chimneys of the sister city, is fine enough to need no comparison with other fine sights. Thanks to the mansard curves and dormer-windows of the newer houses, there is a singularly picturesque variety among the roofs that stretch along the bay, and rise one above another on the city's three hills, grouping themselves about the State House, and surmounted by its india-rubber dome. But, after all, does human weakness crave some legendary charm, some grace of uncertain antiquity, in the picturesqueness it sees? I own that the future, to which we are often referred for the "stuff that dreams are made of," is more difficult for the fancy than the past, that the airy amplitude of its possibilities is somewhat chilly, and that we naturally long for the snug quarters of old, made warm by many generations of life. Besides, Europe spoils us ingenuous Americans, and flatters our sentimentality into ruinous extravagances. Looking at her many-storied former times, we forget our own past, neat, compact, and convenient for the poorest memory to dwell in. Yet an American not infected with the discontent of travel could hardly approach this superb city without feeling something of the coveted pleasure in her, without a revery of her Puritan and Revolutionary times, and the great names and deeds of her heroic annals. I think, however, we were well to be rid of this yearning for a native American antiquity; for in its indulgence one cannot but regard himself and his contemporaries as cumberers of the ground, delaying the consummation of that hoary past which will be so fascinating to a semi-Chinese posterity, and will be, ages hence, the inspiration of Pigeon-English poetry and romance. Let us make much of our two hundred and fifty years, and cherish the present as our golden age. We healthy-minded people in the horse-car are loath to lose a moment of it, and are aggrieved that the draw of the bridge should be up, naturally looking on what is constantly liable to happen as an especial malice of the fates. All the drivers of the vehicles that clog the draw on either side have a like sense of personal injury; and apparently it would go hard with the captain of that leisurely vessel below if he were delivered into our hands. But this impatience and anger are entirely illusive.

We are really the most patient people in the world, especially as regards any incorporated, non-political oppressions. A lively Gaul, who travelled among us some thirty years ago, found that, in the absence of political control, we gratified the human instinct of obedience by submitting to small tyrannies unknown abroad, and were subject to the steamboat-captain, the hotel-clerk, the stage-driver, and the waiter, who all bullied us fearlessly; but though some vestiges of this bondage remain, it is probably passing away. The abusive Frenchman's assertion would not at least hold good concerning the horse-car conductors, who, in spite of a lingering preference for touching or punching passengers for their fares instead of asking for it, are commonly mild-mannered and good-tempered, and disposed to molest us as little as possible. I have even received from one of them a mark of such kindly familiarity as the offer of a check which he held between his lips, and thrust out his face to give me, both his hands being otherwise occupied; and their lives are in nowise such luxurious careers as we should expect in public despots. The oppression of the horse-car passenger is not from them, and the passenger him-

self is finally to blame for it. When the draw closes at last, and we rumble forward into the city street, a certain stir of expectation is felt among us. The long and eventful journey is nearly ended, and now we who are to get out of the cars can philosophically amuse ourselves with the passions and sufferings of those who are to return in our places. You must choose the time between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, if you would make this grand study of the national character in its perfection. Then the spectacle offered in any arriving horse-car will serve your purpose. At nearly every corner of the street up which it climbs stands an experienced suburban, who darts out upon the car, and seizes a vacant place in it. Presently all the places are taken, and before we reach Temple Street, where helpless groups of women are gathered to avail themselves of the first seats vacated, an alert citizen is stationed before each passenger who is to retire at the summons, "Please pass out forrad." When this is heard in Bowdoin Square, we rise and push forward, knuckling one another's backs in our eagerness, and perhaps glancing behind us at the tumult within. Not only are all our places occupied, but the aisle is left full of passengers precariously supporting themselves by the straps in the roof. The rear platform is stormed and carried by a party with bundles; the driver is instantly surrounded by another detachment; and as the car moves away from the office, the platform steps are filled. The people who are thus indecorously huddled and jammed together, without regard to age or sex, otherwise lead lives of at least comfort, and a good half of them cherish themselves in every physical way with unparalleled zeal. They are handsomely clothed; they are delicately neat in linen; they eat well, or, if not well, as well as their cooks will let them, and at all events expensively; they house in dwellings appointed in a manner undreamt of elsewhere in the world, — dwellings wherein furnaces make a summer-heat, where fountains of hot and cold water flow at a touch, where light is created or quenched by the turning of a key, where all is luxurious upholstery, and miraculous ministry to real or fancied needs. They carry the same tastes with them to their places of business; and when they "attend divine service," it is with the understanding that God is to receive them in a richly carpeted house, deliciously warmed and perfectly ventilated, where they may adore him at their ease upon cushioned seats, — secured seats. Yet these spoiled children of comfort, when they ride to or from business or church, fail to assert rights that the vulgarest Cockney, who never heard of our plumbing and registers, or even the oppressed Parisian, who is believed not to change his linen from one revolution to another, — having paid for, — enjoys. When they enter the "full" horse-car, they find themselves in a place inexorable as the grave to their greenbacks, where not only is their adventitious consequence stripped from them, but the courtesies of life are impossible, the inherent dignity of the person is denied, and they are reduced below the level of the most uncomfortable nations of the Old World. The philosopher accustomed to draw consolation from the sufferings of his richer fellow-men, and to infer an overruling Providence from their disgraces, might well bless Heaven for the spectacle of such degradation, if his thanksgiving were not prevented by his knowledge that this is quite voluntary. And now consider that on every car leaving the city at this time the scene is much the same; reflect that the horror is enacting, not only in Boston, but in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, — wherever the horse-car, that tinkles wellnigh round the continent, is known; remember that the same victims are thus daily sacrificed, without an effort to right themselves: and then you will begin to realize — dimly and imperfectly, of course — the unfathomable meekness of the American character. The "full" horse-car is a prodigy

whose likeness is absolutely unknown elsewhere, since the Neapolitan gig went out; and I suppose it will be incredible to the future in our own country. When I see such a horse-car as I have sketched move away from its station, I feel that it is something not only emblematic and interpretative, but monumental; and I know that when art becomes truly national, the overloaded horse-car will be celebrated in painting and sculpture. And in after ages, when the oblique-eyed, swarthy American of that time, pausing before some commemorative bronze or historical picture of our epoch, contemplates this stupendous spectacle of human endurance, I hope he will be able to philosophize more satisfactorily than we can now, concerning the mystery of our strength as a nation and our weakness as a public.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Discovery of the Great West. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, Author of "Pioneers of France in the New World," etc. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

WHOEVER makes a sentiment or a thought spring up where none had been, merits the honor we are supposed to pay him who makes a stalk of wheat grow in a place wild before: we are not sure but he ministers to a higher need, and is entitled to a greater regard: at any rate it is with a grateful feeling that we view labors like those of Mr. Parkman in the field — if we ought not to say the prairie — of New World history. The area which he has brought under cultivation, and the thoroughness with which he has done his work, are both surprising; annals hitherto impossible to general knowledge or sympathy are cleared for our pleasure; vast waste spaces of discovery and adventure are reclaimed from the dry local records and the confusion and contradiction of the original chroniclers, and made delightful to the mind. It is true that Mr. Parkman has dealt chiefly with the characters and actions of a race that lends itself kindlier than ours to the purposes of dramatic and picturesque narration; but we are not the less to applaud his success or to thank him for his good work, because they were not achieved among the tougher and knottier fibres of our own annals. It would be difficult, upon any theory, to refuse to enjoy his books, and we should own to having found in this one the charm of a romance, if romances were not really so dull as to afford no fit comparison for any piece of veritable history not treating too exclusively of affairs of state. And the story of the "Discovery of the Mississippi" is almost wholly one of personal character and adventure, with a man of the grandest purposes for its hero and chief figure, while it is at the same time true to the general spirit of Louis Fourteenth's magnificent era of civil and religious intriguing, unscrupulous ambition, corruption, and all kinds of violence and bad faith.

Mainly, the history is the account of the life and death in the New World of that wonderful Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, who, to the many qualities of courage, endurance, and perseverance necessary for a career of discovery and adventure, added a certain harshness and coldness, an antipathetic hauteur, which made enemies of most men powerful enough to second his enterprises, would not let him gain the hearts of those under him, and forbade him to be the successful founder of a state or even a triumphant explorer. He was among the first to dream of the discovery of the Mississippi and an empire on its shores, but it was the priest Marquette and the trader Joliet who first saw the great river after De Soto. La Salle conceived the idea of a French-Indian state in the West, which should resist the invasions of the English and the Iroquois on one hand, and on the other bar the progress of the Spaniards; but his plan was a failure, except in the small measure in which its execution rested upon his lieutenant Tonty, the one white man who cherished for him the unswerving admiration and devotion of the savages: provided finally with ships

and men and arms from France for the ascent of the Mississippi, he was pursued by disaffection and envy and treachery, failed to strike the mouth of the river, and, leaving a wretched half of his followers to waste in Texas, started northward with the rest in search of the fatal stream, and before he could find it was miserably murdered by one of his men. Yet with all his defects, and in spite of his almost incessant defeats, La Salle rarely fails to inspire the reader with the sympathy which his comrades never felt for him; and we see as they could not what a superb and admirable soul he was, — undejected by any calamity, and of steadfast and grand designs. "He belonged," as our author says, "not to the age of the knight-errant and the saint, but to the modern world of practical study and practical action. He was the hero, not of a principle nor of a faith, but simply of a fixed idea and a determined purpose. As often happens with concentred and energetic natures, his purpose was to him a passion and an inspiration; and he clung to it with a certain fanaticism of devotion. It was the offspring of an ambition vast and comprehensive, yet acting in the interest both of France and of civilization. . . . . In the pursuit of his purpose, he spared no man, and least of all himself. He bore the brunt of every hardship and every danger; but he seemed to expect from all beneath him a courage and endurance equal to his own, joined with an implicit deference to his authority. Most of his disasters may be ascribed, in some measure, to himself; and Fortune and his own fault seemed always in league to ruin him. It is easy to reckon up his defects, but it is not easy to hide from sight the Roman virtues that redeemed them. Beset by a throng of enemies, he stands, like the King of Israel, head and shoulders above them all. He was a tower of adamant, against whose impregnable front hardship and danger, the rage of man and of the elements, the southern sun, the northern blast, fatigue, famine, and disease, delay, disappointment, and deferred hope, emptied their quivers in vain. That very pride, which, Coriolanus-like, declared itself most sternly in the thickest press of foes, has in it something to challenge admiration. Never, under the impenetrable mail of paladin or crusader, beat a heart of more intrepid mettle than within the stoic panoply that armed the breast of La Salle. To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude, one must follow on his track through the vast scene of his interminable journeyings, those thousands of weary miles of forest, marsh, and river, where, again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving, the untiring pilgrim pushed onward towards the goal which he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory; for in this masculine figure, cast in iron, she sees the heroic pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage."

Next him in grandeur is his faithful friend Tonty, the Gallicized Italian, who held his fort in Illinois, and kept up the tradition of La Salle's name and power among the wild tribes, while misfortune and malice were wronging both among his own countrymen; but, besides Tonty and some of the missionaries, there are few among the distinctly drawn persons of the long tragedy which appeal favorably to us. The good Father Hennepin certainly does not; and no one, after Mr. Parkman's study of his writings and character, can fail to recognize him as one of the idlest and most marvellous of liars. Indeed, Mr. Parkman has as great good luck with portraits of the rogues and desperadoes as with those of the heroes; and he is as forcible and graphic in depicting the squalor and misery of the life the adventurers found and led in the great unknown West, as the nobler aspects of it. Perhaps it is not possible or even desirable to restore a perfect image of the past; but all of Mr. Parkman's books, while they cannot ease our consciences as to the way in which we have got rid of the Indians, leave the fondest sentimentalist without a regret for their disappearance. They were essentially uninteresting races in themselves, and became otherwise only through contact and relation with civilized men. For any merely æsthetic purpose, even, how much more useful are the *coureurs de bois*, the French deserters and settlers who took to savage life, than the savages themselves! In this book Mr. Parkman paints the life of our Southern tribes in no more attractive colors than he has done that of the Iroquois; though it is curious to note the difference of the two. The Indian as he was found southward grew more and more gregarious; dwelt in vast lodges holding many families, and in populous villages; submitted himself to more despotic chiefs; and approached the Mexicans in religion as well as in polity, by offering human sacrifices to his gods.

Those who are familiar with our author will justly expect from him an effective presentation of all great natural characteristics in the vast scene of his story. The descriptive passages all seem to us more than usually good, and there is an entire sympathy between them and the tone of the narrative. A certain feeling of desolation creeps over the reader in contemplating those pictures of idle wealth and unenjoyed beauty, which harmonizes perfectly with the sentiment produced by the spectacle of great aspiration and endeavor thwarted by means so pitiful and motives so base.

The Story of a Bad Boy. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

MR. ALDRICH has done a new thing in — we use the phrase with some gasps of reluctance, it is so threadbare and so near meaning nothing — American literature. We might go much farther without overpraising his pleasant book, and call it an absolute novelty, on the whole. No one else seems to have thought of telling the story of a boy's life, with so great desire to show what a boy's life is, and so little purpose of teaching what it should be; certainly no one else has thought of doing this for the life of an American boy. The conception of such a performance is altogether his in this case; but with regard to more full-grown figures of fiction, it is that of the best and oldest masters of the art of story-telling; and it is one that will at last give us, we believe, the work which has so long hovered in the mental atmosphere a pathetic ante-natal phantom, pleading to be born into the world, — the American novel, namely.

Autobiography has a charm which passes that of all other kinds of reading; it has almost the relish of the gossip we talk about our friends; and whoever chooses its form for his inventions is sure to prepossess us; and if then he can give his incidents and characters the simple order and air of actual occurrences and people, it does not matter much what they are, — his success is assured. We think this is the open secret of the pleasure which "The Story of a Bad Boy" has afforded to the boys themselves, and to every man that happens to have been a boy. There must be a great deal of fact mixed up with the feigning, but the author has the art which imbues all with the same quality, and will not let us tell one from the other. He asks us to know a boy coming from his father's house in New Orleans, where he has almost become a high-toned Southerner, to be educated under his grandfather's care in a little New England seaport. His ideas, impulses, and adventures here are those of the great average of boys, and the effect of a boy's small interests, ignorant ambition, and narrow horizon is admirably produced and sustained. His year is half made up of Fourth-of-Julys and Thanksgivings; he has so little vantage-ground of experience that life blackens before him when he is left to pay for twelve ice-creams out of an empty pocket; he has that sense of isolation and of immeasurable remoteness from the sphere of men, which causes half the pleasure and half the pain of childhood; and his character and surroundings are all so well managed, that this propriety is rarely violated. Now and then, however, the author mars the good result by an after-thought that seems almost an alien stroke, affecting one as if some other brain had "edited" the original inspiration. We should say, for example, that in all that account of the boy-theatricals it is the author who speaks, till after Pepper Whitcomb, standing for Tell's son, receives the erring bolt in his mouth, when, emulous of the natural touches, the editor appears and adds: "The place was closed; not, however, without a farewell speech from me, in which I said that this would have been the proudest moment of my life if I had n't hit Pepper Whitcomb in the mouth. Whereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried, 'Hear! hear!' I then attributed the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth, being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small maelstrom could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience."

Most of the characters of the book are as good as the incidents and the principal idea. Captain Nutter, the grandfather, and Miss Abigail, the maiden aunt, are true New England types, the very truth of which makes them seem at first glance wanting in novelty; but they develop their originality gradually, as New England acquaintance should, until we feel for them the tenderness and appreciation with which they are studied. The Captain is the better of the

two; he is such a grandfather as any boy might be glad to have, and is well done as a personage and as a sketch of hearty and kindly old age, — outwardly a little austere, but full of an ill-hidden tolerance and secret sympathies with the wildness of boyhood. Others among the townspeople, merely sketched, or seen falsely with a boy's vision, are no less living to us; the pony becomes a valued acquaintance; nay, the old Nutter house itself, and the sleepy old town, have a personal fascination. Of Kitty, the Irish servant, and of her sea-faring husband, we are not so sure, — at least we are not so sure of the latter, who seems too much like the sailors we have met in the forecastles of novels and theatres, though for all we know he may be a veritable person. We like much better some of the merely indicated figures, like that mistaken genius who bought up all the old cannon from the privateer at the close of the war of 1812, in the persuasion that hostilities must soon break out again; and that shrewd Yankee who looked on from his hiding-place while the boys stole his worn-out stage-coach for a bonfire, and then exacted a fabulous price from their families for a property that had proved itself otherwise unsalable. The boys also are all true boys, and none is truer than the most difficult character to treat, — Binny Wallace, whose gentleness and sweetness are never suffered to appear what boys call "softness"; and on the whole we think the chapter which tells of his loss is the best in the book; it is the simplest and directest piece of narration, and is singularly touching, with such breadth and depth of impression that when you look at it a second time, you are surprised to find the account so brief and slight. Mr. Aldrich has the same good fortune wherever he means to be pathetic. The touches with which he indicates his hero's homesickness when he is first left at Rivermouth are delicate and sufficient; so are those making known the sorrow that befalls him in the death of his father. In these passages, and in some description of his lovesickness, he does not push his effects too far, as he is tempted to do where he would be most amusing. "Pepper," he says the hero said to his friend who found him prowling about an old graveyard after his great disappointment, "don't ask me. All is not well here," — touching his breast mysteriously. "Earthly happiness is a delusion and a snare," — all which fails to strike us as an original or probable statement of the case; while this little picture of a boy's forlorn attempt to make love to a young lady seems as natural as it is charming: —

"Here the conversation died a natural death. Nelly sank into a sort of dream, and I meditated. Fearing every moment to be interrupted by some member of the family, I nerved myself to make a bold dash: —

"'Nelly.'

"'Well.'

"'Do you —' I hesitated.

"'Do I what?'

"'Love any one very much?'

"'Why, of course I do,' said Nelly, scattering her revery with a merry laugh. 'I love Uncle Nutter, and Aunt Nutter, and you, — and Towser.'

"Towser, our new dog! I could n't stand that. I pushed back the stool impatiently and stood in front of her.

"'That 's not what I mean,' I said angrily.

"'Well, what do you mean?'

"'Do you love any one to marry him?'

"'The idea of it!' cried Nelly, laughing.

"'But you must tell me.'

"'Must, Tom?'

"'Indeed you must, Nelly.'

"She had arisen from the chair with an amused, perplexed look in her eyes. I held her an instant by the dress.

"'Please tell me.'

"'O you silly boy!' cried Nelly. Then she rumpled my hair all over my forehead and ran laughing out of the room."

Mr. Aldrich is a capital *conteur;* the narrative is invariably good, neither hurried nor spun out, but easily discursive, and tolerant of a great deal of anecdote that goes finally to complete the charm of a life-like and delightful little story, while the moralizing is always as brief as it is pointed and generous. When he comes to tell a tale for older heads, — as we hope he some day will, — we shall not ask him to do it better than this in essentials, and in less important particulars shall only pray him to be always himself down to the very last word and smallest turn of expression. We think him good enough.

The Identification of the Artisan and the Artist. Boston: Adams & Co.

THIS pamphlet consists, in the first place, of the report of a lecture given in 1853 by

the late Cardinal Wiseman, to an association of workingmen in Manchester, England, upon "The Relations of the Arts of Production with the Arts of Design." His immediate object seems to have been to promote art exhibitions and galleries of art, for the cultivation of the taste of English artisans; but its general importance consists in its suggestion that in the great ages of classic and mediæval art, the identification of the artisan and artist was an historical fact; which is the explanation of the hitherto unexplained fact, that everything made in those ages was a beautiful thing, exhibiting the individual genius of its maker, even though in the classic ages it was the humblest utensil of culinary art. Whatever is taken out of Pompeii and Herculaneum is found to be a work of art, and is immediately carried to the great museum of Naples, to become the subject of study, and the delight of the eye and mind of all nations; for the people of that older age had penetrated with their highly developed intellect beyond all that separates men into nations; and discovered that eternal beauty and truth of form, in which all minds unite and find themselves cultivated by so doing. It is plain that in the *adyta* of those old pagan temples was accomplished an education of a profoundly artistic character for all *the initiated*. All human genius was then believed to be the inspiration of some god; and the temples of Apollo and Mercury were unquestionably schools of art. The artisans, being artists, were not of the lower class of society; and the labor of production had always the dignity of being a religious service, which was, in the Grecian times, not a service of the heart, but of the imaginative intellect. There is a very interesting work by Hay, "on symmetrical beauty," in which are analyzed the antique vases, all of which are reduced either to one form, or to three forms combined, or to five forms combined, the curves relating to each other. Those whose curves all belong to one form are of the highest beauty. Hay gives a mathematical appreciation of the generation of each form, and then of their combinations, which shows that the production of beauty by the human hand is no accident, but that a high consciousness of mind guides the cunning hand. The delight which the contemplation of these vases gives is a refining process, and how much more must have been the *creation* of these forms or these principles!

In the mediæval times, when the revival of classic art met the inspirations of Christian faith, there was another culmination of human genius in art. Then *the initiated* were instructed by secret religious societies, and in cloisters, where artisan work again became artistic, because the artisans were educated, and their works were acts of faith. Hence the Gothic architecture, and the mixed Gothic and Roman art, which scattered its exquisite works over all Christendom. Nothing is more wonderful to an American contemplating the cathedrals, churches, and chapels of Europe, than the overflow of human genius in these marvellous constructions. Where did the multitudes of artists come from? We hear, before we go abroad, of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and a great host of artists; but when we come to look with our own eyes, we see that there were unnamed thousands and thousands, besides all those we have heard of, whose works are hardly less exquisite than those of the renowned great masters. There is a little chapel on the hill of St. Elmo, in Naples, — opened to the world's eyes only since the Italian government secularized church property, — which is a perfect gem of art in every particular. The pavement is a most beautiful and elaborate mosaic of marble, the design and work of one monk. The altar and the railing which encloses it in front are all of the most delicate and beautiful Florentine mosaic. Every inch of wall and roof, in each of the six chapels that flank the nave, is equally elaborate. All was the work of the resident monks. This is but one specimen of the ornamentation of very many chapels in convents now for the first time open to the profane world. But everybody knows the enormous quantity of wood and stone work in ecclesiastical buildings, — to say nothing of the gorgeous decoration of palaces and dwelling-houses, especially in Venice. It is not the display of the wealth and power of those who contributed the costly material for these works that makes them interesting to our imagination; but it is the wealth of *genius*, and a perception of the delight of the artisans who did these things, as artists designing their own works, and thus immortalizing every transient phase of their fancy and thought. It is the religious art which is always the most exquisite; and when we go into the choirs of cathedrals, and see a hundred stalls of which the carved ornamentation does not show two patterns

alike, we feel that truly here the curse was taken out of labor; and that these hewers of wood were no mechanical slavish laborers, to be pitied, but conscious creators of beauty, to be envied for their opportunity of expressing their devotion.

It was only for about three hundred years that the artisans of Europe were artists as well. This identification of the artist and artisan had two good effects. One was the effect on art. It seemed that there should be no mere mechanical work, but that everything should be a work of high art. For he who designed was obliged to execute; and thus he never transgressed the bounds of possibility, but kept to the sobriety of nature. Our artists only design, they are not disciplined to labor; and therefore they grow fantastic, and miss a certain high influence upon the mind which comes from the exercise of the hand and body. Whatever gives one-sided activity to a man disturbs the symmetry of his being, and develops the spiritual evil of self-sufficiency, with a contempt for the fellow-man who merely executes his design, as if he were his tool. When the artisan and artist are one, there is a more symmetrical being, and the issue of the activity is a humble self-respect which is the second and best effect of the identification.

Cardinal Wiseman illustrates his views by a multitude of anecdotes of that era when Raphael was a house-painter, and Michael Angelo a stone-cutter and fort-builder, and Benvenuto Cellini was a smith who worked all day with his apron on, in a shop on the street, but spent his evenings with princes, instructing them in the principles of beauty by which God created the world.

The Cardinal does not hold out to the workingmen of Manchester any hope, however, that even if the artisan of to-day shall again become an artist, he shall find his social position raised thereby in the modern artificial European society.

But in America there is no reason why this identification, if it can be produced, shall not bring some such result; and this is set forth with a great deal of zeal in the Plea for the Reform of Primary Education, postulated and worked out by Friedrich Froebel, which constitutes the other part of the present pamphlet. It is here shown that this plan of education, which is applied to early infancy, taking children from the age of three, is a training of the body, mind, and heart in harmony, by employing the activity of children in the production of some object within the sphere of the childish thought, for some motive dear to the childish heart; and thus that it begins the education actively, at an age before the mind can be addressed with any abstract truths, preparing the intellectual ground for instruction, by educating children to be practical artists, as it were, at first. In the history of the world, art seems to precede science always.

The thing is certainly worth looking into; and the American artisan will see in the splendid statement of Cardinal Wiseman good reason to believe that the future holds in store for him a beautiful destiny; since it is obvious that the same causes will always produce the same effects. The constitution of the country in which the American artisan lives protects his freedom to worship and work artistically, by supporting his right to be educated to the full development of all his powers. Science, too, has come to rescue him from the harder work which depresses the body and moral spirit, and quenches inspiration; it has made slaves of the great insensible forces of nature, and has left man free to do what only man can do, — express his heart and mind by the work of his hands.

Catalogue of the Collection of Engravings bequeathed to Harvard College by Francis Calley Gray. By Louis Thies. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

Catalogues, as a general rule, seem to belong to that class of books which are characterized by Charles Lamb as *biblia a-biblia*, books which are no books, like "court-calendars, directories, pocket-books, draught-boards, bound and lettered at the back"; but the work before us is an exception to the rule, as Charles Lamb himself, with his love of prints, would have admitted. It is a remarkable production, deserving a permanent place on the shelves of every lover of art. The collection of engravings which it describes was made by the late Francis Calley Gray, a man of a vigorous, active, and highly cultivated mind, of whom the preface says, with strict truth, that "in variety and accuracy of knowledge he was admitted, by common consent, to have had no superior in the community in which he lived." His range of reading was immense, his love of knowledge was a ruling passion to the last, and his memory held with a tenacious grasp everything it had once seized.

He was often in Europe; and his early visits were made at a time when few Americans, at least few cultivated Americans, went abroad. What he saw in Europe developed in him a love of art, in addition to that love of literature which was born with him, and had been fostered by all the means and appliances which his native country could furnish. He began early to buy engravings, and having ample means, he became gradually the owner of the large and precious collection which is here minutely described. His purchases were made with judgment and taste. He was not an artist himself, nor was he largely endowed with the imaginative and poetic element; and his collection was made to satisfy his love of knowledge as well as to gratify his love of beauty. It was his aim to gather a series of engravings which should be of value as a history of the art, and many of his acquisitions were made with that view. His engravings and his library were regarded by him as complementary to each other and parts of one whole.

Mr. Gray devised his collection to Harvard College, and with it a choice library of works and several valuable illustrated works. It was his request that a catalogue should be prepared by Mr. Louis Thies, who had been for many years a diligent student of art, whose knowledge of engravings was extensive and accurate, and who was entirely familiar with the collection, having been, indeed, the agent through whom many of its choicest treasures were acquired. The Catalogue before us, which has been a long time in preparation, was drawn up in compliance with Mr. Gray's request. And a glance at almost any page will furnish an answer to a question which has been sometimes asked, — why the publication has been so long delayed; for nearly every page contains proof of the immense amount of thorough and conscientious labor which the compiler has bestowed upon his modest task. Not only have all the approved manuals and monographs been consulted, but much of the information contained in the Catalogue is the fruit of personal observation and long-continued research in the galleries, collections, and print-shops of Europe; and the compiler does himself no more than justice when he expresses in his preface the hope "that the pains which have been taken to determine the states of the prints, and to make reference to the original pictures, will prove of use to other collectors, as well as to future compilers of manuals of engravings."

To all such persons indeed the Catalogue will prove an invaluable aid. We doubt whether there is in our language a manual of the kind which, within its range, is so full of useful information. There have been larger collections than Mr. Gray's, and catalogues of them; but such catalogues do not equal this in thoroughness and completeness. Here we have a large and admirable collection, with a catalogue which is absolutely perfect in all that the print-collector can desire. It is a marvel of accurate knowledge and persevering research. And no amount of book-knowledge alone would have sufficed to prepare it. Mr. Thies has spent many years in Europe, is very familiar with the great picture-galleries there, and with such collections of engravings as are accessible to the public; and we presume there is not a dealer in engravings, in France, Germany, and England at least, whose treasures he has not examined. Thus a great deal of the information he has put into his pages is derived at first hand.

And in the consciousness of having produced a thorough piece of work, which the few will appreciate, Mr. Thies must find compensation and consolation for the fact that the value of his immense labors cannot be apprehended by the many. Indeed, the Catalogue is perhaps open to the criticism of presuming too much upon the knowledge of the reader, and not condescending enough to his ignorance. Its value to the general reader might have been greater, had there been an Introduction, with some elementary information as to the kinds of engraving, the processes, the several states of a plate, and the style and manner of great engravers. But we are not disposed to criticise a production which does so much honor to Mr. Thies's knowledge, industry, and taste, and is so informed with the spirit of the true artist, whether working with pen, pencil, chisel, or burin; and that is the love of excellence for its own sake.

No. CXLVII. JANUARY, 1870.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT. — During the past four years, EVERY SATURDAY has laid before its readers a more varied and valuable *résumé* of foreign periodical literature, and has won a wider circulation among all classes, than any other eclectic published in America. Though EVERY SATURDAY has in all respects fulfilled the design of its projectors, they are not willing to rest content without making fresh efforts to enlarge the sphere and increase the attractions of this popular weekly.

In commencing the new volume for 1870, the conductors propose to modify the shape of the journal, without, however, changing its general literary characteristics, in order to add to its attractions illustrations of the first artistic excellence. These illustrations will be engraved from designs by leading European artists, and will embrace views of famous places, incidents of travel, figure-pieces, copies of celebrated paintings, studies of street-life, and a gallery of portraits of contemporary celebrities, executed with the highest degree of finish known to modern art. Among the distinguished artists who will from time to time be represented are : —

ANSDELL, R., A.R.A.
ARMITAGE, E., A.R.A.
EDWARDS, M. ELLEN,
ELMORE, A., A.R.A.
FAED, T., R.A.
FRITH, W. P., R.A.
GRANT, SIR FRANCIS, P.R.A.
HODGSON, J. E.
HOUGHTON, A. B.
JEUNÉ, H. LE, A.R.A.
KEENE, CHARLES,
LESLIE, G. D., A.R.A.
LEIGHTON, J., F.S.A.
MASON, G., A.R.A.
ORCHARDSON, O. Q., A.R.A.
PETTIE, J., A.R.A.
POYNTER, E J., A.R.A.
STONE, MARCUS,
DU MAURIER, GEORGE,
WATTS, G. F., R.A.
WEIR, HARRISON.

With the unusual facilities at their disposal, the publishers may confidently predict that EVERY SATURDAY will be a Journal of Choice Illustrations as well as a Journal of Choice Reading.

The New Series will be in form an imperial folio, about the size of HARPER'S WEEKLY, sixteen pages, beautifully printed on paper of superior quality, made expressly for the purpose, and admirably adapted for the artistic display of the most highly finished engravings.

EVERY SATURDAY will, as hitherto, furnish the American reader promptly with the most entertaining and noteworthy articles in the European periodicals, — Serial Tales, Short Stories, Essays biographical and descriptive, Poems, Notes of Travel and Adventure, Personal Gossip, Literary Intelligence, Facetiæ, popular papers on Science, and translations from the Continental Magazines. By special arrangement with foreign authors, the conductors of EVERY SATURDAY are frequently able to give its readers many valuable papers simultaneously with their publication abroad. Among the authors whose writings are promptly reproduced are : —

ALFRED TENNYSON,
CHARLES DICKENS,
PROF. SEELEY,
CHARLES READE,
TOM HUGHES,
ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
MRS. OLIPHANT,
J. RUFFINI,
ANTHONY TROLLOPE,
MATTHEW ARNOLD,
MARK LEMON,
CHARLES KINGSLEY,
EDMUND YATES,
FRANCES POWER COBBE,
ROBERT BROWNING,
MAX MÜLLER,
AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,"
GEORGE SAND,
EDMOND ABOUT,
A. C. SWINBURNE,
PROF. HUXLEY,
ROBERT BUCHANAN,
JEAN INGELOW,
MISS THACKERAY,
JAMES GREENWOOD,
JULES JANIN,
JULES SIMON,
EDWARD DICEY,
HENRY KINGSLEY,
W. HEPWORTH DIXON, and
GERALD MASSEY.

EVERY SATURDAY is intended for Town and Country, for the Fireside, the Seaside, the Railway, and the Steamboat. The publishers aim to commend it to all classes of cultivated and intelligent readers by the freshness and variety of its contents.

TERMS. — Single Number, 10 cents ; Yearly Subscription, $5.00 in advance ; $4.00 a year to subscribers for any other periodical published by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.

CHOICE NEW JUVENILES. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s catalogue of new books for bright girls and boys is unusually tempting. Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," with over thirty capital illustrations, Miss Phelps's delightful "Trotty Book," and "The Fairy Egg, and what it held," by Three Friends, with numerous charming designs by Miss Gibbons, are not likely to lack for readers. Then, for still younger people is the Uncle Sam Series, embracing the famous legend of "Rip Van Winkle," "The Story of Columbus," "The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln," and poem of "Putnam the Brave," all of which are adorned with full-page engravings printed in colors. For further details concerning these admirable publications for the young, see page 7 of the advertising-sheet.

THE HOLY GRAIL, AND OTHER POEMS. BY ALFRED TENNYSON. — The Laureate's new volume, so long and anxiously expected, is now placed before the public by the poet's American publishers (Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.) in three distinct editions. The first, uniform with "The Idyls of the King," price one dollar ; the second, uniform with the Farringford edition of the Poems, and in neat paper covers, at twenty-five cents ; and the third, to match the Half-Dollar Tennyson, at ten cents. If any man or woman in the United States fails to read Tennyson's "Holy Grail, and other Poems," it will not be because the price of the book does not come within the limits of the most slender purse. Each of these editions, it should be said, is clearly and handsomely printed on excellent paper. The volume contains "The Coming of Arthur," "The Holy Grail," "Sir Pelleas and Ettarre," "The Passing of Arthur," and "Miscellaneous Poems," the latter embracing a very notable piece entitled "The Northern Farmer — New Style." "The Victim" and the grand dramatic study of "Lucretius" are also included in this portion of the book.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s list of illustrated books, prepared especially for the holiday season, embraces several works of permanent attractiveness. Among these may be mentioned Mr. Whittier's "Ballads of New England," described at length elsewhere; Miss Phelps's "The Gates Ajar," with twelve full-page drawings by Miss Jessie Curtis and Mr. Eytinge; Mr. Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship," with twenty designs by Messrs. Gifford and Hennessy; and Miss Louisa M. Alcott's "Concord Sketches," a series of twelve large photographs, from sketches by Miss May Alcott, of localities and objects of literary and historical interest in the old town of Concord, Mass. All these works are exquisitely printed and bound. The illustrations in the first three books were designed by our leading artists, and engraved by the best two engravers living, — Messrs. Anthony and Linton. The last-named work, aside from its artistic merit, will possess particular interest for the readers of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Alcott, etc., etc.

HORACE GREELEY'S POLITICAL ECONOMY. — The valuable papers comprised in this work originally appeared in the columns of the New York *Tribune*. The present volume is issued in compliance with a general demand for the essays in a more convenient and durable shape. The author ably advocates the means that lead to practical education, increased efficiency, constant employment, and fair recompense of American labor. The subjects under discussion are of vital importance to every American citizen. A glance at this summary of the table of contents will enable the reader to form a tolerably clear idea of the scope of the work: —

Labor — Production — Commerce — Exchanges — Capital — Skill — Invention — Intellectual Property — Money — The Balance of Trade — Paper Money — Interest — Usury — Slavery — Hired Labor — Proportion — Co-operation — Monopoly — The Law of Prices — Effect of Duties on Cost — Agriculture as affected by Protection — Views of the Fathers — The State, its Legitimate Sphere — Powers and Duties — Free-Trade Axioms considered — Protection for Agriculture — Manufactures and their Needs — The Laboring Class, its Rights, Interests, Duties, and Needs — The Interest of Consumers — Iron — Protection illustrated — Sugar — The Harmony of Interests — The Sugar Industry of France invigorating other Industries — Beet Sugar on its Triumphal March — American Ship-Building, Shipping, and Foreign Commerce — Credit, its Uses and Abuses — Foreign Indebtedness — Our National Debt — What has been elucidating what shall be — Taxation, Direct and Indirect — Co-operation — Wool and Woollens — Immigration — Specific — Ad Valorem — Minimum — Conclusions.

"Writing for common people," says the author in his preface, "I have aimed, above all things, to be lucid and simple. My illustrations are drawn from our national history, mainly from that part of it whereof there are many living witnesses; and I have followed those to whose truthfulness I could personally bear testimony. If these shall often seem to the fastidious homely and commonplace, I do not believe that they will, on that account, be less acceptable to, or effective with, the larger number of my readers.

"We are about to enter, as a people, a very general and earnest discussion of economic questions, and I rejoice that such is the case. Being old enough to recollect the ten years' struggle that led up, through the partial success of 1824, to the crowning triumph of 1828, I welcome the conflict, for I feel entirely assured as to the ultimate issue. Bull Runs and Chickamaugas may intervene, but I look beyond them to our Atlanta and our Appomattox."

MESSRS. LEE AND SHEPARD'S monthly bulletin embraces an unusual number of new and attractive books for old and young, — their specialty being juvenile literature. Messrs. L. & S. have just published the concluding volume of Oliver Optic's "Young America Abroad." It is entitled "Down the Rhine," and describes not only a trip through Germany, but some very stirring adventures on the Mediterranean. The author, Mr. Adams, will sail for Europe in a few months, and will gather there material for a second series continuing the first, dealing with Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, Greece, Turkey, and the islands of the Atlantic.

THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT. — A history of this famous regiment, from the time of its organization down to the present period, by Mr. William Swinton, assisted by Mr. George E. Pond, is a work likely to attract more than ordinary attention. The regiment has something more than a local reputation. It gave to the late war many of our noblest officers, and rendered more than one important service to the country during those dark days. Any one who was in New York at the time of the Draft Riot will remember what a weight was lifted from the public heart when the gallant Seventh, under command of Colonel Lefferts, swept up Broadway, silent and compact, moving like some vast piece of machinery. For three days the rioters had virtually held possession of the city. The sunlight flashing on those firm lines of well-kept muskets dispelled a terrible gloom.

The ranks of the Seventh have always been recruited from the flower of New York's young men. The regiment has its literary and artistic as well as its warlike associations. Gifford, the painter, has carried a musket in its ranks; and the names of Theodore Winthrop and Fitz James O'Brien are inscribed on its list of honored dead. Its record is well worth writing, and has been worthily written by Mr. Swinton and his coadjutor. The volume is adorned with thirty illustrations by Thomas Nast, and two steel portraits, — one of Colonel Lefferts, and the other of Colonel Clark, the Seventh's present Colonel.

"ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS," says the Boston *Evening Transcript*, "has taken a very high place among American writers of stories and some things of a far higher order. Her style is fresh and bright, and quite her own. She thinks for herself; she is charming in pathos; generally effective in description; hits off character with sharp touches; can be very serious and also very funny; a keen sense of humor waiting, not inconsistently, upon earnest thoughtfulness. Her lively contributions to the magazines attracted attention; and the volume containing them, entitled 'Men, Women, and Ghosts,' comprises a series of light and sparkling tales, with some sombre shadows that heighten the effect, of no ordinary merit.

"But Miss Phelps is best known by 'The Gates Ajar,' wherein she has dealt with a subject of intense interest to everybody, in a manner all her own, — independent in thought; bold, but not rash in speculation; fearless and frank in utterance: awakening sympathy, affording consolation, and persuading to reflection; and this in a way so genial and fascinating that its wide circulation and the commendatory and critical attention it has received are easily accounted for. This truly remarkable book, we are glad to see, has now been placed on Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s list of choice volumes; adorned with a fitting dress as to paper, type, and binding; and illustrated with marked excellence by Jessie Curtis, who is specially happy in figures and drapery, and who has caught the spirit of the author, so that the pencil and the pen, in this instance, are in harmony.

"In another vein from 'Gates Ajar,' but, after its kind, of equal worth with that production, is 'The Trotty Book,' a delicious juvenile, wherein Miss Phelps shows her love of childhood, her careful study of its graces and mischiefs, and her spontaneous sympathy with all the brightness, whimsicality, and comedy of infant life. Should any one think that we have been extravagant in thus praising Miss Phelps's writings, they can easily discover the contrary by reading 'The Gates Ajar' and 'The Trotty Book,' and thus convince themselves that she possesses the fascinating versatility we have ascribed to her."

LOWELL'S NEW POEM. — The readers of Mr. Lowell's noble poem in the current number of the "Atlantic Monthly" will be glad to have "The Cathedral" in the elegant and inexpensive little volume in which it is to be published for the holidays. The deep religious thought which underlies every line of this beautiful idyl makes it a peculiarly appropriate offering for the present time.

BALLADS OF NEW ENGLAND. — A SUPERB HOLIDAY BOOK. — Until within the last few years we have depended upon foreign presses — notably those of London and Paris — for our more costly and elaborate illustrated books. But the lack of artistic facilities which rendered it impossible for us to compete with English and French publishers no longer exists. The reader will readily call to mind several recent American books whose artistic and mechanical execution compares favorably with the best work of the kind produced abroad. Prominent among these is the BALLADS OF NEW ENGLAND, by John Greenleaf Whittier, illustrated by ten of our leading artists. In preparing this volume, the publishers have exercised the utmost care to render it one of the choicest and most elegant of its class. Of the Ballads themselves, it is only necessary to say that they are those familiar and beloved poems which have made Whittier's name a charmed word in every American home, — "Telling the Bees," "My Playmate," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Cobbler Keezar's Vision," "Amy Wentworth," "The Countess," "Mary Garvin," "The Ranger," "The Wreck of Rivermouth," and "The Changeling." These beautiful ballads, in which are embalmed the legends and picturesque phases of New England country life, have been enriched by sixty illustrations skilfully engraved by Mr. A. V. S. Anthony from designs drawn expressly for this work. Of these designs seven are by Mr. S. Eytinge, Jr.; four by Mr. Alfred Fredericks; two by Mr. Winslow Homer; three by Mr. Granville Perkins; two by Mr. S. Coleman; five by Mr. W. J. Hennessy; four by Mr. J. W. Ehninger; two by F. O. C. Darley; and twenty-nine by Mr. Harry Fenn. These last-named drawings, comprising the landscape portion of the book, were sketched by the artist upon the spots they were intended to illustrate. Of their faithfulness the poet himself bears witness in the following letter addressed to the publishers: —

"I have examined the sheets of the Ballads, and I find that in truthfulness of illustration, and in beauty and delicacy of execution, the pictures are all that could be desired. In the illustrations to "Cobbler Keezar's Vision," "The Wreck of Rivermouth," "My Playmate," and "The Countess," especially, I recognize the scenery familiar from boyhood, and which I have endeavored to associate in the mind of the reader of my Ballads with the characters and incidents of local traditions.

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

The publishers point confidently to the BALLADS OF NEW ENGLAND as a specimen of the finest typography and one of the most artistically illustrated works yet produced in this country.

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANIES. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have just issued the fourth volume of their popular Household Edition of Thackeray's miscellaneous writings. The reader will find in this handsome and compact book "The Four Georges," "English Humorists," "Roundabout Papers," "The Fitz-Boodle Papers," and "Little Travels and Roadside Sketches." The next volume will complete the edition, and will contain a variety of entertaining matter hitherto uncollected. Thackeray's Miscellanies are published uniform with the author's Novels. This is the most inexpensive and desirable edition of Thackeray in the market.

A PHYSICIAN'S PROBLEMS. — One of the most interesting, learned, and suggestive books recently issued from the press is "A Physician's Problems," by Charles Elam, published by Fields, Osgood, & Co. It is intended, in the language of the author himself, "as a contribution to the natural history of those outlying regions of Thought and Action, whose domain is the 'debatable ground' of Brain, Nerve, and Mind." The transmission of traits and weaknesses and general organization from parents to children, the degenerations in man which thus occur, the prevalence of moral and criminal epidemics and their causes, the relations of body and mind, the illusions and hallucinations which affect individuals and classes, — such are some of the topics treated by the book, and they indicate its scope and interest.

The first essay is devoted to the subject of natural heritage. The author has no objection to the old saying that "the child is father of the man," but he holds that there is a more profound significance in the apparent truism that "the man is father of the child." In other words, the child is not simply the offspring of the race, but of the individual, and bears the traces of this particular parentage through the whole of his nature. This position is elaborated and illustrated at great length. The developments of animal life reveal two leading principles, which may be called the law of Uniformity and the law of Diversity. The former is shown in the analogies and perpetuation of general structure, type, and function; the latter in the development of differences, so far as species are concerned, and of exceptional characteristics, so far as individuals are concerned. In the last analysis both laws are substantially the same, — the law of Diversity being simply one phase of the law of Uniformity. The doctrine of the hereditary transmission of qualities receives the fullest support of the author. He gives a large number of illustrations derived from a great variety of sources. He even goes so far as to hold that where mental or moral taints are thus transmitted, the moral responsibility of the individual is lessened. It is not destroyed, because tendency is not action, and though the tendency cannot be changed, the will can resist. Yet it should always be considered. The author holds also that the education of the parent has an influence upon the capacity of the offspring, and that the moral nature of man is subject in some degree to the same law of hereditament.

The second essay is intimately connected with the first. It is on degenerations in man. These degenerations come largely from the hereditary law. Conspicuous among the causes is the common use of liquor. Where it is excessive, the effect is visible not only in the physical deterioration of the offspring, but in the transmission of the taste. The author likewise shows at length and with the citation of many examples the injurious influence of consanguine marriages. The third essay is devoted to moral and criminal epidemics. It traces the history and character of those epidemical movements which were so common in Europe during the Middle Ages, — such as witchcraft, the dancing-mania, the rise of the Flagellants

or Whippers, the drowning-mania among the women of Lyons, etc. It shows the morbid influence of the imitative faculty, in repeating murders and other crimes. In our own day we have seen these criminal epidemics. One year large numbers of suicides will be reported in swift succession; another year large numbers of homicides; still another, large numbers of infanticides. The chapter to which we are referring throws light upon this subject. In the next essay, on Body *versus* Mind, the author adopts a view somewhat at variance with the current idea. He does not admit that mental labor is exhausting and tends to shorten life. On the contrary, he holds that a proper degree of mental labor is essential to vigorous health, and ascribes the early deaths which are so often attributed to hard study rather to physical causes which would have caused death anyway. Of course, there must be reason in study as in any other kind of labor. The essay on illusions and hallucinations is full of curious illustrations, and is followed by an able discussion of the demon of Socrates, and a brief reference to the amulet of Pascal. An essay on Somnambulism, and another on Revery and Abstraction, complete the volume. We have given only the barest outline of its valuable discussions. It is full of mature reflection, and is exceedingly suggestive to all thoughtful persons. Treating of the most recondite elements of organic structure, and of their bearings upon life, no one can read it without profit. Its illustrative facts constitute in themselves a very quaint and curious collection. — *Albany Express.*

MRS. STOWE'S work on the all-engrossing Byron question is now nearly ready for publication. The appearance of the book is awaited with great interest both in this country and in England.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY, which has already passed to a second edition, is meeting with the same favor in book form that was bestowed upon it in "Our Young Folks," where it appeared as the leading serial story for 1869.

"One of the best boys' books we have ever read." — *Philadelphia Post.*

"We cheerfully recommend it as a choice and singularly entertaining book of its class." — *Boston Courier.*

"The work has a charm of realism that makes it particularly delightful to young people, and the lessons it teaches are well fitted to develop a healthy, manly sentiment." — *Home Journal.*

"This story is full of incident, and is remarkable for the felicity of expression, the simplicity of style, the clearness of description, the humor, life, animation, and genuine boy spirit which characterize it. Welcome as the story has been in the magazine, it will be doubly so in this volume, and no one who has read it will fail to read it again, and enjoy once more a hearty laugh." — *N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

IMPORTANT WORKS IN PRESS. — The beginning of the New Year will be signalized by the appearance of several works of unusual importance, now in the press of Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. First on the list is Bryant's translation of Homer's "Iliad," — a version which will probably supersede all other translations of the Greek poet. This will be followed by Emerson's "Society and Solitude," an entirely fresh collection of papers: Lowell's "Among My Books"; a cheaper edition of Longfellow's translation of the "Divina Commedia," to match the uniform edition of Longfellow's poetical and prose writings; Mountford's "Miracles, Past and Present"; and a new volume of great scientific and general interest, by Professors Agassiz and Hartt.

WEBB'S ADDING-MACHINE. — This machine is one of the marvels even of this inventive age. Calculating-machines have existed and been in use in all ages and countries, but they have always been cumbrous as well as costly. Here, within a compass so small as to be easily carried in the pocket, we have a machine infallibly correct in its operation, and as useful as it is ingenious. In all the processes of accountants it has proved so valuable as to call forth the highest encomiums. Railway superintendents, bank presidents, officers of insurance companies, merchants, book-keepers, shipping clerks, and entry clerks are all united in praise of its utility.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS FOR 1870. — For a synopsis of the entertaining and instructive matter preparing for "Our Young Folks" next year, the reader is referred to the prospectus on another page. There will be no exertions spared on the part of the publishers or the editors to retain for this periodical the position it has gained as "the best juvenile magazine ever published in any land or language."

CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW NOVEL. — Mr. Dickens is now devoting himself entirely to the completion of his new story, which will probably be one of his longest works. The title has not been publicly announced. The story will appear, in serial form, in the spring, and will be published simultaneously in London and Boston. Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. are Mr. Dickens's American publishers for the new story.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A Comic History of the United States. By John D. Sherwood. With 60 Illustrations by Harry Scratchley. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 549. Tinted paper. Cloth, $2.50.

The Story of a Bad Boy. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 261. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Handsomely bound in Cloth, $1.50.

The Gates Ajar. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. With twelve full-page Illustrations by Jessie Curtis. pp. 248. Morocco cloth, $3.50. Turkey morocco, $7.00.

Christmas Books. By Charles Dickens. Including A Christmas Carol, The Chimes, The Cricket on the Hearth, The Battle of Life, and The Haunted Man. With Illustrations by Sir Edwin Landseer, Maclise, Stanfield, Stone, Doyle, Leech, and Tenniel. 1 vol. 8vo. Very handsomely bound and stamped. Cloth, $4.00. Morocco, $8.00.

The Trotty Book. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. With Illustrations by Lizzie B. Humphreys and S. Eytinge, Jr. pp 118. $1.50.

A Fairy Egg, and what it held. By Three Friends. With Illustrations by Lucy Gibbons. $1.50.

Thackeray's Miscellanies. Volume IV., containing The Four Georges, The English Humorists, The Roundabout Papers, The Second Funeral of Napoleon, Little Travels, and other Papers. *Household Edition.* 16mo. pp. 592. Cloth, $1.25; Half calf, $2.50.

The Holy Grail, and other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, $1.00; Paper, 25 cents. Uniform with *Half-Dollar* Tennyson, Paper, 10 cents.

Concord Sketches. Twelve photographs from Original Drawings by May Alcott. Edited, with Preface, by Louisa M. Alcott. *Limited Edition.* Handsomely bound in cloth, $10.00.

These books can be procured of Booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, Fields, Osgood, & Co., Boston.

The Largest, Best, and Cheapest Paper of its Class

THE GREAT NATIONAL

ILLUSTRATED RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY.

BY D. D. T. MOORE, NEW YORK CITY, AND ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Volume XXI., for 1870,

Of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER will excel in all the leading essentials and characteristics of a First-class, Wide-awake, and Progressive RURAL, LITERARY, FAMILY, AND BUSINESS NEWSPAPER combined, making it more than ever before

THE NAPOLEON IN ITS SPHERE!

Since its great Enlargement and Improvement in January last, the RURAL has vastly increased in Circulation and Usefulness, and now has subscribers and admirers in every State and Territory of the Union, Canada, &c. Superior in Ability, Value, and Variety of CONTENTS, and also in Size, Style, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c., MOORE'S RURAL is pronounced, by both Press and People, the

BEST WEEKLY ON THE CONTINENT!

Being ably and carefully Edited, Illustrated, and Printed in extra style, and adapted to Country, Village, and City, an exchange truly says of it that "THE RURAL *is the most Elegantly Printed, Widely Circulated, and Heartily Welcomed Paper, as a whole, which now finds its way among the People.*" Indeed, the RURAL is the

FAVORITE FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

and amply pays all who cultivate Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables, &c., even on a small scale (in City, Village, or Suburb), while to Farmers, Planters, Horticulturists, Stock Breeders, Wool Growers, Dairymen, Poultry Fanciers, &c., it is INDISPENSABLE. In the FAMILY it is highly regarded, its Literary and Miscellaneous Departments furnishing CHOICE AND ENTERTAINING READING FOR ALL.

THE RURAL EMPLOYS THE BEST TALENT IN THE LAND,

has Nine able Editors, and Hundreds of Special Contributors and Correspondents. Its Reports of the Markets, Crops, Weather, &c., are full and reliable.

The Rural is the Largest Illustrated Paper!
Sixteen Double Quarto Pages of Five Columns each!
The Paper for Yourself, your Family, and Friends!

The Rural is not a Monthly, but the LARGEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, and, though double its former size, and greatly improved, ITS SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS UNCHANGED!

FORM, STYLE, AND TERMS.

Volume XXI. will be published in Superior Style, each Number comprising SIXTEEN LARGE DOUBLE-QUARTO PAGES (eighty columns), Finely Illustrated and Neatly Printed. Title-Page, Index, &c., at the close of Volume.

TERMS.—ONLY $3 A YEAR; $2.50 IN CLUBS OF TEN.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

All who form Clubs will be Liberally Rewarded,—receive "*Good Pay for Doing Good.*" Our Premium List includes *One Hundred and Fifteen Ornamental, Useful, and Valuable Articles*, ranging in price from $4 to $600. Send for the List, form a Club, and secure a Premium. All disposed to lend influence in behalf of the RURAL will be furnished Specimen Numbers, Show-Bills, Premium List, &c., without charge. Address

D. D. T. MOORE, 41 Park Row, New York.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

For 1870.

The following are among the prominent features of OUR YOUNG FOLKS for 1870:—

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY, author of "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," will contribute the leading serial story, entitled "We Girls: a Story of Home Life."

DR. I. I. HAYES, the distinguished Arctic explorer, will give some graphic sketches of Life and Adventure in the Polar Regions.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON will furnish a series of valuable articles describing the habits and characteristics of the Beaver, the Elephant, and other animals.

"CARLETON," author of "Winning his Way," and "Our New Way Round the World," will contribute several papers of great interest, relating what he saw in China during his recent tour of the globe.

MRS. PROFESSOR AGASSIZ will continue her instructive and fascinating account of "The World on which we Live," describing the early ages of the earth, and some of the animals that then inhabited it.

MR. T. B. ALDRICH, author of the universally popular "Story of a Bad Boy," will contribute regularly.

MRS. A. M. DIAZ, author of the inimitable "William Henry Letters," will continue her charming Stories and Sketches.

MR. JAMES PARTON, whose articles on Voyages and Discoveries have been received with so great favor, will furnish additional articles of the same general character, communicating in an attractive style many interesting and important facts of Geography and History.

MR. J. T. TROWBRIDGE will continue his remarkable series of papers on curious branches of Industry, Building Steam-Engines, etc. He will also describe, from careful observation, the Departments at Washington, showing how the business of our Government is carried on.

REV. E. E. HALE will furnish articles in his peculiar vein, entitled "Letters to my Nephew," communicating the best practical information with a wealth of illustration and a vigor of style altogether fascinating.

MAJOR TRAVERSE, a very entertaining writer, will furnish articles containing a great deal of curious and valuable knowledge on a wide variety of subjects.

POMPEIAN PAPERS. A series of remarkably interesting papers on Pompeii will be given, telling how it was buried by an eruption of Vesuvius hundreds of years ago, and how it is now being restored, and what curious things are found among the ruins.

REGULAR OR OCCASIONAL ARTICLES will be contributed by JOHN G. WHITTIER, HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, J. H. A. BONE, LUCY LARCOM, MISS E. STUART PHELPS, NORA PERRY, MRS. THAXTER, ROSE TERRY, GEORGE COOPER, the author of "Seven Little Sisters," MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN, AUNT FANNY, and other writers whose names are a passport to the affection of all intelligent youthful readers.

THE EVENING LAMP and LETTER BOX Departments will be carefully attended to, and will contain a rich variety of Charades, Enigmas, Puzzles, Rebuses, — and familiar talk by the Editor on the thousand matters of every-day interest to young people.

FULL-PAGE AND SMALLER ILLUSTRATIONS, from the best artists, will add to the value and attractiveness of the Magazine.

No effort or expense will be spared to make OUR YOUNG FOLKS a worthy and welcome visitor in every school-room and family circle in America.

☞ **CASH PRIZES, from $10 to $30,** will be given for the best Original Charades, Puzzles, Rebuses, and Compositions.

☞ **CASH PREMIUMS, from $5 to $300,** will be given for the largest Clubs.

CIRCULAR containing full particulars sent *free* to any applicant.

TERMS. — The price of OUR YOUNG FOLKS is $2.00 per year. An extra copy gratis for every five subscriptions. OUR YOUNG FOLKS and ATLANTIC MONTHLY, $5.00 per year.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers,
124 Tremont Street, Boston.

NOW READY.

Charles Reade's Great Story

Put Yourself in His Place,

PART FIRST.

One volume, octavo. Elegantly Illustrated. Price, $1 00. Containing all published in the "Galaxy" up to the January number.

This great story will be continued in the "Galaxy" most of the year 1870.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE will be sent with the "Galaxy" for 1870 on receipt of $4.00, which is the regular subscription price for the "Galaxy."

THE GALAXY NOW STANDS AT THE HEAD OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

SUSAN FIELDING.

A NOVEL, BY MRS. EDWARDS.

Author of "Archie Lovell" and "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman."

One volume, octavo. Elegantly Illustrated. Cloth, $2.00; paper, $1.25.

Also, New Editions of

ARCHIE LOVELL.

A NOVEL, BY MRS. EDWARDS.

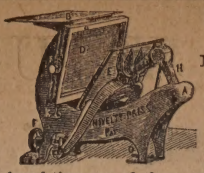
One volume, octavo. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.75; paper, $1.00.

Steven Lawrence, Yeoman.

A NOVEL, BY MRS. EDWARDS.

One volume, octavo. Illustrated. Cloth, $2.00; paper, $1.25.

SHELDON & COMPANY, Publishers,
New York.



DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

WITH A

Novelty Printing Press.

The only low-priced press ever made that will do good work. No greater convenience can be added to any business office, and no more valuable means of advertising can be employed than one of these presses and a few dollars' worth of type. No more useful, entertaining, or instructive present can be made to any boy than one of these presses and a small quantity of printing material. He would find it a never-failing source of instruction, pleasure, and profit.

Price of Presses, $15, $30, $32, $50.

Send for full descriptive, illustrated circulars with testimonials from all parts of the country, and specimens of plain and color printing done on the press, and specimen sheets of Types, Borders, Cuts, Rules, &c., to

BENJ. O. WOODS, Proprietor,
351 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

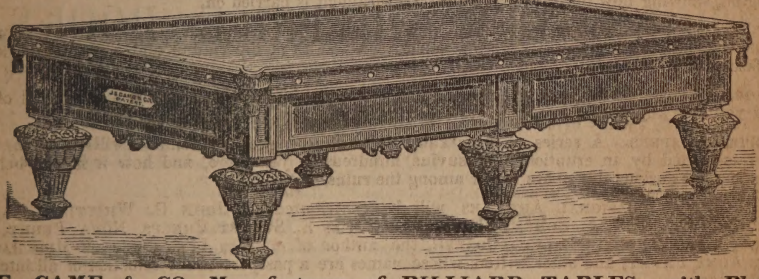
OUR YOUNG FOLKS FOR 1869.

Containing 856 octavo pages, filled with excellent Stories, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, interesting chapters of History, valuable papers on curious branches of Industry, accounts of Coral Animals and Islands, and a great variety besides of the best reading for young people, — from such writers as E. E. HALE, T. B. ALDRICH, JAMES PARTON, MRS. AGASSIZ, MR. TROWBRIDGE, LUCY LARCOM, and others equally distinguished. Profusely illustrated. The volume is one of the *most desirable for Holiday and Birthday Gifts.* Handsomely bound in Green Cloth. Price in plain edges, $3.00; gilt edges, $3.50.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

$2000 a Year and Expenses

To agents, to sell the celebrated WILSON SEWING MACHINES. The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* **One Machine without Money.** For further particulars address THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.



J. E. CAME & CO. Manufacturers of BILLIARD TABLES, with Phelan's Standard American Cushions, 114 Sudbury Street, Boston.

Proprietors and Manufacturers of the new **Time and Price Registers** for Billiard Rooms and mechanical purposes. Patented Nov. 17, 1868. New England Agents for the Hyatt Manuf. Co.'s **Combination Billiard Balls.**

STAMMERING

Permanently cured by Bates's Patent Scientific Appliances. They received Medals, etc. at the last London and Paris Exhibitions, and are favorably reviewed in the *Illustrated London News* and *Medical Times.* For Pamphlet, and drawings describing the same, address

SIMPSON & CO., Box **5076**, New York.

AGENTS WANTED!

A Popular Young Folks' Magazine, worth $1.25 a year, and **A Magnificent Steel Engraving,** worth **$2.50,** will be sent **FREE TO ANYBODY** who will become an Agent. For full particulars, Specimen Numbers, and Premium Lists, send Ten Cents to DAUGHADAY & BECKER, Publishers of OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR, 424 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

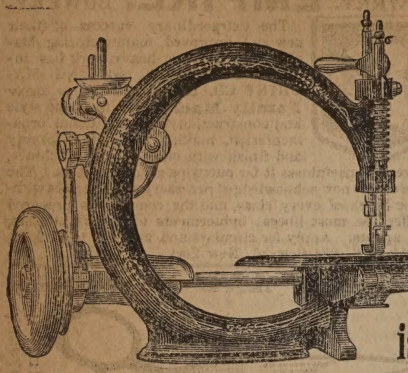
LAW AND BANKING OFFICE.

PITKIN C. WRIGHT,

DEWITT, CLINTON CO., IOWA.

Money loaned for a term of years on unencumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, net, payable annually. Interest collected when due. *All charges* paid by borrower. Have been in business over seven years. Parties having money to invest, please notice.

TRIAL BEFORE PURCHASE.



The WILLCOX & GIBBS SILENT SEWING MACHINE should be tested by all before purchasing elsewhere. Its

TWISTED LOOP STITCH

is the best in the World.

Illustrated Book (96 pages) free.

Machines of other Makers taken in exchange at their market value.

EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT, WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE, FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT PAY THE FULL PRICE AT ONCE.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE OFFICE,

147 TREMONT STREET, CORNER WEST STREET, BOSTON.

CHOICE NEW JUVENILE BOOKS.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Profusely Illustrated by S. EYTINGE, JR. $1.50.

"The best juvenile story of modern production that it has been our fortune to read." — *Boston Commonwealth.*
"The most interesting serial for young people that has been written for a long time." — *Chicago Journal.*
"An admirable specimen of what a boy's story should be." — *Boston Advertiser.*
"The Story is now recognized as unequalled in literature." — *Rochester Democrat.*

THE TROTTY BOOK.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, Author of "The Gates Ajar." Profusely Illustrated by S. EYTINGE, JR., and LIZZIE B. HUMPHREY. $1.50.

This is a juvenile book sure to be read by grown folks with as much interest as by the children. Trotty, the hero, is a wide-awake boy three years old, who is lost in the snow, eats a pound of ginger-snaps, plays doctor to a baby, tries to preach, attends Miss Pumpkins's school, is married and deserts his wife, dreams he is a cat, tells stories, and writes a letter to the readers of the Trotty adventures. It is an exceedingly fresh and charming book, with numerous excellent pictures, and is an admirable holiday or birthday gift.

THE FAIRY EGG, AND WHAT IT HELD.

By Three Friends. Illustrated by LUCY GIBBONS. $1.50.

A delightful book for children. The stories are very attractive, and the pictures make the book altogether charming.

THE UNCLE SAM SERIES.

1. **Rip Van Winkle's Nap.** By E. C. STEDMAN.
2. **The Story of Columbus.** By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
3. **Putnam the Brave.** By R. H. STODDARD.
4. **The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln.** By BAYARD TAYLOR.

With Illustrations in colors. 60 cents each.

"Something rich and rare for American girls and boys." — *Portland Transcript.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

The DOLLAR Sun.

CHAS. A. DANA, EDITOR.

The cheapest, smartest, and best New York newspaper. Everybody likes it. Three editions: DAILY, $6; SEMI-WEEKLY, $2; and WEEKLY, $1 a year. ALL THE NEWS at half-price. Full reports of markets, agriculture, Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Clubs, and a complete story in every Weekly and Semi-Weekly number. A present of valuable plants and vines to every subscriber; inducements to canvassers unsurpassed. $1,000 Life Insurances, Grand Pianos, Mowing Machines, Parlor Organs, Sewing Machines, &c., among the premiums. Specimens and lists free. Send a Dollar and try it.

I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher Sun, New York.

TOOL CHESTS AND LATHES — Are elegant, useful, and instructive. Suitable for boys, amateurs, and mechanics. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address GEORGE PARR, Buffalo, New York.

Collegiate and Commercial Institute (Gen. Russell's School), New Haven, Conn. Winter term begins Jan. 11.

VICK'S
FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1870.

THE FIRST EDITION OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND copies of **Vick's Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds and Floral Guide**, is published and ready to send out. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, with about 200 fine wood Engravings of Flowers and Vegetables, and a beautiful COLORED PLATE, consisting of seven varieties of *Phlox Drummondii*, making a fine

BOUQUET OF PHLOXES.

It is the most beautiful, as well as the most instructive Floral Guide published, giving plain and thorough directions for the

CULTURE OF FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES.

The Floral Guide is published for the benefit of my customers, to whom it is sent free without application, but will be forwarded to all who apply by mail, for TEN CENTS, which is not half the cost. Address

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

G. BUCKINGHAM, JR. *Late with Jay Cooke & Co.* | J. M. BROWN. *Late of A. H. Brown & Co.*

BUCKINGHAM & BROWN,
BANKERS,

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 6 Wall St., New York.

Orders in Stocks, Bonds, and Gold executed on commission. Interest allowed on deposits.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED FOR
PRIEST AND NUN.

Apply at once to CRITTENDEN & McKINNEY, 1308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANCERS, Scrofula, and Cutaneous Diseases cured by using the
SHELDON SPRING WATER.
Book of thirty pages, with certificates, sent free. Address J. W. BEALS, Treasurer, Boston, Mass.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c. to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*——one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT!
THE NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

294 BOWERY. **EMPIRE.** 294 BOWERY.

The extraordinary success of their new and improved manufacturing Machines for light or heavy work has induced the EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE CO. to manufacture a **new Family Machine** of the same style and construction, with additional ornamentation, making it equal in beauty and finish with other Family Machines, whereas in usefulness it far outstrips all competitors. The price of this now acknowledged necessary article comes within the reach of every class, and the company is prepared to offer the most liberal inducements to buyers, dealers, and agents. Apply for circulars and samples to E. S. M. COMPANY, 294 Bowery, New York.

SHEARS AND SCISSORS.

MANUFACTURED BY

HENRY SEYMOUR & CO., 52 Beekman St., N.Y.

New and elegant in design, of superior material and workmanship, and elegant finish. The blades are secured by a simple contrivance, and the screw *cannot possibly* work loose. Every pair warranted. Sent by mail, post-free, on receipt of

For Ladies' Shears (*ordinary size*) . **$1.00**
Family Shears (*larger handles*) . . **$1.50**

1870 **Cheap Reading!** — *Atlantic, Harper, Galaxy*, or other $4 publication, and *Hall's Journal of Health* ($2), 176 Broadway, N. Y., both sent for $4.50.

"*Periodical literature has so increased and multiplied on the face of the earth, that a wise and careful selection of the best things is truly a public benefaction.*" — American Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

"*The best of all our eclectic publications.*" — The Nation, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE,

of which more than *One Hundred Volumes* have been issued, has received the commendation of Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, President Adams, Historians Sparks, Prescott, Bancroft, and Ticknor, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and many others; and it admittedly "continues to stand at the head of its class."

IT IS ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY,

giving fifty-two numbers, of sixty-four pages each, or more than *three thousand* double-column octavo pages of reading matter yearly; enabling it to present, with a satisfactory *completeness* nowhere else attempted,

The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information,

gathered from the entire body of English periodical literature, and from the pens of the *ablest living writers.*

From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

"Were I, in view of all the competitors that are now in the field, to choose, I should certainly choose THE LIVING AGE. . . . . Nor is there, in any library that I know of, so much instructive and entertaining reading in the same number of volumes."

$8.00 a year, *free of postage.* An extra copy sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Address, **LITTELL & GAY,** 30 Bromfield St., Boston.

The best Home and Foreign Literature at Club Prices.

For *Ten Dollars*, LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, weekly, containing the cream of Foreign Periodical Literature, and either one of the leading magazines of Home Literature named below, will be sent to one address for one year, viz.: —

HARPER'S MONTHLY (or WEEKLY or BAZAR), THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, PUTNAM'S or LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY, THE GALAXY, or APPLETONS' JOURNAL (weekly); or, for $8.50, THE LIVING AGE and THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE. Address as above

PAIN-KILLER.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity." — *Salem Observer.*

"An article of great merit and virtue." — *Cincinnati Nonpareil.*

"We can bear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article." — *Cincinnati Dispatch.*

"A speedy cure for pain, — no family should be without it." — *Montreal Transcript.*

"The Pain-Killer of Perry Davis & Son we can confidently recommend. We have used it for a length of time, and invariably with success." — *Canada Baptist.*

☞ **The Pain-Killer is for sale by Medicine Dealers generally.**

FOUR MONTHS' SENT FREE

OF

THE BEE-KEEPER'S JOURNAL

AND NATIONAL AGRICULTURIST.

It is a large, illustrated double-quarto eight-page paper, containing Five different Departments, viz.: Bee-Keeping, Agricultnre, Home and Fireside, Ladies' and Youths' Departments, making it the cheapest and the best family paper in America, for only $1 a year. One sample copy **Sent Free** to every applicant and to all enterprising Bee-Keepers. Address **H. A. KING & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y.**

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For Circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

EVERY ONE send stamp for Circular of Tested Receipts to R. G. WILLIAMS, East Boston, Mass.

This well-known remedy

DOES NOT DRY UP A COUGH AND LEAVE THE CAUSE BEHIND,

as is the case with most preparations; but IT LOOSENS AND CLEANSES THE LUNGS and allays Irritation, thus

REMOVING THE CAUSE of the Complaint.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS.
None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS.
None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS.

SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Proprietors, Boston. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

ACKNOWLEDGED THE BEST,

EVIDENTLY

THE CHEAPEST.

New Styles, with Important Improvements,

AND REDUCED PRICES.

The Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs are the acknowledged standard of excellence in their department. More than three hundred of the most prominent musicians in the country testify to their superiority. Exhibited at all the principal Industrial Exhibitions in this country for a series of years, they were uniformly awarded the highest premiums. At the Paris Exposition, in competition with the best instruments in the world, they also were awarded the First-Class Medal.

Not only from most distinguished American Organists generally, but also from many European artists, the manufacturers have had the honor to receive testimonials to the superiority of their work, which now finds sale in nearly every civilized country on the globe. Written testimonials from the following are in their possession: —

Thomas Alexandre, London; Edouard Batiste, Professor of the Imperial Conservatory of Music, and Organist of the Church of St. Eustache, Paris; G. Benoit, Paris; Frederick Boscowitz, Pianist to the King of Portugal, etc.; Chmay, Paris; Anton Cosgayon, Madrid; Manuel De La Mata, Royal Commissioner of Spain on the Musical Instruments of the Paris Exposition; A. Dessaut, Organist of the Church of St. Louis, Paris; August Durand, Organist of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, and Composer, Paris; Paul D'Harcourt, Paris; Stephane Gaurcon, Organist of the Church of St. Clotilde, Paris; Wm. Costluis, London; A. Gouroult, Rouen; L. Guellain, Bordeaux; C. W. Hahn, Court Organist, Heilbron; Edouard Hochmele, Organist of the Church of St. Philipe du Roch, of the Chapel of the Senate, &c., Paris; Dr. Edward Hanslick, Professor of Music at the Imperial University of Vienna, Juror of Musical Instruments at the Paris Exposition Universelle, 1867; G. Helius, Bremen; A. Kutheruck, St. Petersburg; E Ketterer, the distinguished Composer and Pianist, Paris; Lefebure-Wely, Organist of the Church of St Sulpice, Paris; C. Lemaitre, Strasbourg; Otto Lessmann, Berlin; and many others.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. will adhere rigidly to their policy of selling to all at the lowest remunerative prices, and of printing their lowest prices, of which the following are illustrations: Four-Octave Organs, $50 each. Five-Octave Organs, in Solid Walnut Case, ornamented with Knee-Swell, $100. Five-Octave Double-Reed Organs, with Five Stops, Tremulant, and Knee Swell, Solid Walnut Case, ornamented, $125. The same, with addition of one octave of Sub-Bass connected with the Manuals, $150. The same, with Sub-Bass and Octave Coupler (by which each key commands four separate reeds), $175. Five Octave Double-Reed Cabinet Organ, with Five stops, Automatic Swell, and Improved Vox Humana, Solid Walnut Case, Carved and Panelled — *the finest instrument of its size which can be made* — $170. Many other styles at proportionate prices, up to $1000 each.

Circulars with full particulars as to styles, prices, peculiarities of construction, &c., sent free to every applicant. Address

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.,

154 Tremont Street, Boston, or
596 Broadway, New York.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

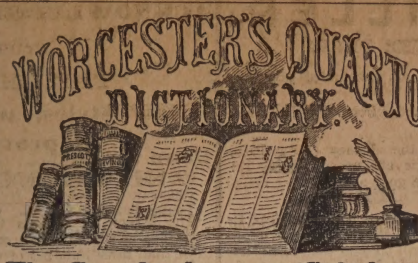
THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST

Especially devoted to SCIENTIFIC, PHILOSOPHIC, and RELIGIOUS SPIRITUALISM.

One Dollar per volume. Specimen Numbers sent free.

OFFICE, 47 PROSPECT ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

WORCESTER'S ILLUSTRATED QUARTO DICTIONARY is a massive volume of 1854 royal quarto pages. It is larger, contains more pages, and in several important respects is still superior to any other work of the kind. An evidence of its great value may be found in the fact that the only work of its kind that claims to be its rival can only do so on the ground that it has abandoned nearly all the distinctive peculiarities upon the strength of which it was once claimed to be a standard, and now closely follows Worcester's great work in those features in which the latter was its superior. It is illustrated by eleven hundred engravings, and contains more than a thousand articles treating with accuracy and conciseness upwards of five thousand synonymous words. That its high merits are appreciated may be seen in the official recommendation of the Boards of Education of the States of Minnesota and Nebraska, the cities of New Orleans, Richmond, &c., and *its largely increasing sale.*



The Standard among Scholars.

HON. GEORGE P. MARSH, our Minister to Italy, said of it, soon after its issue, in 1860: —

"The principal points to be aimed at in a hand-dictionary are, accuracy in orthography and orthoepy, — the written and spoken forms of words; precision and distinctness in definition; fulness in vocabulary, and truth in historical etymology. The work of Dr. Worcester is unquestionably much superior to any other general dictionary of the language in every one of these particulars, and is therefore entitled to rank first among the existing helps to a complete knowledge of English philology."

DR. O. W. HOLMES, one of our most gifted and popular writers, thus speaks of this work, February 15, 1869: —

"I have no hesitation in giving you my 'views as to the comparative merits of Dr. Worcester's orthography and the Websterian.' I think Dr. Worcester's plan was the true one: to reproduce the modes of spelling sanctioned by the use of the best literary authorities of our own time. I consider the innovation introduced by Dr. Webster in the spelling of many common words as having been an injury to his great work in the opinion of scholars, so far as I am acquainted with that opinion. I believe that the best writers of England and America would not PLOW with Dr. Webster's heifer, nor journey with him as a fellow TRAVELER in his erratic excursions, but would hold his tampering with the vocabulary as the HIGHT of indiscretion. You have only to see who avoid these changes which he has introduced, and who adopt them, to learn what intellectual stratum is destined to preserve them as its fossils."

The *New York Evening Post*, edited by that accomplished scholar, WM. CULLEN BRYANT, said of it in 1869: —

"Dr. Worcester's aim has been to present the form of words, both as written and as spoken, according to the preponderance of usage among the best writers and speakers; and where that usage is divided, to say so without attempting to turn the scale. This work he has done incomparably better than any one else before him or since; and until that distant day when some able scholar, with a still longer life and still greater industry, if these be possible, or at least with more numerous and efficient assistants, shall have devoted incredible labor to the production of a more complete one, his dictionary is likely to remain in substance the standard of the English language."

BREWER & TILESTON,
131 Washington Street, Boston.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

Thinking it due your labors in behalf of easing woman's work, I herewith state that in the year 1854 I purchased one of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines, being at that day most fully informed of their excellence over all others. This machine has been in almost uninterrupted use ever since (a period of nearly fifteen years), on many totally different materials, such as my own boots, my boy's clothing, needle-books, besides the usual heavy and light goods worn by ladies and children. It has never been repaired, and does not need it yet. I have often blessed the day on which I first entered your fine establishment as a purchaser.

MRS. J. W. D. PATTEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Christmas Books.

By CHARLES DICKENS. Including A CHRISTMAS CAROL, THE CHIMES, THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, THE BATTLE OF LIFE, and THE HAUNTED MAN.

With numerous Illustrations by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, MACLISE, STANFIELD, STONE, DOYLE, LEECH, and TENNIEL. 1 vol. 8vo. Very handsomely bound and stamped.

Cloth, $ 4.00; Morocco, $ 8.00.

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

THE COMIC HISTORY OF
THE UNITED STATES.

By JOHN D. SHERWOOD. With 60 Illustrations by HARRY SCRATCHLEY. 1 vol. 12mo. $ 2.50.

This work is novel in its treatment of American history, unique in detail, versatile in character, and piquant in style. While embracing a reliable and trustworthy history of the United States from a time prior to the Northmen down to the present, it will survey different parts of the historic field from new and humorous angles. Arresting and holding the attention of all by its salient and original views, it will endeavor to make itself a welcome, instructive, genial, and humorous companion to every American family. "A man may say a wise thing, though he may say it with a laugh."

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

WHEELER'S
DICTIONARY OF FICTION.

A DICTIONARY of the NOTED NAMES OF FICTION. By WILLIAM A. WHEELER. 1 vol. 12mo. $ 2.50.

"It is a work *sui generis*; all the flowers from the field of romance mingled together." — H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"I regard it as one of the most valuable works of reference in our language." — S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE, *Author of "A Dictionary of Authors."*

"As a book for miscellaneous reading, it is full of pleasant surprises; as a book of reference, if is difficult to conceive how any lover of literature can do without it." — *Boston Transcript.*

*** *For sale by the Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

LEE AND SHEPARD'S JANUARY BULLETIN.

1870.

Ready in January.

ALASKA

AND ITS RESOURCES.

By WILLIAM H. DALL. With nearly *One Hundred* Illustrations, and an entirely *New Map*. 1 vol. 8vo.

Lieut. Dall's book on Alaska will contain the most reliable information, gathered from personal observation, of our new Territory. As Director of the Russian Telegraph Expedition he enjoyed the highest facilities for his explorations.

Sold only by Subscription.

The Complete Works of

CHARLES SUMN

Prepared under his own supervision.

☞ Volume I. will be ready in January.

Laugh and grow fat.

Mirthfulness and its Exciters;

Or, Rational Laughter and its Promoters. F. CLARK. 1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.

"Are Camp-Meetings a Success?"

History of the Camp Meeting;

At Wesleyan Grove, Martha's Viney... VINCENT, A. M. 16mo. Cloth, $1.0...

A work of General Int...

The Sunset Land;

Or, The Great Pacific Slope. By REV. JOHN... 1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.

This little volume contains just the inform... body desires of California.

"To Strengthen, Comfort, and to Cheer."

The Golden Truth Series.

Compiled by Mrs. C. A. MEANS. 3 volumes in a neat box, $2.00 per vol.

Golden Truths, Words of Hope, Living Thoughts.

For all Times and Seasons.

Cross and Crown Series.

3 volumes in a neat box, $1.50 per vol.

Life's Morning, Life's Evening, Life's Quiet Hours.

"It can hardly be read without profit."

Hester Strong's Life Work;

Or, The Mystery solved. By MRS. M. A. SOUTHWORTH. 16mo. $1.50.

"It presents us a life that is successful because it is not selfish."

Live and wholesome reading for the Young.

Down the Rhine;

Or, Young America in Germany. By OLIVER OPTIC. Illustrated. $1.50. Completing the first series of Young America Abroad. 6 vols. 16mo.

Outward Bound, Dikes and Ditches,
Shamrock and Thistle, Palace and Cottage,
Red Cross, Down the Rhine.

The Jolliest Juvenile.

B. O. W. C.

A book for boys. By the Author of "The Dodge Club," etc. Illustrated, $1.50.

"Life is earnest."

...itch, for Boys. Fully Illus... ...ow a poor but studious boy

South in Dixie."

...y to the Cotton Islands.

...ustrated. $1.25 per vol.

... to Baltimore.

... more to Washington.

...ntly at Mount Vernon.

...innocent and agreeable amusement."

...ence.

A series of 32 Games for Invalids and Youth. By Mrs. D. CHENEY. Price, $1.00.

Bijou Cards.

To accompany "Patience." Per pack 25 cents.

Patience and two packs Bijou Cards in an elegant box, $1.50.

The game, or rather style of game, called Patience, has long been a great favorite in Europe, and the author has endeavored in this little book to naturalize it here in all its charming variety.

Hurrah for Johnny!

Planting the Wilderness;

Or, The Pioneer Boys. By JAMES D. MCCABE, JR. Illustrated. $1.25.

A story of the early days of Ohio.

"The Indians are coming, pull, Bub, pull."

The Cabin on the Prairie.

By REV. C. H. PEARSON. Illustrated. $1.25.

A story of Life in the Bush in Minnesota.

Lee and Shepard's publications are for sale by all Booksellers.

A SUBSCRIPTION TO

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

Is the Best and Cheapest Holiday Present for a Youth, for it comes

52 TIMES A YEAR.

Specimens of Optic's Magazine and Lee and Shepard's Catalogues free.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.

Messrs. H. O. HOUGHTON & CO. will publish, on the 15th day of December, the first number of a Monthly Magazine, for general and popular circulation, under the title,

OLD AND NEW.

OLD AND NEW differs from magazines now in circulation, in attempting a wider range of topics. It is intended for the home circle, and its effort is to interest all members of that circle.

OLD AND NEW, therefore, in publishing Stories, Literary Essays, and Criticisms, by the best authors, does not confine itself to them. Its aim is to improve the social and religious life of the American people, by freely bringing forward subjects of the highest social and religious importance.

Its conductors believe that the time has passed when politics were to be discussed only by statesmen, and religion only by clergymen. The fit study and consideration of such themes is now the privilege of all.

OLD AND NEW will thus discuss every subject of present importance. It will attempt such discussion in such ways as may be interesting to the great body of readers, with the best illustration which can be commanded.

Old and New will be edited by Rev. Edward E. Hale.

He has the help of a large number of the most distinguished writers in this country, and of valuable correspondents in the Old World. The several departments which they propose in the outset of their journal, besides those spoken of, are

STORIES AND OTHER PAPERS, by the most successful writers.

ARTICLES ON PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND SKETCHES OF TRAVELS, by men and women who know what is known.

CRITICISM, kind and fearless, on contemporary literature, such as shall guide the choice of book-buyers; and a RECORD OF PROGRESS. In this department, without much attention to the merely transient squalls or teapot tempests, OLD AND NEW will attempt to show what advance the world is really making in its Colleges and Universities, in its Scientific and Religious Associations, in its Social Reform, and by offices of Public Administration.

The discussion of all these topics will be conducted under the inspiration of the Christian Religion, in the interpretation of a broad and liberal Theology. For OLD AND NEW will recognize the truth which everywhere compels conviction now, that while the religion taught by Jesus Christ is as old as the Throne of God, Theology, which is the human expression of man's knowledge of God, requires new statements with every day.

The First Number of OLD AND NEW will contain Articles by

HARRIET B. STOWE, W. T. BRIGHAM, FREDERIC INGHAM,
JULIA WARD HOWE, ROBERT COLLYER, GEORGE LITTLELESS,
HANNAH E. LUNT, SIDNEY ANDREWS ("Dixon"), J. B. TORRICELLI,
HENRY W. BELLOWS, R. W. EMERSON, JAMES WALKER,
AND OTHER AUTHORS OF DISTINCTION, WHO RESERVE THEIR NAMES.

Early Numbers of OLD AND NEW will contain papers by the same authors, and by

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY, PROF. JOSEPH LOVERING, JOSIAH P. QUINCY,
MRS. MARY THROOP, PROF. O. W. HOLMES, HORACE E. SCUDDER,
HON. WILLIAM C. BRYANT, PROF. J. R. LOWELL, REV. C. E. STOWE,
HON. GEORGE P. MARSH, PROF. NATHAN HALE, REV. J. F. CLARKE,
JOHN G. WHITTIER, PROF. J. P. LESLEY, REV. GEORGE M. STEELE,
HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS, PROF. J. P. COOKE, REV. CHARLES BEECHER,
HON. ANDREW D. WHITE, PROF. C. CARROLL EVERETT, REV. A. D. MAYO,
REV. HORATIO STEBBINS.

Old and New will be a royal 8vo of 144 pages, handsomely printed.

TERMS.—YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $4.00; SINGLE NUMBERS, 35 CENTS.

☞ *Specimen number mailed on application.*

H. O. HOUGHTON & CO., Publishers,
135 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.

FOR THE FAMILY.

THE HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE.

A single trial will insure this famous Relish a place upon the table at every meal and lunch.

DO NOT BUY COUNTERFEIT ENGLISH SAUCES,

But inquire for and take only

THE HALFORD.

This is to-day the

STANDARD SAUCE,

IS APPROVED BY EVERYBODY,

AND

RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO USE IT.

For sale by all A1 Grocers everywhere

AT ONLY

Fifty Cents per Pint Bottle.

Electrotyped and Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

Number 148. *Volume* 25.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Joseph and his Friend. II.	129
Rhyme slayeth Shame	144
The Pressure upon Congress	145
Quaff	159
Winter Woods	171
The Value of Accident	172
Father Mériel's Bell	179
Risk	198
The Street-Cries of New York	199
Among the Isles of Shoals. III.	204
The Way to Sing	214
Life in the Brick Moon	215
Wo Lee, and his Kinsfolk	223
Edwin M. Stanton	234
Reviews and Literary Notices	246

Konewka's Midsummer-Night's Dream. — Thackeray's Miscellanies. — Ellking's Memoirs of Major-General Riedesel. — Tennyson's Holy Grail. — Father Hyacinthe's Discourses. — Lindsley's Elements of Tachygraphy. — Memoir and Writings of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. — Jarves's Art-Thoughts.

BOSTON:
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
124 TREMONT STREET.

OFFICE FOR NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN SUBSCRIBERS,
713 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TERMS. — SINGLE NUMBERS, 35 cents. . . . . YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $4.00.
CLUBS: Two Copies, $7.00; Five Copies, $16.00; Ten Copies, $30.00,
and each additional Copy, $3.00.
For every Club of Twenty Subscribers an additional copy will be furnished *gratis*.

☞ Every letter on business relating to the "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" should have the name of the STATE as well as the Post-Office from which it comes.
Persons ordering a change in direction of magazines should always give both the *old* and the *new* address IN FULL. No change can be made after the **5th** of any month in the address of magazines for the following month.

EVERY SATURDAY

For 1870.

NEW SERIES: CHANGE OF SIZE.

ENLARGED AND ILLUSTRATED.

The Publishers of EVERY SATURDAY take pleasure in announcing that this popular Journal is now presented in an entirely new form, and with a MOST IMPORTANT AND ATTRACTIVE NEW FEATURE, namely,

FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATIONS.

During the past four years, EVERY SATURDAY has laid before its readers a more varied and valuable *résumé* of foreign periodical literature, and has won a wider circulation among all classes, than any other eclectic periodical published in America. Though EVERY SATURDAY has in all respects fulfilled the design of its projectors, they are not willing to rest content without making fresh efforts to enlarge the sphere and increase the attractions of this popular weekly.

In commencing the new volume for 1870, the publishers have modified the shape of the journal, without, however, changing its general literary characteristics, in order to add to its attractions illustrations of the first artistic excellence. These illustrations are engraved from designs by leading European artists, and embrace

Views of Famous Places, Incidents of Travel, Figure-Pieces, Copies of Celebrated Paintings, Studies of Street-Life, and a Gallery of Portraits of Contemporary Celebrities,

executed with the highest degree of finish known to modern art. Among the distinguished artists from time to time represented are: —

ANSDELL, R., A.R.A.
ARMITAGE, E., A.R.A.
EDWARDS, M. ELLEN,
ELMORE, A., A.R.A.
FAED, T., R.A.
FRITH, W. P., R.A.
GRANT, SIR FRANCIS, P.R.A.
HODGSON, J. E.
HOUGHTON, A. B.
JEUNE, H. LE, A.R.A.
KEENE, CHARLES,
LESLIE, G. D., A.R.A.
LEIGHTON, J., F.S.A.
MASON, G., A.R.A.
ORCHARDSON, O. Q., A.R.A.
PETTIE, J., A.R.A.
POYNTER, E. J., A.R.A.
STONE, MARCUS,
DU MAURIER, GEORGE,
WATTS, G. F., R.A.
WEIR, HARRISON.

With the unusual facilities at their disposal, the publishers may confidently predict that EVERY SATURDAY will be a Journal of Choice Illustrations as well as a Journal of Choice Reading.

The New Series is in form an imperial folio, sixteen pages, beautifully printed on paper of superior quality, made expressly for the purpose, and admirably adapted for the artistic display of the most highly finished engravings. The publishers aim to make EVERY SATURDAY in its new form

THE HANDSOMEST ILLUSTRATED PAPER IN AMERICA.

EVERY SATURDAY will, as hitherto, furnish the American reader promptly with the most entertaining and noteworthy articles in the European periodicals, —

Serial Tales, Short Stories, Essays, biographical and descriptive, Poems, Notes of Travel and Adventure, Personal Gossip, Literary Intelligence, Facetiæ, Popular Papers on Science, and Translations from the Continental Magazines.

By special arrangement with foreign authors, the conductors of EVERY SATURDAY are frequently able to give its readers many valuable papers simultaneously with their publication abroad. Among the authors whose writings are promptly reproduced are: —

ALFRED TENNYSON,
CHARLES DICKENS,
PROF. SEELEY,
CHARLES READE,
THOMAS HUGHES,
ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
MRS. OLIPHANT,
G. RUFFINI,
ANTHONY TROLLOPE,
MATTHEW ARNOLD,
MARK LEMON,
CHARLES KINGSLEY,
EDMUND YATES,
FRANCES POWER COBBE,
ROBERT BROWNING,
MAX MÜLLER,
AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,"
GEORGE SAND,
EDMOND ABOUT,
A. C. SWINBURNE,
PROF. HUXLEY,
ROBERT BUCHANAN,
JEAN INGELOW,
MISS THACKERAY,
JAMES GREENWOOD,
JULES JANIN,
JULES SIMON,
EDWARD DICEY,
HENRY KINGSLEY,
W. HEPWORTH DIXON, and
GERALD MASSEY.

The publishers aim to commend it to all classes of cultivated and intelligent readers by the freshness and variety of its contents.

TERMS.

Single Number, 10 cents; Yearly Subscription, $5.00 in advance; $4.00 a year to subscribers for any other periodical published by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO. Address the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
124 Tremont Street, Boston.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XXV. — FEBRUARY, 1870. — NO. CXLVIII.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER IV.

ON the following Saturday afternoon, Rachel Miller sat at the front window of the sitting-room, and arranged her light task of sewing and darning, with a feeling of unusual comfort. The household work of the week was over; the weather was fine and warm, with a brisk drying breeze for the hay on the hill-field, the last load of which Joseph expected to have in the barn before his five-o'clock supper was ready. As she looked down the valley, she noticed that the mowers were still swinging their way through Hunter's grass, and that Cunningham's corn sorely needed working. There was a different state of things on the Asten place. Everything was done, and well done, up to the front of the season. The weather had been fortunate, it was true; but Joseph had urged on the work with a different spirit. It seemed to her that he had taken a new interest in the farm; he was here and there, even inspecting with his own eyes the minor duties which had been formerly intrusted to his man Dennis. How could she know that this activity was the only outlet for a restless heart?

If any evil should come of his social recreation, she had done her duty; but no evil seemed likely. She had always separated his legal from his moral independence; there was no enactment establishing the period when the latter commenced, and it could not be made manifest by documents, like the former. She would have admitted, certainly, that her guardianship must cease at some time, but the thought of making preparation for that time had never entered her head. She only understood conditions, not the adaptation of characters to them. Going back over her own life, she could recall but little difference between the girl of eighteen and the woman of thirty. There was the same place in her home, the same duties, the same subjection to the will of her parents, — no exercise of independence or self-reliance anywhere, and no growth of those virtues beyond what a passive maturity brought with it.

Even now she thought very little about any question of life in connection

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

with Joseph. Her parents had trained her in the discipline of a rigid sect, and she could not dissociate the idea of morality from that of solemn renunciation. She could not say that social pleasures were positively wrong, but they always seemed to her to be enjoyed on the outside of an open door labelled "Temptation"; and who could tell what lay beyond? Some very good people, she knew, were fond of company, and made merry in an innocent fashion; they were of mature years and settled characters, and Joseph was only a boy. The danger, however, was not so imminent: no fault could be found with his attention to duty, and a chance so easily escaped was a comfortable guaranty for the future.

In the midst of this mood (we can hardly say, train of thought), she detected the top of a carriage through the bushes fringing the lane. The vehicle presently came into view: Anna Warriner was driving, and there were two other ladies on the back seat. As they drew up at the hitching-post on the green, she recognized Lucy Henderson getting out; but the airy creature who sprang after her, — the girl with dark, falling ringlets, — could it be the stranger from town? The plain, country-made gingham dress, the sober linen collar, the work-bag on her arm, — could they belong to the stylish young lady whose acquaintance had turned Anna's head?

A proper spirit of hospitality required her to meet the visitors at the gate; so there was no time left for conjecture. She was a little confused, but not dissatisfied at the chance of seeing the stranger.

"We thought we could come for an hour this afternoon, without disturbing you," said Anna Warriner. "Mother has lost your receipt for pickling cherries, and Bob said you were already through with the hay-harvest; and so we brought Julia along, — this is Julia Blessing."

"How do you do?" said Miss Blessing, timidly extending her hand, and slightly dropping her eyelids. She then fell behind Anna and Lucy, and spoke no more until they were all seated in the sitting-room.

"How do you like the country by this time?" Rachel asked, feeling that a little attention was necessary to a new guest.

"So well that I think I shall never like the city again," Miss Blessing answered. "This quiet, peaceful life is such a rest; and I really never before knew what order was, and industry, and economy."

She looked around the room as she spoke, and glanced at the barn through the eastern window.

"Yes, your ways in town are very different," Rachel remarked.

"It seems to me, *now*, that they are entirely artificial. I find myself so ignorant of the proper way of living that I should be embarrassed among you, if you were not all so very kind. But I am trying to learn a little."

"O, we don't expect too much of town's-folks," said Rachel, in a much more friendly tone, "and we 're always glad to see them willing to put up with our ways. But not many are."

"Please don't count *me* among those!" Miss Blessing exclaimed.

"No, indeed, Miss Rachel!" said Anna Warriner; "you 'd be surprised to know how Julia gets along with everything, — don't she, Lucy?"

"Yes, she 's very quick," Lucy Henderson replied.

Miss Blessing cast down her eyes, smiled, and shook her head.

Rachel Miller asked some questions which opened the sluices of Miss Warriner's gossip, — and she had a good store of it. The ways and doings of various individuals were discussed, and Miss Blessing's occasional remarks showed a complete familiarity with them. Her manner was grave and attentive, and Rachel was surprised to find so much unobtrusive good sense in her views. The reality was so different from her previously assumed impression, that she felt bound to make some reparation. Almost before she

was aware of it, her manner became wholly friendly and pleasant.

"May I look at your trees and flowers?" Miss Blessing asked, when the gossip had been pretty well exhausted.

They all arose and went out on the lawn. Rose and woodbine, phlox and verbena, passed under review, and then the long, rounded walls of box attracted Miss Blessing's eye. This was a feature of the place in which Rachel Miller felt considerable pride, and she led the way through the garden gate. Anna Warriner, however, paused, and said: —

"Lucy, let us go down to the spring-house. We can get back again before Julia has half finished her raptures."

Lucy hesitated a moment. She looked at Miss Blessing, who laughed and said, "O, don't mind me!" as she took her place at Rachel's side.

The avenue of box ran the whole length of the garden, which sloped gently to the south. At the bottom, the green walls curved outward, forming three fourths of a circle, spacious enough to contain several seats. There was a delightful view of the valley through the opening.

"The loveliest place I ever saw!" exclaimed Miss Blessing, taking one of the rustic chairs. "How pleasant it must be, when you have all your neighbors here together!"

Rachel Miller was a little startled; but before she could reply, Miss Blessing continued: —

"There is such a difference between a company of young people here in the country, and what is called 'a party' in the city. There it is all dress and flirtation and vanity, but here it is only neighborly visiting on a larger scale. I have enjoyed the quiet company of all your folks *so* much the more, because I felt that it was so very innocent. Indeed, I don't see how anybody *could* be led into harmful ways here."

"I don't know," said Rachel: "we must learn to mistrust our own hearts."

"You are right! The best are weak — of themselves; but there is more safety where all have been brought up unacquainted with temptation. Now, you will perhaps wonder at me when I say that I could trust the young men — for instance, Mr. Asten, your nephew — as if they were my brothers. That is, I feel a positive certainty of their excellent character. What they say they mean: it is otherwise in the city. It is delightful to see them all together, like members of one family. You must enjoy it, I should think, when they meet here."

Rachel Miller's eyes opened wide, and there was both a puzzled and a searching expression in the look she gave Miss Blessing. The latter, with an air of almost infantine simplicity, her lips slightly parted, accepted the scrutiny with a quiet cheerfulness which seemed the perfection of candor.

"The truth is," said Rachel, slowly, "this is a new thing. I hope the merry-makings are as innocent as you think; but I 'm afraid they unsettle the young people, after all."

"Do you, really?" exclaimed Miss Blessing. "What have you seen in them which leads you to think so? But no — never mind my question: you may have reasons which I have no right to ask. Now, I remember Mr. Asten telling Anna and Lucy and myself, how much he should like to invite his friends here, if it were not for a duty which prevented it; and a duty, he said, was more important to him than a pleasure."

"Did Joseph say that?" Rachel exclaimed.

"O, perhaps I ought n't to have told it," said Miss Blessing, casting down her eyes and blushing in confusion: "in that case, *please* don't say anything about it! Perhaps it was a duty towards you, for he told me that he looked upon you as a second mother."

Rachel's eyes softened, and it was a little while before she spoke. "I 've tried to do my duty by him," she faltered at last, "but it sometimes seems an unthankful business, and I can't always tell how he takes it. And so he wanted to have a company here?"

"I am so sorry I said it!" cried Miss Blessing. "I never thought you were opposed to company, on principle. Miss Chaffinch, the minister's daughter, you know, was there the last time; and, really, if you could see it — But it is presumptuous in me to say anything. Indeed, I am not a fair judge, because these little gatherings have enabled me to make such pleasant acquaintances. And the young men tell me that they work all the better after them."

"It 's only on *his* account," said Rachel.

"Nay, I 'm sure that the last thing Mr. Asten would wish would be your giving up a principle for his sake! I know, from his face, that his own character is founded on principle. And, besides, here in the country, you don't keep count of hospitality, as they do in the city, and feel obliged to return as much as you receive. So, if you will try to forget what I have said —"

Rachel interrupted her. "I meant something different. Joseph knows why I objected to parties. He must not feel under obligations which I stand in the way of his repaying. If he tells me that he should like to invite his friends to this place, I will help him to entertain them."

"You *are* his second mother, indeed," Miss Blessing murmured, looking at her with a fond admiration. "And now I can hope that you will forgive my thoughtlessness. I should feel humiliated in his presence, if he knew that I had repeated his words. But he will not ask you, and this is the end of any harm I may have done."

"No," said Rachel, "he will not ask me; but won't I be an offence in his mind?"

"I can understand how you feel — only a woman can judge a woman's heart. Would you think me too forward if I tell you what might be done, this once?"

She stole softly up to Rachel as she spoke, and laid her hand gently upon her arm.

"Perhaps I am wrong, — but if *you* were first to suggest to your nephew that if he wished to make some return for the hospitality of his neighbors, — or put it in whatever form you think best, — would not that remove the 'offence' (though he surely cannot look at it in that light), and make him grateful and happy?"

"Well," said Rachel, after a little reflection, "if anything is done, that would be as good a way as any."

"And, of course, you won't mention me?"

"There 's no call to do it — as I can see."

"Julia, dear!" cried Anna from the gate; "come and see the last load of hay hauled into the barn!"

"I should like to see it, if you will excuse me," said Miss Blessing to Rachel; "I have taken quite an interest in farming."

As they were passing the porch, Rachel paused on the step and said to Anna: "You 'll bide and get your suppers?"

"I don't know," Anna replied; "we did n't mean to; but we stayed longer than we intended — "

"Then you can easily stay longer still."

There was nothing unfriendly in Rachel's blunt manner. Anna laughed, took Miss Blessing by the arm, and started for the barn. Lucy Henderson quietly turned and entered the house, where, without any offer of services, she began to assist in arranging the table.

The two young ladies took their stand on the green, at a safe distance, as the huge fragrant load approached. The hay overhung and concealed the wheels, as well as the hind quarters of the oxen, and on the summit stood Joseph, in his shirt-sleeves and leaning on a pitch-fork. He bent forward as he saw them, answering their greetings with an eager, surprised face.

"O, take care, take care!" cried Miss Blessing, as the load entered the barn-door; but Joseph had already dropped upon his knees and bent his shoulders. Then the wagon stood

upon the barn-floor; he sprang lightly upon a beam, descended the upright ladder, and the next moment was shaking hands with them.

"We have kept our promise, you see," said Miss Blessing.

"Have you been in the house yet?" Joseph asked, looking at Anna.

"O, for an hour past, and we are going to take supper with you."

"Dennis!" cried Joseph, turning towards the barn, "we will let the load stand to-night."

"How much better a man looks in shirt-sleeves than in a dress-coat!" remarked Miss Blessing aside to Anna Warriner, but not in so low a tone as to prevent Joseph from hearing it.

"Why, Julia, you are perfectly countrified! I never saw anything like it!" Anna replied.

Joseph turned to them again, with a bright flush on his face. He caught Miss Blessing's eyes, full of admiration, before the lids fell modestly over them.

"So you 've seen my home, already?" he said, as they walked slowly towards the house.

"O, not the half yet!" she answered, in a low, earnest tone. "A place so lovely and quiet as this cannot be appreciated at once. I almost wish I had not seen it: what shall I do when I must go back to the hot pavements, and the glaring bricks, and the dust, and the hollow, artificial life?" She tried to check a sigh, but only partially succeeded; then, with a sudden effort, she laughed lightly, and added: "I wonder if everybody does n't long for something else? Now, Anna, here, would think it heavenly to change places with me."

"Such privileges as you have!" Anna protested.

"Privileges?" Miss Blessing echoed. "The privilege of hearing scandal, of being judged by your dress, of learning the forms and manners, instead of the good qualities, of men and women? No! give me an independent life."

"Alone?" suggested Miss Warriner.

Joseph looked at Miss Blessing, who made no reply. Her head was turned aside, and he could well understand that she must feel hurt at Anna's indelicacy.

In the house, Rachel Miller and Lucy had, in the mean time, been occupied in domestic matters. The former, however, was so shaken out of her usual quiet by the conversation in the garden, that in spite of prudent resolves to keep quiet, she could not restrain herself from asking a question or two.

"Lucy," said she, "how do you find these evening parties you 've been attending?"

"They are lively and pleasant, — at least every one says so."

"Are you going to have any more?"

"It seems to be the wish," said Lucy, suddenly hesitating, as she found Rachel's eyes intently fixed upon her face.

The latter was silent for a minute, arranging the tea-service; but she presently asked again: "Do you think Joseph would like to invite the young people here?"

"She has told you!" Lucy exclaimed, in unfeigned irritation. "Miss Rachel, don't let it trouble you a moment: nobody expects it of you!"

Lucy felt, immediately, that her expression had been too frankly positive; but even the consciousness thereof did not enable her to comprehend its effect.

Rachel straightened herself a little, and said "Indeed?" in anything but an amiable tone. She went to the cupboard and returned, before speaking again. "I did n't say anybody told me," she continued; "it 's likely that Joseph might think of it, and I don't see why people should expect me to stand in the way of his wishes."

Lucy was so astonished that she could not immediately reply; and the entrance of Joseph and the two ladies cut off all further opportunity of clearing up what she felt to be an awkward misunderstanding.

"I must help, too!" cried Miss Blessing, skipping into the kitchen after Rachel. "That is one thing, at least, which we can learn in the city.

Indeed, if it was n't for housekeeping, I should feel terribly useless."

Rachel protested against her help, but in vain. Miss Blessing had a laugh and a lively answer for every remonstrance, and flitted about in a manner which conveyed the impression that she was doing a great deal.

Joseph could scarcely believe his eyes, when he came down from his room in fresh attire, and beheld his aunt not only so assisted, but seeming to enjoy it. Lucy, who appeared to be ill at ease, had withdrawn from the table, and was sitting silently beside the window. Recalling their conversation a few evenings before, he suspected that she might be transiently annoyed on his aunt's account; she had less confidence, perhaps, in Miss Blessing's winning, natural manners. So Lucy's silence threw no shadow upon his cheerfulness: he had never felt so happy, so free, so delighted to assume the character of a host.

After the first solemnity which followed the taking of seats at the table, the meal proceeded with less than the usual decorum. Joseph, indeed, so far forgot his duties, that his aunt was obliged to remind him of them from time to time. Miss Blessing was enthusiastic over the cream and butter and marmalade, and Rachel Miller found it exceedingly pleasant to have her handiwork appreciated. Although she always did her best, for Joseph's sake, she knew that men have very ignorant, indifferent tastes in such matters.

When the meal was over, Anna Warriner said: "We are going to take Lucy on her way as far as the cross-roads; so there will not be more than time to get home by sunset."

Before the carriage was ready, however, another vehicle drove up the lane. Elwood Withers jumped out, gave Joseph a hearty grip of his powerful hand, greeted the others rapidly, and then addressed himself specially to Lucy: "I was going to a township-meeting at the Corner," said he; "but Bob Warriner told me you were here with Anna, so I thought I could save her a roundabout drive by taking you myself."

"Thank you; but I 'm sorry you should go so far out of your road," said Lucy. Her face was pale, and there was an evident constraint in the smile which accompanied the words.

"O, he 'd go twice as far for company," Anna Warriner remarked. "You know I 'd take you, and welcome, but Elwood has a good claim on you, now."

"I have no *claim*, Lucy," said Elwood, rather doggedly.

"Let us go, then," were Lucy's words.

She rose, and the four were soon seated in the two vehicles. They drove away in the low sunshine, one pair chatting and laughing merrily as long as they were within hearing, the other singularly grave and silent.

CHAPTER V.

For half a mile Elwood Withers followed the carriage containing Anna Warriner and her friend; then, at the curve of the valley their roads parted, and Lucy and he were alone. The soft light of the delicious summer evening was around them; the air, cooled by the stream which broadened and bickered beside their way, was full of all healthy meadow odors, and every farm in the branching dells they passed was a picture of tranquil happiness. Yet Lucy had sighed before she was aware of it, — a very faint, tremulous breath, but it reached Elwood's sensitive ear.

"You don't seem quite well, Lucy," he said.

"Because I have talked so little?" she asked.

"Not just that, but — but I was almost afraid my coming for you was not welcome. I don't mean —" But here he grew confused, and did not finish the sentence.

"Indeed, it was very kind of you," said she. This was not an answer to his remark, and both felt that it was not.

Elwood struck the horse with his

whip, then as suddenly drew the reins on the startled animal. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed, in a tone that was almost fierce, "what's the use o' my beating about the bush in this way?"

Lucy caught her breath, and clenched her hands under her shawl for one instant. Then she became calm, and waited for him to say more.

"Lucy!" he continued, turning towards her, "you have a right to think me a fool. I can talk to anybody else more freely than to you, and the reason is, I want to say more to you than to any other woman! There's no use in my being a coward any longer; it's a desperate venture I'm making, but it must be made. Have you never guessed how I feel towards you?"

"Yes," she answered, very quietly.

"Well, what do you say to it?" He tried to speak calmly, but his breath came thick and hard, and the words sounded hoarsely.

"I will say this, Elwood," said she, "that because I saw your heart, I have watched your ways and studied your character. I find you honest and manly in everything, and so tender and faithful that I wish I could return your affection in the same measure."

A gleam, as of lightning, passed over his face.

"O, don't misunderstand me!" she cried, her calmness forsaking her, "I esteem, I honor you, and that makes it harder for me to seem ungrateful, unfeeling, — as I must. Elwood, if I could, I would answer you as you wish, but I cannot."

"If I wait?" he whispered.

"And lose your best years in a vain hope! No, Elwood, my friend, — let me always call you so, — I have been cowardly also. I knew an explanation must come, and I shrank from the pain I should feel in giving you pain. It is hard; and better for both of us that it should not be repeated!"

"There's something wrong in this world!" he exclaimed, after a long pause. "I suppose you could no more force yourself to love me than I could force myself to love Anna Warriner or that Miss Blessing. Then what put it into my heart to love you? Was it God or the Devil?"

"Elwood!"

"How can I help myself? Can I help drawing my breath? Did I set about it of my own will? Here I see a life that belongs to my own life, — as much a part of it as my head or heart; but I can't reach it, — it draws away from me, and maybe joins itself to some one else forever! O my God!"

Lucy burst into such a violent passion of weeping, that Elwood forgot himself in his trouble for her. He had never witnessed such grief, as it seemed to him, and his honest heart was filled with self-reproach at having caused it.

"Forgive me, Lucy!" he said, very tenderly encircling her with his arm, and drawing her head upon his shoulder; "I spoke rashly and wickedly, in my disappointment. I thought only of myself, and forgot that I might hurt you by my words. I'm not the only man who has this kind of trouble to bear; and perhaps if I could see clearer — but I don't know; I can only see one thing."

She grew calmer as he spoke. Lifting her head from his shoulder, she took his hand, and said: "You are a true and a noble man, Elwood. It is only a grief to me that I cannot love you as a wife should love her husband. But my will is as powerless as yours."

"I believe you, Lucy," he answered, sadly. "It's not your fault, — but, then, it is n't mine, either. You make me feel that the same rule fits both of us, leastways so far as helping the matter is concerned. You need n't tell me I may find another woman to love; the very thought of it makes me sick at heart. I'm rougher than you are, and awkward in my ways — "

"It is not that! O, believe me, it is not that!" cried Lucy, interrupting him. "Have you ever sought for reasons to account for your feeling toward me? Is it not something that does not seem to depend upon what I am, —

upon any qualities that distinguish me from other women?"

"How do you know so much?" Elwood asked. "Have you —" He commenced, but did not finish the question. He leaned silently forward, urged on the horse, and Lucy could see that his face was very stern.

"They say," she began, on finding that he was not inclined to speak, — "they say that women have a natural instinct which helps them to understand many things; and I think it must be true. Why can you not spare me the demand for reasons which I have not? If I were to take time, and consider it, and try to explain, it would be of no help to you: it would not change the fact. I suppose a man feels humiliated when this trouble comes upon him. He shows his heart, and there seems to be a claim upon the woman of his choice to show hers in return. The sense of injustice is worse than humiliation, Elwood. Though I cannot, cannot do otherwise, I shall always have the feeling that I have wronged you."

"O Lucy," he murmured, in a very sad, but not reproachful voice, "every word you say, in showing me that I must give you up, only makes it more impossible to me. And it *is* just impossible, — that's the end of the matter! I know how people talk about trials being sent us for our good, and its being the will of God, and all that. It's a trial, that's true: whether it's for my good or not, I shall learn after a while; but I can find out God's will only by trying the strength of my own. Don't be afeared, Lucy! I've no notion of saying or doing anything from this time on to disturb you, but *here* you are" (striking his breast with his clenched hand), "and here you will be when the day comes, as I feel that it must and *shall* come, to bring us together!"

She could see the glow of his face in the gathering dusk, as he turned towards her and offered his hand. How could she help taking it? If some pulse in her own betrayed the thrill of admiring recognition of the man's powerful and tender nature, which suddenly warmed her oppressed blood, she did not fear that he would draw courage from the token. She wished to speak, but found no words which, coming after his, would not have seemed either cold and unsympathetic, or too near the verge of the hope which she would gladly have crushed.

Elwood was silent for a while, and hardly appeared to be awaiting an answer. Meanwhile the road left the valley, climbing the shoulders of its enclosing hills, where the moist meadow fragrance was left behind, and dry, warm breezes, filled with the peculiar smell of the wheat-fields, blew over them. It was but a mile farther to the Corner, near which Lucy's parents resided.

"How came you three to go to Joseph's place this afternoon?" he asked. "Was n't it a dodge of Miss Blessing's?"

"She proposed it, — partly in play, I think; and when she afterwards insisted on our going, there seemed to be no good reason for refusing."

"O, of course not," said Elwood; "but tell me now, honestly, Lucy, what do you make out of her?"

Lucy hesitated a moment. "She is a little wilful in her ways, perhaps, but we must n't judge too hastily. We have known her such a short time. Her manner is very amiable."

"I don't know about that," Elwood remarked. "It reminds me of one of her dresses, — so ruffled, and puckered, and stuck over with ribbons and things, that you can't rightly tell what the stuff is. I 'd like to be sure whether she has an eye to Joseph."

"To *him!*" Lucy exclaimed.

"Him first and foremost! He's as innocent as a year-old baby. There is n't a better fellow living than Joseph Asten, but his bringing up has been fitter for a girl than a boy. He has n't had his eye-teeth cut yet, and it's my opinion that *she* has."

"What do you mean by that?"

"No harm. Used to the world, as much as anything else. He don't know how to take people; he thinks th' outside color runs down to the core.

So it does with him; but *I* can't see what that girl is, under her pleasant ways, and he won't guess that there's anything else of her. Between ourselves, Lucy, — you don't like her. I saw that when you came away, though you were kissing each other at the time."

"What a hypocrite I must be!" cried Lucy, rather fiercely.

"Not a bit of it. Women kiss as men shake hands. You don't go around, saying, 'Julia dear!' like Anna Warriner."

Lucy could not help laughing. "There," she said, "that's enough, Elwood! I'd rather you would think yourself in the right than to say anything more about her this evening."

She sighed wearily, not attempting to conceal her fatigue and depression.

"Well, well!" he replied; "I'll pester you no more with disagreeable subjects. There's the house, now, and you'll soon be rid of me. I won't tell you, Lucy, that if you ever want for friendly service, you must look to me, — because I'm afeared you won't feel free to do it; but you'll take all I can find to do without your asking."

Without waiting for an answer he drew up his horse at the gate of her home, handed her out, said "Good night!" and drove away.

Such a singular restlessness took possession of Joseph, after the departure of his guests, that the evening quiet of the farm became intolerable. He saddled his horse and set out for the village, readily inventing an errand which explained the ride to himself as well as to his aunt.

The regular movements of the animal did not banish the unquiet motions of his mind, but it relieved him by giving them a wider sweep and a more definite form. The man who walks is subject to the power of his Antæus of a body, moving forwards only by means of the weight which holds it to the earth. There is a clog upon all his thoughts, an ever-present sense of restriction and impotence. But when he is lifted above the soil, with the air under his foot-soles, swiftly moving without effort, his mind, a poising Mercury, mounts on winged heels. He feels the liberation of new and nimble powers; wider horizons stretch around his inward vision; obstacles are measured or overlooked; the brute strength under him charges his whole nature with a more vigorous electricity.

The fresh, warm, healthy vital force which filled Joseph's body to the last embranchment of every nerve and vein — the hum of those multitudinous spirits of life, which, while building their glorious abode, march as if in triumphant procession through its secret passages, and summon all the fairest phantoms of sense to their completed chambers — constituted, far more than he suspected, an element of his disturbance. This was the strong pinion on which his mind and soul hung balanced, above the close atmosphere which he seemed to ride away from, as he rode. The great joy of human life filled and thrilled him; all possibilities of action and pleasure and emotion swam before his sight; all he had read or heard of individual careers in all ages, climates, and conditions of the race — dazzling pictures of the myriad-sided earth, to be won by whosoever dared arbitrarily to seize the freedom waiting for his grasp — floated through his brain.

Hitherto a conscience not born of his own nature, — a very fair and saintly-visaged jailer of thought, but a jailer none the less, — had kept strict guard over every outward movement of his mind, gently touching hope and desire and conjecture when they reached a certain line, and saying, "No; no farther: it is prohibited." But now, with one strong, involuntary throb, he found himself beyond the line, with all the ranges ever trodden by man stretching forward to a limitless horizon. He rose in his stirrups, threw out his arms, lifted his face towards the sky, and cried, "God! I see what I am!"

It was only a glimpse, — like that of a

landscape struck in golden fire by lightning, from the darkness. "What is it," he mused, "that stands between me and this vision of life? Who built a wall of imaginary law around these needs, which are in themselves inexorable laws? The World, the Flesh, and the Devil, they say in warning. Bright, boundless world, my home, my play-ground, my battle-field, my kingdom to be conquered! And this body they tell me to despise, — this perishing house of clay, which is so intimately myself that its comfort and delight cheer me to the inmost soul: it is a dwelling fit for an angel to inhabit! Shall not its hungering senses all be fed? Who shall decide for me — if not myself — on their claims, — who can judge for me what strength requires to be exercised, what pleasure to be enjoyed, what growth to be forwarded? All around me, everywhere, are the means of gratification, — I have but to reach forth my hand and grasp; but a narrow cell, built ages ago, encloses me wherever I go!"

Such was the vague substance of his thoughts. It was the old struggle between life — primitive, untamed life, as the first man may have felt it — and its many masters: assertion and resistance, all the more fierce because so many influences laid their hands upon its forces. As he came back to his usual self, refreshed by this temporary escape, Joseph wondered whether other men shared the same longing and impatience; and this turned his musings into another channel. "Why do men so carefully conceal what is deepest and strongest in their natures? Why is so little of spiritual struggle and experience ever imparted? The convert publicly admits his sinful experience, and tries to explain the entrance of grace into his regenerated nature; the reformed drunkard seems to take a positive delight in making his former condition degraded and loathsome; but the opening of the individual life to the knowledge of power and passion and all the possibilities of the world is kept more secret than sin. Love is hidden as if it were a reproach; friendship watched, lest it express its warmth too frankly; joy and grief and doubt and anxiety repressed as much as possible. A great lid is shut down upon the human race. They must painfully stoop and creep, instead of standing erect with only God's heaven over their heads. I am lonely, but I know not how to cry for companionship; my words would not be understood, or, if they were, would not be answered. Only one gate is free to me, — that leading to the love of woman. There, at least, must be such an intense, intimate sympathy as shall make the reciprocal revelation of the lives possible!"

Full of this single certainty, which, the more he pondered upon it, seemed to be his nearest chance of help, Joseph rode slowly homewards. Rachel Miller, who had impatiently awaited his coming, remarked the abstraction of his face, and attributed it to a very different cause. She was thereby wonderfully strengthened to make her communication in regard to the evening company; nevertheless, the subject was so slowly approached and so ambiguously alluded to, that Joseph could not immediately understand it.

"That is something! That is a step!" he said to himself; then, turning towards her with a genuine satisfaction in his face, added: "Aunt, do you know that I have never really felt until now that I am the owner of this property? It will be more of a home to me after I have received the neighborhood as my guests. It has always controlled me, but now it must serve me!"

He laughed in great good-humor, and Rachel Miller, in her heart, thanked Miss Julia Blessing.

CHAPTER VI.

RACHEL MILLER was not a woman to do a thing by halves. As soon as the question was settled, she gave her heart and mind to the necessary preparations. There might have been a

little surprise in some quarters, when the fact became known in the neighborhood through Joseph's invitation, but no expression of it reached the Asten place. Mrs. Warriner, Anna's mother, called to inquire if she could be of service, and also to suggest, indirectly, *her* plan of entertaining company. Rachel detected the latter purpose, and was a little more acquiescent than could have been justified to her own conscience, seeing that at the very moment when she was listening with much apparent meekness, she was mentally occupied with plans for outdoing Mrs. Warriner. Moreover, the Rev. Mr. Chaffinch had graciously signified his willingness to be present, and the stamp of strictest orthodoxy was thus set upon the entertainment. She was both assured and stimulated, as the time drew near, and even surprised Joseph by saying: "If I was better acquainted with Miss Blessing, she might help me a good deal in fixing everything just as it should be. There are times, it seems, when it 's an advantage to know something of the world."

"I 'll ask her!" Joseph exclaimed.

"You! And a mess you 'd make of it, very likely; men think they 've only to agree to invite a company, and that 's all! There 's a hundred things to be thought of that women must look to; you could n't even understand 'em. As for speaking to her,—she 's one of the *invites*, and it would never do in the world."

Joseph said no more, but he silently determined to ask Miss Blessing on her arrival; there would still be time. She, with her wonderful instinct, her power of accommodating people to each other, and the influence which she had already acquired with his aunt, would certainly see at a glance how the current was setting, and guide it in the proper direction.

But, as the day drew near, he grew so restless and uneasy that there seemed nothing better to do than to ride over to Warriner's in the hope of catching a moment's conference with her, in advance of the occasion.

He was entirely fortunate. Anna was apparently very busy with household duties, and after the first greetings left him alone with Miss Blessing. He had anticipated a little difficulty in making his message known, and was therefore much relieved when she said: "Now, Mr. Asten, I see by your face that you have something particular to say. It 's about to-morrow night, is n't it? You must let me help you, if I can, because I am afraid I have been, without exactly intending it, the cause of so much trouble to you and your aunt."

Joseph opened his heart at once. All that he had meant to say came easily and naturally to his lips, because Miss Blessing seemed to feel and understand the situation, and met him halfway in her bright, cheerful acquiescence. Almost before he knew it, he had made her acquainted with what had been said and done at home. How easily she solved the absurd doubts and difficulties which had so unnecessarily tormented him! How clearly, through her fine female instinct, she grasped little peculiarities of his aunt's nature, which he, after years of close companionship, had failed to define! Miss Rachel, she said, was both shy and inexperienced, and it was only the struggle to conceal these conscious defects which made her seem — not unamiable, exactly, but irregular in her manner. Her age, and her character in the neighborhood, did not permit her to appear incompetent to any emergency: it was a very natural pride, and must be treated both delicately and tenderly.

Would Joseph trust the matter entirely to her, Miss Blessing? It was a great deal to ask, she knew, comparative stranger as she was; but she believed that a woman, when her nature had not been distorted by the conventionalities of life, had a natural talent for smoothing difficulties, and removing obstacles for others. Her friends had told her that she possessed this power; and it was a great happiness to think so. In the present case, she was *sure*

she should make no mistake. She would endeavor not to seem to suggest anything, but merely to assist in such a way that Miss Rachel would of herself see what else was necessary to be done.

"Now," she remarked, in conclusion, "this sounds like vanity in me; but I really hope it is not. You must remember that in the city we are obliged to know all the little social arts, — and artifices, I am afraid. It is not always to our credit, but then, the heart *may* be kept fresh and uncorrupted."

She sighed, and cast down her eyes. Joseph felt the increasing charm of a nature so frank and so trustful, constantly luring to the surface the maiden secrets of his own. The confidence already established between them was wholly delightful, because their sense of reciprocity increased as it deepened. He felt so free to speak that he could not measure the fitness of his words, but exclaimed, without a pause for thought: —

"Tell me, Miss Julia, did you not suggest this party to Aunt Rachel?"

"Don't give me too much credit!" she answered; "it was talked about, and I could n't help saying Ay. I longed so much to see you — all — again before I go away."

"And Lucy Henderson objected to it?"

"Lucy, I think, wanted to save your aunt trouble. Perhaps she did not guess that the real objection was inexperience, and not want of will to entertain company. And very likely she helped to bring it about, by seeming to oppose it; so you must not be angry with Lucy, — promise me!"

She looked at him with an irresistibly entreating expression, and extended her hand, which he seized so warmly as to give her pain. But she returned the pressure, and there was a moment's silence, which Anna Warriner interrupted at the right time.

The next day, on the Asten farm, all the preparations were quietly and successfully made long in advance of the first arrivals. The Rev. Mr. Chaffinch and a few other specially chosen guests made their appearance in the afternoon. To Joseph's surprise, the Warriners and Miss Blessing speedily joined them. It was, in reality, a private arrangement which his aunt had made, in order to secure at the start the very assistance which he had been plotting to render. One half the secret of the ease and harmony which he felt was established was thus unknown to him. He looked for hints or indications of management on Miss Blessing's part, but saw none. The two women, meeting each other half-way, needed no words in order to understand each other, and Miss Rachel, gradually made secure in her part of hostess, experienced a most unaccustomed sense of triumph.

At the supper-table Mr. Chaffinch asked a blessing with fervor; a great, balmy dish of chickens stewed in cream was smoking before his nostrils, and his fourth cup of tea made Rachel Miller supremely happy. The meal was honored in silence, as is the case where there is much to eat and a proper desire and capacity to do it: only towards its close, when the excellence of the jams required acknowledgment, were the tongues of the guests loosened, and content made them cheerful.

"You have entertained us almost too sumptuously, Miss Miller," said the clergyman. "And now let us go out on the portico, and welcome the young people as they arrive."

"I need hardly ask you, then, Mr. Chaffinch," said she, "whether you think it right for them to come together in this way."

"Decidedly!" he answered; "that is, so long as their conversation is modest and becoming. It is easy for the vanities of the world to slip in, but we must watch, — we must watch."

Rachel Miller took a seat near him, beholding the gates of perfect enjoyment opened to her mind. Dress, the opera, the race-course, literature, stocks, politics, have their fascination for so many several classes of the human race; but to her there was nothing on this earth

so delightful as to be told of temptation and backsliding and sin, and to feel that she was still secure. The fact that there was always danger added a zest to the feeling; she gave herself credit for a vigilance which had really not been exercised.

The older guests moved their chairs nearer, and listened, forgetting the sweetness of sunset which lay upon the hills down the valley. Anna Warriner laid her arm around Miss Chaffinch's waist, and drew her towards the mown field beyond the barn; and presently, by a natural chance, as it seemed, Joseph found himself beside Miss Blessing, at the bottom of the lawn.

All the western hills were covered with one cool, broad shadow. A rich orange flush touched the tops of the woods to the eastward, and brightened as the sky above them deepened into the violet-gray of coming dusk. The moist, delicious freshness which filled the bed of the valley slowly crept up the branching glen, and already tempered the air about them. Now and then a bird chirped happily from a neighboring bush, or the low of cattle was heard from the pasture-fields.

"Ah!" sighed Miss Blessing, "this is too sweet to last: I must learn to do without it."

She looked at him swiftly, and then glanced away. It seemed that there were tears in her eyes.

Joseph was about to speak, but she laid her hand on his arm. "Hush!" she said; "let us wait until the light has faded."

The glow had withdrawn to the summits of the distant hills, fringing them with a thin, wonderful radiance. But it was only momentary. The next moment it broke on the irregular topmost boughs, and then disappeared, as if blown out by a breeze which came with the sudden lifting of the sky. She turned away in silence, and they walked slowly together towards the house. At the garden gate she paused.

"That superb avenue of box!" she exclaimed; "I must see it again, if only to say farewell."

They entered the garden, and in a moment the dense green wall, breathing an odor seductive to heart and senses, had hidden them from the sight — and almost from the hearing — of the guests on the portico. Looking down through the southern opening of the avenue, they seemed alone in the evening valley.

Joseph's heart was beating fast and strong; he was conscious of a wild fear, so interfused with pleasure, that it was impossible to separate the sensations. Miss Blessing's hand was on his arm, and he fancied that it trembled.

"If life were as beautiful and peaceful as this," she whispered, at last, "we should not need to seek for truth and — and — sympathy: we should find them everywhere."

"Do you not think they are to be found?" he asked.

"O, in how few hearts! I can say it to *you*, and you will not misunderstand me. Until lately I was satisfied with life as I found it: I thought it meant diversion, and dress, and gossip, and common daily duties, but now — now I see that it is the union of kindred souls!"

She clasped both her hands over his arm as she spoke, and leaned slightly towards him, as if drawing away from the dreary, homeless world. Joseph felt all that the action expressed, and answered in an unsteady voice: —

"And yet — with a nature like yours — you must surely find them."

She shook her head sadly, and answered: "Ah, a woman cannot seek. I never thought I should be able to say — to any human being — that I have sought, or waited for recognition. I do not know why I should say it now. I try to be myself — my true self — with all persons; but it seems impossible: my nature shrinks from some and is drawn towards other. Why is this? what is the mystery that surrounds us?"

"Do you believe," Joseph asked, "that two souls may be so united that they shall dare to surrender all knowledge of themselves to each other, as we do, helplessly, before God?"

"O," she murmured, "it is my dream! I thought I was alone in cherishing it! Can it ever be realized?"

Joseph's brain grew hot: the release he had invoked sprang to life and urged him forward. Words came to his lips, he knew not how.

"If it is my dream and yours, — if we both have come to the faith and the hope we find in no others, and which alone will satisfy our lives, is it not a sign that the dream is over and the reality has begun?"

She hid her face in her hands. "Do not tempt me with what I had given up, unless you can teach me to believe again?" she cried.

"I do not tempt you," he answered breathlessly. "I tempt myself. I believe."

She turned suddenly, laid a hand upon his shoulder, lifted her face and looked into his eyes with an expression of passionate eagerness and joy. All her attitude breathed of the pause of the wave that only seems to hesitate an instant before throwing itself upon the waiting strand. Joseph had no defence, knew of none, dreamt of none. The pale-brown eyes, now dark, deep, and almost tearful, drew him with irresistible force: the sense of his own shy reticent self was lost, dissolved in the strength of an instinct which possessed him body and soul, — which bent him nearer to the slight form, which stretched his arms to answer its appeal, and left him, after one dizzy moment, with Miss Blessing's head upon his breast.

"I should like to die now," she murmured: "I never can be so happy again."

"No, no," said he, bending over her; "live for me!"

She raised herself, and kissed him again and again, and this frank, almost childlike betrayal of her heart seemed to claim from Joseph the full surrender of his own. He returned her caresses with equal warmth, and the twilight deepened around them as they stood, still half-embracing.

"Can I make you happy, Joseph?"

"Julia, I am already happier than I ever thought it possible to be."

With a sudden impulse she drew away from him. "Joseph!" she whispered, "will you always bear in mind what a cold, selfish, worldly life mine has been? You do not know me; you cannot understand the school in which I have been taught. I tell you, now, that I have had to learn cunning and artifice and equivocation. I am dark beside a nature so pure and good as yours! If you must ever learn to hate me, begin now! Take back your love: I have lived so long without the love of a noble human heart, that I can live so to the end!"

She again covered her face with her hands, and her frame shrank, as if dreading a mortal blow. But Joseph caught her back to his breast, touched and even humiliated by such sharp self-accusation. Presently she looked up: her eyes were wet, and she said, with a pitiful smile: —

"I believe you *do* love me."

"And I will not give you up," said Joseph, "though you should be full of evil as I am, myself."

She laughed, and patted his cheek: all her frank, bright, winning manner returned at once. Then commenced those reciprocal expressions of bliss, which are so inexhaustibly fresh to lovers, so endlessly monotonous to everybody else; and Joseph, lost to time, place, and circumstance, would have prolonged them far into the night, but for Miss Julia's returning self-possession.

"I hear wheels," she warned; "the evening guests are coming, and they will expect you to receive them, Joseph. And your dear, good old aunt will be looking for *me*. O, the world, the world! We must give ourselves up to it, and be as if we had never found each other. I shall be wild unless you set me an example of self-control. Let me look at you once, — one full, precious, perfect look, to carry in my heart through the evening!"

Then they looked in each other's faces; and looking was not enough;

and their lips, without the use of words, said the temporary farewell. While Joseph hurried across the bottom of the lawn, to meet the stream of approaching guests which filled the lane, Miss Julia, at the top of the garden, plucked amaranth leaves for a wreath which would look well upon her dark hair, and sang, in a voice loud enough to be heard from the portico: —

> "Ever be happy, light as thou art,
> Pride of the pirate's heart!"

Everybody who had been invited — and quite a number who had not been, availing themselves of the easy habits of country society — came to the Asten farm that evening. Joseph, as host, seemed at times a little confused and flurried, but his face bloomed, his blue eyes sparkled, and even his nearest acquaintances were astonished at the courage and cordiality with which he performed his duties. The presence of Mr. Chaffinch kept the gayety of the company within decorous bounds; perhaps the number of detached groups appeared to form too many separate circles, or atmospheres of talk, but they easily dissolved, or gave to and took from each other. Rachel Miller was not inclined to act the part of a moral detective in the house which she managed; she saw nothing which the strictest sense of propriety could condemn.

Early in the evening, Joseph met Lucy Henderson in the hall. He could not see the graver change in her face; he only noticed that her manner was not so quietly attractive as usual. Yet on meeting her eyes he felt the absurd blood rushing to his cheeks and brow, and his tongue hesitated and stammered. This want of self-possession vexed him: he could not account for it; and he cut short the interview by moving abruptly away.

Lucy half turned, and looked after him, with an expression rather of surprise than of pain. As she did so she felt that there was an eye upon her, and by a strong effort entered the room without encountering the face of Elwood Withers.

When the company broke up, Miss Blessing, who was obliged to leave with the Warriners, found an opportunity to whisper to Joseph: "Come *soon!*" There was a long, fervent clasp of hands under her shawl, and then the carriage drove away. He could not see how the hand was transferred to that of Anna Warriner, which received from it a squeeze conveying an entire narrative to that young lady's mind.

Joseph's duties to his many guests prevented him from seeing much of Elwood during the evening; but, when the last were preparing to leave, he turned to the latter, conscious of a tenderer feeling of friendship than he had ever before felt, and begged him to stay for the night. Elwood held up the lantern, with which he had been examining the harness of a carriage that had just rolled away, and let its light fall upon Joseph's face.

"Do you really mean it?" he then asked.

"I don't understand you, Elwood."

"Perhaps I don't understand myself." But the next moment he laughed, and then added, in his usual tone: "Never mind: I 'll stay."

They occupied the same room; and neither seemed inclined to sleep. After the company had been discussed, in a way which both felt to be awkward and mechanical, Elwood said: "Do you know anything more about love, by this time?"

Joseph was silent, debating with himself whether he should confide the wonderful secret. Elwood suddenly rose up in his bed, leaned forward and whispered: "I see, — you need not answer. But tell me this one thing: is it Lucy Henderson?"

"No; O, no!"

"Does she know of it? Your face told some sort of a tale when you met her to-night."

"Not to her, — surely not to her!" Joseph exclaimed.

"I hope not," Elwood quietly said: "I love her."

With a bound Joseph crossed the room and sat down on the edge of his friend's bed. "Elwood!" he cried;

"and you are happy, too! O, now I can tell you all, — it is Julia Blessing!"

"Ha! ha!" Elwood laughed, — a short, bitter laugh, which seemed to signify anything but happiness. "Forgive me, Joseph!" he presently added, "but there 's a deal of difference between a mitten and a ring. You will have one and I have the other. I did think, for a little while, that you stood between Lucy and me; but I suppose disappointment makes men fools."

Something in Joseph's breast seemed to stop the warm flood of his feelings. He could only stammer, after a long pause: "But I am not in your way."

"So I see, — and perhaps nobody is, except myself. We won't talk of this any more; there 's many a roundabout road that comes out into the straight one at last. But you, — I can't understand the thing at all. How did she — did you come to love her?"

"I don't know, I hardly guessed it until this evening."

"Then, Joseph, go slowly, and feel your way. I 'm not the one to advise, after what has happened to me; but maybe I know a little more of womankind than you. It 's best to have a longer acquaintance than yours has been; a fellow can't always tell a sudden fancy from a love that has the grip of death."

"Now I might turn your own words against you, Elwood, for you tried to tell me what love is."

"I did; and before I knew the half. But come, Joseph: promise me that you won't let Miss Blessing know how much you feel, until — "

"Elwood!" Joseph breathlessly interrupted, "she knows it now! We were together this evening."

Elwood fell back on the pillow, with a groan. "I 'm a poor friend to you," he said: "I want to wish you joy, but I can't, — not to-night. The way things are fixed in this world stumps me, out and out. Nothing fits as it ought, and if I did n't take my head in my own hands and hold it towards the light by main force, I 'd only see blackness, and death, and hell!"

Joseph stole back to his bed, and lay there silently. There was a subtle chill in the heart of his happiness, which all the remembered glow of that tender scene in the garden could not thaw.

RHYME SLAYETH SHAME.

IF as I come unto her she might hear,
If words might reach her when from her I go,
Then speech a little of my heart might show,
Because indeed nor joy nor grief nor fear
Silence my love; but her gray eyes and clear,
Truer than truth, pierce through my weal and woe;
The world fades with its words, and naught I know
But that my changed life to My Life is near.

Go, then, poor rhymes, who know my heart indeed,
And sing to her the words I cannot say, —
That Love has slain Time, and knows no to-day
And no to-morrow; tell her of my need,
And how I follow where her footsteps lead,
Until the veil of speech death draws away.

THE PRESSURE UPON CONGRESS.

ONE of the oddities of human nature is its patient endurance of obvious, easily remedied inconveniences. No man ever spoke, and no man ever listened to a speech, in the Representatives' Hall at Washington, without being painfully aware of its unsuitableness to the purpose for which it was intended. It was intended to afford accommodation for three hundred gentlemen while they debated public questions and conversed on public business. Almost all debate in a modern parliamentary body naturally takes the tone of conversation, because nearly every topic that arises is some question of detail the principle of which is not disputed. It is only on rare occasions that the voice of a speaker endowed with reason would naturally rise above the conversational tone. The main business of Congress is to determine how much money shall be raised, how it shall be raised, and for what objects it shall be spent. The stricter States-rights men of the early time used to say, that, when Congress had made the annual appropriations, only one duty remained, which was to adjourn and go home. This was an extreme statement. It is, I think, a most important part of the duty of Congressmen to converse together, in the presence of the whole people in reporters' gallery assembled, on subjects of national concern; but even on a field-day of general debate, when principles are up for discussion, it is still calm, enlightened, dignified conversation that is most desirable. Members are well aware of this. Flights of oratory generally excite derisive smiles upon the floor of the House, and no man is much regarded by his fellow-members who is addicted to that species of composition.

But neither conversation nor calm debate is possible in the Representatives' Chamber. It is large enough for a mass-meeting. The members are spread over a wide expanse of floor, each seated at a desk covered and filled with documents and papers, and they see themselves surrounded by vast galleries rising, row above row, to the ceiling. When a man begins to speak, though he may be the least oratorical of mortals, he is soon forced into an oratorical condition of mind by the physical difficulty of making himself heard. Compelled to exert his lungs violently, he endeavors to assist and relieve the muscles of his chest and throat by gesticulation, and this brings the color to his cheeks and contributes to work up the whole man into the oratorical frenzy that puts a stop to all useful, elucidating operation of the brain. Often, very often, have I seen a member of the House, superior by nature, age, and education to the claptrap of harangue, rise in his place, full-charged with weighty matter on a subject utterly unsuited to oratory, and attempt to address the House in the temperate, serene manner which is alone proper when intelligent minds are sought to be convinced. At once he becomes conscious that no one can hear him beyond the fifth desk. His voice is lost in space. He raises it; but he cannot make the honorable member hear to whose argument he is replying. He calls upon the Speaker to come to his rescue, and Mr. Speaker uses his hammer with promptitude and vigor. The low roar of conversation, the rustle of paper, the loud clapping for the pages, subside for a moment, and the member resumes. But even during that instant of comparative silence, he is scarcely heard, — he is *not* heard unless he "orates," — and, a moment after, his voice is drowned again in the multitudinous sea of noise. Still he will not give up the attempt, and he finishes with the wildest pump-handle oratory of the stump. It is not his fault. He is no fool. He would not

naturally discuss army estimates in the style of Patrick Henry rousing his countrymen to arms. If he does so, it is because nature has so limited the reach and compass of the human voice, that he cannot make himself heard unless he roars; and no man can keep on roaring long without other parts of the body joining his lungs in the tumult.

This is really a matter of first-rate importance; for, whatever else man is or has, we are sure he possesses an animal nature, and hence is subject to physical conditions that are inexorable. If we could assemble in that enormous room the sages, statesmen, and orators of all the ages, we should not get from them much profitable debate. The hall is good enough; only it wants taking in. There is no need of such extensive accommodation for the chance visitors to the Capitol; since the whole people, as just remarked, as well as a respectable representation from foreign countries, are present in the gallery of the reporters. Three or four hundred gallery seats would answer better than the present thousand.

We ought not to be ashamed to learn something of the details of parliamentary management from a people who have had a Parliament for eight centuries. When the city of Washington was laid out, — 1790 to 1800, — the people of the United States had caught from the enthusiastic Republicans of France a certain infatuation for the ancient Romans; and hence the building for the accommodation of Congress was styled the Capitol; and, in furnishing the chambers for the Senate and House, the seats were arranged in semicircles, after the manner of the Roman senate-house. There was such a relish then for everything Roman, that it is rather surprising honorable members were not required to appear in their places wearing Roman togas. Nothing seems to have been copied from the British Parliament, except that object which Oliver Cromwell saw before him when he dissolved Parliament, one April day in 1653, and bade a soldier near him take away that fool's bawble, — the mace. But perhaps there are one or two other features of the British House of Commons that might have been considered. Never would the House of Commons have formed a Fox, a Sheridan, a Canning, a Peel, a Palmerston, or a Gladstone, if those masters of parliamentary conversation had been obliged to speak in such an apartment as our present Representatives Hall. I have been in the House of Commons when important debates occurred, and every leading speaker on both sides did his best, but no man put forth any great physical exertion. Sir Robert Peel rarely, Palmerston never, departed from the easy manner and unforced tone of conversation. A great debate was only the more or less animated talk of able, experienced, well-informed gentlemen; and it retained this tone chiefly because the auditors were so close around the speakers that conversation could be heard. No desks obstructed and filled up the floor, tempting members to write. No heaps of pamphlets and newspapers rose before them, luring them to read. *All reading and writing had been done before the House met,* and nothing remained but to talk it over. Ministerial and opposition members sat on long benches, facing one another, with a mere alley between them; and the strangers' gallery was a cockloft up near the ceiling, which would hold, when crammed, a hundred and twenty people.

The reader has perhaps not forgotten the astonishment that seized him when first he caught sight of the tumultuous scene afforded by the House of Representatives in session. I suppose we are all so used to it now, that we have ceased to see in it anything extraordinary. A deliberative body, indeed! From the gallery we look down upon semicircles of desks, at which members are writing, reading, and gossiping, apparently inattentive to what is going on. Outside of the outer semicircle is a crowd of men standing in groups talking together. The sofas that line the walls are usually occupied by men engaged in conversation; and in the lob-

bies beyond there is a dense crowd of talkers, who contribute their share to the volume of noise. Inside the inner row of desks, between the members and the Speaker's lofty throne of marble, the business of the House is brought to a focus. There, at a long row of marble desks, sit the shorthand reporters, who prepare for the "Globe" the official verbatim report of the proceedings. Above and behind them, at another row of marble desks, sit the clerks who keep an official record of whatever is done. Above and behind these, in his marble pulpit, with his mace at his right hand, his compass-like clock and excellent ivory hammer before him, behold the Speaker, most attentive of members, and the only one among them all who is expected to know at every instant the business before the House. On the marble steps connecting these three platforms are the pages, the circulating-medium of the House, who spring at the clapping of a member's hands to execute his will. From the midst of the great chaos of members, members' desks, boots, and litter of documents, a Voice is heard, — the voice of one who is supposed to be addressing the House. Not a member listens, perhaps, nor pretends to listen; not even the Speaker, who may be at the moment conversing with a stranger just presented to him, or may be signing documents. He knows that the Voice has seventeen minutes and three quarters longer to run, and his sole duty with regard to that Voice is, to bring down his well-made hammer with a good rap on the desk when its time is up. The only attentive persons are the shorthand reporters; but as they merely sit and write, without ever looking up, the absurd spectacle is often presented, of a distinguished gentleman delivering a most animated harangue to a great crowd of people, not one of whom appears to be regarding him. His right hand quivers in the air. He cries aloud. His body sways about like a tall pine in a torturing gale. "Yes, Mr. Speaker, I repeat the assertion"; — but Mr. Speaker is giving audience to three of his constituents, who stand, hat in hand, on the steps of his throne. "I appeal to gentlemen on the other side of the House"; — but no: neither the gentlemen on the other side of the House, nor his own intimate friends near by, pay him the poor compliment of laying down their newspapers or looking up from the letters they are writing.

Why these desks? why this general absorption of members in writing, reading, and conferring? Why the frequent necessity of hunting up members in their committee-rooms? It is because Congress meets four hours too soon! It meets at 12 M. instead of 4 P. M. It meets long before the daily work of members is done, before the morning's news is stale, before the relish of the mind for excitement is sated, before the mood has come for interchange of ideas, for converse with other minds.

Every one knows that the hard labor of Congress is done in committee-rooms and in the private offices of members; but, I presume, few persons are aware of the great amount and variety of duty which now devolves upon members who are capable of industry and public spirit. There are idle members, of course; for in Congress, as everywhere else, it is the willing and generous mind that bears the burden and pulls the load. It is with members of Congress as with editors, — most of their labor consists in considering and quietly rejecting what the public never hears anything about. Beau Brummel *wore* but one necktie, but his servant carried down stairs half a dozen failures. A magazine contains twenty articles; but, in order to get that twenty, the editor may have had to examine four hundred. During the session, Washington being the centre of interest to forty millions of people, it is the common receptacle of the infinite variety of schemes, dreams, ideas, vagaries, notions, publications, which the year generates. When a citizen of the United States conceives an idea or plans an enterprise, one of the things he is likely to

do is to write a pamphlet about it, and either send a copy to each member of Congress, or hire a small boy to place a copy upon each member's desk just before twelve o'clock. The international-copyrightists, I remember, took that enlightened course, fondly believing that no member who called himself a human being could read such moving arguments without being impatient to vote for the measure proposed. But when I began to look into Washington affairs, I discovered that hundreds of other people were continually employing the same too obvious tactics. Pamphlets come raining down upon members in a pitiless storm. On going into the office of a member one morning, when he had been absent twenty-four hours, I had the curiosity to glance at the mail which had accumulated in that short time. It consisted of one hundred and eight packages, — about one third letters, and two thirds newspapers and pamphlets. I think a member whose name is familiar to the country will usually receive, in the course of a long session, a good cart-load of printed matter designed expressly to influence legislation.

More vigorous schemers, or rather schemers with longer purses, soon discover that pamphlets are rather a drug in Washington, and send delegations or agents to "push" their projects by personal interviews. Nearly all these enterprises are either in themselves absurd, or else they are beyond the range of legislation; but members have to bestow attention enough upon them to ascertain their nature and claims. At least, many members do this, and by doing it effect a great deal of unrecorded good. Many a member of Congress does a fair day's work for his country outside of the chamber in which he sits and the committee-rooms in which he labors. Many members, too, have extensive affairs of their own, — factories or banks to direct, causes to plead in the national courts, articles to write for their newspapers.

Let them get all this work and all committee work done before the Houses meet, and then come together at four o'clock in the afternoon, in snug convenient rooms without desks, and talk things over in the hearing of mankind. This would obviate the necessity for the two sessions which give the Sergeant-at-arms so much lucrative employment, and party-going members such annoyance. I think, too, it would discourage and finally abolish the pernicious custom of reading speeches, as well as that kindred falsehood of getting speeches printed in the "Globe" which have never been delivered at all. A distinguished senator remarked in conversation last winter, that when he came to Congress, fifteen years ago, not more than one speech in five was written out and read, but that now four in five are. I have known a member, who had an important speech prepared, seriously consider whether he should deliver it in the House of Representatives, or offer it as a contribution to the "Atlantic Monthly." He concluded, after deliberation, to deliver the speech to the House, because he could reach the country quicker in that way; and he accordingly roared it, in the usual manner, from printed slips, few members regarding him. The next morning, the speech was printed in every important daily newspaper within fifteen hundred miles of Washington.

Among the great purposes of a national parliament are these two: first, to train men for practical statesmanship; and, secondly, to exhibit them to the country, so that, when men of ability are wanted, they can be found without anxious search and perilous trial. The people of free countries can form little idea of the embarrassment which a patriotic despot suffers when he must have an able, commanding man for the public service, and there is no tried and tested body of public men from which to choose. The present Emperor of Russia, at more than one critical time, I have been assured, has experienced this difficulty: the whole vast empire with its teeming millions lies before him subject to his will; but

it is dumb. Russia has no voice. Her able men have no arena. No man is celebrated, except as heir to an ancient name, or commandant of an important post. No class of men have had the opportunity to stand up before their countrymen, year after year, and show what they are, what they know, what they can bear, what they can do, and what they can refrain from doing, in keen, honorable, courteous encounter with their peers. One lamentable consequence is, that when an emperor, rising superior to the traditions of his order, strikes into a new and a nobler path, and looks about him for new men to carry out the new ideas, he has no knowledge to act upon. France has been muzzled for nearly twenty years. The time is at hand when the muzzle will fall off; but the controlling men who should have been formed and celebrated by twenty years of public life in a parliament are unformed and unknown. The people will want leaders; but leaders that can be trusted are not extemporized.

This congressional essay-writing threatens to reduce us to the same condition. The composition of an essay, in the quiet solitude of a library, is a useful and honorable exertion of the human mind; but it is a thing essentially different from taking part in public debate, and does not afford the kind of training which a public man needs. It does not give him nerve, self-command, and the habit of deference to the judgment of other minds. It does not give him practice in the art of convincing others. We cannot get in a library that intimate knowledge of human vanities, timidities, prejudices, ignorance, and habits, which shut the mind to unaccustomed truth, and turn the best-intentioned men into instruments of evil. The triumphant refutation of an opponent in a composition calmly written in the absence of that opponent, — how easy it is, compared with meeting him face to face, and so refuting him in the hearing of an empire, that if *he* be not convinced, tens of thousands of other men are! Essay-writing does not knock the conceit out of a man like open debate; nor yet does it fortify that just self-confidence which enables one to hold his own against eloquent error and witty invective, and sit unmoved amidst the applause and laughter that frequently follow them. It does really unfit a person for grappling with the homely, every-day difficulties of government. It tends to lessen that unnamed something in human beings which gives ascendency over others, and it diminishes a man's power to decide promptly at a time when his decision is to take visible effect. Nor does a written essay give any trustworthy indication of its author's character or force. A false, barren, unfeeling soul has been an "absolute monarch of words," capable of giving most powerful expression to emotions which it never felt, and to thoughts imbibed from better and greater men.

The substitution of written essays, read from printed slips, for extemporized debate, deprives the public, therefore, of one of the means of knowing and weighing the men from whom the leading persons of the government would naturally be taken; and it deprives members of Congress of part of the training which public men peculiarly need. It is to be hoped that when the House of Representatives moves into a smaller room, and Congress meets at four in the afternoon, the reading of speeches will be coughed down, and that Congress will resume its place as one of the national *parliaments* of the world.

If the reader has ever been so unfortunate as to be personally interested in a measure before Congress, he has doubtless been exasperated by observing that, while Congress has much more to do than it can do, it wastes much more than half its time. The waste of time, in the last days of a short session, with the appropriation bills still to be acted upon, and a crowd of expectants in the lobbies waiting for their bills to "come up," is sometimes excessive, absurd, and, to parties concerned, almost maddening.

I shall long remember a certain day in the House of Representatives, when I chanced to sit next to a gentleman whose whole fortune and entire future career, as he thought, depended upon the action of the House concerning a bill which was expected to come up in the course of the afternoon. He was a stranger to me, but I gathered from his conversation with his friends, who clustered around him on the floor before the session began, that he had been a waiter upon Congress for two years. *Now*, he thought, the decisive hour had come: that day, he believed, would send him home made or marred for life. Sitting so near him as I did, I could not help regarding the proceedings of the House that day with his eyes and his feelings.

Punctually at twelve, the rap of the Speaker's ivory hammer was heard above the din of conversation, the rustle of papers, and the noise of the ushers admonishing strangers to withdraw. A chaplain entered, who took his stand at the Clerk's desk, just below the Speaker, and began the usual prayer. I had the curiosity to ascertain the exact number of persons who appeared to attend to this exercise. The number was three: first, the Speaker, who stood in a graceful attitude, with clasped hands and bowed head, as though he felt the necessity of representing the House in a duty which it did not choose itself to perform; second, one member, who also stood; third, one spectator in the gallery. Scarcely any members were yet in their seats, and the hall exhibited a scene of faded morocco chair-backs, with a fringe of people in the distance walking, standing, conversing; the prayer being an extempore one, the chaplain grew warm, became unconscious of the lapse of time, and prolonged his prayer unusually. Never was there a religious service that seemed more ill-timed or more ill placed than that which opens the daily sessions of the House of Representatives. There is a time for all things; but members evidently think that the time to pray is *not* then nor there. The prayer can have no effect in calming members' minds, opening them to conviction, or preparing them for the duties of the occasion, because members' minds are absorbed, at the time, in hurrying the work of their committee-rooms to a conclusion. We might as well open the Gold-Room with prayer, or the daily sessions of the stock-brokers. Mr. Daniel Drew would probably assume an attitude of profound devotion, but other gentlemen would do what many members of Congress do, — *avoid going in until the prayer is finished.* In fixing times and places for devotional acts, we are now advanced far enough, I trust, to use our sense of the becoming and the suitable, and to obey its dictates. Members should certainly come in and "behave," or else abolish the chaplain.

My Expectant did not fret under the prolongation of the prayer. He had made up his mind to that apparently. Nor was he moved when a member rose and asked to have a totally unimportant error corrected in yesterday's "Globe." After this was done began a scene that wasted an hour and a half, and disgraced, not this House alone, but the country and its institutions. Two witnesses, who had refused to answer the questions of an investigating-committee, and had afterwards thought better of it, and given the information sought, were to be discharged from the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms. The prisoners were of the lowest grade of New York politician. One of them, a good-humored, dissolute ruffian of twenty-three, was so precocious in depravity that he had already been an alderman, and had afterwards been concerned in the congenial business of distributing forged naturalization-papers. I became acquainted with this fellow-citizen during his detention in the lobby, and he informed me, as I contemplated the diamond pin in his shirt, that he would have come on to Washington that winter, not as a prisoner, but as a member of Congress, if he had been old enough. This was a flight of the imagination. The despots

of the Democratic party in the city of New York take excellent care that the really desirable things at their disposal fall to the men who can pay for them. They give the wretches whose votes they employ showers of Roman candles about election time, but they do not pave their streets, nor remove their heaps of garbage. They have no objections to a poor devil's picking up a diamond pin or so as alderman or councilman; but when it comes to member of Congress — O dear, no! they rarely take such things even for themselves.

These prisoners being residents of New York, there was an opportunity for a few members to make a little home capital by publicly taking their part. One after another the city members, in the view of the whole House and the crowded galleries, went up to the ex-alderman, as he stood in front of the Speaker, shook hands with him, smiled upon him, and exchanged jocular observations with him. A chair was brought for his convenience, and while his case was under consideration, he held a levee in the aisle, sitting; while the Sergeant-at-arms, representing the authority of the House, stood behind him. Mr. James Brooks paid him his respects, nodding benignantly. Mr. Fernando Wood bowed with courtly grace, and uttered friendly words. Mr. Robinson (ah! Richelieu, you deserve better company!) was merry with him. A member moved that one of the prisoners be "discharged from custody." "Why not say *honorably* discharged?" asked a Democratic brother; which, of course, led to the expected wrangle. But the main effort was to get the ex-alderman clear without his paying the costs of his arrest and transportation to Washington, — seventy-five dollars. Now mark the purposed waste of time. It was moved that the prisoner be discharged on paying the costs of his arrest. A Democratic member moved to amend by striking out the words, "on paying the costs of arrest," alleging that the witness was a poor man, and could not procure so large a sum. The diamond pin glittered at this remark. I think, too, that the officer who had had charge of the prisoner the night before must have smiled; for the young alderman had not been abstemious, and he had broken one of the commandments in an expensive manner. The question was put. A few scattered *ayes* responded; and these were followed by such a simultaneous and emphatic roar of NOES as ought to have settled the question. A Democratic member demanded the yeas and nays; and, as it was doubtful whether this demand would be sustained, he called for tellers on the question whether the yeas and nays should be taken or not. Monstrous robbery of precious time! First, two members take their stand in front of the Speaker, and the whole House, first the yeas and then the nays, pass between them, — a curious scene of huddle and confusion. The tellers reporting that the demand is sustained, the ayes and noes are ordered; which, with the time already consumed, wastes three quarters of an hour. The amendment, as every one knew it would be, was voted down.

Nothing had yet been done in the case. An amendment had been offered and rejected, — no more. The main question now recurred: Shall the prisoner be discharged on paying the costs? The sense of the House was known to every creature; but the few Democrats from New York, not regarding the convenience and dignity of the House, but thinking only of the Sixth Ward and the possible effect of their conduct there, must needs repeat this costly farce. Again they forced members to file between tellers; again they condemned two thousand persons to endure the tedium of the roll-call; again they compelled anxious expectants to chafe and fret for three quarters of an hour. It was past two o'clock before this trifling matter was disposed of. The House was then in no mood for private business, and this unhappy man was kept in suspense till another day.

He received his quietus, however, before the session ended. I saw him,

a few days after, come into a committee-room, followed by two or three members, who, I suppose, had been pleading his cause. His face was very red, and it betrayed in every lineament that the vote of the House had crushed his hopes. If any dramatist would like to know how a man comports himself under such a stroke, I will state that this gentleman did not thrust either of his hands into his hair, nor throw himself into a chair and bury his face in his hands, nor do any other of those acts which gentlemen in such circumstances do upon the stage. He walked hastily to the faucet, filled a glass with water, and drank it very fast. Then he filled another glass, and drank that very fast. He then said to the members present, who expressed sympathy with his disappointment, "Gentlemen, you did the best you could for me." Next, he put on his overcoat, took up his hat, went out into the lobby, and so vanished from history.

It was not this unfortunate suitor alone, nor the class whom he represented, that suffered keenly upon the occasion before mentioned. Committees were anxious to report; members were watching for an opportunity to introduce matters of great pith and moment; foreign agents were waiting for the House to act upon the affairs which they had in charge; an important revision of the internal-revenue system, upon which a committee had expended months of labor, was pending, and was finally lost for want of the time thus wantonly wasted. Surely it is within the compass of human ingenuity to devise a method of preventing a handful of members from frustrating the wishes of a majority? Three fourths of the House desired to go on with the business of the day; and, of the remaining fourth, only half a dozen really cared to conciliate the class represented by the prisoner. Why not take the yeas and nays by a machine similar to the hotel indicator? From the remotest corner of the largest hotel, a traveller sends the number of his room to the office by a pull of the bell-rope. The inventor of that machine could doubtless arrange a system of wires and words by which the vote of the House could be taken, and even permanently recorded, by a click of a key on each member's desk. In an instant every name might be exhibited in bold characters, — the ayes on the Speaker's right, and the noes on his left, — legible to the whole House; or the ayes and noes might be printed on prepared lists. Until such a contrivance is completed, the Speaker might be empowered to put a stop to such obvious filibustering as that just described. There has never yet, I believe, been a Speaker of the House of Representatives who might not have been safely entrusted with much addition to his power. "All power is abused," says Niebuhr; "and yet some one must have it." Such Speakers as Henry Clay, General Banks, Mr. Colfax, and Mr. Blaine would not be likely to abuse power so abominably as the minority of the House do whenever they fancy they can please sweet Buncombe thereby.

A good deal of precious time is consumed by Congress in misgoverning the District of Columbia, or in doing just enough to prevent the people of the District from governing themselves. Who invented the District of Columbia? Why a District of Columbia? It is a joke in Washington, that, for sixty-five years, Congress voted fifteen hundred dollars every session for the salary of "the keeper of the crypt," because no member had the moral courage to confess his ignorance of the meaning of the word. The jokers say that many members thought it was some mysterious object, like the mace, without which Congress would not be Congress. Certain it is that the money was voted without question every year, until in 1868 the item caught the eye of General Butler, and he asked members of the Committee on Appropriations what it meant. No one being able to tell him, he went down forthwith into the crypt of the Capitol in search of its "keeper." No such

officer was known in those subterranean regions. After a prolonged inquiry, he discovered that soon after the death of General Washington, when it was expected that his remains would be deposited in the crypt under the dome, Congress created the office in question, for the better protection of the sacred vault. Mrs. Washington refusing her consent, the crypt remained vacant; but the office was not abolished, and the appropriation passed unchallenged until General Butler made his inquiry, when it was stricken out. Is not our District of Columbia a similar case? The District is instilled into the tender mind of infancy, and we have all taken it for granted. But what need is there of depriving a portion of the American people of part of their rights, or of compelling them to travel across a continent to vote? Why use an apparatus so costly, complicated, and cumbersome as the Congress of the United States to get a little paving done in Pennsylvania Avenue, or some soup given out to a few hundred hungry negroes? Do California and Oregon send members across the continent to attend to the lamp-posts of a country town? Are honorable gentlemen to travel all the way from the extremity of Florida or the farthest confines of Texas to order some new boards to be nailed down on the Long Bridge?

Unable to answer such questions as these, or get them answered, I thought that possibly there might be some military advantage arising from the system, which would serve as an offset to its manifest inconveniences. But the jurisdiction of Congress did not prevent officers of a hostile army from walking into the White House one very warm day in the summer of 1814, and eating Mrs. Madison's excellent dinner, while the soldiers under their command were ravaging the town and burning the Capitol. Nor was it the authority of Congress that kept the Confederate Army on the other side of the Potomac after the battle of Bull Run. No harm appears to have come from giving back to Virginia the forty square miles which she contributed to the original hundred; and I cannot think of any evil or any inconvenience that would result if Congress were to restore to Maryland her sixty, and pay taxes on the property of the United States, like any other guardian or trustee.

This is a matter of much importance, because there seems to be some danger of the government's repeating the stupendous folly of creating a Federal City. No less distinguished a person than General Sherman appears to take it for granted that there is some necessity for the government to be sovereign in a little principality around the public edifices. "In my opinion," he lately wrote, "if the capital is changed from Washington to the West, a new place will be chosen on the Mississippi River, several hundred miles above St. Louis. . . . . I have interests in St. Louis, and if allowed to vote on this question, I would vote against surrendering St. Louis city and county, with its vast commercial and manufacturing interests, to the exclusive jurisdiction of a Congress that would make these interests subordinate to the mere political uses of a Federal capital. Nor would any National Congress make the capital where it had not exclusive and absolute jurisdiction for its own protection and that of the *employés* of the government. Therefore, if the capital be moved at all, it must go to a place willing to surrender its former character and become a second Washington City."

This is an appalling prospect for posterity, — a *second* Washington City! I could wish that General Sherman had given some reasons for his assumption; for while the good resulting from the jurisdiction of Congress is not apparent, the evils are manifest. The arriving stranger, who usually has the pain of riding a mile or two in Pennsylvania Avenue, naturally asks why that celebrated street is so ill paved, so dusty, so ill lighted. It is one of the widest streets in the world; and as

it runs two miles without a bend and without a hill, the winds rushing along it from the distant gap in the mountains raise clouds of dust that are wonderful to behold and terrible to encounter. At other times the street is so muddy that people call a carriage to take them across. In the evening the whole city is dim, dismal, and dangerous from the short supply of gas. Ladies who intend to give a party endeavor to select an evening when there will be no evening session; because when the Capitol is lighted the gas-works are so overtasked that every drawing-room in the city is dull. The dilapidation of the bridges, the neglected appearance of the public squares, the general shabbiness and sprawling incompleteness of the town, strike every one who comes from the trim and vigorous cities of the North. In things of more importance there is equal inefficiency. Since the war closed, Washington has been a poverty-stricken place. The war gathered there several thousands of poor people, who became instantly helpless and miserable when the army was withdrawn, with its train of sutlers, storekeepers, embalmers, and miscellaneous hangers-on. In one of the last weeks of the last session, I remember the business of the nation was brought to a stand while a member coaxed and begged a small appropriation from Congress to keep several hundreds of colored people from starving. I myself saw the soup-houses surrounded by ragged, shivering wretches, with their pails and kettles, soon after ten in the morning, although the soup was not distributed until twelve. Washington, being peopled chiefly by under-paid clerks and their worse paid chiefs, the charity of the city was even more overtasked than its gas-works; and there seemed no way in which those poor people could be saved from starvation, except by a gift of public money, — national money, — the property of Maine, Oregon, Florida, California, and the other States. The absurdity of the act was undeniable; but when human beings are seen to be in the agonies of starvation, constitutional scruples generally give way. Congress might just as properly have voted thirty thousand dollars to relieve the suffering poor of San Francisco. The accidental proximity of those perishing people gave them no claim upon the national treasury which the poor of other cities did not possess.

The stranger, I repeat, observing these and many other evidences of inefficient government, naturally asks an explanation. The explanation is, that the unhappy city has two governments, namely, Congress, and its own Mayor and Aldermen, — one very rich and close, the other very poor and heavily burdened with expense. Between these two powers there is a chronic ill-feeling, similar to that which might exist between a rich uncle and a married nephew with a large family and many wants, — both living in the same house. The old man is under the impression that he makes his nephew a munificent allowance, to which he adds Christmas and other gifts on what *he* considers a liberal scale. His numerous other heirs and dependents share this opinion. They even reproach him for his lavish benefactions. They go so far as to say that he ought not to have paid that last heavy plumbing bill for letting the water into the house. The young man, on the other hand, so far from being grateful for his uncle's generosity, is always grumbling at his parsimony; and every time an unusual expense has to be incurred, there is a struggle and a wrangle between them as to which shall pay it. "Pay it out of your income," says Uncle Sam. "No, my dear sir: this is a permanent addition to your estate," replies the nephew. "You require me," he continues, "for your own convenience and advantage, to reside in this huge, rambling, expensive mansion, far away from towns and markets; and I am thus compelled to live on a scale which is out of all proportion to my slender means. It is but fair that you should help me out." The old gentleman assents to the principle; but he never can be brought

to come down as handsomely as the young nephew feels he ought. Hence, the feud between the two.

This state of things is injurious to both; but to the city government it is demoralization and paralysis. After many years of silent and of vocal strife, there has come about a kind of "understanding" that Congress is to "take care" of Pennsylvania Avenue, and the city government is to do all the rest. But the real object of strife appears to be, which government shall most completely neglect the duty assigned it; and each excuses its neglect by pointing to the inefficiency of the other. The remedy appears simple and feasible. Let Congress restore to Maryland her sixty square miles, and pay taxes on the national property. By this inexpensive expedient, Congress would get rid of the troublesome task of misgoverning a small principality, and the city government would be put upon its good behavior, and supplied with adequate means and motive.

The question of the removal of the capital is scarcely ripe even for serious consideration, since we cannot know for ten years or more what effects will be produced by the Pacific railroads, built and to be built; nor whether the country is to extend northward, southward, in both directions, or in neither. If Canada is to "come in," then Mr. Seward may be right in his conjecture that the final capital of the United States will be somewhere near the city of St. Paul. If Cuba is to be ours, if the other large islands of the West Indies are to follow, if we are to dig the Darien Canal, and the United States is to compete with Great Britain for the commerce of the world, then the future capital may properly be an Atlantic seaport, New York perhaps. If we are to take upon ourselves the grievous burden of Mexico, and extend our empire along the Pacific coast, then some central city yet to be created may be the predestined spot. If none of these things is to happen, the beautiful and commodious city of St. Louis presents almost every advantage that can be desired. Many years must probably elapse before any of these *ifs* are out of the way. In the mean time no reason appears why Congress should not gladly permit the people residing in the District of Columbia to take care of their own municipal affairs. There would then be one committee the less, one lobby the less, one whole class of ill-defined and undefinable claims the less. It would not require ten years of lobbying, under that system, to get Pennsylvania Avenue paved; nor would Congress have to spend precious time in providing soup for the poor.

But the greatest time-consumer of all is the frequently settled but always reopening controversy respecting the right of Congress to appropriate money for "internal improvements." We are at sea again on this subject. It will not remain settled. The stranger in the Capitol, who looks over the heaps of pamphlets and documents lying about on members' desks and on committee-room tables, discovers that a large number of able and worthy people are under the impression that Congress may be reasonably asked to undertake anything, provided it is a desirable work, and will cost more money than parties interested find it convenient to raise, — *anything*, from a Darien Canal to the draining of a silver mine, from the construction of a whole system of railroads to the making of an experimental balloon. There are those who want Congress to buy all the telegraphic lines, and others who think that all the railroads should be public property. The strict-constructionists are reduced to a feeble cohort, and yet Congress adheres to the tradition of their doctrines, and is fain to employ devices and subterfuges to cover up its departures therefrom. But no one knows how far Congress will go, and this uncertainty lures to the capital many an expensive lobby, who wear out their hearts in waiting, and who waste at Washington the money and the energy that might have started their enterprise.

While waiting one day in the room of a Washington correspondent, I no-

ticed upon the table a large, square, gilt-edged, handsomely bound volume, resembling in appearance the illustrated annuals which appear on the booksellers' counters during the month of December. Upon taking it up, I observed upon the cover a picture, in gold, of a miner gracefully swinging a pick-axe, with golden letters above and below him informing me that the work was upon the "Sutro Tunnel, Nevada." I opened the volume. Upon one of the fly-leaves I had the pleasure of reading a letter, in fac-simile, signed Adolf Sutro, which showed that Mr. Sutro was an elegant penman and wrote in the French manner, — one sentence to a paragraph, — thus : —

"We have a vast mining-interest : we also have a large national debt.

"The development of the former will secure the early payment of the latter.

"The annexed book contains much information on the subject.

"A few hours devoted to its perusal will prove useful, interesting, and instructive."

Having read this neat epistle, I turned over a leaf or two, and discovered an engraving of "Virginia City, N. T.," and opposite to the same the title-page, of which the following is a copy: "The Mineral Resources of the United States, and the Importance and Necessity of Inaugurating a Rational System of Mining, with Special Reference to the Comstock Lode and the Sutro Tunnel in Nevada. By Adolf Sutro. Baltimore : John Murphy & Co., 1868." The work consisted of two hundred and thirty-two large pages, of which both the paper and the printing were of the most expensive kind. The substance of Mr. Sutro's message can be given in a few sentences : 1. The Comstock Lode in Nevada, the most productive series of silver mines in the world, having yielded seventy-five million dollars' worth of silver in six years, has now been dug so deep that it costs nearly as much to pump out the water as the mines yield. 2. Mr. Sutro wants Congress to tap the mountain by means of a tunnel, — the Sutro Tunnel, — so that the water will all run out at the bottom, far below the silver, leaving the mines dry. 3. If that is not done, the mines cannot be worked much longer at a profit. 4. Capitalists will not undertake the tunnel, because they are not *sure* there is silver enough in the lode to pay for it. 5. Mr. Sutro is perfectly sure there is. 6. There are many similar lodes in Nevada. 7. Therefore it is "the duty and interest of the government to aid in the construction of one tunnel as an index work," to show that there *is* silver enough in such lodes to pay for such tunnels.

This is the milk in that magnificent cocoanut. The idea is ingenious and plausible. I should like to see it tried. But who needs to be told that, under the Constitution of the United States, as formerly interpreted, Congress has no more right to advance money — or, as the polite phrase now is, "lend the credit of the government" — for such an object as this, than it has to build a new kind of steamboat for the Fulton Ferry Company, because the company is not certain it will answer ? The inventor *is* certain. He gets a great album printed, and goes to Washington to lobby for the money. Now, to produce a thousand copies of such a work as this costs ten thousand dollars ; and it *indicates* a lobby that may have cost twenty thousand or fifty thousand more. What a waste is this ! And there are fifty lobbies every winter, in Washington, pushing for objects as obviously beyond the constitutional power of Congress as the Sutro Tunnel. These lobbies not only cost a great deal of money, but they demoralize, in some degree, almost every person who has anything to do with them. Nearly all of them fail, as a matter of course ; but not until they have tempted, warped, perverted, corrupted, men who, but for such projects, would leave Washington as innocent as they came to it.

Take this scene for example. A Washington correspondent, sauntering towards the Capitol, is joined by the chief of one of these lobbies, to whom

he has been casually introduced. There are about sixty correspondents usually residing in Washington during the winter, of whom fifty-five are honorable and industrious; having no object but to serve faithfully the newspapers to which they are attached; and generally no source of income but the salary which they draw from those newspapers, — from thirty to a hundred dollars a week. The other five are vulgar, unscrupulous, and rich. They belong to insignificant papers, and sell their paragraphs to inexperienced men who come to Washington to get things "through," and desire the aid of the press. Lobbyists who understand their business seldom approach correspondents with illegitimate propositions, because they know that the representatives of influential newspapers cannot sell their columns, and would disdain to attempt doing so. The corrupt five, who prey generally upon the inexperienced, occasionally get lucrative jobs from men who ought to be ashamed to employ them. They make it a point to cultivate a certain kind of intimacy with members, — a billiard-room intimacy, a champagne-supper intimacy. They like to be seen on the floor of the House of Representatives, and may go so far as to slap a senatorial carpet-bagger on the back. It is part of their game to walk down Pennsylvania Avenue arm-in-arm with a member of Congress, and to get the *entrée* of as many members' apartments as possible. Some members, who know and despise them, are yet in some degree afraid of them; for any man who can get access to a newspaper can do harm and give pain. To the publicity of the press there are as many avenues in the country as there are newspapers to exchange with; and any paper, even the most remote and least important, is competent to *start* a falsehood which the great thunderers of the press may copy, and which no denial can ever quite eradicate from the public mind. These jovial fellows, who treat green members to champagne, and ask them to vote for dubious measures, are also the chief calumniators of Congress. It is *they* who have caused so many timid and credulous people to think that the Congress of the United States is a corrupt body. They revenge themselves for their failure to carry improper measures by slandering the honest men whose votes defeated them. They thrive on the preposterous schemes to which a loose interpretation of the Constitution has given birth.

But my friend who was strolling toward the Capitol was not one of the scurvy five, but of the honorable fifty-five; and, strange to relate, the lobby chief who escorted and took him aside was a master of his art. But the scheme which he represented was in imminent peril, and it was deemed essential that the leading papers of the West should, at least, not oppose it. It was thought better that the papers should even leave the subject unmentioned. It were needless to give in detail the interview. The substance of what our lobbyist had to propose to this young journalist was this: "Take this roll of greenbacks, and don't send a word over the wires about our measure." From the appearance of the roll, it was supposed to contain about as much money as the correspondent would earn in the whole of a short session of Congress. What a temptation to a young married man and father! — a quarter's salary for merely *not* writing a short paragraph, which, in any case, he need not have written, and might not have thought of writing. He was not tempted, however; but only blushed, and turned away with the remark that he was sorry the tempter thought so meanly of him. It is illegitimate schemes, such as ought never to get as far as Washington, that are usually sought to be advanced by such tactics as these.

Either by a new article of the Constitution, such as President Jefferson proposed sixty-five years ago, or by a clearly defined interpretation of existing articles, the people should be notified anew that Congress is not authorized to expend the public money, or "lend the public credit," for any

but strictly national objects, — objects necessary to the defence and protection of the whole people, and such as the State governments and private individuals cannot do for themselves. Any one who has been in Washington during the last few winters, and kept his eyes open, must have felt that this was a most pressing need of the time. It is sorrowful to see so much effort and so much money wasted in urging Congress to do what it cannot do without the grossest violation of the great charter that created it.

I feel all the difficulty of laying down a rule that will stand the test of strong temptation. The difficulty is shown by our failures hitherto; for this question of the power of Congress to do desirable works has been an "issue" in Presidential contests, and the theme of a hundred debates in both Houses. President Washington, influenced perhaps by his English-minded Secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton, evidently thought that Congress could do almost anything which the British Parliament could do; and we see him urging Congress to realize Hamilton's dream of a great National University. John Adams shared this opinion. When Mr. Jefferson came into power, in 1801, on a strict-constructionist issue, Republicans thought the thing was settled. But no: there occurred an opportunity to buy Louisiana, and that opportunity seemed transient. Napoleon wanted money desperately, and had sense enough to understand the uselessness of Louisiana to France. Jefferson yielded. He bought Louisiana, and *then* asked Congress to frame an amendment to the Constitution that would cover the act. I never could see the necessity for an amendment for that case; for it certainly belonged to "the common defence" for the United States to own its own back door. Then came that perplexing surplus of 1805, when Mr. Jefferson asked Congress to take the whole subject of internal improvements into consideration, and frame an article of the Constitution which would be a clear guide for all future legislation. It was not done. The war of 1812 betrayed the weakness of the country in some essential particulars, and broke down the strict-construction theory, while confirming in power the party of strict-constructionists. Madison revived the project of a National University, *without* asking for a new article; and the old Federalist ideas gained such ground, that, when John Quincy Adams came into power, in 1825, Congress was asked to do more than Hamilton had so much as proposed in Cabinet-meeting. Jackson, impelled by his puerile hatred of Henry Clay, re-established the strict-construction principle; but it would not remain re-established. In 1843, Congress gave Professor Morse twenty thousand dollars with which to try his immortal experiment with the telegraph. Congress had no right to do this; but the splendor of the result dazzled every mind and silenced all reproach. Then came Mr. Douglas's device by which a Democratic Congress was enabled to set up a railroad company with capital from the sale of the public lands, and leave to the railroad company all the profit upon the investment. Finally was achieved the masterpiece of evasion called "lending the public credit."

I never could see the necessity of any device to justify Congress in constructing *one* Pacific Railroad outright; because it was a cheap and necessary measure of "common defence." That railroad defends the frontiers against the Indians better than mounted regiments, and defends the Pacific States better than costly fleets. But the most strained reading of the Constitution cannot make it authorize the building of a railroad beginning and ending in the same State, nor justify the voting of public money to make scientific experiments. Probably there are now in Washington at least fifty lobbies (or will be erelong) working for schemes suggested by those two violations of trust, to the sore tribulation of members of Congress, and to the grievous loss of persons interested.

The time is favorable for an attempt

to settle this question, because it does not now enter into the conflict of parties. Perhaps the Congress of an empire like this *ought* to have power to aid in such a work as the Darien Canal. Perhaps the mere magnitude of the undertaking makes it exceptional, makes it necessarily national. It *may* properly belong to an imperial parliament to aid scientific experiments which are too costly for individuals to undertake. Perhaps a national Congress is incompletely endowed unless it *can* reward services that cannot otherwise be rewarded, — such a service, for example, as that rendered by the discoverers of the pain-suspending power of ether. If so, let the power be frankly granted, but carefully defined. If not, let the fact be known. There should be an end of evasions, devices, and tricks for doing what the Constitution does not authorize. A tolerably well-informed citizen of the United States should be able to ascertain with certainty, before going to Washington and publishing a gorgeous album, whether his enterprise is one which Congress has or has not the constitutional right to assist.

QUAFF:

HIS CAPERS, CONTRADICTIONS, AND PURE CUSSEDNESSES.

"POSSESSED of that thirsty devil whose name is Quaff": so said Luther of his potationary German generation; and Luther knew whereof he spoke, being familiar with the Satanic administration, and commissioned to hold the light of truth to the Prince of Darkness in person. I esteem myself happy in the chance to "sling ink" at this deputy diabolos over the shoulder of the spiritual pluck that once hurled the full horn at the head of the Arch Fiend himself.

There are just two orders of mind to which the idea of an actual, personal Devil is acceptable, in any debate, without qualification or demur. And these are the truly great and the truly simple, the intellectual planet and the intellectual spark, — Bacon and a booby, Luther and a lout; and, standing between these two extremes, I gratefully accept the ray of truth that reaches me from either end.

Would I be understood as asserting — say confessing, if you feel scornful — that I believe in a downright Devil, with an entity as vulgar as John Smith's, and a mission as meddling as Paul Pry's? — a Devil with a will and a plan, with attributes, prerogatives, and a jurisdiction? — a Devil with knowledge, penetration, and device? — a Devil who can expand himself like cant and contract himself like avarice, "limber" himself like servility and stiffen himself like pride, consent like superstition and resist like bigotry, flow like folly and stand fast like fate, grovel like a pariah and grow like a demi-god, solicit like a parasite and patronize like a priest?

Even so; for I was born with a note of interrogation for a birthmark, and — granted a Devil for a key — I have guessed to the heart of many a mystery that else might have puzzled me mad. He has accounted to me for so many phenomena, physiological, phrenological, psychological, sociological, — everything but logical, — which might have fretted my spirit and muddled my wits by insisting on being accounted for, that, if one may orthodoxly thank the Enemy, I owe him grateful assurances of my distinguished consideration. Recognizing the Father of Lies, I have enjoyed a philosophical and

moral dispensation from entertaining the distracting bedlam of his offspring. Therefore I invoke the nimble presence of Luther's thirsty Quaff, that, plunging plump into the flowing bowl, he may bring me to light the mystery of iniquity that lurks beneath the "ruby main" of every lusty brimmer, — a tipsy little truth at the bottom of a wicked little well; and, science having dived for it, and the law dragged for it, and philanthropy drained for it, all in vain, here comes religion, or common sense, — by this light it may be either, or both at once, — and says, let 's try the Devil!

Every Quaff-possessed wretch, who topes up to the raging climax, and then rolls over trembling into the abyss of "horrors," is familiar with the apparition of certain psychological phenomena, diverse but akin, which at one time or another — in the exaltation of carouse, or the prostration of "jimjams" — are sure to confront him; and which, be he Luther or lout, he *knows* — with a knowledge instinctive and unerring — are not to be peddled from the carpet-bag of any professional mountebank, nor to be demonstrated on the blackboard of any scientific penny showman.

I believe there are few of us — we of the world and the flesh — who do not keep a private demon (once frankly termed a "familiar"). Disguised as a "devilish cute," or a devilish clever, or a devilish brilliant fellow, and shrewdly sinking the professional in the elegant amateur, this protean guide, philosopher, and friend is ready to attend us with his experience and his arts whenever we feel like rushing in where angels fear to tread. He is the Mephistopheles to the Faust of our dreams, the Mulberry Hawk to the Verisopht of our debauches.

When you would wend to that land of the forbidden, by the route "obscure and lonely, haunted by ill angels only," which Poe had so often traversed, be honest like him, and engage one of the regular guides. Don't pretend that you have strayed unwillingly, unwittingly, from the plain road of revelation, mislighted by any will-o'-the-wisps of sham science, or luminous spectre of dyspepsia, or corpse-candle of superstition. In this injunction (if in no other notion), I find Swedenborg and the spiritualists with me, since they alike acknowledge the presence and influence of vulgar, lying, and spiteful spooks, whose accomplishments, arts, and functions are essentially human; and Swedenborg describes their favorite pastime as the dementing of mortal fools and gulls.

The state of the man rabidly addicted to drink is unquestionably a state of disease, whether contracted in the natural course of a vicious self-indulgence or fatally inherited, — a disease, primarily or ultimately, of the nervous organism and function. But the nervous system, being the medium of all imparted or transmitted impressions, intellectual or moral, of all emotions, psychological and spiritual, is naturally the instrument for the expression of character. Then, granted a Devil, crafty, expert, and malign, — and in each of us he finds a sort of magnetic telegraph, ingeniously devised for his peculiar manipulations. Hence the "pure cussednesses" of drink, the fascinating *diableries* of animal magnetism, clairvoyance, necromancy, — even vampyrism, which is but the monstrous embodiment of a horrid bent of the nightmared soul. "Need, therefore, have ministers, when they meddle with afflicted men, to call to Heaven aforehand to assist them, being sure they shall have Hell itself to oppose them."* Even they who reject the actuality and personality of Satan may be willing to accept him as the spiritual symbol of the power and ubiquity of co-operative presumptions and deceits; and for this purpose, whether the power be omnipresent or simply divisible and multiform, may rest an open question.

"A disease" surely; but diseases, like desires, may be unholy; and the nervous system has a diabolic nosology all its own, — a dictionary of disorders familiarly demonic. Of these is, first

* Thomas Fuller, A Wounded Conscience.

of all, that Scriptural "possession" which is the intimate office of Quaff and his crew, and of which the phenomena, in all their ancient horrors of bruising and rending and foaming and defiling, may even in these days be observed in Pagan lands. These may be regarded as at once the revelation and the type of this class of visitations.

Next (an exaggerated development of the preceding, merely), come certain forms of insanity, especially shocking in their shapes of despair or blasphemy. In a madhouse in Maryland, I saw a spell-bound young woman, whose countenance and habitual attitude might have moved a professional philanthropist to pity. She was a Cuban, fair and dainty, forced by her family to marry a man she hated, to the sudden ruin of a man she loved. From the first, she refused to hide her disgust of her husband, who very soon began to resent her repulsions with an implacable revenge. He removed her to Spain, where, by a deliberate system of patient and ruthless provocations, he finally drove her mad, with a distraction sufficiently hideous to satisfy the most exacting of the spasmodic school of tragedy; then, with savage mockery, he sent her back to her parents, who forthwith consigned her to the safe keeping of nurses in a barred and bolted chamber.

She told me she was "possessed of a devil," — only she did not style him husband, — who, night and day, tormented her to destroy all whom she loved or pitied. One object in life was yet left to her, — death. With supernatural secrecy and patience, she waited and watched for the chance of self-destruction. Her cell was in a tower, five stories from the ground; and I saw, on the window-sash, how, with resolute and busy little teeth, she had gnawed the frame away around two panes, that she might fling the darkness of her life out into the darkness of the night; for so they caught her at midnight, with tender budding lips all bloody.

In another asylum in the same State I have seen impious "services" of frightful mockery, conducted by a mad preacher, in a style to make the pit of perdition roar with fun. The man had been a champion "exhorter," eminent for his muscular fervor, and very aggressive in prayer. His hymnophony was stentorian, and he led the psalmody with a robust air of business that "improved an occasion" like a steam-engine. He had been the "first trump" of camp-meetings and the last trump of revivals.

I saw this poor mountebank of the conventicle uncowled, but terribly in earnest at last. To his distraught imagination his narrow cell expanded to a tabernacle, and he thronged it with such a congregation as may be looked for only in a vision of Dante, or a masque of Milton, or a *grotesque* of Rabelais, or a dream of Poe, or a picture of Doré. Then he arose in the midst of his invisible flock, and in the conventional phrases, tones, and gestures of his school proceeded to direct a most monstrous worship. "Let us sing to the glory of Satan!" he said, and forthwith began most horribly to parody himself, — deliberately "deaconing," in the familiar nasal twang and drawl, two lines at a time, a hymn of his own improvising, an astounding farrago of blasphemous and obscene incoherences; and this with Watts and Wesley open in his hand. That done, he read (as if from the sacred volume before him) something that he termed "a portion of the gospel according to Old Scratch": shocking as the devilish drollery may sound, such were his very words. (There are those who will read these pages who knew the smitten wretch, and have heard his mad ministry; it is but seven years since.) Then a prayer! — the prayer of Legion to Lucifer: shall I dare to describe it, — I, who listened to it bewitched, and turned away appalled? And then a closing hymn, "deaconed" as before; and last of all, a literal *malediction.*

Now, holding this case before your eyes, have the manliness to look straight

through it at two other cases, as you find them described in the evidence of St. Luke, ch. iv. 33 – 35, and ch. viii. 27 – 36; and tell me what distinction you make in the diagnosis. Were they, or were they not, true *devils*, that were cast out in Capernaum and the land of the Gadarenes? and do they cease to be spirits, and become mere symptoms, by a simple accident of time and geography? Are the four Gospels to be superseded by the forty ologies, and Revelation by the New American Cyclopædia? Do we, or do we not, "believe"? Shall we entertain no devouter thought for the record of His divine exorcisms in Judæa than the good-humored tolerance we grant to the legend of St. Patrick's vermifugal exterminations in Ireland? Let us take heed to our whimseys and our crotchets, for a fierce little apostolic conservative is after us sharply, with his 1 Timothy iv. 1.

Well, close upon the heels of the outright mad, in my diabolic nosology, follows the more methodical, though scarcely milder, procession of the hysterical-possessed: of whom are the Hindoo devotees of the churruck-post; the Malay slashers of the amok; dervishes, whirling and howling; the Convulsionnaires of St. Medard; the Flagellants; the later spawn of Russian "Mutilators"; Salem witchcraft, — smuggled, by way of revival trances, into the respectable communion of Rochester Spiritualism, with its prize tricks of table-tipping and crockery-slam-banging. And who has not known very small children in whose total depravity of wilfulness, rebellion, deceit, cruelty, profanity, impurity, the Devil asserts his presence with absolute insolence?

This brings us to Pure Cussedness, — the peculiar domain of Quaff and his confederates, chief of whom is the Imp of the Perverse. That is a true Satanic discord which thrusts itself between the man and his affections, between the judgment and the word or act, between the will and the power, dividing, estranging, conflicting them. And in this impairment or paralysis of will or power, or both, this depraved antagonism of two that should be co-operative, lies all the mystery of the drunkard's iniquity, — a mystery no longer physiological or pathological, but simply demonological. Once acknowledge (as I have done these twenty years) that a peculiar doom of sudden stunning is provided for the *will* of him who wantonly tampers with the forbidden, and sports with death and Devil, and at once you have the key to the mystery of many a tragedy infinitely more dark and haunting than the contradictions of Quaff, or the perversities of Pure Cussedness. The will abused, or set to wicked work for pastime, or deceit, or avarice, or passion, will, without warning, die, or hide itself, or withhold its help, in the crisis of terrible predicament and peril. By the illustration of authentic cases I may make my meaning clear.

Mildest of these may be reckoned that weird fascination of impulse to fling one's self headlong from towers and precipices, or from the "tops" into the sea, which in the tempting circumstances almost overcomes the shuddering resistance of certain persons sensitively organized, if for a moment they permit themselves to toy with the thought. There is a kindred fascination in simulated insanity, which often deceives the shrewdest and most suspicious observer, by force of that partial or transient reality which is its appropriate punishment. When children cruelly mimic the afflictions of the blind or lame, the grave warning of an old-fashioned nurse, "Stop, child, or you 'll grow so!" is something more than a crone's bugbear.

The following cases may be accepted as examples of retributive paralysis of will: —

A lad in New Jersey, infuriated by a flogging his father had administered to him, in a delirium of rage and hate, thrust his head under water in a common tub, and drowned himself. His arms and legs were free; no earthly circumstance disabled him at any moment from rising and living; his power

was at his service; but his will had left him to his fate.

A man in Pennsylvania hung himself. When found, his arms were quite at liberty; and, not only were his toes on the floor, but almost his knees also. The appearances plainly indicated that, to effect his purpose, he had drawn up his legs. He had the power to stand erect, and slacken his rope loosely; yet he *could not*. There was no sign or suspicion of insanity in this case.

A woman in Connecticut tied a silk scarf, in such a manner as to form a wide, loose loop, round her bed-post, within a foot and a half of the floor. Then lying prone on the carpet, she passed the loop over her head, adjusting it to her throat, and very slowly strangled herself, by allowing the weight of her body to bear upon the sling. It must have been a tedious process of self-murder; and if her patience had become exhausted, she had but to raise her head, or interpose her hand; yet she *could not*. In this case there had been some natural melancholy, following the death of her child; but not a trace of insanity.

A gentleman residing near Troy, New York, who had been a curious observer of such phenomena, and had sought in vain for an explanation (that might satisfy both his reason and his faith) of the failure of the natural muscular impulse to respond to the instinct of self-preservation, having heard a shrewd old farmer say, "If the Devil once fairly puts it into a fellow's head to kill himself, he can do it by just holding his breath," determined to solve the problem by experiment. He went alone into his barn, confiding his purpose to no one, and with a rope suspended himself *per coll.* to a beam; but his toes touched the floor fairly, so that he could support his body upon them; and he had taken the precaution to place a block or stool within reach of his foot; and his hands and arms were free: yet he *could not!* If a farm-hand, opportunely entering, had not cut him down, he could not have lived to explain, that "from the moment he allowed his body to hang heavily by the rope, feeling for the floor with his heels, all muscular impulse to save himself was gone: he was horrified, fascinated, paralyzed."

In Vermont, two boys, schoolmates and intimate playfellows, but not related, hung themselves at the same time, as if by concert of plan, in the barns of their separate homes. They were healthy cheerful lads, apparently without a grievance, at home or at school, to afford a motive for the strangely dreadful deed. How came it to pass, then? I believe it to have been but another example of impious inquisitiveness, without a purpose more serious than the exploit of a boy's hardihood, — a young Bohemian's prying into the Unholy, a truant's trespass on the domain of the forbidden. Any pictorial sheet of "Police Gazette" enterprise may have furnished the taking hint, which, without the aid of any subtler instrument of hell, was safe to conduct itself to the tragic conclusion; for the hint itself was Satan.

Now, why is it that a criminal on the gallows, if he succeed in his preternatural struggles to free his thonged wrists, may, for the time, defeat the careful plans of the executioner, and delay his own doom, by seizing the rope above his head, or thrusting his hands between his throat and the slip-knot? What constitutes the difference (physical or spiritual) between his case and either of those I have described? Why is it that the bound murderer of another, fighting desperately against the law and the penalty, is so often permitted to rescue or reprieve himself; the unbound self-murderer, however pitifully his heart may fail him, so very seldom? Is it simply that in the former case the man's will stands his friend, in the latter is his executioner?

Thus, I think, men and women have starved themselves to death. When they could eat, they would not; when, for life's sake, they would, they could not. Outraged Nature hushed her own cry of self-preservation, and stunned her saving craving, setting up

a loathing in its place. "I too," she said, "can starve myself!"

"If the Devil once fairly puts it into a fellow's head to kill himself, he can do it by just holding his breath." The 'cute old countryman who enunciated that axiom had probably never seen *Braid on Trance* ("Self-Hypnotism," "Human Hybernation," "Voluntary Catalepsy"), or he would have found there some authentic modern instances to back his wise saw with. He might have read of negro slaves in the West Indies who committed suicide, under the lash, by tightly closing the mouth, "and at the same time stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with the tongue." He might have read of Hindoo Fakeers who had "acquired the power of suffering themselves to be buried alive, enclosed in bags, shut up in sealed boxes, or even of being buried for days or for weeks in common graves, and assuming their wonted activity on being released from their temporary confinement or sepulture." He might have read of Balik Natha, who lived to the age of one hundred, and could suppress his breath for a week at a time. He might have read the narrative recorded by the eminent Dr. Cheyne of Dublin, and attested by Dr. Baynard and Mr. Skrine, of the case of Colonel Townsend, who could die, or *expire*, when he pleased, and yet by some mysterious power come to life again. "Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to the mouth. . . . . We were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him."

He might have read the narrative of Sir Claude Martin Wade, political agent at the Court of Runjeet Singh, "Regarding the Fakeer who Buried himself Alive (for Six Weeks) at Lahore, in 1837." This man deliberately composed himself for his long death-sleep by plugging his nostrils and ears with wax and cotton, and "closing the internal air-passages by curving the tongue upward," as in the practice of the West-Indian slaves. When he had been disinterred, and resuscitated by the bathings, anointings, and other manipulations of his servant, the Fakeer, at last opening his eyes and recognizing Runjeet Singh and Sir Claude, "articulated in a low, sepulchral tone, scarcely audible, 'Do you believe now?'"

He might have read the report of Sir C. S. Trevelyan, of the treasury, formerly (in 1829–30) acting political agent at Kotah, of the burial and "resurrection," after ten days, of another fakeer, resulting in the complete convincing of the agent, the commandant of the escort, and the surgeon to the agency. He might have read the extracts from Lieutenant A. Boileau's "Narrative of a Journey in Rajwarra, in 1835," relating to the case of the fakeer at Jesulmer, who "had been buried alive, of his own free will, at the back of the tank close to our tents, and was to remain under ground for a whole month." The prescribed period having elapsed, the man was dug out alive, in the presence of Goshur Lal, one of the ministers of the court. "The cell or grave in which he had been interred was lined with masonry. . . . . Two heavy slabs of stone, five or six feet long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, were then laid over him, so that he could not escape. The door of the house was also built up, and people stationed outside to mount guard during the whole month, that no tricks might be played, nor any deception practised." On recovering his senses, under the treatment described in Sir Claude Wade's report, "he conversed with us," says Lieutenant Boileau, "in a low, gentle tone of voice, as if his animal functions were still in a very feeble state; but so far from appearing distressed in mind by the long interment from which he had just been released, he said we *might bury him again for a twelvemonth if we pleased!*"

Now, I think the key of my theory of "Spell-bound Will" may fit this mystery also. By an unnatural convul-

sion, not by a natural effort, of the will wrested from its appointed function and directed to a presumptuous and unholy exploit, the man holds his breath for a time, having first taken rude mechanical precautions (with plugs of wax and cotton, and that practised trick of retroverting his tongue) to disable the muscular impulse from obeying the instinct of self-preservation by involuntary respiration. A few spasms of such monstrous fortitude, and the will (the spiritual life?) retires from the struggle altogether, leaving the *mere animal life* to itself. From that instant, not only is an effort of the will not required to hold the breath, but the breath holds itself, and no will is present to reproduce respiration; the man has wantonly estranged the will from the power and set up a devilish conflict between them. For the space of such a spell the will is inert and the power impotent.

And now for the application of these principles, fancies, fantastic crotchets, — what you will, — to the solution of that mystery of thirst, at the bottom of which lies Quaff the conjurer. Not physiology, nor social science, but psychology, even demonology, must be our Seer in this. For every confirmed inebriate is familiar, in all his restlessness and Tantalus pains, all his distractions, horrors, and remorses, with the diabolic perversities of his own infirmity. Though he be stupid and tongue-tied in every other matter, he suddenly bursts into brightness and fluency when he comes to the analyzing of his curse. Perhaps it is because he has the advantage of you, in being at times a mere uncomplicated unembarrassed *animal*, that he can understand with the natural impulse of his heart that which you can only question with the artificial habit of your brains, — the agonizing conflict between will and power, between the conviction and the act or word, the affection and the manifestation.

Does the inebriate, once sunk from the vicious *dilettanteisms* of the superfine debauchee to the pothouse saturations of the indiscriminate sot, love the taste of liquor? Believe me, he resents and abhors and makes faces at it, with his very soul. 'T is Circe, the charm of the forbidden. If whiskey ran like water from the common conduits, no thirsty lip would touch it. The spell would be lifted, the normal instinct of the animal restored, and the man would be as sensible and safe as a horse or a dog. But *forbid* him, with taxes and fines, and penalties and pains, and shames and outcastings, and weepings and wailings and gnashings of teeth; and forthwith he gasps, with the torments of Dives, for the fiery spirit of thirst itself.

But if it behooves him to be deaf to Quaff's cry of thirst, how much more should he beware of Quaff when he whimsically declines the comfortable cup! — here is a delusion that may disguise a death. I saw at an asylum for inebriates two men, intelligent, honest, in earnest, who were there for a brave purpose of reform. They had come to the place together, and had been comrades in fortitude for six months, anxiously interchanging their experiences, observations, hopes, and fears. Though free to go and come on their parole, and daily confronting temptation, neither had forgotten his self-imposed taboo, during all their half-year's probation; yet, while one assured me that, from the hour he entered the retreat, he had never once had to suppress an inclination or turn from the allurement of a pleasant memory, "nor did he fear he should ever again be overtaken," the other confessed, with a certain fierce frankness, that every hour, with almost every thought, he had longed for a deep drink. Well, these two departed as they had come, together. They had a nine hours' ride by rail to take;

> "and viewlessly,
> Rode spirits by their side."

That confident man was very drunk before their journey was half made, for Quaff had claimed his own; but the tormented gladiator stands fast to this day.

The "periodical" inebriate — the phrase so commonly employed to designate "one who drinks an uncertain enormous quantity at irregular intervals" — is a misnomer; the term should be "spasmodic." Among ten thousand drunkards whose ways I have noted, from New York around the world and back again, I have not certainly known ten who got drunk at regularly recurring intervals of so many days or weeks, apparently for no other provocation than that "the time had come," — as if their sprees were but so many shakes of fever-and-ague. Your bosom-friend, a fire-eater on a point of veracity, being in a state of boozy imbecility, assures you he never drinks, "unless it may be a glass of wine now and then at the club." You are naturally astounded at the intrepid lie; but Quaff laughs at you, for he knows all about it, and the lie is but a little *surprise* of his own. Riding boisterously on the top wave of a "bender," he suddenly recollects that he is thirsty, it being "just three hours since he had a drink." You assure yourself that he did not say three minutes, and immediately experience another shock in the most conscientious part of your innocence; but again Quaff laughs at you, for he has set forward the clock of your bosom-friend's torment. Having at last attained the dignified and supercilious degree of fuddle, he resents with scorn your kind offer to see him home, as if you imagined him "intros'-ricrared." You are dumbfounded and discomfited by his impudence; and again Quaff laughs at your limpid respectability. Come round to his head again, by the route of megrims and remorse, a glimpse of his late condition reflected in the aspect and utterance of another man excites his wonder and compassion. You are profoundly disgusted by his hypocrisy; and again Quaff laughs at that myopy of the mind which cannot discriminate between the cant of pride and the confession of humiliation. I fear it is precisely this element of comedy in drunkenness which procures for it all the vicious popularity, and most of the virtuous tolerance, it enjoys: the vice is a monster of so funny mien, as to be hated never should be seen.

It is not the least noticeable of the contradictions of Quaff that his possessed are often moved by a sentiment of delicacy and scruple, at once contrite and tender, as though an angel were watching their fiend. For example, many drunkards, otherwise thoughtless and prodigal enough, will never invite another drunkard to drink: their resentment of the pagan cruelty which would proffer the cup of ruin to a child is manly and severe; and for a total-abstinence discourse, searching and solemn, without clap-trap, cant, or twaddle, commend me to the trembling, longing warning of a sot. There are drunkards, also, who, when the rage is upon them, scrupulously shun their friends, lest they should bring them to shame or trouble or pain, yet never shrink from owning with meekness their evil behavior. This is that Bohemian-like soul-assertion, which expresses itself in the inebriate's tribal sentiment of high scorn for him who denies or disguises his fellowship; while it pities and applauds the moral vagabond who, having a frank horror of his reproach, cannot heal and would not hide it. *Item:* I claim for my client (who cannot spare one tittle of his poor plea), that his promises are usually undertaken in good faith, made in the gratitude and hopefulness of an illusive escape, and forsworn in the forlorn rage and desperation of his own broken strength and courage. Feebly distrusting them from the first, he learns to fear them at last as the Delilahs of his sleeping strength.

The capricious suddenness with which his rabid thirst may leave the drunkard or return upon him, is perhaps the most disheartening, as it is also the most transparent, of the devices of Quaff: the eccentric freak of indifference, as when the toper in the high heat of a carouse leaves his darling draught untouched and unnoticed; the stranger fascination, as when he

springs from his bed at midnight, and plunges through miles of darkness and storm, to rouse a drowsy and disgusted rum-seller; the very slight excitement which suffices to air the smouldering craving. I have known those who, on their discharge from an asylum, after many months of perfect abstinence and repose, have rushed forthwith into a fierce orgie, inflamed by the mere flurry and impatience of anticipation in approaching once more the old familiar places and faces, with contending emotions of triumph and humiliation. There are surely seasons and conditions in which it is not safe for the inebriate (wrestling with his bondage) to discuss, however wisely, even to meditate upon, his treacherous infirmity. At such times, let him prudently eschew the literature of temperance tracts and tales, and stop his ears to the voice of the cunning charmer who dispenses the dry sensation of cold-water harangues at two shillings a head. Especially let him acknowledge, with wholesome fear, the force of association, and keep warily aloof from localities endeared to him by many drunks. At this moment I have in my mind's eye two ready writers, shrewd thinkers both, and of notable culture and skill in letters, who, safe everywhere else, are lost from the moment they turn into Broadway, and encounter the bewildering procession and wit's-endy hubbub of that street of distractions.

What man who has noted and conscientiously considered this fatal fascination of drink in another; — the reckless relinquishment of every consideration of advantage, honor, pride, personal safety, — shame accepted and death defied, — to procure it; — who has observed that for the wretch once subject to the spell there is no earthly talisman; — will rest content with the shallow and fallacious guesses of a smattering philosophy? If you would know the reason why a sailor swims ashore through two miles of sharks and back again, to find a dozen with the cats awaiting him, and all for a swig of arrack, you should ask his chum or the chaplain, rather than the surgeon!

This ingenious Quaff has provided drunkenness with a peculiar magnetism whereby to multiply itself. This is a phenomenon especially troublesome in inebriate-asylums where freedom of excursion beyond bounds is allowed to the inmates. Let but one weak or dishonorable "liberty man" violate his parole, and immediately an endemic of thirst breaks out among his kind, and a dozen fellow-culprits share his caging. At a railroad station in New York a drunken man fell frothing in an epileptic fit. A young physician who was just waiting for a train, and who had himself been drinking freely, went to the man's assistance. Instantly the sight of the convulsions — to him a familiar spectacle, upon which at any other time he would have gazed unmoved — so furiously enraged him that he seized his possessed brother by the hair, and would have dashed out his brains against the granite steps, had not the bystanders dragged him off. Up to the moment of looking into the face of the fallen stranger he had not even been drunk: now he was wild with delirium, and for several days his condition was precarious.

A promising young lawyer of Washington had become a confirmed sot. The bar-keeper of the hotel to which he habitually resorted when in his cups was, if not strictly abstemious (as the better sort of bar-keepers often are), at least most prudent in his potations. By the charm of generous impulses and fine social qualities, he of the bar of injury had become attached to him of the bar of justice with an ardent, tenacious, and obsequious regard; so that he resolutely, but without ostentation, imposed upon himself the responsibility of rescuing and reforming his engaging but erratic customer. Three years of his faithful following, vigilant guarding, unflinching firmness, and almost feminine tenderness and tact resulted in the making of a *man*, who is now a power in his profession and a pleasure in society; but the bar-keeper died of *mania-*

a-potu, "contracted in the discharge of his extraordinary duty." Quaff's practice in this case seems to have been pure obeah.

Any anxiety, distraction, or trouble, sudden shock or wild sorrow, may incite the craving for the accustomed draught of cheap lethe. I have seen a stunned and miserable man drunk at the open grave of his wife, whom he tenderly loved. I doubt not the angels pitied him.

But of all the contradictions of Quaff, the ugliest, the meanest, the most thankless, the most offensive alike to instinct and reason, is that by which he inspires the inebriate with his monstrous perversion of natural affection, his depraved sensitiveness to every word and tone and look and gesture of those he loves. With equal outrage he "damns" their notice and their avoidance, their sympathy and their silence, their endearments and their repulsions, their patience and their vexation, their tenderness and their scorn, their fidelity and their desertion, their fast-clinging and their fleeing from him. He resents their reproaches, while he curses himself; he resents their compassion, while he profoundly pities both himself and them; he resents their assistance, while he cries aloud for help; he resents their companionship, while he trembles if they leave him alone. His horror of his "flesh and blood" is extreme, while from his soul he yearns for them. With them he cannot live; without them he must die. It is perhaps his freak of conscience never to drink at home; it is his freak of hell to curse his mother, or his wife and children, that they will not give him more drink. His friends are his most spiteful foes, his enemies his truest lovers. He is, in truth, least understood by those who are most concerned for him; most shrewdly managed by an unconscious child.

His transitions of feeling are as sudden and inconsistent as his alternations of moral strength and weakness. In all earnestness and eagerness he will implore you to place him under restraint and discipline; and at the very portal of some refuge of his own choosing, will, with a flash of almost insane cunning, mock you and give you the slip. Under certain circumstances of physical exhaustion and mental depression, his most heroic abstinence, no less than his debauches, has its "horrors." With the same frightful phantasms with which he scourges his frailties, Quaff torments and tempts his fortitude. His self-denial may have its rats and snakes, its beasts and creeping things, as well as his self-indulgence. One who, after a twelvemonth of unchecked debauch, impetuously cast out his own devil, in the name of God and duty and affection, described his physical pangs as excruciating, and his mental terrors as appalling. For five long years he fled trembling, while seven spirits pursued, demanding readmittance to their swept and garnished quarters. "Horrors" intercepted him, and despair mocked him, and pain implored him, and comfort enticed him, till, beset on all sides and wellnigh mad, he found himself at last at a hospitable bar, with the dear old decanters waiting for him, and that pertinacious but pleasant Quaff panting and smiling at his elbow. Then he dashed down the untasted death and fled, and Quaff sought other lodgings. But every waking hour of those five years he felt how a man may hate and fear the accursed thing, yet have no wish to shun it; how he may groan and rage for it, yet not have the courage to try it.

In all the disheartening disclosures of the dipsomaniac demonology I think no fact shall be found so curiously pernicious, in its impression and influence, as the drunkenness of the priesthood. "But that is so extremely rare!" you think. By no means so exceptional that the American clergy of any denomination might venture to contribute to the arithmetic of intemperance an honest enumeration of them who "drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of the afflicted." In the Report (for 1868) of the superintendent of a noted institution for the reforma-

tion of inebriates, we find in the schedule of "occupations" three clergymen. What proportion of those who, turning self-accused from the water of life, tarry long at the wine, and weep, with redness of eyes, between the sideboard and the altar, do these three represent? — seeing that the pass must be desperate indeed which brings the world's revered exemplars to the brave abdications of such a publicity. Let these three remember, to their comfort, that their aspiring part remains to them. "When Job looked on himself as an outcast, the Infinite spirit and the Wicked spirit were holding a dialogue on his case."* A pastor, of mature experience and the purest life, once confessed to an inebriate, whom he would have comforted, that, although the sensual gratification that wines or spirits afford was to him an untried pleasure, he was at no time indifferent to the zest of their aroma, which never failed to provoke in him a sensible penchant, if not a positive craving, for their forbidden charm; he had been more than once possessed with a momentary curiosity — "amusing, but nevertheless not safe" — to experience the sensations of a drunken man. But he thanked God that the inclination had never been provoked, or the fancy suggested, by the sight or savor of the sacramental cup.

There is a divination in the drunkard's dreams which any hardy man may try who demands an argument more conclusive than any that I have marshalled here. Their supernatural vividness, coherence, and circumstantial particularity imparts to them all the impressiveness of an actual experience, while from their infernal terrors they derive an allegorical import most startling and weird. The accusatory and threatening character of the illusions of sight and hearing in the waking horrors are related to these dreams by a continuity of plan and purpose which is beyond the possibilities of stomach, and surpasses the unassisted performances of brain. Many inebriates of liberal education, unbiased by superstitious susceptibilities, recognize in these hallucinations, and in the delirium which is but an aggravation of them, true proofs and foretastes of hell, and discover in their rats and snakes, and other hideous infestings of the mind, a symbolic significance and warning.

If this characteristic phenomenon be indeed a veritable portent, how horrid does its aspect become when it assumes the chronic form! — happily so rare. In Maryland, in 1860, I met a gentleman, very intelligent, cheerful, and entertaining, who, seven years before, had narrowly escaped death by *mania-a-potu*. From that time the severest abstinence had been the rule of his living. He was in robust health and high spirits; a man, too, of shrewd sense, and various information. But his spectral snakes had never left him; and as he conversed, however vivaciously, he flung them every moment from his arms or legs, or shook them from his clothing, or drew them from his bosom, still chatting gayly on, uninterrupted and unconcerned: so shockingly familiar to him, and tame, had the creatures become. Strangest of all, — though he perfectly appreciated the nature of his hallucination, could give you a most interesting account of his case, and knew well that his serpents were invisible to you, — to him they were always real, though no longer alarming. In the dark he felt them, as in the light he saw them; and he lay down among them, and slept unterrified. He accepted them with resignation, as the tangible remembrancers of his transgression.

"Sorrow for sin and sorrow for suffering," saith our just and sympathetic Thomas Fuller, "are ofttimes so twisted and interwoven in the same person, yea, in the same sigh and groan, that sometimes it is impossible for the party himself so to separate and divide them, in his own sense and feeling, as to know which proceeds from the one and which from the other. Only the all-seeing eye of an infinite God is able to discern

* Cecil.

and distinguish them." I have sat by the bedside of a trembling, tossing, starting wretch, whose harp of a thousand strings was all unstrung and jangled, and heard him exhaust his prodigal's-cry for help and rest and hope, in the Lord's Prayer, iterated and reiterated — from "Our Father" to "Amen," with imploring importunity lingering at "Deliver us from evil!" — over and over, the livelong night. If he should stop, he said, he must scream and rend himself in his anguish of soul and body, his sorrow for his sin and his sorrow for his suffering.

If once in a long while your solemn service is disturbed, your pensive company of worshippers agitated, and your good meeting broken with the "most admired disorder" of a strange and sudden burst of pent-up pain from a back seat in a dark corner, consider if it be not the double sorrow of such another inquisition of torture and remorse, expressed in the same groan and cry. Hence the wrestling drunkard's longing (by no means uncommon) for the help and rescue of religion. It is this which *excites* him to displays of undue eagerness and zeal; it is this which ensnares him in a seeming hypocrisy; it is by this that Quaff betrays him in the end to a new and crueler shape of shame and despair.

May a genuine and healthy "conversion" (I use that term, not for any technicality of dogma, but simply because, in its radical sense, it most conveniently expresses my meaning), suffice to reform the inebriate's habit, as well as save his soul? Out of the candid catholicity of my godlessness I answer, Yes! if only by superseding his selfish passion with a noble inspiration and a potent discipline. An astute clergyman once maintained in my hearing that religion could no more cure "nerves" or sprees than it could cure corns: but corns are never moral. When you see a "professor" again and again describing zigzag diagrams of gait, on his way from the Bible House to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, I think you may conclude, without detriment to your charity, that he did not procure his "grace" from a certified agent. "*My* grace is sufficient for thee"; but not the cheap and spurious article so vulgarly puffed and peddled, the Devil's counterfeit, manufactured and sold to discredit the pure and priceless. The dealers in this cheat are often hawkers likewise of that most scandalous and spiteful of blasphemies, — handy for the use of vagabond lecturers, trading philanthropists, and mountebank doctors, — that a reformed inebriate, however true his piety and pure his life, may not safely approach the sacramental chalice. I protest that such a man, though he have been fished from the very sewers and sinks of sottishness, is at least as safe at the Lord's table as in a Broadway lunch-room. Only first let him see to it that his Quaff is of a truth cast out; for he "cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils," and any damnation that he eateth or drinketh *there*, he eateth or drinketh "to himself."

So then, granted! Drunkenness is a disease; but a disease may be a retributive visitation or judgment. Drunkenness is transient insanity (*furor brevis*); but madness may be diabolic. Drunkenness may be despair; but despair is infidel. Drunkenness may be hereditary taint; but taint is corruption. Drunkenness comes to Medicine and says, "I am infected, and I shall die." Medicine replies, "Go wash, and live cleanly! We cannot smuggle you through the lazaretto of society by labelling you Idiosyncrasy." Drunkenness comes to Law, and says, "I am mad, and I have shed innocent blood." Law answers, "Go hang! we cannot cheat Justice of her right in you, by quibbling you Irresponsible." Drunkenness comes to Religion, and says, "I have a devil." Religion answers, "Believe, and sin no more! This kind goeth not out save by prayer and fasting."

I hope that by this time the reader has perceived that I have no sectarian end to serve in what I have written

here, no arbitrary dogma to enforce. I shall be satisfied if I have shown that there is in drunkenness a true *mystery*, which one can more certainly divine by texts than determine by axioms. It is the Ghost against Horatio's philosophy, revelation against speculation.

From a most curious and conscientious little work, printed in 1779, and entitled "A Geographical, Historical, and Religious Account of the Parish of Aberystruth, in the County of Monmouth, Wales. By Edmund Jones," I take a passage which shall serve for my apology. I find it in Chapter 14: "Of Apparitions and Agencies of Spirits, in the Parish of Aberystruth": —

"Every truth may be of use, whether it comes from heaven or from hell. And this kind of truth hath been of great use in this country, to prevent a doubt of eternity and of the world to come. Why then should not the account of apparitions and the agencies of spirits have some place in Christian conversation and writings?

"These are the good effects arising from it; and I will ask no man's pardon for this account of apparitions in the parish of Aberystruth, though it is the only thing in this writing which, in respect of some people, needs an apology; for why should the sons of infidelity be gratified, whose notions tend to weaken the important belief of eternity, to dissipate religion, and to banish it out of the world?"

So, flout my honest convictions if you like; but rescue the prostrate inebriate from the moral vivisections of the thimblerigging philanthropist and the gypsy apostle.

WINTER WOODS.

ZIGZAG branches darkly traced
On a chilly and ashen sky;
Puffs of powdery snow displaced
When the winds go by.

Sudden voices in the air, —
They are crooning a tale of woe,
And my heart is wooed to share
The sadness of the snow.

Stillness in the naked woods,
Save the click of a twig that breaks;
In these dim white solitudes,
Nothing living wakes; —

Nothing, but a wandering bird,
Which has never a song to sing, —
To my heart a whispered word
And a dream of spring!

THE VALUE OF ACCIDENT.

"I HAVE ever," remarks Mr. Shandy, when the celebrated sermon on conscience tumbles out of my Uncle Toby's copy of Stevinus, "a strong propensity to look into things which cross my way by such strange fatalities as these"; an observation which shows that this gentleman, or rather the author whose mouthpiece he is, was possessed of a large measure of sagacity and knowledge of the world. Nor does the Rev. Mr. Sterne by any means stand alone in thus bearing witness to the value of accidental suggestion. There is a similar testimony contained in one of the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which that wise and experienced teacher informs his listeners that "it is a great matter to be in the way of accident, and to be watchful and ready to take advantage of it"; a precept which this great man was himself ever ready to carry out, as the following anecdote, related to the author by a personal friend of the late Mrs. Siddons, will show. When this great actress gave her first sitting to Reynolds for the picture of the tragic muse, the artist, on his mettle to do his very best, placed her in all sorts of different positions of his own devising, such as seemed to him the best calculated to develop his own conception and the peculiar beauties and characteristics of his sitter. He was not satisfied with any of them; and desisting for a while from the attempt to force his model into such a pose as should agree with the ideal in his own mind, he fell into talk with his sitter, and for the moment forgot all about his intended picture. The artistic faculty, never entirely dormant in the mind of a great genius, was however destined to be quickly called into action; for suddenly, while discussing some subject which interested her, the great actress, as she reposed in the sitters' arm-chair, fell, of herself, into an attitude which expressed all that the artist sought to portray, and which was at once entirely graceful and entirely easy. "Don't move," said Reynolds, speaking in a hushed tone lest he should startle his sitter; and then putting away his ear-trumpet and resuming his palette and brushes, he hastened to trace the outlines of that glorious figure which has now taken its place forever among the masterpieces of art. Many another great artist besides Reynolds has doubtless been similarly indebted to accident for the suggestion of combinations which the *connoisseurs* have vaunted as the results of deep study and learned arrangement. Nor is it any disparagement to the genius of such artists to make this assertion; the profoundest professional knowledge and the keenest and most cultivated judgment being needed to enable the artist to take advantage of the chance which has so come in his way, and something of the spirit of self-sacrifice, as well, to make him ready to abandon his own conception in favor of the new one thus unexpectedly thrown in his way. Self-abnegation, vigilance, anticipation of results, are great qualities, and he who possesses them will be no small man.*

But it is not alone in connection with the pursuit of the arts that accident is valuable and worthy of consideration. A faithful and exhaustive history of accident — and a worse subject for a treatise on a much more extensive scale than this might be found — would reveal many astonishing instances of the part which this element of chance has played in the world's history, and how it has led to all sorts of discoveries, inventions, and achievements, which have in a variety of practical ways been of exceeding use to mankind. The variety of the discoveries thus attributa-

* Rembrandt, in order to take the advantage of accident, appears often to have used the palette-knife to lay his colors on the canvas, instead of the pencil. (Sir Joshua Reynolds's Twelfth Discourse.)

ble to accident is very great: scientific, mechanical, even medical discoveries are among them. One of these last may be taken as a specimen to begin with. Those persons who have had experience of the disease called ague, and who have shivered and burned in its alternate fits of heat and cold, may be interested to hear of the accidental origin of the one special medicine which is always to be relied on as a means of cure for that particular form of disease. It is said that the discovery of the medical virtues of quinine originated thus: An ignorant native of South America, suffering from the fierce thirst which accompanies certain stages of ague, drank copiously of the only water which was within his reach, and which he got from a pond into which a tree of the kind since called cinchona had fallen. The tree had lain long in the pool, it being nobody's especial business to pull it out; the water had become powerfully impregnated with the qualities contained in its bark; and, the sufferer who had drunk of this water recovering from his ague with unexampled rapidity, the pond got to be celebrated for its medicinal virtues; and so, some person, more thoughtful than others, connecting the curative quality of the water with the fact of the timber having fallen into it, it began to be rumored that there was healing power in this particular tree, and in due time its bark came to be admitted among the materia medica of the schools, and to be regarded as one of the more important exports of the South American continent. The Jesuits, with the activity which always characterized that ambitious fraternity, got hold of this drug, which was, in consequence, called "The Jesuits' Bark," and soon it became so celebrated that we find La Condamine in his travels telling how he carried some specimens of the young trees which furnished the bark from one part of South America to another, in order that the supply of so valuable a commodity as cinchona bark might not be confined to one particular locality.

The influence of accident is again to be traced as affecting another medical discovery apparently attributable only to prolonged reflection and deep study, —that of vaccination by Jenner. Dr. Baron, in his life of this illustrious person, says: "It has been stated that his attention was drawn forcibly to the subject of cow-pox whilst he was yet a youth. This event was brought about in the following manner: he was pursuing his professional education in the house of his master at Sudbury; a young country-woman came to seek advice; the subject of small-pox was mentioned in her presence; she immediately observed, 'I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox.' This incident riveted the attention of Jenner. It was the first time that the popular notion, which was not at all uncommon in the district, had been brought home to him with force and influence." The "popular notion" above referred to was subsequently investigated by Jenner, when he found that there was a particular eruptive disease to which cows were liable, which the milkers of such cows sometimes caught from them, and an attack of which conferred immunity from small-pox. "Upon this hint" he began to speculate, with results which we all know of. What he thus heard accidentally gave a special bias to his thoughts. A very small boat will serve to carry a man to the ship in which he is to make a great voyage.

It will sometimes happen that a circumstance in itself disconcerting, or even alarming, will affect in a highly propitious manner the fortunes of him of whose career it forms a part. When Samuel Lee, who ultimately became Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, but who began life as a village carpenter, lost his chest of tools in a fire, he no doubt deplored the loss profoundly. Yet this accident was in reality the making of him. He had no money with which to get a fresh set of tools, or indeed to set himself up in any sort of business; the only occupation open to him, as requiring no capital, was that

of a schoolmaster. This he at once adopted, and, learning himself while he taught others, gradually rose higher and higher, till he reached one of the most exalted positions which can be attained by human learning. Yet this man doubtless thought that he was ruined when his chest of tools was burnt, and took to the new business which was to lead him on to such great things, only as a *pis-aller*, and in sheer desperation.

When the wife of Louis Galvani fell ill, and in her sickness conceived a longing for frog soup, her husband little suspected that this circumstance would be instrumental in rendering his name immortal. The frogs were slain and skinned and made ready for the stewing-pot, when the invalid lady happened to touch the leg of one of them with a knife which had become impregnated with magnetic power from a neighboring electrical machine. To her surprise the leg of the frog, on being thus brought in contact with the electric force, began to move with a convulsive action as if the life were still in it, becoming passive again on the withdrawal of the instrument. Of course the good lady — herself a physician's daughter, and probably possessed of some smattering at least of medical knowledge — communicated what she had observed to her husband; and he, after making a multiplicity of experiments, — the same in character as this which had been made unconsciously by his wife, but carried, of course, much farther, — contrived to wring from nature the secret of that strange phenomenon which we now call galvanism.

The first idea of the balloon, which in its perfected state we see leaping up from the ground into the sky and dragging after it a heavy cargo, is said to have presented itself to Stephen Montgolfier owing to an accidental occurrence, which his different biographers narrate in two ways. One version of the story is, that Montgolfier, a paper-maker by profession, happening to fling a paper bag into the fire, it became full of smoke, and in that condition hung for a time suspended in the chimney. According to another version, Montgolfier is represented as boiling water in a coffee-pot over which there was a conical paper cover, which was observed gradually to swell and rise as it became filled with vapor. In either event, it was owing to accident that the idea of a bag rendered lighter than the surrounding atmosphere by inflation came into his head, and reached in due time full development in the balloon. Not every paper-maker is a man of a speculative and philosophic turn of mind; yet had not this Stephen Montgolfier been both the one and the other, he certainly would never have got what he did out of this small hint.

And the gas with which the balloon in its present complete form has to be filled, — how was that discovered? Still in some sort accidentally. The Rev. John Clayton, a clergyman living about the latter part of the seventeenth century, and devoted in a great degree to scientific pursuits, was on a certain occasion making some experiments with coal, when he observed certain phenomena which he describes so lucidly that it will be best to let him tell his own story. After placing some coal in a retort, and heating it, he says, "there came first only phlegm, afterwards a black oil, and then likewise a spirit arose which I could in noways condense; but it forced my lute, or broke my glasses. Once when it had forced my lute, coming close thereto in order to try to repair it, I observed that the spirit which issued out caught fire at the flame of the candle, and continued burning with violence as it issued out in a stream, which I blew out and lighted again alternately, for several times. I then had a mind to try if I could save any of this spirit; in order to which I took a turbinated receiver, and putting a candle to the pipe of the receiver whilst the spirit arose, I observed that it catched flame and continued burning at the end of the pipe, though you could not discern what fed the flame. I then blew it out and lighted it again several times, after

which I fixed a bladder squeezed and void of air to the pipe of the receiver. The oil and phelgm descended into the receiver, but the spirit, still ascending, blew up the bladder. I then filled a good many bladders therewith. . . . . I kept this spirit in the bladders a considerable time, and endeavored several ways to condense it, but in vain; and when I had a mind to divert strangers or friends, I have frequently taken one of these bladders, and, pricking a hole therein with a pin, and compressing gently the bladder near the flame of a candle till it once took fire, it would then continue flaming till all the spirit was compressed out of the bladder."

Our budget of inventions attributable to accident is by no means exhausted. Vitruvius describes the origin of the Corinthian capital in this wise: "A Corinthian virgin of marriageable age fell a victim to a violent disorder. After her interment, her nurse, collecting in a basket those articles to which she had shown a partiality when alive, carried them to her tomb, and placed a tile on the basket for the longer preservation of its contents. The basket was accidentally placed on the root of an acanthus-plant, which, pressed by the weight, shot forth, towards spring, its stems and large foliage, and in the course of its growth reached the angles of the tile, and then formed volutes at the extremities. Callimachus happening at the time to pass by the tomb, observed the basket, and the delicacy of the foliage which surrounded it. Pleased with the form and novelty of the combination, he constructed from the hint thus afforded columns of this species in the country about Corinth, and arranged its proportions, determining their proper measures by perfect rules." No doubt Vitruvius is an authority whose statements should generally be regarded with something of suspicion, but in this case there seems no particular reason why his account should be looked upon as untrustworthy. If the thing is not true, it is at least splendidly invented.

Returning to days more recent, we find, on the authority of historians of a less imaginative type than Vitruvius, that accident has had a share in bringing about many mechanical inventions by which mankind has since profited largely. The well-known story of the invention of the stocking-loom has, in its several versions, the element of accident. According to the first of these, William Lee, an Oxford student, was courting a young lady who paid more attention to her knitting than to her lover's wooing; and so, as he watched her deftly moving fingers, the idea came to him of a mechanical invention which should supersede this knitting business altogether, and leave his mistress no excuse for bad listening. The other version of the story, and far the more probable, concerns still this same William Lee, but suggests the application of a more powerful stimulus to his inventive powers than even the desire to get full possession of his sweetheart's attention. Here, the student and the young lady with the knitting propensities are married, and Lee is turned out of the university for contracting a matrimonial engagement, contrary to the statutes. They are entirely destitute of means, and the young wife turns her knitting to account, and makes stockings for the joint support of herself and her husband. Then it is that Lee, watching the movements by which the stockings are made, gets the idea of the machine which he subsequently brought to perfection. There is a very barren account, in Thornton's "Nottinghamshire," of the origin of this invention, in which Lee is represented as belonging, not to Oxford, but to Cambridge. It runs thus: "At Culonton was born William Lee, Master of Arts in Cambridge, and heir to a pretty freehold there, who, *seeing a woman knit*, invented a loom to knit."

There are more instances on record, besides this of Lee and his stocking-loom, of mechanical inventions the first idea of which was suggested accidentally. Among the excellent "Stories of Inventors and Discoverers,"

by Mr. Timbs, it is stated that Hargreaves, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, "divined the idea of the jenny from the following incident: Seeing a hand-wheel with a single spindle overturned, he remarked that the spindle which was before horizontal was then vertical, and, as it continued to revolve, he drew the roving of wool towards him into a thread. It then seemed to Hargreaves plausible that, if something could be applied to hold the rovings as the finger and thumb did, and that contrivance to travel backwards on wheels, six or eight or even twelve threads from as many spindles might be spun at once." On the authority of Mr. Timbs, we learn also that the invention of "spinning by rollers" was suggested originally by chance. "Arkwright stated," says Mr. Timbs, "that he accidentally derived the first hint of his invention from seeing a red-hot iron bar elongated by being made to pass through rollers."

Nor is it only in pointing out the way which has led to so many remarkable discoveries and inventions that the effect of accident has been clearly demonstrated. The destiny of many individuals has more than once been, in like manner, influenced by its agency. We have seen how Samuel Lee became Regius Professor of Hebrew through the destruction of his carpenter's-tools by fire, and how Jenner's attention was drawn to the subject of vaccination by the chance remark of a patient who came to his master's surgery for advice, and how his future career came to be marked out for him in consequence. These are not isolated instances. Granville Sharp, the great opponent of the slave-trade, who preceded Wilberforce and Clarkson, and who established the right of negroes to their freedom while in England, and instituted the society for the abolition of the slave-trade, — this man was sitting on a certain occasion in the surgery of his brother, when a wretched African, covered with wounds and scars, the consequence of brutal ill-treatment by his owner, came to ask advice as to the treatment of his maimed limbs and body. It was the indignation excited by witnessing the sufferings of this poor slave which awakened in the breast of Granville Sharp the desire to espouse the cause of the injured blacks, and led him to devote the principal part of his life to their service. A more recent instance of a career diverted from its original course by a mere chance is found in the life of Faraday the chemist. He was originally a bookbinder, and his perusal of an article on chemistry in an encyclopædia, which he read when he ought to have been binding it, ultimately led to his taking up these peculiar studies in which he subsequently so greatly distinguished himself.

It is not within the compass of an ordinary magazine article that all the cases in which accident has powerfully affected human destiny can be dealt with. Enough have been cited here to prove the fact that the influence of accident, when it has formed an element in the career of men who have known how to take advantage of it, has been very remarkable. There are many more such incidents, which, by reason of their being so well known, do not need to be enlarged on at length, but which are yet deserving of some sort of mention. The apple of Sir Isaac Newton has been cooked in so many literary forms that it is no longer possible to dish it up in such a fashion as to make it palatable; yet the incident of which it forms an integral part must needs be mentioned in such a chapter of accidents as this. So should that story of James Watt as a boy pondering over the fact that the lid of the teakettle was forced up by the accumulated steam within the vessel, and so having his attention drawn to the possible uses that could be made of this great power. A story somewhat of the same kind is extant of the Marquis of Worcester, whose thoughts were similarly directed in consequence of his having seen the cover of a certain iron pot, in which water was boiling, blown

off into the room in which he was sitting. This nobleman was fond of scientific pursuits, and wrote an account of his observations in a work which was afterwards consulted by the earlier members of the engineering profession. There are many more well-known stories of the same sort; such as that of Galileo watching the hanging lamp in the Pisa cathedral, and so conceiving the idea of the pendulum; of Captain Brown getting the notion of the Suspension Bridge from a line of gossamer hung from one bough to another across his path; of Liffersheim, the spectacle-maker, to whom the invention of the telescope is said to have occurred from his having seen two spectacle-glasses placed accidentally one before the other. This story is generally told of Galileo, but there is more reason to think that it concerns the spectacle-maker than the astronomer.

The daring fox-hunter, when he clothes himself in his "pink" on a fine December morning, is probably as little aware as the ensign, trying on his first regimental coat, that he is indebted to an accident for the gorgeous color of the garment in which he finds delight. "The Dutch chemist Drebbel," says Brande in one of his lectures, "resident at Alkmaar, had prepared some decoctions of cochineal for filling a thermometer tube. The preparation was effected in a tin vessel; and into this some nitro-muriatic acid having been spilled by accident, a rich scarlet color was observed. Thus by mere chance was the discovery made that oxide of tin, in solution, yielded, by combination with the coloring matter of cochineal, a scarlet dye." This anecdote is quoted in the "Curiosities of Science," and in the same work we find it stated that the elementary body called phosphorus was two centuries ago discovered "accidentally" by Brandt, the alchemist of Hamburg, while he was engaged in the search for gold. And so it came to pass that the pursuit of one of the wildest chimeras that ever led mortals astray was actually made subservient to a discovery of considerable practical value and importance.

There can be little doubt that in addition to these instances of the known influence of accident in leading to certain inventions and discoveries, there must have been many others which we do not know of, but which we can conceive readily enough as having had an accidental origin. We can fancy the idea of the speaking-trumpet, for instance, having occurred to the first man who in calling to another instinctively made a tube of his hand, and found that the volume of his voice was increased owing to its being thus enclosed; a discovery acted upon to this day by every costermonger who hawks his "sparrer-grass" in the public streets. The invention of the speaking-trumpet would follow logically. Another similar gathering together of sound, by the hand enclosing the orifice of the ear, is practised always instinctively by the deaf, and may in a precisely similar manner have been the origin of the ear-trumpet. This increase of the fulness of sound got by enclosure once an ascertained fact, and another great invention, that of the stethoscope, follows almost as a matter of course. Many other discoveries are equally suggestive of an accidental origin.

Grafting is another invention which we may well imagine to have had a chance origin of this sort. In the Cyclopædia of Agriculture we read that "it could scarcely happen otherwise than that the attention of mankind should be arrested by the frequent occurrence of natural grafts *produced accidentally;* and an attempt to imitate them would naturally follow." The invention of glass is certainly suggestive of an accidental origin. "It is almost impossible," says the writer on this subject in the Encyclopædia Britannica, "to excite a very violent fire such as is necessary in metallurgic operations, without vitrifying part of the bricks or stone wherewith the furnace is built. This, indeed, might furnish the first hints of glass-making."

But besides these public examples of the powerful influence which the element of chance has from time to time exercised on human destiny, it must have been noted by every one who is, even in a moderate degree, observant of what goes on within and around him, that even in the uneventful private career of the most ordinary and obscure individual a multiplicity of circumstances affecting that career in all sorts of ways have been brought about entirely by accident, and not uncommonly by accident of the most trifling description. You are sitting in your study or your office, attending to your ordinary concerns, when a friend comes in and persuades you to go with him to see an exhibition of pictures, to hear a scientific discourse, or what not; and straightway you meet with some one, or you hear some tidings, and by such meeting or such hearing you are led to do something, or maybe to abstain from doing something, of importance, by doing or not doing which all the rest of your life is affected. Surely there is no one but can remember, if he will take the trouble to try, important issues connected with his own career or that of his friends, which have been brought about directly or indirectly by circumstances so exceedingly trivial in themselves as to appear unworthy of notice. A man intends to join a certain party of friends on some occasion of social festivity, but, going to his drawer, finds that he has no gloves, and so spends the evening at his club instead, where he has a quarrel about the odd trick at whist, which causes him ultimately to abandon that particular club, and to join another, where he becomes acquainted with a man by whom a couple of years afterwards he is led into some commercial enterprise which is his ultimate ruin. Yet all, in this case, would come of a mere chance.

Since the above was written, an instance quite as remarkable as any of those already quoted, of the influence of accident on the history of invention, has been made public. In a review contained in the "Times" of August 28, 1869, in which a recent work, descriptive of a new invention called the graphotype, is brought under notice, the discovery of the new process is thus described: "A year or two since, Mr. Clinton Hitchcock, an American draughtsman, was making a drawing upon a boxwood block, and, having made an error, was painting it out, as is customary, with a white pigment. The material he used for the purpose was the white enamel taken off by a moistened brush from the surface of an ordinary glazed visiting-card printed from a copperplate. By degrees, he removed all the composition forming the enamel, and then he found that the letters were undisturbed, and were standing up in bold relief from the surface of the card, the ink forming the letters having protected the enamel beneath them from the action of the brush, while all the surrounding parts were washed or rubbed away. With a keen eye to application, Mr. Hitchcock saw in the abraded address-card the basis of a mode of producing a relief printing-plate without the skill of the engraver, and he set about experimenting to reduce the method to practice. He took a plate of common chalk, and drew a picture with a silicious ink upon it. When the ink was dry, he brushed the chalk all over with a tooth-brush: the interstices between the lines were brushed away, and there stood the drawing in relief, ready to be petrified by the means of a chemical solution, and printed from direct, or to be handed over to the stereotypist to have 'stereo' made of it after the usual manner."

FATHER MERIEL'S BELL.

"MY dear Joseph, they 've put you on the committee for examining old documents."

"Now, Miranda, love," said I to my wife, "think of my asthma, with musty old papers! Is not the Seminary enough for any one man, with the miserable Institute at the West Village going ahead so? Why could n't 'they' have put on Farr the town-clerk, or Parson White?" And I went out of the house at once, to see why they could not. But Farr had weak eyes; and a deacon told me that Mr. White had preached some heresy, and no doubt would have to leave before the bi-centennial came off. I was obliged to give it up, and spend a quantity of time trying to find something interesting, in the old records, for Meadowboro's great celebration. Thus it was that I came to look over the manuscripts left by the Rev. Mr. Woodroffe, first minister of the town, who had discharged the duties of his post for more than fifty years. The yellow pile was made up for the most part of sermons. I found among them, however, one manuscript in a different hand, upon which the minister had made the following indorsement: "The narrative of Goodwife Thankful Pumry, The Returned Captive; for some years formerly a beloved inmate of my own household, and in those days a comely and gracious maid; put into my hands on her early death-bed, to the end that I might know what had burthened her. Undoubtedly correct as regards matters that happened before the Burning. To be kept secret in the fear that otherwise family trouble might come to pass, inasmuch as her husband yet survives. Somewhat curious as giving good proof of what some doubt, strange doings of the Devil on the earth. I hold the woman to have been bewitched."

I do not think Thankful Pumry's confession had been unfolded since the minister wrote upon it, until it fell into my hands. I found that, while hunting among these withered leaves, which had fallen perhaps a hundred and seventy years ago, I had come upon a bunch of dewy and blooming arbutus, in the story of a tender-souled woman who died through sorrow. I give it with some abbreviation, and taken out of its ancient phraseology. I have not left out the superstition which pervades it. May-flowers would hardly seem so sweet to us without the foil to their beauty which comes from the trail of the worm, seen here and there upon the leaves. The reader shall see how life looked through the eyes of a young Puritan woman, full of sentiment and vivid fancy.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century, a new meeting-house was built in Meadowboro. A small surplus remained over from the fund appropriated by the Plantation for the work, which it was resolved should be applied to the purchase of a bell. The minister, the deputy to the General Court, and a certain ensign in the train-band, were empowered to do this business in behalf of their fellow-townsmen. Thankful Pumry gives the story of the purchase as follows: The three deputies, meeting at Boston, went to a warehouse at the water-side, where it was known a consignment of bells had been received. The minister told the merchant their errand; upon which the deputies were led to a corner of the warehouse, to a number of bells that lay, among various merchandise, upon the floor. One or two had been cast in England, and sent to the Colony by their makers, and some had been taken from church towers in the English civil war. The bells were of various sizes, dull in their color, and spotted with green rust. There was one, however,

which showed upon its bright surface not a single spot of oxidation. From its top to its rim the color was golden and untarnished; a cross was heavily embossed upon its side; and beneath it, running about the edge of the bell, was the motto, "O Maria, tuis precibus protege nos!" Above the cross, also, running about the top of the bell, was the legend, "Ad majorem Dei gloriam," the motto of the Jesuits. In spite of its beauty, it appeared that the Romish emblem and legends with which the bell was decorated made it less salable than the others. The merchant could tell nothing of its history, except that it had been sent to him by his correspondent at Bristol. Upon being questioned, he admitted, after some hesitation, that the bell had been declared to be possessed. In order that its tone might be heard, some laborers were called; the bell was carried to the open air, and hung to a projecting beam upon the wharf. The merchant threw the tongue against the side. A sweet and most melancholy sound arose above the clatter of the harbor. It was clear and musical. It diminished with a tremulous vibration, through moment after moment, in a tone almost pathetic, as if it sighed and moaned, conscious of indignity, in being made to sound in such a place and by such hands. The tone was in some way suggestive of unrest. When the vibrations had fully died away, the minister spoke. He made light of the story of the merchant. Alluding to the Popish emblem, he said, with some formality, for a considerable group of people had gathered, "that howsoever it might have done service for the Devil, it had now been snatched away unto the Lord. He rejoiced that an instrument of idolatrous ceremonies might be used to call true saints to worship of the Gospel order."

These considerations and the low price availed with the deputies of Meadowboro, and the bargain was concluded. At last, one Saturday evening, it was laid on the green in the frontier village. It was presently hung in the belfry of the little meeting-house, with the bell-rope passing through a hole beneath, down into the centre of the broad aisle. On Sunday morning the sound of it went forth over the roofs of the village for the first time, beyond the palisades, until all the outer farms were listening. It took the place of the drum-beat, which had hitherto been the signal for assembling. The tone of the bell, as heard, through the unbroken wilderness, from that little spot of civilization, still suggested disquiet and loneliness. The people, gathered on the green, looked with some awe at the shining metal with its device. The children, who saw it turn its edge up into the sunlight while the ringer was invisible, believed it had life of its own. Thankful says she stood, with her townspeople, — then an unmarried girl, — half disposed to adopt this childish notion. Then, for the first time, a question came to her mind: "This bell, which they say possesses some strange spell, and whose story is unknown, what is its secret?" It was then simple girlish curiosity; but she was destined to repeat the question, many times in years to come, with interest that continually deepened.

Meadowboro at this time was shut in within a palisade of hewn timbers sharpened at the top, which enclosed it like a line of grenadiers in peaked caps, dressed shoulder to shoulder. Some were freshly cut, and stood like new recruits put into line yesterday; others were gray old veterans, which had stood ranked twenty years, since the days of Philip's war, and were decorated all over with pale green medals of lichen. The houses were built with regard to defence. Down into the meadows went the people, beside their teams, with goad in one hand, and long gun in the other; and sometimes, when the corn was high, they were driven within the gates of the palisade by the rifles of Indians, or hostile French from Canada. They paraded weekly in the train-band, and sat austerely on Sunday in the square unpainted meeting-house, beneath the eyes of tithing-men and ruling elders. At town-meet-

ings they voted for selectman and fence-viewer, deer-reeve and constable, with grains of corn for "ay," and dark beans for "nay"; and Farr says there are traditions that, when the voting was done, the rival parties sometimes grew amiable again over a hearty dish of succotash made out of the ballots.

Not unknown in the village was the howl of wolves. Against wild beast and savage every man went armed. Even in the minister's study, buff coat, pistol, and heavy sword had a place beside Bible and Psalm-book. This was the village; these were its people; and over all from the belfry, the bell whose past was unknown from time to time sounded. On Sundays, at the weekly lecture, on Fast and Thanskgiving, and each evening at the hour of nine, its vibrations were poured over the meadows and into the mountain-hollows; and when the hand of the ringer was taken from the rope, the moan-like prolongation came always for some moments, until it fainted upon the ear, as if it were protesting through the sombre forest that it would be elsewhere.

With regard to Thankful, I make out these facts from hints in her confession: — Remembrance Pumry, whom she did not love, paid court to her. In girlish sport, she encouraged him; and he came to see her, against the will of the minister, her guardian. For this, according to the harsh custom of the Puritan villages, he one day underwent some discipline beneath the whipping-tree. I look up daily into the top of the same tree, still vigorous, and see what a writhing there is of the great branches in its leafy brain. Does it have uncomfortable qualms, I wonder, because it was the whipping-tree when it was a sapling? If it was unkind to Remembrance, it is somewhat too gentle to the young people, now, in its old age. Alack! alack! the large girls of my Seminary will flirt beyond all bounds summer evenings on the bench around its trunk, apparently with its ready connivance!

Thankful's heart was touched at the suffering which she had brought upon Remembrance. Without sufficient thought, she won her guardian to favor his suit, and at last married him. She found, too late, that she had only given him her hand, and from the first hour of her marriage was unhappy. Her narrative shows her to have been of better education than most women of her position. I do not know whether she was the victim of a spell or not. She believed it herself, and so did the minister. Her confession, at least, has a most singular, pensive charm, which I would I might preserve in my rendering, but which, I fear, is too subtle. After laying down the mildewed leaves, I have sometimes felt as if the sound of the bell with which her fate became connected had just died upon my ear.

Not long after her marriage, Thankful went one evening to the house of the minister, and found there a stranger who had arrived since sundown. He was dusty with travel; his complexion was olive, his eye dark and penetrating, his stature tall. His manners were full of a dignified affability and elegance, strange to one accustomed only to the English Puritans. He was made known to Thankful by the minister as a Huguenot exile, "certified to be of worth by the minister of the French congregation in Boston, from whom he hath letters to whomsoever it may concern." The worshipful Cotton Mather, moreover, had provided him with a letter to the authorities of the frontier towns, speaking of him as one "anxious to proceed even into the wilderness, to behold thoroughly God's mercies to New England, and in what manner this goodly vine hath waxed and grown onward even at the end thereof." The stranger spoke in fluent English, but with a foreign accent and an occasional use of foreign idioms. The talk through the evening was of his country, and the persecution of the Protestants under the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The stranger described many a terrible scene, his hands and expressive features giving graphic emphasis to his words.

When the evening was well advanced, the Huguenot, with a polite inclination toward the minister's wife, said: "Will madame permit me? — the goodness in her face is so great, it must be I seek to give her pleasure. I have here my flute. Ah me! companion of voyage to me, poor exile! and in my far home, one said I played it well." It was hardly with cordiality that the guest was invited to produce his flute, for music was held a trivial matter in the Puritan villages. The encouragement was great enough, however, to induce him to open his pack and joint the instrument. He began to play a lively measure, but Thankful relates that here this incident took place: — From the belfry, close at hand, the nine-o'clock peal was heard. She says she could not help noticing that the bell had in its tone a quality of anxious distress she had never heard before. The effect of the sound upon the stranger was startling. His flute dropped from his hands upon the floor. He leaped to his feet, catching his breath. At the same time he made a quick gesture, quite inexplicable to all present. Throwing his left arm across his breast, he brought his right hand, with his two fingers extended, to his forehead, drew it rapidly from his forehead to his chest, and then carried it across to his left shoulder. Here suddenly, as if recollecting himself, he dropped his arms to his side and took his seat in hasty confusion. After profuse apologies, he at length recovered self-possession. The company were greatly surprised. They received the stranger's explanations, however, without question. His letters were of the highest character, and, after all, no one could see that there was anything in his conduct to excite suspicion. "Our friend must know," said the minister, gravely jesting, "that the bell is possessed; but straightway, if means can be found, it shall learn courtesy to strangers." The next day, after a keen glance toward the belfry, the Huguenot stranger departed. Some months after, however, he reappeared in Meadowboro. Thankful says he comported himself in the most unexceptionable manner. There was nothing strange in his demeanor, but a habit of muttering to himself, and a familiarity he seemed to have with birds.

With his flute, or by whistling, he could imitate their notes to a remarkable degree, calling out from them replies, and bringing them sometimes to flutter about him. This he occasionally did for the amusement of the children. He took much interest in the better fortification of the town, a measure judged necessary from the increased danger of an invasion from Canada, in the war then raging. As the winter went forward he spent much time in hunting to the northward, and was commissioned by the town authorities to watch for signs of the enemy.

In her unreserved communication, Thankful says it had become her habit to take long rambles, to divert her mind from the gloom to which she felt herself disposed. She appears to have been fearless, and to have taken her lonely walks in winter as well as in summer, and sometimes even after dark. She says that a favorite resort of hers was a meadow some two miles away from the village. One quiet evening toward the close of winter she set forth alone, as was not unusual. The deep snow was sheathed with a thick crust. The sky was clear, and, as she walked onward over the palisade, at a point where a drift had completely buried it, out into the solitude of the meadow, a bright aurora streamed before her. There was no moving thing upon the snow, and the only sound upon the sharp air was the crisp tread of her feet upon the frozen surface. She kept on rapidly in the direction of a low hill, whose lines rose from the whiteness of the meadow that encompassed them, like a dark island. Growing warm with the exercise, she threw back her hood and received upon her face, with a sensation of pleasure, the freshness of the winter night. She skirted the whole length of the hill on the eastern side, and turning, began to

go round its northern end. All was perfectly cold, still, and lonely. Just then she began to hear the bell in the village, distant but perfectly clear, begin to ring for nine o'clock. The sound came over the snow far and sweet, now faint, now sending out its penetrating melancholy with great distinctness. Thankful paused; for she says the quality of the tone again seemed different from anything she had before heard. There seemed blended with it yearning and soft invitation. Resuming her walk, a step or two brought her nearly through a little belt of trees, beyond which the bare and solitary meadow stretched in perfect whiteness westward. The intervening hill now shut off all view of the one or two faint lights that yet twinkled from the village. The aurora threw a dim and fitful illumination upon the dreary stretch of plain, upon which the pines flung down an almost awful darkness. Suddenly Thankful paused, with a movement of quick terror, and almost sank upon the snow. A few rods in advance of her rose a tall figure, wrapped from head to foot in the deepest black. Nothing could be more ghastly. The arms were folded upon the breast, and the figure bent forward perfectly motionless. Meantime the sound of the bell went and came, doubly full, as it seemed, of inexpressible yearning and tender summons. At last it ceased. The figure tossed its arms aloft as if exultant. The spectral light in the northern sky at the same time appeared to waver and loom with new activity. Pale hands of giant ghosts appeared to pass athwart the heavens. Fingers solemnly beckoned, then in an instant clutched high towards the zenith, quivering as if in sympathy with, or perhaps mocking, the tall spectre which towered dark upon the snow.

At length the shape turned, and swept rapidly northward. It seemed to disappear in the shadow of the sombre woods which lay in that direction. No other thought occurred to Thankful than that she had seen a ghost. Recovering with an effort from her stupor of fear, she sprang to her feet, and keeping close in the shadow of the hill, hurried homeward. A light or two still burned from within the palisade when she came within sight of it. Toward these she hurried over the crust, the agitated beating of her heart becoming gradually calmer as the distance lessened. At length she heard quick footsteps behind her, and an instant after was seized roughly by the arm. Casting her eyes up in a fright, she discovered it was only the French stranger, who, however, looked at her with impatient fierceness. But now down from the palisade a soldier of the town-guard came sauntering. The Frenchman loosed his hold, and with some apparent difficulty forced the dark expression from his face. Assuming as much as he could of his usual courtesy, and speaking as if in surprise, "Indeed," he said, "it is Goodwife Pumry. I was frightened to see this figure in the night." Then with anxious eagerness: "What have you seen to make you run? Some spectre, perhaps, or beast of prey." Thankful briefly gave an account of the apparition. The soldier listened with dull wonder, while the Frenchman seemed hardly able to contain himself. When she had finished, he broke out in voluble declarations that it was no doubt a ghost. Thankful went forward to her home, while the two men remained together near the quarters of the guard.

She went at once to her chamber. Looking out of the small panes of the window, she saw that the tremulous glare still overspread the northern sky. Sheeted arms of phantom light were tossed from the horizon toward the zenith. Happening to look toward the belfry of the meeting-house, she relates that the bell shone strangely, as if from a light within itself. Taking her place at her husband's side, Thankful reviewed in her mind the events of the evening, until she fell into a troubled sleep. From this she awoke at last, much oppressed. The shock of the strange occurrence still lay heavy upon her mind, and she found herself a prey

to superstitious terror such as she had never known before. She thought of the portents which were said to have appeared in different parts of the Colony before dreadful events. Before the desolating Philip's war, an Indian bow and scalp had been seen imprinted upon the disk of the moon. Gloucester one evening was beleaguered by an army of ghosts. At Malden, the shock of cannon was heard, the singing of bullets, and the beating of phantom drums passing through the heavens to the westward; and the people of Plymouth had been startled by the hoof-beats of a great invisible troop of horse riding through the night, as if for life.

At length, Thankful thought she heard the sound of rising wind. It was a long faint sound as if a distant blast were passing over the crust of the meadow, hurrying before it broken twigs, morsels of ice, and dry leaves. As it died away, she rose and went to the window. From the belfry of the meeting-house, she feels sure she saw again a supernatural lustre in the bell. Meantime the sound of the wind again arose, but nearer and with a stronger rush. It came from the northwest, from the meadow; but when Thankful waited to hear the gale, as it swept against the forest near the town, there was no sound, and she could see that the trees remained motionless. It flashed upon her mind that a troop of men advancing over the crust, with now and then a pause, under an artful leader, might thus counterfeit the noise of a storm, and deceive a drowsy guard; but just then the rush deepened into a heavy tumult, out of which burst a wild quavering howl, caught up by a multitude of voices, and the quick discharge of guns. Thankful wakened her husband by a scream. While they hastily assumed their clothing, scores of indistinct shapes bounded beneath the window, into the centre of the village, from the direction of the palisade. Figures were seen flitting from house to house, brandishing weapons, and from every throat came the terrifying whoop. Here and there began to appear sudden gleams of fire, and presently upon the door rattled the hatchets of a party that was seeking entrance. For a moment the snow beneath the window was clear of figures. Thankful and her husband, throwing up the sash, leaped to the hard crust. Her husband sprang up uninjured; but Thankful, as she bore her weight upon her limbs, found that one ankle was severely sprained. She moved a step or two, but the tramp and shouts of a party close at hand were heard. The next instant figures swept around the house, dimly revealed in the wavering conflagration that began to blaze. Her husband fled. A hand caught her by the arm, and the swarthy face of a Canadian ranger was thrust into hers. Her captor dragged her to the door of the meeting-house, before which was now drawn up a body of men, showing some approach to discipline. They were French and half-breed rangers, as revealed by the firelight, with rough coats of blanket girt about the waist with leathern thongs; their legs incased in fringed leggings and moccasins; their heads covered with loose red woollen caps, or headgear of fur. The rattle of musketry was constant. The company of captives continually increased, each pouring out some story of terror. At length, driven along by a tall savage, whose hands were marked with blood, the minister was brought to the meeting-house, followed by his feeble wife and a part of his children. Thankful's mind since her capture had been so taken up with the immediate horror and danger, that all thought of preceding events had passed from her. Now, however, as she looked forth upon the burning village, with a quick, hasty stride there appeared directly in front the same mysterious figure she had seen in the meadow. In the bright light, the figure appeared as a tall man in the prime of life, in a straight, close-fitting robe of black. A small book was suspended about his neck, and from a girdle at his waist hung a chain of beads, with a cross of silver at the end. Close at his side, with a manner of friendly in-

timacy, the wondering captives saw no other than the supposed Huguenot stranger. The two men paused, and the spy, for such now all felt sure that he was, extending his hand, pointed out the bell to his companion. The figure in black looked toward it with most eager attention, even letting tears fall from his eyes. Suddenly he fell upon his knees, uncovering his head, and crossing his hands upon his breast. The crown of the head was entirely shaven, and surrounded by a ring of jet-black hair. Thankful could not refrain from noticing that the face was exceedingly noble. The upturned eyes were full of intense feeling; the forehead was broad, above well-defined brows; the nose was prominent and finely curved; the lips, moving in prayer, and the firm chin, showed both strength and gentleness. The entire face, though wasted, was then full of joy, gratitude, and reverence. Nor could Thankful fail to notice the demeanor of the spy. As he looked at the kneeling man, his face assumed an expression of deep malignity; whereas, just before, the two men had approached one another apparently in most friendly mood. Suddenly the spy appeared to bethink himself, and repeated the same singular gesture he had begun to make the evening of his first appearance in Meadowboro, when startled by the bell. He rapidly brought his hand from his forehead to his breast, then from his left shoulder to his right, at the same time muttering as was his habit; and Thankful understood that he crossed himself. As the man in black arose to his feet, the spy turned to him again with a face of friendship. Thankful is sure that the light flashing from the bell was something more than a mere reflection of the wavering blaze of the village. It was weird and exultant; and she felt then convinced there must be some strange sympathy between it and the figure in black. The captives were not left long in doubt as to the true character of this personage. Mr. Woodroffe, who had hitherto remained silent, broke out into an angry exclamation: "In truth, our fathers came here in good part to raise a bulwark against the kingdom of Antichrist which the Jesuits labor to rear; but lo! the feet of the priests of Baal are within the very shrine of Israel!" The Jesuit meantime had recovered his feet, and taking his attention from the bell as if with some effort, went to work with active humanity to stop the massacre. With prompt energy he knocked up the gun of a Frenchman aimed at a flying villager. In another moment, he caught the arm of a savage uplifted with a tomahawk above the head of a woman. Then seizing a wild creature, who was about dashing out the brains of a babe upon a stone, he took the infant in his arms and brought it toward the church. The French guard gave way, as he approached, with much respect. Passing through their line and holding up the child tenderly, he said, in broken English, "Where is the mother of this miserable?" She was not there. The Jesuit placed the babe carefully in the arms of a woman near, while the beads of his rosary rattled; then, looking around upon the group of prisoners, he broke out again: "Poor captives, I have for you much of pity." In another moment he was expostulating with animation at the side of the spy and of another figure, whose dress and chapeau had some badges of rank.

Day had now begun to break. The prisoners were marched rapidly down from the meeting-house through the northern gate of the palisade. The outline of the eastern hills shone calm as usual before the brightening sky behind. Thankful's captor, who, she found, was called Antoine, supported her not unkindly as she went forward halting with her painful sprain. Turning her eyes backward, she saw only a volume of murky smoke roll up into the reddening morning, where before had been the village. Presently the spot was passed, where, the evening previous, Thankful had seen the Jesuit listening to the bell. Then, behind a belt of woods, a place was reached, strewn with packs and snow-shoes,

from which it appeared the attacking party had advanced. From a quick firing now heard in the direction of the village, it was plain that, as the Canadians retreated, the surviving settlers were rallying to impede their departure. The guard placed over the captives was withdrawn to re-enforce the combatants, giving the prisoners who were not injured opportunity to escape. Thankful, however, while attempting to fly, was easily overtaken by an Indian boy who had remained behind, and forced with a threatening tomahawk to remain quiet. Looking through the belt of timber, unable to escape, she saw the skirmish. The French seemed to have thrown away almost all their booty, except, singularly enough, the most cumbrous part, the bell; which had been taken from its place, swung upon a stout sapling, and was now carried forward by men, its tongue muffled, and the sun flashing back from its surface. Thus impeded, their retreat was but slow. The Jesuit with energy directed the carrying of the burden; while the spy could be seen animating the fighters and vigorously using weapons himself. In a sudden onset made by the English, Thankful distinctly saw the life of the priest threatened, near at hand, when the spy quickly interposed his own body before the danger, receiving a wound, but yet not being disabled. The English at length were driven back, and the rangers and savages, bearing many marks of a hard encounter, came into their camp. Almost the sole booty from the attack was the bell, yet with this the leaders of the party seemed satisfied. Looking toward it, the rangers reverently crossed themselves, and the eyes of the Jesuit were full of emotion. The priest bound up the wound of the spy with demonstrations of warm affection. In spite of her anxiety about herself, Thankful says she felt the question again rising in her mind, "What is the secret of the bell?" Then as she saw the apparent affection of the two personages, as she remembered that the spy had just saved the Jesuit from great peril, and then recalled that still earlier scene, when the face of the spy was turned upon the Jesuit, full of hatred, this further question came to her, "What is the relation of these two men?"

The retreat to Canada was long and dangerous. Thankful, often drawn upon a sledge, received kind treatment; and gradually, in spite of the hardships and constant activity, recovered from her lameness. Becoming straitened for food, the life of the party was found to depend upon the temporary abandonment of the bell, which had much impeded their progress. With great unwillingness on the part of Father Mériel, as the Jesuit was called, the bell was buried at length upon the bank of a stream flowing into the St. Lawrence, whence it might easily be conveyed by batteau when the ice broke up. One afternoon at last, the great river of Canada, still sheeted with ice, was seen through the trees, and close at hand the low white houses of the village of St. Laudry, where Thankful was kindly received into the house of Antoine, her captor.

The season came rapidly forward. The broad blue river was freed from its ice. At first the only color in the forest burned on the flame-shaped tufts at the tops of the leafless sumachs; but soon Thankful bit off in her walks the crimson fruit and savory leaf of the checkerberry, and watched the fledging of the woods. Just in front of St. Laudry, the river was calm and deep; but by a forest path it was no long walk, following in the direction of a low sublime roar which grew upon the ear, to come out at last upon a promontory from which the stream could be seen surging and sounding in a frantic rapid. Annette, Antoine's pleasant wife, speaking in a whisper, told Thankful a wild tale of a Récollet friar, in his gray robe and cowl, who had been drowned in the rapid, and whose ghost might sometimes be seen leaping and telling the beads of his rosary, at the pitch where he had been ingulfed.

The spy, it seemed, was no other

than a French gentleman of rank, the Seigneur of St. Laudry, holding a grant, from the king, of a territory fronting two leagues upon the river. Annette spoke of him as having been much absent from the village. His demeanor among the people was somewhat stately and formal. When he chanced to meet Thankful, it was with a bare look of recognition. The affability with which he had borne himself in the English settlement, it seemed, had merely been assumed for the time. He retained, however, his habit of muttering to himself. Moreover, he continued to imitate the notes of the birds, and called them around him, appearing to find in this, so far as Thankful could see, his only recreation. Father Mériel was priest of the village, also a man of high birth. No one knew the facts of his early history, except perhaps to the Sieur of St. Laudry, between whom and the priest the closest friendship appeared to exist. Mériel had been in Canada long enough, it was plain, to gain great influence among both French and savages. On the bank of the river, a little apart from the village, stood the chapel, with a large cross before it, and the lodge of the Jesuit close at hand. As he moved about among the people, with his noble features sad through some unknown sorrow, but full of charity and enthusiasm, or walked on the river margin, repeating the prayers from his breviary in reverent abstraction, Thankful says she could not but feel, from the first, that there was something in the priest finer than she had ever known, although the effect of her nurture was to make her regard his office for a long time with repugnance. Among these surroundings, Thankful soon began to be at ease. In reality, she felt more happiness than she had known for some time. She hardly confessed it to herself, — but it was a relief to be absent from her unloved husband. The genial manners of the people, too, among whom she had come, were a pleasant change from the austerity of the English settlers. She took part with energy in Annette's duties, and began — with a sense of guilt all the time — to feel again something of the buoyancy of her maidenhood.

There were at length signs, in the village, of some approaching great event. "What is it?" said Thankful, who was becoming proficient in the *patois*.

"Ah, child," said Annette, "do you not know? The bell is to be brought to the village and hung in the tree before the church."

"And what is the secret of the bell?" said Thankful.

"Dear child, do you not know the story? The bell is the cause of your captivity. It was cast for the Holy Society of Jesus, but the heretics in some way captured it. Our Sieur came home with the news that he had found it in your village. Ah! how the Father spoke at the Mass when he told us! He said it was an instrument for the service of the true faith. It had been consecrated, and ought hardly to be rung except by the hands of priests; now it was in the power of heretics. So it was that the men were gathered from far and near, and went southward to get the bell." When Annette had finished, Thankful felt she might have told all she knew, but that it was not the whole truth.

The day came at last. The batteau which had been sent for the buried bell had returned, and a procession had been arranged. The women of the village were out in their brightest attire, with white caps and bodices, and striped petticoats trimmed with ribbons. There were *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois*, with locks decorated with eagles' feathers, beaded frocks trimmed with tufts of elk hair, and the tails of rattlesnakes carried as amulets rattling in their bullet pouches. There were Indians in half-European attire of red and blue cloth, in sashes and collars heavily set off with beads and the quills of the porcupine. In good time came the procession through the irregular street. From Thankful's description it must have had much pomp. The trumpets, drums, and silken banners of a detachment of

French troops, temporarily in the village, lent it a martial interest. Among the soldiers marched the military figure of the Sieur in a bright cuirass and plumed head-piece, which he wore as if he were accustomed to them. In the centre of the procession came the Jesuit, with a look of joy upon his pale face which was habitually so sad. Beneath a canopy of velvet was borne the bell. Before it, children with shining censers wafted incense toward it, and a choir of singers immediately following chanted a psalm in its honor.

"Laudate Dominum in cymbalis sonantibus,
Laudate eum in cymbalis jubilationis."

The unrusted surface of the bell had caught no spot from its journey or its burial. The cross glowed brightly forth; so the motto about the rim, *O Maria, tuis precibus protege nos*, and the inscription on the upper part, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam;* its tongue had been muffled since its capture. Its last tones had been those Thankful had heard when it rang its mysterious summons to Father Mériel listening alone upon the snow. The people fell into the rear of the procession, and it soon reached the church. A few moments were enough to swing the bell into the tree-top already prepared to be the belfry.

Then began the celebration of the Mass. The richness of the appointments of the chapel so far in the wilderness had already struck Thankful with surprise. "It is wealth which the Father has given to the faith," said Annette. Vestments and utensils were, many of them, of exceeding beauty. Candles made from the wax of the wild laurel burned on the altar in chased candlesticks. The wine pressed from wild grapes was held in chalices of glass and silver. In the niche above the crucifix was a hovering dove, surrounded by a halo, symbolizing the Holy Ghost, an emblem associated by the Indians with the thunder-bird of their own superstitions. High up on the wall hung a painting of Sir Francis Xavier, his attenuated palms crossed upon his breast, his face upturned in adoration, a face wan but most beautiful, with aspiration and self-sacrifice written in the eyes and features. Presently the Jesuit entered, with his acolytes. As he stood before the altar in his sweeping chasuble, his mien was more imposing than ever. His movements were full of dignity, whether he turned toward the assembly with folded hands, or raised his arm to make the sign of the cross. In the chants the voices of the Indian women were sweet and low; deep and grand often the tones of the men; and the music rolled with solemn effect, in the intervals of the service, through the little temple.

Meantime the Indians on their bare knees, the impressible women, and the gaunt *voyageurs* in their fringes and sashes, reverently knelt. The priest's tall figure bent in the frequent genuflections. The incense rose, and Thankful, Puritan though she was, felt her soul subdued before the sonorous rhythm and all-conquering sweetness of the "Miserere" and "Gloria." At length, as the Jesuit, extending his hands on high, lifted up the Host, just then when the awe was deepest, the mufflings fell from the bell. Once, twice, thrice it sounded. Thankful says it had its old melody, its old pathetic melancholy, but at the same time there was a sympathetic tremor that in some indescribable way indicated content and rest. So the congregation knelt, and the stately priest held aloft the Host, and there was no sound but muttered prayers and sobs of emotion. In this way the villagers of St. Laudry heard for the first time the sound of the lost bell. It went out deep into the dark forests among the homes of the village, and over the sweeping stream, mingling with the low roar of the distant rapids, until the air, holding its pulsations, seemed consecrated. At the very moment when the bell was struck, Thankful writes, she caught sight of the figure of the Sieur in his armor. Suddenly he raised his head so that Thankful could see his face. It indicated intense emotion; and lo! it had the expression which she had

seen it wear once before. His eyes were fixed upon the Jesuit, and to her fancy were full of hate.

Month after month, Thankful watched the movements of the priest. Her feeling was, to be sure, far enough from entire approval of his life. It was rumored in the village that he wore next his skin a girdle studded with spikes, and she herself, returning from the river-bank one night when he was holding a vigil, heard the sound of a scourge from his lodge. She remained a Puritan still; yet she beheld admiringly the amiable grace with which he mingled in the life of the village, — the meek patience with which he stooped to the youngest and poorest, and to the repulsive savages from the woods. Thankful says much of the singular sympathy which seemed to her to exist between the Jesuit and the bell, and gives a number of incidents which indicate that he regarded it with far more veneration than any of the other furnishings of the altar and chapel.

Thankful was received everywhere in the village with confidence and friendship. At the service the face of the saint above the altar lifted her in aspiration. So the chants. And more than once, when the words and music had become familiar to her, the people in the church heard the voice of the captive lending volume to the song. It was at such a time once, when touched with the music, with her face bent upon Father Mériel at the Mass with more interest than she knew, as she afterward believed, that, suddenly happening to catch sight of the Sieur, she found him attentively regarding her. Their communication since her capture had been very slight; but she relates that from this time his manner changed. He grew attentive, and frequently engaged her in talk. About this time also, Annette broke out one evening, while the villagers were dancing under the trees to the flute and violin, "The Sieur is pointing Father Mériel toward our house!" After this, it was noticed that the priest's visits to Antoine's cottage became more frequent, during which he never failed to show his desire that Thankful should embrace the faith.

I declare I know not how to render the suffering expressed henceforth in poor Thankful's homely words. I would give the story in her own language, were it not that I must be brief; yet I fear that, transferred into a different form, the account must lose much of its simple pathos. One less dutiful would have felt in the circumstances less pain. Thankful underwent the pangs of a veritable martyr. An entangling net began now to spread itself before her feet; — if indeed we refuse to believe, as she believed herself, that she began to feel the influence of a supernatural spell. She confesses that the devotion of Mériel, and the grace, too, of his features and figure, charmed her. The mystery that hung over his past history excited her imagination. Thankful remembered afterwards, though she hardly perceived it at the time, that the Sieur seemed to take pleasure in partially drawing the veil, hinting at courtly splendors and heroic deeds, which increased the fascination that the Jesuit exercised upon her. She gives scene after scene from her picturesque life, in which the white cottages, the sounding river, the forests, the two more conspicuous figures, and the bell appear and reappear. Through it all one can trace a gradual concentration of the fervor of her spirit upon the enthusiastic self-exiled noble; a mysterious process within her, which she protests was irresistible, and believes was due to diabolic influence. So far as she was conscious of it, she strove against it, but utterly in vain. Yet her sense of guilt continually deepened.

Thankful now often talked with the Sieur. She had cautiously questioned him as to the history of the bell; but always, upon the mention of it, he had become reserved, and changed the topic. On one occasion, however, of his own accord he began to unfold, more freely than ever before, the past career of Father Mériel to his intent

listener. "He is, indeed, a noble of France," said the Sieur, "of a wealthy and ancient stock of Provence, famous in war for many centuries. Mériel himself had scarcely passed his boyhood when he became a soldier. You see him now in his cassock. I have seen him heroic, in a cuirass, with sword in hand." The Sieur said in those days he was Mériel's friend and companion, as he continued to be. He described with animation Mériel's youthful prowess in a certain victory of the French arms over William of Orange. His prospects for advancement to high position were the brightest, when suddenly his ambition underwent a change. Resigning the world, he gave himself to religious enthusiasm. "You wonder about the bell. I will tell you why it is so dear to the priest. When he took upon himself the vows, he gave his wealth to the faith. The bell was cast in the religious house of his first retirement, with sacred ceremonies. Mériel threw into the molten metal a profusion of golden ornaments. If your thrifty friends at Meadowboro," and a smile of sarcasm appeared on the Sieur's dark features, "had known the composition of the metal, it would not have hung so long in the belfry. When Mériel turned toward Canada, in my friendship I accompanied him, having obtained from the king the grant of St. Laudry. Setting sail from Brest, we were captured on the high seas and carried to England. The bell, which Mériel was conveying with him to his mission, was taken and sold. At last we escaped and made our way to Canada. I had heard in England a rumor that the bell had gone to the Puritan Colony. A good Catholic could not endure the sacrilege. My connection with Mériel made the bell's recovery seem important to me. I easily deceived your people, and went in disguise from village to village. You remember the evening when we first met." Thankful sat absorbed at the Sieur's side. "Tell me," said she, at length, "what led the soldier to change so suddenly and become a priest?" He rose quickly at the question. "You have learned enough," he said, resuming suddenly his customary haughtiness, and then turned away. His lips moved rapidly, but Thankful could catch no intelligible sound.

"Is it love or hate that the Sieur has for the priest?" said Thankful to Annette; but Annette arched her eyebrows in amazement at the question. "They are the closest friends," said she; and when Thankful told of the dark expression she had once or twice seen in the Sieur's face when bent on Mériel, Annette only laughed at the suggestion. "Ask him," said she, merrily. "Who can get at the secret, if there is one, so well as you?" They had begun to rally Thankful upon the notice she received.

One day in early spring, word came from a camp of Indians on the northern bank of the river, that a hunter, gored by a wounded elk, was near to death, and wanted the priest. Father Mériel, with oil for the extreme unction, at once set out over the ice, which was fast becoming infirm in the warmer air. During the day the loud rush was heard which indicated the breaking up; and the waters flowed downward covered with white masses, now submerged, and now lifting their edges from the whirling depths. The sun set clear, and a northwest wind began to blow with much of wintry bitterness. As the moon rose, the footsteps of passers began to sound crisp in the ice that was forming. Upon the river, through the evening, the rush of the floating fields could be heard by the villagers as they sat about their hearths. When bedtime came, Thankful unbarred the cottage-door and stepped out into the air, impressed with the tumult of the liberated river, as, like Samson at Gaza, it took upon its shoulders the gates that had confined it, and bore them away. She heard from the river a long-drawn distant cry, then another, and another. At her hurried exclamation Antoine came to her, and the village was soon aroused. As the people stood on the bank, the

moon lighted up the rushing ice-fields and the black chasms of water between. At intervals came the cries borne upon the wind from more voices than one, some despairing, but one firm and resolute. It was recognized by all as the voice of Mériel. Some threw themselves upon the frozen ground, calling upon the Virgin and uttering vows. The cold wind from time to time smote the forests, and their roar drowned other sounds. It was only in the pauses that the cries could be heard, plainly moving farther and farther down the current. Experienced boatmen believed Mériel had put out with others in a canoe, which had been crushed in the ice, and that they had succeeded in crawling upon a floating cake. "Half an hour at this rate will carry them to the rapids," said one.

Answering cries were sent from the bank, which, however, the wind seemed to throw back. "The bell!" cried one, and presently it sounded from the tree, to tell the priest that his cries were heard. Thankful reports that still another change was now to be noted. It had lost its ordinary plaintiveness, and seemed to pour its sound against the wind in quavering tones of broken agony. It groaned and suffered, wailed and wept, as if in utter despair. For a minute it ceased ringing, when instantly an answer came from the stream in a firm, sustained shout. Again the bell rang, again came the voice in reply; and so the Jesuit and the bell answered one another across the chasms and the whirl of the tossing ice.

A woman of the village now called attention to the Sieur, who was just approaching the company. Thankful says he had stopped a moment upon the summit of a slight ridge at a little distance, and appeared to have just become aware of what was happening. She well knew that the demonstrative people among whom she was thrown expressed their emotions in more forcible ways than her own race, and at the time the movements and gestures of the Sieur did not surprise her; but, recalling the scene in the light of events which followed, she cannot avoid the belief that he was leaping up in a witch-dance and invoking some power of the air, as he suddenly stretched forth and shook his hands. The moon was bright enough for her to see that his features worked strangely as he muttered, and one or two indistinct exclamations from his rapidly moving lips, the sound of which reached her, she holds to have been parts of incantations. The canoes of the village had been laid away for the winter. At the command of the Sieur, one of them was speedily brought out, in which he with two other men at once embarked, defiant of the peril. The canoe could be seen for a few moments, as it pushed off in the direction of the cries. Sometimes it dashed into the channels between the cakes, sometimes the men could be seen to leap out upon the more solid masses and drag their canoe with them. The villagers followed together confusedly down the bank, with sobs and prayers. Now and then came the shouts of the rescue-party, then the fainter cry of the perishing priest, then the broken wail of the bell. The rapids at last came into the view of the villagers. Thankful could plainly see the tossing of the white breaker which marked the commencement of the fall. She felt certain too she saw the spectre of the drowned Franciscan flung upward in his gray robe by the tumultuous waters. The canoe was seen in the distance, returning. The rescue-party at least were safe. The approach of the little bark was breathlessly watched. Three figures could be seen bracing themselves against peril on every side. If there were others, they lay helpless in the bottom. At length the wall of ice bordering the bank was reached. Two Indians, in a state of insensibility, were lifted up, then the stiffened form of the Jesuit himself. For a moment he was laid on a blanket stretched upon the ice. Against his torn cassock, stiff as iron, his rosary was frozen. His hat was gone, his hair thick with ice, his quiet face turned up before the moon with the pallor of death. The villagers knelt

beside him. From up the stream came the voice of the bell, anxious almost like the voice of a mother. Thankful knelt with the rest, and saw Mériel give at last a sign of life. As she raised her eyes they fell upon the face of the Sieur; when lo! she beheld again a black scowl of hatred upon his features, as he regarded the man he had just brought back to life. In a moment it was gone, as the people rose about him.

Thankful confesses that, although her mind had been unaccountably turned upon the priest and she had struggled against it, she had never admitted to herself that her feeling was inconsistent with her wifely duty, until the evening of Mériel's escape. Conscience-smitten, she declares pathetically that she must have been under the influence of some supernatural spell. Her account is tragical, of her internal conflicts with herself, which were of no avail. Her danger became plain to her, and she took a desperate resolve.

A hundred miles of wilderness lay between St. Laudry and the nearest New England settlement. From time to time during her captivity, there had been rumors of parties from New England scouting toward Canada, and coming quite near to some of the villages on the St. Lawrence. It so happened that within a short time word had been brought that a village had been closely approached by such a party, who were believed to be still near at hand. The chance that this party might be met in the woods was slight, but not quite impossible. In returning, Thankful knew, they would be likely to follow the course of a certain stream, which she resolved to try to reach. Filling a bag with food, she prepared for flight. Listening for a moment, one night, by the beds of the simple-hearted family into whose love she had been adopted, she shed a few bitter tears, then took her departure. But after two days' wandering she fell fainting in the snow with which earth and air were still clogged. Recovering herself slowly from this swoon, as if from some deep abyss, she felt hands lifting her upwards, and stimulants poured between her lips. Raising her heavy lids, close at her face she beheld the face of the Sieur, his beard and eyebrows grizzled with snow. He caught her pulse, he felt at her heart, he chafed her hands. An expression of delight passed over his countenance as she came back to life. As soon as she was missed, he had headed a party, following through the storm her fast disappearing trail. They made a sledge from the boughs of trees, and Thankful was carried back.

Annette received her on her return without reproach. "Husband and country so far away," she said, "— who could wonder that captivity was hard? But peace was at hand, and Thankful should return." Thankful, in her weakness and hopeless wretchedness, laid her head upon the bosom of her friend, whose sympathy was very precious, though she so utterly misunderstood the case. Annette soothed her as she soothed her children. It was the Sieur, Thankful found, who had stirred the village up to pursuit. His manner was described as being most earnest. "Come," said Antoine, for upon the roving Frenchman the marriage-vows sat too lightly, "forget your English husband, and become one of us. We have seen that the Sieur follows you. He has rank and riches. You will be the lady of the village. There is not a girl in the province that would not envy you." "Why does he seek me?" said Thankful, in her own mind. Though attentive, he had never by hint or look betrayed a sign of love. It was one of the mysteries she could not then solve.

"There stand the Sieur and the Father," said Annette, one day, from the window. "The Sieur points this way. Ah! Father Mériel is coming." Presently, the little doorway grew dark with the Jesuit's sweeping robe. He sat down by the couch where Thankful had lain since they had brought her back after her attempt to escape, bending upon her his saddened face. It was mere cruelty, he said, that she

should have been brought away from her home. It was done against his will. She should soon be restored, for peace had come. He had thought that Thankful was being drawn toward the true faith, and had said many a prayer, and kept many a vigil, in her behalf. But she had simply, it seemed, been disarming suspicion. He could not judge her harshly, but he besought her with a full heart to take steps that her soul might be saved. Thankful lay silent, not daring to raise her eyes to his face. Mériel departed, leaving her burdened with wretchedness and sense of guilt.

When Thankful had regained her strength, she received word one day from the French governor to be prepared to depart soon for Quebec, whence the English captives were to be sent home. When next she encountered the Sieur, his manner had lost its usual calmness, and his dark face was growing haggard, apparently through some internal passion that preyed upon him. Pacing the border of the stream near which they were standing, he broke out with sudden impatience: "I know your thoughts. You shall hear the secret of the bell. I have told you of Mériel's noble lineage, of his brilliant fame as a soldier, of his choosing at last the life of a priest. You asked me the cause of the change. Listen! Among the novices in the great convent of Montmartre was a youthful lady, high-born, beautiful, of qualities most saintly. To her, Mériel, a gentleman of fame and personal grace, paid his court. She yielded to her friends, her own heart indeed making it not difficult, though she felt that she ought rather to become a spouse of Christ. She was beloved not alone by Mériel. The marriage-eve came, full of hope and splendor, honored even by the presence of the great Louis. When the guests had gone, Mériel and his wife sought the solitude and coolness of the gardens of the chateau. Suddenly from a thicket close to their arbor a musket was discharged, the ball narrowly missing the bridegroom. He started to his feet, drawing his sword, and rushed in the direction from which the shot had come. He sought in vain. Hurrying back at last to the spot where he had left his wife, he heard a rustling of branches near the path, as of a person seeking concealment. Without waiting to challenge, he thrust his rapier quickly into the thicket which concealed the figure." The Sieur turned away his face, and his voice sank. "Alas! it was his wife whom he had slain, who, in the darkness, not recognizing him, and mistaking him for the assassin, had sought to hide herself. Within an hour she had died in his arms, protesting that Heaven had punished her for her faithlessness, and pledging her husband to embrace the life she had forsaken. 'Before the high altar of Montmartre,' she said, 'the nuns, relieving one another, have a sister lying prostrate day and night, praying for the conversion of Canada.' She indicated to her husband that he should help in this work, solemnly promising with her last breath to be near him should it be permitted. You demand to know the secret of the bell; — listen! The gold thrown into the molten metal by Mériel was hers; — a heavy crucifix and chalices; these, with her ornaments as a bride steeped in her life-blood. In some way, Mériel believes the spirit of his virgin wife is bound in with the bell, and utters itself in its tones. Ah, woman! do you wonder that he clings to it?" The Sieur ceased, but his features worked with his inner agitation.

"But who sought to kill him in the garden?" said Thankful, after a breathless pause.

"It was never known," said the Sieur, in a low whisper, "perhaps some mad Huguenot."

The Sieur paced up and down a few moments in silence. Then he exclaimed, passionately, with a wild gesture, and as if unconscious of Thankful's presence, "Of what use to tell her this? It cannot help! Why break the seal? Yet I must gain it!" He abruptly left her side, rapidly muttering.

The bell was ringing for Prime, on

the day of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. A boat from Quebec touched the shore, bearing a personage of consequence in the province, the Superior of the Jesuit missions in New France, an old man with face marked with fire, and hands mutilated, through tortures by the Iroquois, undergone years before. The boat also brought word that an English ship had been sent for the captives; and that Thankful must set forth within the week. Through the day she quietly and sadly prepared for her departure. Night came close and hot. She stepped forth for air, when the Sieur presented himself, as if he had been waiting for her, and in a strange, peremptory manner bade her go at midnight to the lodge of Mériel. It was a startling command. It was well known in the village that from dark until daylight the home of the priest was not to be approached except in cases of life and death. Thankful says her mind was oppressed with a presentiment of calamity. Her will was overpowered by some unearthly force which she could not choose but obey. She is disposed to believe that some demon controlled her feet. Like a person lifted by invisible arms, she says, she was forced forth at the hour appointed. It was intensely dark, and the oppressive air of the night had become even more heavy. A taper burned from Mériel's window as she knocked at the door, which was presently opened. "Father, I have obeyed the command," said Thankful from the threshold. Mériel, however, showed great surprise in his voice and look, as he said he had not sent for her. "At least," said Thankful, "let me make confession, as I go hence forever." Mériel hesitated. "The time is most unusual," said he, "yet, daughter, I would fain save your soul. May the Blessed Virgin give me strength for it, even at this hour!" Thankful entered the Jesuit's oratory. A light stood upon the altar, and before it lay an open breviary. A knotted scourge lay upon the ground, which was deeply indented where the Jesuit had knelt in his devotions. Thankful, throwing herself upon her knees, had begun the story of her life. The air grew even more stifling, so that the taper seemed prevented from giving forth its proper light. She raised her eyes to his attentive face. She did not mean they should betray her, but believes they may have done so in spite of her. But now there passed beneath their feet a convulsive tremor. Then the earth was wrenched, and the crucifix upon the altar fell forward. Through the air the bell, close at hand, sent forth one solitary toll. It was as if the dead wife were uttering a warning, for the sound fell with awful solemnity and boding. "Marie! Marie!" cried Mériel, in a tone of horror. Thankful understood that he called upon the name of his wife. He threw up his hands, averted his countenance, and retreated to the farthest corner of the room. Footsteps were now heard. The door was thrown open, and the Sieur strode hastily into the little room, followed by the Jesuit Superior. The Sieur turned his face, marked with unmistakable hatred, now no longer furtive, upon Mériel. Pointing toward him, and addressing the Superior, he said, "I denounce this priest as false to his vows." But the Superior, after a moment of deliberation, signed with his mutilated hand that attention should be given. The Sieur stood with a frown upon his face. Mériel, full of astonishment, bent his head submissively toward his chief. Thankful writes that she had sunk upon the ground. After a considerable interval, "Surely the Devil is abroad to-night," said the Superior. "All the more may the holy Mother of God inspire us with justice! The Sieur of St. Laudry has brought me from Quebec by a charge of faithlessness against Mériel, hitherto a well-beloved Father of our order. The Sieur's position in the province gives weight to the charge, but it is unsustained. There is no report in the village but of the virtues of the priest. To-night the Sieur has offered me positive proof. We followed this woman to the door, but we saw and heard the priest's surprise

when he beheld her. Through the window we witnessed the scene in the oratory. It was innocent. I believe the Father has simply sought to lead this unhappy heretic — whose motive I know not — to the truth." Before the Superior had finished, the Sieur had gone. The Superior also warned Thankful from the habitation with a severe look and gesture. As she passed out, she heard him say: "Earth, air, and the hearts of men swarm to-night with the emissaries of hell. Let us thwart them." Immediately the tolling of the bell was heard through the agitation of the elements, — deep, resolute, triumphant.

As Thankful came out into the village street, she found the entire population frightened from their houses. Although everything was now as usual, through the greater part of the night the people talked of the earthquake. The most extraordinary supernatural phenomena were reported to have been observed. One had seen two blazing serpents entwined in the air, and borne forward by the wind; to another there had appeared a globe of fire sending out sparks on every side; while others had seen four terrible spectres, that stood in different quarters of the heavens, and shook the earth mightily, as if to overturn it.

Like all the details of this recital, the events of this singular night have been given as Thankful describes them. By reference to old documents, I have found that, in the early period of Canada, earthquakes and extraordinary atmospheric phenomena were frequent, and sometimes quite appalling. Thankful's story gives no dates, but in the old *Rélations des Jésuites* is preserved a report which, I conjecture, may refer to this very occasion, detailing a commotion which caused much terror, and is referred by the pious author to diabolic agency.

During the following day, a fisherman, whose hut was some distance from the village down the river, came in with the startling news that the corpse of the Sieur, much disfigured, had been found washed up on a rocky island at the foot of the rapids. The news excited great confusion. There was nothing whatever to explain the death, though the people came to the conclusion that the event was connected in a mysterious way with the supernatural occurrences of the preceding night. Thankful, upon whose distracted spirit the intelligence threw a still gloomier shade, while she did not by any means reject a supernatural explanation of the marvels, yet in her knowledge of what had happened during the night had an insight which the village had not. Revolving in her mind what she had heard and observed since her fate had connected her with the Sieur and Mériel, she suggests the following explanation of the former's true character, purposes, and fate, — that at some time he had sold his soul to the Devil. "What could his indistinct mutterings have been," she asks, "but converse with invisible demons? Were not the birds which came fluttering to his call familiar spirits in that disguise? Just so the witch, Martha Corey, hanged at Salem, was seen by the afflicted to hold converse with devils in the guise of birds." That he was an early companion of Mériel, the Sieur had himself confessed. That his heart also had been won by the saintly novice of Montmartre, Thankful believes was betrayed in a slight tremor of the voice with which she remembers he declared that Marie was beloved by others than Mériel. She believes his friendship for Mériel became hatred when the latter won Marie for himself. She can only conjecture, but considers it not improbable, that it was the Sieur, seeking for revenge, who fired the shot in the garden of Mériel's chateau. Why he did not take his life afterward, during the intimacy of years in which they lived together, she can only attempt to explain doubtfully, but she asks whether this may not have been possible: that the Sieur saw that death would rather be relief than punishment to Mériel in his sorrow. She says it was well known in the village

that the Father would gladly have encountered martyrdom, if it had been ordained for him to meet it. If, however, death would have brought no suffering to the priest, dishonor would; and Thankful suggests that it was with the purpose in view of bringing him to dishonor at last, that the Sieur so guarded Mériel's life. She believes that he read in her face the fascination which Mériel early began to exercise over her. Reviewing their intercourse, she recalls what was not plain to her at the time, — that from first to last Mériel was a frequent theme of their conversation, and that, without attracting her suspicion, he dwelt upon every circumstance in Mériel's life likely to attract her to the latter.

Moreover she holds that he wrought upon her with some diabolical spell. She knows from exclamations which he once or twice let fall, that sometimes, excited by his recollections, he imparted more than he intended. She feels sure that as he sought to interest her in Mériel, he also brought Mériel to seek her, — by representing her as disposed to embrace the faith, — with the idea that their relations might come to seem suspicious. When the time for her return drew near before his plot had matured, she suggests that he may have grown desperate, as his promised revenge seemed about to fail; that therefore he made his accusation to the Superior, and contrived his last plan, in the hope that her strangely-timed visit to the Jesuit's lodge, and the weight of his own authority, might bring about Mériel's disgrace. When the plot failed, and Mériel knew him in his true character as an enemy, his schemes for revenge having at last miscarried, Thankful thinks it not strange that he should have hurried out to throw himself into the river. "Perhaps he was flung in," she adds, "by the power of Satan." To all this explanation, she finds some confirmation in the elemental tumult of the night. Believing that demons filled the air, she asks if such Satanic activity would not be natural in the neighborhood of a powerful wizard at the culmination of such deep wickedness. Thankful gives her explanation doubtingly; — in spite of circumstances hardly deeming it possible, — with her inexperience of the world, and frank English nature, — that such revenge should burn through long years and be so cunningly masked.

["How does it seem to you?" I said to my wife, after we had read it together. "Do you like Thankful's solution?" "I hardly know, Joseph," said my wife. "There 's such a prejudice nowadays against the poor Devil; won't people find it hard to believe he was ever around so much?" For myself, I do not know whether to accept Thankful's explanation, or not, and I leave the reader to make his own decision concerning it. Only with respect to her hesitation at the end, I will give a conclusion that I came to after an experience with a certain Italian and French teacher, who, after being fostered in my very bosom, as it were, went off to that Institute under the most exasperating circumstances. It is, that among Southern Europeans a secret and malignant type of character may sometimes be encountered; a type to which the natures of the Sieur and that wretch Passédéfini may perhaps have belonged; — a type whose reflection given in the mirror of Shakespeare lies open to our study in Iago.]

When Thankful embarked at last, to leave St. Laudry, her face was so haggard that Annette exclaimed, "Has the Devil touched you, too, poor child?" Thankful considers that Annette's question was near the truth. As the *batteau* gathered headway upon the current, from the church came the sound of the *Dies Iræ*, chanted over the body of the Sieur. Borne upon the wind came the words: —

> "Ingemisco tanquam reus
> Culpa rubet vultus meus
> Supplicanti parce Deus."

She made the words her own, turning her eyes heavenward.

The English ship, after delaying a month and more at Quebec, dropped

down as far as the dreary port of Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, and before putting to sea, tarried an hour or two before these gloomy rocks. A few huts clung to the base of bare cliffs, past which the wide black current of the Saguenay poured itself. It was just dusk of the long summer day in that northern latitude, and Thankful, looking from the anchorage, saw upon the rocks the canoes of a body of savages. An Indian who came out from the shore brought word that it was a band belonging in the regions about Hudson's Bay. They had been to Quebec to sell furs, and were about returning with a Jesuit priest who had just been assigned, at his own desire, to this most dangerous and difficult of missions. At early dawn they were to depart up the melancholy river, and were now just about celebrating the Mass. It was too far to catch sight of any object, except most faintly. But the sound of the chanting, done probably by a few fishermen and their wives, belonging to the hamlet, came sweetly through the silence and twilight across the perfectly still water. Thankful could follow the plaintive *Agnus Dei*, and the louder swell of the *Jubilate;* and now she knew that the moment approached when the Host should be elevated. With a thrill that shook her whole being, Thankful heard across the water the sound of the bell that marked the event. Lo! it was the sound that she had come to know so well. With melody unutterable, from where it hung suspended in some crevice of the rock, the bell within which was bound the soul of the dead wife shook forth into the stillness its tremulous toll. Now it throbbed upon the air with an almost dying cadence; then it reverberated from the bleak precipice with a soft power like the peal from the trumpet of an angel. Once, twice, thrice, came the unearthly music of its vibration, until the air seemed to Thankful to murmur with the pure harmony of celestial voices, — voices that sang sublimely of sacrifice and holiness. Then, as it fainted into silence, and the darkness fell upon the cold wilderness, the sail above Thankful swelled out with the wind, and from beneath was heard the ripple of the ship's departure.

Here ends the tale. I know not what may have been the fate of Mériel, — whether he died in the snow like Father Anne de Nouë, or at the stake like Brébeuf and Lallemant, or lost in some forest like René Mesnard, or by some wilderness stream, close to his altar, like Marquette. With regard to poor Thankful there is no further record or tradition than the minister's brief note upon the back to her story. A tall slab in our old burying-ground informs the world that Remembrance Pumry died, well advanced in life, and possessed of many virtues, during the old French War. By his side lies Judith, "his desirable consort and relict," who died two years after. The inscription states that she was a second wife; and this is the only existing hint, besides the mouldy leaves of the narrative, that Thankful ever lived.

RISK.

IN the quiet of the evening
Two are walking in unrest;
Man has touched a jealous nature,—
Anger burns in woman's breast.

(These are neither wed nor plighted,
Yet the maybe hangs as near
And as fragrant as the wild-rose
Which their garments hardly clear.

And as briery, too, you fancy?
Well, perhaps so—some sad morn
One or both may, for a moment,
Wish they never had been born.)

Happy quips and honest pleadings
Meet with silence or a sneer;
But more keenly has she listened
Since she vowed she would not hear.

Now a great oak parts the pathway.
"Nature 'll gratify your mood:
To the right,—let this divide you;
It will all be understood."

So Caprice, with childish weakness,
Yet with subtlety of thought,
Whispered in the ear of woman.
Love, with dread, the answer sought.

Was it superstitious feeling
Struck at once the hearts of two?
Had he seen proud eyes half sorry
For what little feet must do?

For he stretched an arm towards her,
Folding nothing but the air,
Saying nothing,—just the motion
Drew, without offending there.

In the quiet of the evening
Two are walking back again;
At the oak, their happy voices
Whisper of a vanished pain.

What if they to-night be plighted,
And the maybe hangs more near
And more fragrant than the wild-rose
Which their garments hardly clear!

And more briery, too, you fancy?
Well, perhaps so. Thorns are ill,
But Love draws them out so kindly,
One must trust him, come what will.

THE STREET-CRIES OF NEW YORK.

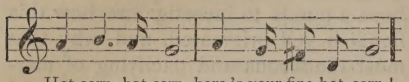
TO rural persons visiting New York, who have wisely avoided the crowded hotels, and taken lodging in comparatively quiet by-streets, the various cries of the city must be a source of wonder, curiosity, doubt, fear, and sundry other emotions, according to circumstances and the respective temperaments of the rural persons. Along Broadway, the cries of the itinerant venders and tradesmen are seldom to be heard; for it is not in the great business thoroughfares that these industrials ply their vocations; and even if they did, their voices would be lost in the dominant din of that clashing, rattling, shrieking, thundering thoroughfare.

An hour or two after midnight, the milk-trains from the rural districts arrive at the several railway stations in the upper part of the city. By three o'clock in the morning the depots in which the milk is deposited are besieged by crowds of milk-carriers in their one-horse wagons, each waiting his turn to have his cans filled. The wagons are generally tidy concerns, painted in bright colors, with the names of the owners, and of the counties or districts from which the milk comes, lettered on them. The horses by which they are drawn are mostly compact, willing animals, and they are almost invariably well fed and groomed. As for the drivers, the greater part are strong-built, sunburnt fellows, with coarse flannel shirts, slouched hats, and tight trousers tucked into heavy boots. They have, nearly without exception, a strong dash of the New York "rough" in them, their fiery qualities not being in the least modified by constant contemplation of the bland fluid in which they deal. Before five o'clock, all the members of this milk brigade are away on their respective rounds throughout the city.

The peculiar cry of the New York milkman is the first that breaks the stillness of early morning. It has long been a puzzle to investigators how this fiendish yell originated, and why that most innocuous and pacifying of marketables, milk, should be announced with a war-whoop to which that of the blanketed Arapahoe of the plains is but as the bleat of a spring lamb. The shriek of the New York milkman has no appreciable connection with the word "milk." The rural visitor who hears it for the first time in the rosy morn plunges out from his bedclothes and rushes to the window, expectant of one of those sanguinary hand-to-hand conflicts about which he has been so long reading in the New York papers. Instead of gore he sees milk; a long-handled ladle instead of a knife or pistol; and a taciturn man in rusty garments doling out that fluid with it to the sleepy-eyed Hebe who clambers up from the basement with her jug, instead of scalping her of her chignon and adding it to the trophies at his belt. The cry of the New York milkman is an outrage, and a provocation to breach of the peace. More graciously might his presence be announced by the tinkling of a cow-bell, or, what would be equally appropriate, by a blast from the hollow-sounding horn of a cow.

Among the sweetest of the city cries, and with a sadness about it, too, suggestive of the passing away of summer, and the coming of chill autumnal nights, is that of "Hot corn!" It is long after dark when this cry begins to resound in the streets, which are quiet now, the noisy traffic of the day having ceased. Most of the venders of hot corn are women or young girls, though men and boys are often to be seen engaged in the business. Many of them are of the colored race, and it is from these, chiefly, that the most characteristic and musical inflections of the cry are heard in the still hours towards

midnight. One of these strains, which has been chanted night after night, for several autumns past, by the same voice, in a central walk of the city, has a very wild and plaintive cadence, as will appear from the following: —



Hot corn, hot corn, here 's your fine hot corn !

After chanting this strain, the voice repeats the words "hot corn" several times, in a short, jerking note; and then the plaintive little song is heard again, dying away in the distance. On a still September night, when the windows are open, and sleep has not yet locked the senses of the drowsed listener, this cry of "hot corn," in all its variations, has a very pleasing effect.

What awful-looking cylinder on wheels is this that comes slowly along, floundering over the cobble-stones like a car of Juggernaut, or the chariot of Vulcan on its way to a cyclopean revel? Within the grimy, wooden tunnel sit two stalwart men, the most observable quality of whom is blackness from head to foot. Whatever color their clothes may originally have been, blackness — positive and extreme blackness — is now their hue. They have the features of the Caucasian races, have these fuliginous sons of Erebus, but their teeth flash and their eyeballs gleam silverly, like those of the African, for their features are dusky as his. Slowly drawled out in a deep, sad monotone, comes the cry "Charcoal" from the chest of one of them. It is a very long-drawn, mournful cry, like that which might come from a dead-cart driven round during a pestilence for the bodies of the victims. Charcoal has got the better of these men, and converted them to its own moods and shades. The thrones on which they sit within the great black cylinder are piles of charcoal. Burnt cork is chalk compared to the charcoal nigrescence of their faces and hands. Charcoal is all over them, and everywhere about. When the charcoal man dies he needs no embalming, no sarcophagus hermetically sealed; for his system is charged with the great antiseptic by which he lives, and he is never so far gone but that he is thoroughly cured by it when dead.

In pleasant contrast with the supernatural cry of the charcoal man is that sweet one of "Strawber-rees!" which first falls upon the ear some balmy morning in June, when the fancies of the city man are all of fragrant meadows and tinkling brooks. Not pleasant, indeed, as it comes from the lips of the "licensed venders," who hawk fruit about in wagons; for nothing in the way of noise can be more disagreeable than the bawling of these loud-mouthed men. But hark to the clear tone of a woman's voice, that comes ringing on the ear, repeating at short intervals the one word, with a sudden pitch of the last syllable to the octave above, in a prolonged *sostenuto!* Passing along the street, there goes the singer, generally a woman of middle age, for but few young girls are observable in this branch of street industry. The procession of the seasons is distinctly marked to city people by the cries of these hawkers. First, the strawberries, redolent of balmy June with its lilac-blossoms and plumed horse-chestnuts. Then, when the freshness of June has passed away, and the dog-day heat of July is upon us, the same note, indeed, is to be heard vibrating in the sultry street; but the *libretto* is changed, for strawberries are "out," now, and raspberries "in." Later still, near the close of July, and so throughout August, the wild-flavored medicinal blackberry, suggestive of dusty roadside fences and retreats lonely, takes the place of the others, in company with the huckleberry; and the same ringing cry announces the progress of these along the street.

Among the musical cries of New York City, one of the most peculiar is that of the chimney-sweeps. Their vocation is confined exclusively to colored people, by whom also the shaking

of carpets and the whitewashing of walls is looked on as a monopoly by right of usage. The chimney-sweeps go in pairs, — two stalwart negroes, thoroughly saturated by nature with the color appropriate to their craft. They bristle all over with the implements of their trade. Iron scrapers and great spiky trusses, that look like the weapons of some savage tribe, are suspended at their broad backs. So patched are their garments, — which consist of nothing more than the remnants of shirt and trousers, — that it would be impossible for the most expert *chiffonnier* to detect the original rag to which all the others have attached themselves in the course of time. A very singular cry, not unlike the *yodling* refrain of Tyrolean cragsmen, is that of the chimney-sweep. Instances of peculiar qualities of voice are not uncommon among negroes. Miss Greenwood, well known in musical circles as the "Black Swan," sometimes startles her hearers by descending from the fluty upper register of a woman's voice to the deep chest notes of a masculine barytone or basso. The strain uttered by the sweep is usually a simple variation of three notes; but I remember one who used to perambulate a west-side ward of New York some years ago, and who extended the brief song of his craft into the air of "Home, Sweet Home," adapted to some words expressive of soot, and smoke, and various other things which, if allowed to run riot, are calculated to render "home" very much the reverse of sweet.

Execrable beyond description are the various, not to say innumerable, howls vented by the class of mounted guerillas known as "licensed venders." These hucksters usually go by twos, one of them attending to the wagon in which the produce for sale is stowed, while the other shambles along the sidewalk to announce their approach. The alternate stunning roars of these importunate retailers make windows rattle. Sometimes the cart contains several kinds of vegetables or fruits, and the driver bawls out something intended to represent the names of these. No sooner has his roar ceased to "split the ears of the groundlings," than it is taken up by his comrade — or accomplice, rather — on the sidewalk, who, clapping a hand to one ear, as if to prevent his head from being blown off, repeats the cry with a hideous augmentation of discordant yell, down into areas, and up at three-story windows. As in the hailing of a skipper in a gale of wind, the vowels alone of these vociferations are intelligible, the consonants being either swallowed by the vociferator, or frittered away by attrition into incomprehensible spray. The hawkers of this class who deal in fish do not utter any cry, but herald their coming, not indeed with a flourish of trumpets, but with shattering blasts from a tin horn of execrable tone.

One of the most doleful of city cries is that of the men who slowly plod their daily rounds with brooms for sale. In many instances these men are blind, the trade in brooms being almost the only street occupation, with the exception of mendicancy, followed by blind persons in New York. It is its association with blindness, perhaps, that gives to the cry of "Brum!" the melancholy sentiment always evoked by it in the more tranquil streets of the city, — a cry pitched in a subdued, hollow voice, which, "not loud, but deep," reverberates to a great distance along the street. Some of the wanderers are led by small boys or girls, while others grope their way along the sidewalk with sticks. I have never seen one of them led by a dog. Who ever sees a blind man led by a dog in this harassing city of New York? "Poor dog Tray" is dead long ago, and if he left any successors, their instinct has told them that they have no business here. There is one blind broom-hawker in New York who celebrates his bristly wares in song, chanting two or three verses in commendation of them, at intervals, as he gropes his way along. The ordinary corn-broom is the staple article offered by these hawkers, but

their outfit usually comprises every variety of sweeping-brushes, feather-dusters, and other such articles, known to careful housekeepers by sundry distinctive names.

An arrant Bohemian, to be met with everywhere in New York streets, as well as far out in the suburbs, and even along the quiet country roads beyond, is the peripatetic glazier. No street industrial is more familiar to city folks than he. He is, invariably, a wanderer from some country of Continental Europe, — Germany, Italy, or France, — and he seldom possesses more English than enables him to higgle for a job. The itinerant glazier is usually an undersized man, adapted to worming himself through vacuous window-sashes and broken panes of glass. He is oftener dark of complexion than otherwise, and he generally wears a heavy fringe of frowzy hair around his unwashed face. Slung between his shoulders is a sort of wooden rack, in the compartments of which rest vertically panes of glass of assorted sizes. He wields a long wooden ruler, to one end of which is affixed a dab of putty, and between his teeth he usually clenches a dirty wooden pipe, with the fumes of which, slightly corrected by those of garlic and rancid oil, his entire person is well saturated. From coarse feeding and exposure to the weather his voice is generally raucous, and yet there is nothing positively aggravating in his sing-song cry of "Glass t' p't een!" delivered with a long-drawn enunciation of the last syllable. This man frequents certain of the lowest haunts of the city, where he harbors with his like, spending much of his earnings on lager-beer and the exciting vicissitudes of play with a very greasy pack of cards. He is frequently a great convenience to housekeepers whose windows require immediate repair; but his character for honesty is not above suspicion, and it is generally considered advisable to keep a good watch on him while he is occupied about the windows of a room in which articles of value are lying about. It has been asserted that numbers of these men were engaged in the famous draft riots by which New York was made so lively in July, 1863; though the principal proof against them seems to have been the vast number of windows shattered on that memorable occasion, and supposed to have been broken with an eye to business.

The curt, peremptory cry of the pungent person who jerks down into every basement, as he passes, the word "soapfat!" uttered with a quick, barking snap, is one that seldom fails to arouse cook-maid or kitchen-wench from reveries of dress and "Sundays out." He usually carries a very large tin pail, into which he crowds the scrapings of the kitchen utensils and the fatty fragments of cooked meats, until the mass, packed and pounded with his dirty fists, assumes the appearance of axle-grease, and becomes too heavy for him to carry any further from door to door. Then he slings it on his back, and travels away with it to one of those fragrant establishments in the eastern districts of the city, or elsewhere, in which the process of "rendering" grease for various manufactures is carried on. Dogs twitch their sensitive noses at him as he goes, and some of the more lean and hungry ones will even follow his footsteps for the chance of picking up any scraps of the savory cargo that may fall in his wake. The kitchen stuff that forms the staple of the soapfat-man's commerce is a perquisite of the cook, who therefore looks upon him with some degree of complacency. He enjoys a very extensive acquaintance among the cook-maids on his round, and, being oily by occupation and generally Irish by nativity, he has his larded jokes and tallowy banter for each and all of them.

"Rags! — rags!" is the cry of a rough-looking varlet who carries a large dirty sack for the reception of such worn-out garments and discarded textiles in general as are made a source of supplementary revenue by thrifty housewives. It is a very disagreeable cry, being usually uttered in a harsh, aggressive tone, and at short intervals.

When the ragman has filled his sack, he trudges away with it to some deep, musty cellar, to the troglodytes in which he sells his motley merchandise for so much a pound. Here it is sorted, packed in large bales, and sent away to various places for its conversion into paper. And so it is that light comes to men, in time, through so insignificant a medium as the man who contributes to the din of the city with his discordant "Rags! — rags!" — while literature is indebted to him in about the same degree that it is to the harsh-voiced water-fowl that lends aid to it with its quill.

Yonder, flashing in the sun, and taking up more of the sidewalk than is quite convenient for passengers, slowly moves along a great assortment of tin utensils, ranging from the skillet of smallest size to pans and pails of the largest. The unretentive colander is there, and the porous dredging-box clinks against the teakettle, which will sing to it in some snuggery by and by. In the centre of this dazzling arrangement walks a robust woman, — the sun around which this system of tin planets revolves. She pauses very often, chanting her shrill cry of "Tin-ware!" to the clinking accompaniment of her pans and kettles. Sometimes this peripatetic female leaves off roaming the city for a while, and displays her wares at the trap-door of some cellar beneath a market-building, or on a sidewalk in some busy street. Then she does not utter her cry; but it shall be heard again, here and there throughout the city, when the weather is favorable for "going on rounds."

A cry that is heard less frequently than any of the others mentioned in this paper, is that of "Honeycomb!" For a brief season in the fall, cleanly dressed men, in white jackets and aprons, and with white linen caps on their heads, are to be seen hawking the luscious produce of the bee through the city. The honeycomb is placed on wooden trays, which they balance on their heads with much dexterity, turning hither and thither, and winding through crowded thoroughfares, without putting their hands to the trays. There is something pleasantly rural about the cry of these men, for it carries one away to flowery meadows where bees revel, and to gardens made more delightful by their drowsy hum.

A persevering persecutor is that caitiff who looks up at your window, should you happen to appear at it, and inquires of you, in hoarse, nasal accents, whether you have "any old hats?" He will remain gesticulating, and jerking his query at you, for five minutes together, and the chances are that he will at last cross over to your doorway, and, ringing for admittance, try to force his way up to your sanctum. This trader generally wears a tall, greasy stove-pipe hat, as an emblem of his vocation, and he carries battered hats of all fashions and textures in both hands, and suspended round his neck. Often he is an Irishman; not unfrequently a Polish Jew. The domestics of the house, with whom discarded hats are a perquisite, find the vagrant under notice a very hard one to deal with. His power of undervaluing articles is almost sublime for its audacity, and his inward chuckle, as he walks off with his bargain, attests his appreciation of the swindle perpetrated.

The monosyllabic cry of "Wud!" repeated in quick succession and mournful tone, announces the coming of the cart in which the firewood-man and his resinous freight are trundled along. It is in winter, chiefly, that this dealer plies his commerce. He is very welcome about Christmas-time, among those people especially, whose traditions move them to "crowd on all steam" at that festive time, and to keep their stoves aglow with firewood for the Christmas turkey and its anxious friends. But his cry has nothing of the Christmas carol about it, nothing that is cheerful and appropriate to the season, and in fact is one of the most doleful and depressing of city cries.

The tinker, with his portable fire-apparatus, and his monotonous "Pots, pans, 'nd kettl's t' mend!" is a wan-

dering mechanic well known in New York streets, as likewise is the man who cries for "Umbrellas to mend!" and usually contrives to manipulate the ribs or springs of those intrusted to him, so that they will need further repairs at a time to suit his convenience. Various cries are occasionally to be heard throughout the city, the significance of which can only be guessed at from the kind of wares hawked by the utterers of them. Pedlers, with baskets full of fancy glass-ware, — jars, vases, and other such knick-knacks as are used for table or chimney-piece ornaments, — carry on their business in the by-streets. They utter low, droning cries from time to time, as they slowly pace along by the area railings, but it is generally impossible to recognize any verbal combination in their smothered accents. The most remarkable instance of an unintelligible street-cry that I remember was that of an old man, — a German, I think, — who went his round of certain streets in the city for a brief term, a year or two since. He carried in either hand a tin pail with a cover on it; and so remarkable was his note that, when he for the first time made himself heard in the street, windows were thrown up, and unfeeling gazers greeted him therefrom with shouts of ribald laughter. A strenuous wheeze, combined with a sneeze, and terminating in a laborious shriek, were the elements of which this unaccountable proclamation was composed. I never knew any person who could explain the cry, or the article which it was intended to announce. Nobody ever seemed to buy anything from the old man, and so he shortly passed away from the busy street, a hopeless mystery.

AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

III.

WITHIN the lovely limits of summer it is beautiful to live almost anywhere; most beautiful where the ocean meets the land; and here particularly, where all the changing splendor of the sea encompasses the place, and the ceaseless ebbing and flowing of the tides brings continual refreshment into the life of every day. But summer is late and slow to come, and long after the mainland has begun to bloom and smile beneath the influence of spring, the bitter northwest winds still sweep the cold, green water about these rocks, and tear its surface into long and glittering waves from morning till night, and from night till morning, through many weeks. No leaf breaks the frozen soil, and no bud swells on the shaggy bushes that clothe the slopes. But if summer is a laggard in her coming, she makes up for it by the loveliness of her lingering into autumn; for when the pride and glory of trees and flowers is despoiled by frost on shore, the little gardens here are glowing at their brightest, and day after day of mellow splendor drops like a benediction from the hand of God. In the early mornings in September the mists draw away from the depths of inland valleys, and rise into the lucid western sky, — tall columns and towers of cloud, solid, compact, superb; their pure white shining heads uplifted into the ether, solemn, stately, and still, till some wandering breeze disturbs their perfect outline, and they melt about the heavens in scattered fragments as the day goes on. Then there are mornings when "all in the blue, unclouded weather" the coast-line comes out so distinctly that houses, trees, bits of white beach, are clearly visible, and with a glass,

moving forms of carriages and cattle are distinguishable nine miles away. In the transparent air the peaks of Mounts Madison, Washington, and Jefferson are seen distinctly at a distance of one hundred miles. In the early light even the green color of the trees is perceptible on the Rye shore. All through these quiet days the air is full of wandering thistle-down, the inland golden-rod waves its plumes, and close by the water's edge, in rocky clefts, its seaside sister blossoms in gorgeous color; the rose-haws redden, the iris unlocks its shining caskets, and casts its closely packed seeds about, gray berries cluster on the bayberry-bushes, the sweet life-everlasting sends out its wonderful, delicious fragrance, and the pale asters spread their flowers in many-tinted sprays. Through October and into November, the fair, mild weather lasts. At the first breath of October, the hillside at Appledore fires up with the living crimson of the huckleberry-bushes, as if a blazing torch had been applied to it; the slanting light at sunrise and sunset makes a wonderful glory across it. The sky deepens its blue, beneath it the brilliant sea glows into violet, and flashes into splendid purple where the "tide-rip," or eddying winds, make long streaks across its surface, — poets are not wrong who talk of "purple seas," — the air is clear and sparkling, the lovely summer haze withdraws, all things take a crisp and tender outline, and the cry of the curlew and the plover is doubly sweet through the pure cool air. Then sunsets burn in clear and tranquil skies, or flame in piled magnificence of clouds. Some night a long bar lies like a smouldering brand along the horizon, deep carmine where the sun has touched it, and out of that bar breaks a sudden gale before morning, and a fine fury and tumult begins to rage. Then comes the fitful weather, — wild winds and hurrying waves, low, scudding clouds, tremendous rains that shut out everything; and the rocks lie weltering between the sea and sky, with the brief fire of the leaves quenched and swept away on the hillside, — only rushing wind and streaming water everywhere, as if a second deluge were flooding the world.

After such a rain comes a gale from the southeast to sweep the sky clear, — a gale so furious that it blows the sails straight out of the bolt-ropes, if any vessel is so unfortunate as to be caught in it with a rag of canvas aloft, and the coast is strewn with the wrecks of such craft as happen to be caught on the lee shore, for

"Anchors drag, and topmasts lap,"

and nothing can hold against this terrible blind fury. It is appalling to listen to the shriek of such a wind, even though one is safe upon a rock that cannot move; and more dreadful is it to see the destruction one cannot lift a finger to help.

As the air grows colder, curious atmospheric effects become visible. At the first biting cold the distant mainland has the appearance of being taken off its feet, as it were, — the line shrunken and distorted, detached from the water at both ends: it is as if one looked under it and saw the sky beyond. Then on bright mornings with a brisk wind, little wafts of mist rise between the quick, short waves, and melt away before noon. At some periods of intense cold these mists, which are never in banks like fog, rise in irregular whirling columns reaching to the clouds, — shadowy phantoms, torn and wild, that stalk past like Ossian's ghosts, solemnly and noiselessly throughout the bitter day. When the sun drops down behind these weird processions with a dark red lurid light, it is like a vast conflagration, wonderful and terrible to see. The columns, that strike and fall athwart the island, sweep against the windows with a sound like sand, and lie on the ground in ridges, like fine sharp hail. Yet the heavens are clear, the heavily rolling sea dark green and white, and between the breaking crests the misty columns stream toward the sky.

Sometimes a totally different vapor,

like cold black smoke, rolls out from the land and flows over the sea to an unknown distance, swallowing up the islands on its way. Its approach is hideous to witness. "It's all thick o' black vapor," some islander announces, coming in from out of doors; just as they say, "It's all thick o' white foam," when the sudden squall tears the sea into fringes of spray.

In December the colors seem to fade out of the world, and utter ungraciousness prevails. The great, cool, whispering, delicious sea, that encircled us with a thousand caresses the beautiful summer through, turns slowly our sullen and inveterate enemy; leaden it lies beneath a sky like tin, and rolls its "white cold heavy-plunging foam" against a shore of iron. Each island wears its chalk-white girdle of ice between the rising and falling tides (edged with black at low water, where the lowest-growing seaweed is exposed), making the stern bare rocks above more forbidding by their contrast with its stark whiteness, — and the whiteness of salt-water ice is ghastly. Nothing stirs abroad, except perhaps

> "A lonely sea-bird crosses,
> With one waft of wing,"

your view, as you gaze from some spray-encrusted window; or you behold the weather-beaten schooners creeping along the blurred coast-line from Cape Elizabeth and the northern ports of Maine towards Cape Ann, laden with lumber or lime, and sometimes, rarely, with hay or provisions.

After winter has fairly set in, the lonely dwellers at the Isles of Shoals find life quite as much as they can manage, being so entirely thrown upon their own resources that it requires all the philosophy at their disposal to answer the demand. In the village, where several families make a little community, there should be various human interests outside each separate fireside; but of their mode of life I know little. Upon three of the islands live isolated families, cut off by the "always wind-obeying deep" from each other and from the mainland; sometimes for weeks together, when the gales are fiercest, with no letters nor any intercourse with any living thing. Some sullen day in December the snow begins to fall, and the last touch of desolation is laid upon the scene: there is nothing any more but white snow and dark water hemmed in by a murky horizon, and nothing moves or sounds within its circle but the sea harshly assailing the shore, and the chill wind that sweeps across. Toward night the wind begins to rise, the snow whirls and drifts and clings wherever it can find a resting-place; and though so much is blown away, yet there is enough left to smother up the rock and make it almost impossible to move about on it. The drifts sometimes are very deep in the hollows: one winter, sixteen sheep were buried in a drift, in which they remained a week, and, strange to say, only one was dead when they were discovered. One goes to sleep in the muffled roar of the storm, and wakes to find it still raging with senseless fury; all day it continues; towards night the curtain of falling flakes withdraws, a faint light shows westward; slowly the clouds roll together, the lift grows bright with pale, clear blue over the land, the wind has hauled to the northwest, and the storm is at an end. When the clouds are swept away by the besom of the pitiless northwest, how the stars glitter in the frosty sky! What wondrous streamers of northern lights flare through the winter darkness! I have seen the sky at midnight crimson and emerald and orange and blue in palpitating sheets along the whole northern half of the heavens, or rosy to the zenith, or belted with a bar of solid yellow light from east to west, as if the world were a basket, and it the golden handle thereto. The weather becomes of the first importance to the dwellers on the rock; the changes of the sky and sea, the flitting of the coasters to and fro, the visits of the sea-fowl, sunrise and sunset, the changing moon, the northern lights, the constellations that wheel in splendor

through the winter night, — all are noted with a love and careful scrutiny that is seldom given by people living in populous places. One grows accustomed to the aspect of the constellations, and they seem like the faces of old friends looking down out of the awful blackness, and when in summer the great Orion disappears, how it is missed out of the sky! I remember the delight with which we caught a glimpse of the planet Mercury, in March, 1868, following close at the heels of the sinking sun, redly shining in the reddened horizon, a stranger mysterious and utterly unknown before.

For these things make our world: there are no lectures, operas, concerts, theatres, no music of any kind, except what the waves may whisper in rarely gentle moods; no galleries of wonders like the Natural History rooms, in which it is so fascinating to wander; no streets, shops, carriages, no postman, no neighbors, not a door-bell within the compass of the place! Never was life so exempt from interruptions. The eight or ten small schooners that carry on winter fishing, flying to and fro through foam and squall to set and haul in their trawls, at rare intervals bring a mail, — an accumulation of letters, magazines, and newspapers that it requires a long time to plod through. This is the greatest excitement of the long winters; and no one can truly appreciate the delight of letters till he has lived where he can hear from his friends only once in a month.

But the best-balanced human mind is prone to lose its elasticity, and stagnate, in this isolation. One learns immediately the value of work to keep one's wits clear, cheerful, and steady; just as much real work of the body as it can bear without weariness being always beneficent, but here indispensable. And in this matter women have the advantage of men, who are condemned to fold their hands when their tasks are done. No woman need ever have a vacant minute, — there are so many pleasant, useful things which she may, and had better, do. Blessed be the man who invented knitting! (I never heard that a woman invented this or any other art.) It is the most charming and picturesque of quiet occupations, leaving the knitter free to read aloud, or talk, or think, while steadily and surely beneath the flying fingers the comfortable stocking grows.

No one can dream what a charm there is in taking care of pets, singing-birds, plants, etc., with such advantages of solitude; how every leaf and bud and flower is pored over, and admired, and loved! A whole conservatory, flushed with azaleas, and brilliant with forests of camellias and every precious exotic that blooms, could not impart so much delight as I have known a single rose to give, unfolding in the bleak bitterness of a day in February, when this side of the planet seemed to have arrived at its culmination of hopelessness, with the Isles of Shoals the most hopeless speck upon its surface. One gets close to the heart of these things; they are almost as precious as Picciola to the prisoner, and yield a fresh and constant joy, such as the pleasure-seeking inhabitants of cities could not find in their whole round of shifting diversions. With a bright and cheerful interior, open fires, books, and pictures, windows full of thrifty blossoming plants and climbing vines, a family of singing-birds, plenty of work, and a clear head and quiet conscience, it would go hard if one could not be happy even in such loneliness. Books of course are inestimable. Nowhere does one follow a play of Shakespeare's with greater zest, for it brings the whole world, which you need, about you; doubly precious the deep thoughts wise men have given to help us, — doubly sweet the songs of all the poets; for nothing comes between to distract you.

One realizes how hard it was for Robinson Crusoe to keep the record of his lonely days; for even in a family of eight or nine the succession is kept with difficulty. I recollect that, after an unusually busy Saturday, when household work was done, and lessons said, and

the family were looking forward to Sunday and merited leisure, at sunset came a young Star-Islander on some errand to our door. One said to him, "Well, Jud, how many fish have they caught to-day at Star?" Jud looked askance and answered, like one who did not wish to be trifled with, "We don't go a-fishing Sundays!" So we had lost our Sunday, thinking it was Saturday; and next day began the usual business, with no break of refreshing rest between.

Though the thermometer says that here it is twelve degrees warmer in winter than on the mainland, the difference is hardly perceptible, — the situation is so bleak, while the winds of the north and west bite like demons, with all the bitter breath of the snowy continent condensed in their deadly chill. Easterly and southerly gales are milder; we have no east winds such as sadden humanity on shore; they are tempered to gentleness by some mysterious means. Sometimes there are periods of cold which, though not intense (the mercury seldom falling lower than 11° above zero), are of such long duration that the fish are killed in the sea. This happens frequently with perch, the dead bodies of which strew the shores and float on the water in masses. Sometimes ice forms in the mouth of the Piscataqua River, which, continually broken into unequal blocks by the rushing tide and the immense pressure of the outer ocean, fill the space between the islands and the shore, so that it is very difficult to force a boat through. The few schooners moored about the islands become so loaded with ice that sometimes they sink: every plunge into the assailing waves adds a fresh crust, infinitely thin; but in twenty-four hours enough accumulates to sink the vessel; and it is part of the day's work in the coldest weather to beat off the ice, — and hard work it is. Every time the bowsprit dips under, the man who sits astride it is immersed to his waist in the freezing water, as he beats at the bow to free the laboring craft. I cannot imagine a harder life than the sailors lead in winter in the coasting-vessels that stream in endless processions to and fro along the shore; and they seem to be the hardest set of people under the sun, so rough and reckless that they are not pleasant even at a distance. Sometimes they land here. A crew of thirteen or fourteen came on shore last winter; — they might have been the ghosts of the men who manned the picaroons that used to swarm in these seas. A more piratical-looking set could not well be imagined. They roamed about, and glared in at the windows with weather-beaten, brutal faces and eyes that showed traces of whiskey, ugly and unmistakable.

No other visitors break the solitude of Appledore, except neighbors from Star once in a while: if any one is sick, they send perhaps for medicine, or milk; or they bring some rare fish; or if any one dies, and they cannot reach the mainland, they come to get a coffin made. I never shall forget one long, dreary, drizzly northeast storm, when two men rowed across from Star to Appledore on this errand. A little child had died, and they could not sail to the mainland, and had no means to construct a coffin among themselves. All day I watched the making of that little chrysalis; and at night the last nail was driven in, and it lay across a bench in the midst of the litter of the workshop, and a curious stillness seemed to emanate from the senseless boards. I went back to the house and gathered a handful of scarlet geranium, and returned with it through the rain. The brilliant blossoms were sprinkled with glittering drops. I laid them in the little coffin, while the wind wailed so sorrowfully outside, and the rain poured against the windows. Two men came through the mist and storm, and one swung the light little shell to his shoulder, and they carried it away, and the gathering darkness shut down and hid them as they tossed among the waves. I never saw the little girl, but where they buried her I know: the lighthouse shines close by, and every night the

quiet, constant ray steals to her grave and softly touches it, as if to say, with a caress, "Sleep well! Be thankful you are spared so much that I see humanity endure, fixed here forever where I stand!"

It is exhilarating, spite of the intense cold, to wake to the brightness the northwest gale always brings, after the hopeless smother of a prolonged snow-storm. The sea is deep indigo, whitened with flashing waves all over the surface; the sky is speckless; no cloud passes across it the whole day long; and the sun sets red and clear, without any abatement of the wind. The spray flying on the western shore for a moment is rosy as the sinking sun shines through, but for a moment only, — and again there is nothing but the ghastly whiteness of the salt-water ice, the cold gray rock, the sullen foaming brine, the unrelenting heavens, and the sharp wind cutting like a knife. All night long it roars beneath the hollow sky, — roars still at sunrise. Again the day passes precisely like the one gone before, — the sun lies in a glare of quicksilver on the western water, sinks again in the red west to rise on just such another day; and thus goes on, for weeks sometimes, with an exasperating pertinacity that would try the most philosophical patience. There comes a time when just that glare of quicksilver on the water is not to be endured a minute longer. During this period no boat goes to or comes from the mainland, and the prisoners on the rock are cut off from all intercourse with their kind. Abroad, only the cattle move, crowding into the sunniest corners, and stupidly chewing the cud, — and the hens and ducks, that chatter and cackle and cheerfully crow in spite of fate and the northwest gale. The dauntless and graceful gulls soar on their strong pinions over the drift cast up about the coves. Sometimes flocks of snow-buntings wheel about the house and pierce the loud breathing of the wind with sweet, wild cries. And often the spectral arctic owl may be seen on a height, sitting upright like a column of snow, its large round head slowly turning from left to right, ever on the alert, watching for the rats that plague the settlement almost as grievously as they did Hamelin town, in Brunswick, five hundred years ago.

How the rats came here first is not known; probably some old ship imported them. They live partly on mussels, the shells of which lie in heaps about their holes, as the violet-lined fresh-water shells lie about the nests of the muskrats on the mainland. They burrow among the rocks close to the shore, in favorable spots, and, somewhat like the moles, make subterranean galleries, whence they issue at low tide, and, stealing to the crevices of seaweed-curtained rocks, they fall upon and dislodge any unfortunate crabs they may find, and kill and devour them. Many a rat has caught a Tartar in this perilous kind of hunting, has been dragged into the sea and killed, — drowned in the clutches of the crab he sought to devour; for the strength of these shell-fish is something astonishing.

Several snowy owls haunt the islands the whole winter long. I have never heard them cry like other owls: when disturbed or angry, they make a sound like a watchman's rattle, very loud and harsh, or they whistle with intense shrillness, like a human being. Their habitual silence adds to their ghostliness; and when at noonday they sit, high up, snow-white, above the snow-drifts, blinking their pale yellow eyes in the sun, they are weird indeed. One night in March I saw one perched upon a rock between me and the "last remains of sunset dimly burning" in the west, his curious outline drawn black against the redness of the sky, his large head bent forward, and the whole aspect meditative and most human in its expression. I longed to go out and sit beside him and talk to him in the twilight, to ask of him the story of his life, or, if he would have permitted it, to watch him without a word. The plumage of this creature is wonderfully beautiful, — white, with scattered spots

like little flecks of tawny cloud, — and his black beak and talons are powerful and sharp as iron; he might literally grapple his friend, or his enemy, with hooks of steel. As he is clothed in a mass of down, his outlines are so soft that he is like an enormous snow-flake while flying, and he is a sight worth seeing when he stretches wide his broad wings, and sweeps down on his prey, silent and swift, with an unerring aim, and bears it off to the highest rock he can find, to devour it. In the summer one finds frequently upon the heights a little solid ball of silvery fur and pure white bones, washed and bleached by the rain and sun; it is the rat's skin and skeleton in a compact bundle, which the owl rejects after having swallowed it.

Some quieter day, on the edge of a southerly wind, perhaps, boats go out over the gray, sad water after sea-fowl, — the murres that swim in little companies, keeping just out of reach of shot, and are so spiteful that they beat the boat with their beaks, when wounded, in impotent rage, till they are despatched with an oar or another shot; or kittiwakes, — exquisite creatures like living forms of snow and cloud in color, with beaks and feet of dull gold, — that come when you wave a white handkerchief, and flutter almost within reach of your hand; or oldwives, called by the natives *scoldenores*, with clean white caps; or clumsy eider-ducks, or coots, or mergansers, or whatever they may find. Black ducks, of course, are often shot. Their jet-black, shining plumage is splendidly handsome, set off with the broad flame-colored beak. Little auks, stormy-petrels, loons, grebes, lords-and-ladies, sea-pigeons, sea-parrots, various guillemots, and all sorts of gulls abound. Sometimes an eagle sweeps over; gannets pay occasional visits; the great blue heron is often seen in autumn and spring. One of the most striking birds is the cormorant, called here "shag"; from it the rock at Duck Island takes its name. It used to be an object of almost awful interest to me when I beheld it perched upon White Island Head, a solemn figure, so high and dark against the clouds as I looked up to it. Once, while living on that island, in the thickest of a great storm in autumn, when we seemed to be set between two contending armies, deafened by the continuous cannonading of breakers, and lashed and beaten by winds and waters till it was almost impossible to hear ourselves speak, we became aware of another sound, which pierced to our ears, bringing a sudden terror lest it should be the voices of human beings. Opening the window a little, what a wild combination of sounds came shrieking in! A large flock of wild geese had settled for safety upon the rock, and completely surrounded us, — agitated, clamorous, weary; we might have secured any number of them, but it would have been a shameful thing. We were glad, indeed, that they should share our little foothold in that chaos, and they flew away unhurt when the tempest lulled. I was a very young child when this happened, but I never can forget that autumn night, — it seemed so wonderful and pitiful that those storm-beaten birds should have come crying to our rock; and the strange wild chorus that swept in when the window was pried open a little took so strong a hold upon my imagination that I shall hear it as long as I live. The lighthouse, so beneficent to mankind, is the destroyer of birds, — of land birds particularly, though in thick weather sea-birds are occasionally bewildered into breaking their heads against the glass, plunging forward headlong towards the light, just as the frail moth of summer evenings madly seeks its death in the candle's blaze. Sometimes in autumn, always in spring, when birds are migrating, they are destroyed in such quantities by this means that it is painful to reflect upon. The keeper living at the island three years ago told me that he picked up three hundred and seventy-five in one morning at the foot of the lighthouse, all dead. They fly with such force against the glass that their beaks are often splintered. The keeper said he found the destruction

greatest in hazy weather, and he thought "they struck a ray at a great distance, and followed it up." Many a May morning have I wandered about the rock at the foot of the tower, mourning over a little apron brimful of sparrows, swallows, thrushes, robins, fire-winged blackbirds, many-colored warblers and fly-catchers, beautifully clothed yellow-birds, nuthatches, cat-birds, even the purple finch and scarlet tanager and golden oriole, and many more beside, — enough to break the heart of a small child to think of! Once a great eagle flew against the lantern and shivered the glass. That was before I lived there; but after we came, two gulls cracked one of the large clear panes one stormy night.

The sea-birds are comparatively few and shy at this time; but I remember when they were plentiful enough, when on Duck Island in summer the "mediakes," or tern, made rude nests on the beach, and the little yellow gulls, just out of the eggs, ran tumbling about among the stones, hiding their foolish heads in every crack and cranny, and, like the ostrich, imagining themselves safe so long as they could not see the danger. And even now the sandpipers build in numbers on the islands, and the young birds, which look like tiny tufts of fog, run about among the bayberry-bushes, with sweet scared piping. They are exquisitely beautiful and delicate, covered with a down just like gray mist, with brilliant black eyes, and slender graceful legs that make one think of grass-stems. And here the loons congregate in spring and autumn. These birds seem to me the most human and at the same time the most demoniac of their kind. I learned to imitate their different cries; they are wonderful! At one time the loon language was so familiar that I could almost always summon a considerable flock by going down to the water and assuming the neighborly and conversational tone which they generally use: after calling a few minutes, first a far-off voice responded, then other voices answered him, and when this was kept up a while, half a dozen birds would come sailing in. It was the most delightful little party imaginable; so comical were they, so entertaining, that it was impossible not to laugh aloud, — and they could laugh too, in a way which chilled the marrow of one's bones. They always laugh, when shot at, if they are missed; as the Shoalers say, "They laugh like a warrior." But their long, wild, melancholy cry before a storm is the most awful note I ever heard from a bird. It is so sad, so hopeless, — a clear, high shriek, shaken, as it drops into silence, into broken notes that make you think of the fluttering of a pennon in the wind, — a shudder of sound. They invariably utter this cry before a storm.

Between the gales from all points of the compass, that

> "'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
> Set roaring war,"

some day there falls a dead calm, the whole expanse of the ocean is like a mirror, there 's not a whisper of a wave, not a sigh from any wind about the world, — an awful breathless pause prevails. Then if a loon swims into the motionless little bights about the island and raises his weird cry, the silent rocks re-echo the unearthly tone, and it seems as if the creature were in league with the mysterious forces that are so soon to turn this deathly stillness into confusion and dismay. All through the day the ominous quiet lasts; in the afternoon, while yet the sea is glassy, a curious undertone of mournful sound can be perceived, — not fitful, — a steady moan such as the wind makes over the mouth of an empty jar. Then the islanders say, "Do you hear Hog Island crying? Now look out for a storm!" No one knows how that low moaning is produced, or why Appledore, of all the islands, should alone lament before the tempest. Through its gorges perhaps some current of wind sighs with that hollow cry. Yet the sea could hardly keep its unruffled surface were a wind abroad sufficient to draw out the boding sound. Such a calm preceded the storm which de-

stroyed the Minot's Ledge Lighthouse in 1849. I never knew such silence. Though the sun blazed without a cloud, the sky and sea were utterly wan and colorless, and before sunset the mysterious tone began to vibrate in the breezeless air. "Hog Island's crying!" said the islanders. One could but think of the Ancient Mariner, as the angry sun went down in a brassy glare and still no ripple broke the calm. But with the twilight gathered the waiting wind, slowly and steadily, and before morning the shock of the breakers was like the continuous thundering of heavy guns; the solid rock perceptibly trembled, windows shook, and glass and china rattled in the house. It is impossible to describe the confusion, the tumult, the rush and roar and thunder of waves and wind overwhelming those rocks, the whole Atlantic rushing headlong to cast itself upon them. It was very exciting: the most timid among us lost all sense of fear. Before the next night the sea had made a breach through the valley, on Appledore, in which the houses stand, — a thing that never had happened within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The waves piled in from the eastward (where Old Harry was tossing the breakers sky-high), — a maddened troop of giants, sweeping everything before them, — and followed one another, white as milk, through the valley from east to west, strewing the space with boulders from a solid wall six feet high and as many thick, which ran across the top of the beach, and which one tremendous wave toppled over like a child's fence of blocks. Kelp and sea-weed were piled in banks high up along the shore, and strewed the doorsteps, and thousands of the hideous creatures known among the Shoalers as sea-mice, a kind of holothuria (a livid, shapeless mass of torpid life), were scattered in all directions. While the storm was at its height, it was impossible to do anything but watch it through windows beaten by the blinding spray which burst in flying clouds all over the island, drenching every inch of the soil in foaming brine. In the coves the "yeasty surges" were churned into yellow masses of foam, that blew across in trembling flakes, and clung wherever they lit, leaving a hoary scum of salt when dry, which remained till sweet fair water dropped out of the clouds to wash it all away. It was long before the sea went down; and days after the sun began to shine the fringe of spray still leaped skyward from the eastern shore, and Shag and Mingo Rocks at Duck Island tossed their distant clouds of snow against the blue.

After the wind subsided, it was curious to examine the effects of the breakers on the eastern shore, where huge masses of rock were struck off from the cliffs and flung among the wild heaps of scattered boulders, to add to the already hopeless confusion of the gorges. The eastern aspects of the islands change somewhat every year or two from this cause, and indeed over all their surfaces continual change goes on from the action of the weather. Under the hammer and chisel of frost and heat, masses of stone are detached and fall from the edges of cliffs, whole ledges become disintegrated, the rock cracks in smooth thin sheets, and, once loosened, the whole mass can be pulled out, sheet by sheet. Twenty years ago those subtle, irresistible tools of the weather had cracked off a large mass of rock from a ledge on the slope of a gentle declivity. I could just lay my hand in the space then: now three men can walk abreast between the ledge and the detached mass, — and nothing has touched it save heat and cold. The whole aspect of the rocks is infinitely aged. I never can see the beautiful salutation of sunrise upon their hoary fronts, without thinking how many millions of times they have answered to that delicate touch. On Boone Island, a low, dangerous rock fifteen miles east of the Shoals, the sea has even greater opportunities of destruction, — the island is so low. Once, after a stormy night, the lighthouse-keeper told me, the family found a great stone, weighing half a ton, in the back

entry, which Father Neptune had deposited there, — his card, with his compliments!

Often tremendous breakers encompass the islands when the surface of the sea is perfectly calm and the weather serene and still, — the results of great storms far out at sea. A "long swell" swings indolently, and the great waves roll in as if tired and half asleep, to burst into clouds of splendor against the cliffs. Very different is their hurried, eager breaking when the shoulder of a gale compels them. There is no sound more gentle, more slumberous, than the distant roll of these billows, —

"The rolling sea resounding soft,"

as Spenser has it. The rush of a fully alive and closely pursued breaker is at a distance precisely like that which a rocket makes, sweeping headlong upward through the air; but the other is a long and peaceful sigh, a dreamy, lulling, beautiful sound, which produces a Lethean forgetfulness of care and pain, makes all earthly ill seem unreal, and it is as if one wandered

"In dreamful wastes, where footless fancies dwell."

It requires a strong effort to emerge from this lotus-eating state of mind. O, lovely it is, on sunny afternoons to sit high up in a crevice of the rock and look down on the living magnificence of breakers such as made music about us after the Minot's Ledge storm, — to watch them gather, one after another,

"Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lift and lift, and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder,"

which makes the solid earth tremble, and you, clinging to the moist rock, feel like a little cockle-shell! If you are out of the reach of the ponderous fall of spray, the fine salt mist will still stream about you and salute your cheek with the healthful freshness of the brine, make your hair damp, and encrust your eyebrows with salt. While you sit watching the shifting splendor, uprises at once a higher cloud than usual; and across it springs a sudden rainbow, like a beautiful thought beyond the reach of human expression. High over your head the white gulls soar, gathering the sunshine in the snowy hollows of their wings. As you look up to them floating in the fathomless blue, there is something awful in the purity of that arch beneath their wings, in light or shade, as the broad pinions move with stately grace. There is no bird so white, — nor swan, nor dove, nor mystic ibis: about the ocean-marges there is no dust to soil their perfect snow, and no stormy wind can ruffle their delicate plumes, — the beautiful, happy creatures! One never tires of watching them. Again and again appears the rainbow with lovely colors melting into each other and vanishing, to appear again at the next upspringing of the spray. On the horizon the white sails shine; and far and wide spreads the blue of the sea, with nothing between you and the eastern continent across its vast, calm plain.

THE WAY TO SING.

THE birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings:
Songs make their way.

No messenger to run before,
Devising plan;
No mention of the place, or hour,
To any man;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? The song is good."
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.
Then, late at night, when by his fire
The traveller sits,
Watching the flame grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits,
By snatches, through his weary brain,
To help him rest:
When next he goes that road again,
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh:
"Ah me! last spring,
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing."

But while he sighs, remembering
How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
Is borne along
In other air; and other men,
With weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain
Are finding sweet.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings:
Songs make their way.

LIFE IN THE BRICK MOON.

[From the Papers of Colonel Frederic Ingham.]

They declare Independence.

HOW astonishing it is to think that we so readily accept a position when we once understand it. You buy a new house. You are fool enough to take out a staircase that you may put in a bathing-room. This will be done in a fortnight, everybody tells you, and then everybody begins. Plumbers, masons, carpenters, plasterers, skimmers, bell-hangers, speaking-tube men, men who make furnace-pipe, paper-hangers, men who scrape off the old paper, and other men who take off the old paint with alkali, gas men, city water men, and painters begin. To them are joined a considerable number of furnace-men's assistants, stovepipe-men's assistants, masons' assistants, and hodmen who assist the assistants of the masons, the furnace-men, and the pipe-men. For a day or two these all take possession of the house and reduce it to chaos. In the language of Scripture, they enter in and dwell there. Then you revisit it at the end of the fortnight, and find it in chaos, with the woman whom you employed to wash the attics the only person on the scene. You ask her where the paper-hanger is; and she says he can do nothing because the plaster is not dry. You ask why the plaster is not dry, and are told it is because the furnace man has not come. You send for him, and he says he did come, but the stove-pipe man was away. You send for him, and he says he lost a day in coming, but that the mason had not cut the right hole in the chimney. You go and find the mason, and he says they are all fools, and that there is nothing in the house that need take two days to finish.

Then you curse, not the day in which you were born, but the day in which bath-rooms were invented. You say, truly, that your father and mother, from whom you inherit every moral and physical faculty you prize, never had a bath-room till they were past sixty, yet they thrived, and their children. You sneak through back streets, fearful lest your friends shall ask you when your house will be finished. You are sunk in wretchedness, unable even to read your proofs accurately, far less able to attend the primary meetings of the party with which you vote, or to discharge any of the duties of a good citizen. Life is wholly embittered to you.

Yet, six weeks after, you sit before a soft-coal fire, in your new house, with the feeling that you have always lived there. You are not even grateful that you are there. You have forgotten the plumber's name; and if you met in the street that nice carpenter that drove things through, you would just nod to him, and would not think of kissing him or embracing him.

Thus completely have you accepted the situation.

Let me confess that the same experience is that with which, at this writing, I regard the Brick Moon. It is there in ether. I cannot keep it. I cannot get it down. I cannot well go to it, — though possibly that might be done, as you will see. They are all very happy there, — much happier, as far as I can see, than if they lived in sixth floors in Paris, in lodgings in London, or even in tenement-houses in Phœnix Place, Boston. There are disadvantages attached to their position; but there are also advantages. And what most of all tends to our accepting the situation is, that there is "nothing that we can do about it," as Q. says, but to keep up our correspondence with them, and to express our sympathies.

For them, their responsibilities are reduced, in somewhat the same pro-

portion as the gravitation which binds them down, — I had almost said to earth, — which binds them down to brick, I mean. This decrease of responsibility must make them as light-hearted as the loss of gravitation makes them light-bodied.

On which point I ask for a moment's attention. And as these sheets leave my hand, an illustration turns up, which well serves me. It is the 23d of October. Yesterday morning all wakeful women in New England were sure there was some one under the bed. This is a certain sign of an earthquake. And when we read the evening newspapers we were made sure that there had been an earthquake. What blessings the newspapers are, — and how much information they give us! Well, they said it was not very severe here, but perhaps it was more severe elsewhere; hopes really arising in the editorial mind, that in some Caraccas or Lisbon all churches and the cathedral might have fallen. I did not hope for that. But I did have just the faintest feeling, that *if* — if — if — it should prove that the world had blown up into six or eight pieces, and they had gone off into separate orbits, life would be vastly easier for all of us, on whichever bit we happened to be.

That thing has happened, they say, once. Whenever the big planet between Mars and Jupiter blew up, and divided himself into one hundred and two or more asteroids, the people on each one only knew there had been an earthquake, until they read their morning journals. And then, all that they knew at first was that telegraphic communication had ceased, beyond — say two hundred miles. Gradually people and despatches came in, who said that they had parted company with some of the other islands and continents. But, as I say, on each piece the people not only weighed much less, but were much lighter-hearted, had less responsibility.

Now will you imagine the enthusiasm here, at Miss Wilby's school, when it should be announced that geography, in future, would be confined to the study of the region east of the Mississippi and west of the Atlantic, — the earth having parted at the seams so named. No more study of Italian, German, French, or Sclavonic, — the people speaking those languages being now in different orbits or other worlds. Imagine also the superior ease of the office-work of the A. B. C. F. M. and kindred societies, the duties of instruction and civilizing, of evangelizing in general, being reduced within so much narrower bounds. For you and me also, who cannot decide what Mr. Gladstone ought to do with the land tenure in Ireland, and who distress ourselves so much about it in conversation, what a satisfaction to know that Great Britian is flung off with one rate of movement, Ireland with another, and the Isle of Man with another, into space, with no more chance of meeting again than there is that you shall have the same hand at whist to-night that you had last night! Even Victoria would sleep easier, and I am sure Mr. Gladstone would.

Thus, I say, were Orcutt's and Brannan's responsibilities so diminished, that after the first I began to see that their contracted position had its decided compensating ameliorations.

In these views, I need not say, the women of our little circle never shared. After we got the new telegraph arrangement in good running-order, I observed that Polly and Annie Haliburton had many private conversations, and the secret came out one morning, when, rising early in the cabins, we men found they had deserted us; and then, going in search of them, found them running the signal boards in and out as rapidly as they could, to tell Mrs. Brannan and the bride Alice Orcutt that flounces were worn an inch and a half deeper, and that people trimmed now with harmonizing colors and not with contrasts. I did not say that I believed they wore fig-leaves in B. M., but that was my private impression.

After all, it was hard to laugh at the

girls, as these ladies will be called, should they live to be as old as Helen was when she charmed the Trojan senate (that was ninety-three, if Heyne be right in his calculations). It was hard to laugh at them, because this was simple benevolence, and the same benevolence led to a much more practical suggestion, when Polly came to me and told me she had been putting up some baby things for little Io and Phœbe, and some playthings for the older children, and she thought we might "send up a bundle."

Of course we could. There were the Flies still moving! or we might go ourselves!

[And here the reader must indulge me in a long parenthesis. I beg him to bear me witness that I never made one before. This parenthesis is on the tense that I am obliged to use in sending to the press these minutes. The reader observes that the last transactions mentioned happen in April and May, 1871. Those to be narrated are the sequence of those already told. Speaking of them in 1870 with the coarse tenses of the English language is very difficult. One needs, for accuracy, a pure future, a second future, a paulo-post future, and a paulum-ante future, none of which does this language have. Failing this, one would be glad of an a-orist, — tense without time, — if the grammarians will not swoon at hearing such language. But the English tongue hath not that either. Doth the learned reader remember that the Hebrew, — language of history and prophecy, — hath only a past and a future tense, but hath no present? Yet that language succeeded tolerably in expressing the present griefs or joys of David and of Solomon. Bear with me, then, O critic! if even in 1870 I use the so-called past tenses in narrating what remaineth of this history up to the summer of 1872. End of the parenthesis.]

On careful consideration, however, no one volunteers to go. To go, if you observe, would require that a man envelope himself thickly in asbestos or some similar non-conducting substance, leap boldly on the rapid Flies, and so be shot through the earth's atmosphere in two seconds and a fraction, carrying with him all the time in a non-conducting receiver the condensed air he needed, and landing quietly on B. M. by a pre-calculated orbit. At the bottom of our hearts I think we were all afraid. Some of us confessed to fear; others said, and said truly, that the population of the Moon was already dense, and that it did not seem reasonable or worth while, on any account, to make it denser. Nor has any movement been renewed for going. But the plan of the bundle of "things" seemed more feasible, as the things would not require oxygen. The only precaution seemed to be that which was necessary for protecting the parcel against combustion as it shot through the earth's atmosphere. We had not asbestos enough. It was at first proposed to pack them all in one of Professor Horsford's safes. But when I telegraphed this plan to Orcutt, he demurred. Their atmosphere was but shallow, and with a little too much force the corner of the safe might knock a very bad hole in the surface of his world. He said if we would send up first a collection of things of no great weight, but of considerable bulk, he would risk that, but he would rather have no compact metals.

I satisfied myself, therefore, with a plan which I still think good. Making the parcel up in heavy old woollen carpets, and cording it with worsted cords, we would case it in a carpet-bag larger than itself, and fill in the interstice with dry sand, as our best non-conductor; cording this tightly again, we would renew the same casing, with more sand; and so continually offer surfaces of sand and woollen, till we had five separate layers between the parcel and the air. Our calculation was that a perceptible time would be necessary for the burning and disintegrating of each sand-bag. If each one, on the average, would stand two fifths of a second, the inner parcel would get

through the earth's atmosphere unconsumed. If, on the other hand, they lasted a little longer, the bag, as it fell on B. M., would not be unduly heavy. Of course we could take their night for the experiment, so that we might be sure they should all be in bed and out of the way.

We had very funny and very merry times in selecting things important enough and at the same time bulky and light enough to be safe. Alice and Bertha at once insisted that there must be room for the children's playthings. They wanted to send the most approved of the old ones, and to add some new presents. There was a woolly sheep in particular, and a watering-pot that Rose had given Fanny, about which there was some sentiment; boxes of dominos, packs of cards, magnetic fishes, bows and arrows, checker-boards and croquet sets. Polly and Annie were more considerate. Down to Coleman and Company they sent an order for pins, needles, hooks and eyes, buttons, tapes, and I know not what essentials. India-rubber shoes for the children, Mrs. Haliburton insisted on sending. Haliburton himself bought open-eye-shut-eye dolls, though I felt that wax had been, since Icarus's days, the worst article in such an adventure. For the babies he had india-rubber rings: he had tin cows and carved wooden lions for the bigger children, drawing-tools for those older yet, and a box of crotchet tools for the ladies. For my part I piled in literature, — a set of my own works, the Legislative Reports of the State of Maine, Jean Ingelow, as I said or intimated, and both volumes of the Earthly Paradise. All these were packed in sand, bagged, and corded, — bagged, sanded, and corded again, — yet again and again, — five times. Then the whole awaited Orcutt's orders and our calculations.

At last the moment came. We had, at Orcutt's order, reduced the revolutions of the Flies to 7230, which was, as nearly as he knew, the speed on the fatal night. We had soaked the bag for near twelve hours, and, at the moment agreed upon, rolled it on the Flies, and saw it shot into the air. It was so small that it went out of sight too soon for us to see it take fire.

Of course we watched eagerly for signal time. They were all in bed on B. M. when we let fly. But the despatch was a sad disappointment.

107. "Nothing has come through but two croquet balls, and a china horse. But we shall send the boys hunting in the bushes, and we may find more."

108. "Two Harpers and an Atlantic, badly singed. But we can read all but the parts which were most dry."

109. "We see many small articles revolving round us which may perhaps fall in."

They never did fall in, however. The truth was that all the bags had burned through. The sand, I suppose, went to its own place, wherever that was. And all the other things in our bundle became little asteroids or aerolites in orbits of their own, except a well-disposed score or two, which persevered far enough to get within the attraction of Brick Moon, and to take to revolving there, not having hit quite square as the croquet balls did. They had five volumes of the Congressional Globe whirling round like bats within a hundred feet of their heads. Another body, which I am afraid was "The Ingham Papers," flew a little higher, not quite so heavy. Then there was an absurd procession of the woolly sheep, a china cow, a pair of india-rubbers, a lobster Haliburton had chosen to send, a wooden lion, the wax doll, a Salter's balance, the New York Observer, the bow and arrows, a Nuremberg nanny-goat, Rose's watering-pot, and the magnetic fishes, which gravely circled round and round them slowly, and made the petty zodiac of their petty world.

We have never sent another parcel since, but we probably shall at Christmas, gauging the Flies perhaps to one revolution more. The truth is, that al-

though we have never stated to each other in words our difference of opinion or feeling, there is a difference of habit of thought in our little circle as to the position which the B. M. holds. Somewhat similar is the difference of habit of thought in which different statesmen of England regard their colonies.

Is B. M. a part of our world, or is it not? Should its inhabitants be encouraged to maintain their connections with us, or is it better for them to "accept the situation" and gradually wean themselves from us and from our affairs? It would be idle to determine this question in the abstract: it is perhaps idle to decide any question of casuistry in the abstract. But, in practice, there are constantly arising questions which really require some decision of this abstract problem for their solution.

For instance, when that terrible breach occurred in the Sandemanian church, which parted it into the Old School and New School parties, Haliburton thought it very important that Brannan and Orcutt and the church in B. M. under Brannan's ministry should give in their adhesion to our side. Their church would count one more in our registry, and the weight of its influence would not be lost. He therefore spent eight or nine days in telegraphing, from the early proofs, a copy of the address of the Chatauque Synod to Brannan, and asked Brannan if he were not willing to have his name signed to it when it was printed. And the only thing which Haliburton takes sorely in the whole experience of the Brick Moon, from the beginning, is that neither Orcutt nor Brannan has ever sent one word of acknowledgment of the despatch. Once, when Haliburton was very low-spirited, I heard him even say that he believed they had never read a word of it, and that he thought he and Rob. Shea had had their labor for their pains in running the signals out and in.

Then he felt quite sure that they would have to establish civil government there. So he made up an excellent collection of books, — De Lolme on the British Constitution; Montesquieu on Laws; Story, Kent, John Adams, and all the authorities here; with ten copies of his own address delivered before the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society of Podunk, on the "Abnormal Truths of Social Order." He telegraphed to know what night he should send them, and Orcutt replied: —

129. "Go to thunder with your old law-books. We have not had a primary meeting nor a justice court since we have been here, and, D. V., we never will have."

Haliburton says this is as bad as the state of things in Kansas, when, because Frank Pierce would not give them any judges or laws to their mind, they lived a year or so without any. Orcutt added in his next despatch: —

130. "Have not you any new novels? Send up Scribe and the Arabian Nights and Robinson Crusoe and the Three Guardsmen, and Mrs. Whitney's books. We have Thackeray and Miss Austen."

When he read this, Haliburton felt as if they were not only light-footed but light-headed. And he consulted me quite seriously as to telegraphing to them "Pycroft's Course of Reading." I coaxed him out of that, and he satisfied himself with a serious expostulation with George as to the way in which their young folks would grow up. George replied by telegraphing Brannan's last sermon, 1 Thessalonians iv. 11. The sermon had four heads, must have occupied an hour and a half in delivery, and took five nights to telegraph. I had another engagement, so that Haliburton had to sit it all out with his eye to Shubael: and he has never entered on that line of discussion again. It was as well, perhaps, that he got enough of it.

The women have never had any misunderstandings. When we had received two or three hundred despatches from B. M., Annie Haliburton came to me and said, in that pretty way of hers, that she thought they had a right to their turn again. She said this lore about the Albert Nyanza and the

North Pole was all very well, but, for her part, she wanted to know how they lived, what they did, and what they talked about, whether they took summer journeys, and how and what was the form of society where thirty-seven people lived in such close quarters. This about "the form of society" was merely wool pulled over my eyes. So she said she thought her husband and I had better go off to the Biennial Convention at Assampink, as she knew we wanted to do, and she and Bridget and Polly and Cordelia would watch for the signals, and would make the replies. She thought they would get on better if we were out of the way.

So we went to the convention, as she called it, which was really not properly a convention, but the Forty-fifth Biennial General Synod, and we left the girls to their own sweet way.

Shall I confess that they kept no record of their own signals, and did not remember very accurately what they were? "I was not going to keep a string of 'says I's' and 'says she's,'" said Polly, boldly. "It shall not be written on my tomb that I have left more annals for people to file or study or bind or dust or catalogue." But they told us that they had begun by asking the "bricks" if they remembered what Maria Theresa said to her ladies-in-waiting.* Quicker than any signal had ever been answered, George Orcutt's party replied from the moon, "We hear, and we obey." Then the women-kind had it all to themselves. The brick-women explained at once to our girls that they had sent their men round to the other side to cut ice, and that they were manning the telescope, and running the signals for themselves, and that they could have a nice talk without any bother about the law-books or the magnetic pole. As I say, I do not know what questions Polly and Annie put; but, — to give them their due, — they had put on paper a coherent record of the results arrived at in the answers; though, what were the numbers of the despatches, or in what order they came, I do not know; for the session of the synod kept us at Assampink for two or three weeks.

Mrs. Brannan was the spokesman. "We tried a good many experiments about day and night. It was very funny at first, not to know when it would be light and when dark, for really the names day and night do not express a great deal for us. Of course the pendulum clocks all went wrong till the men got them overhauled, and I think watches and clocks both will soon go out of fashion. But we have settled down on much the old hours, getting up, without reference to daylight, by our great gong, at your eight o'clock. But when the eclipse season comes, we vary from that for signalling.

"We still make separate families, and Alice's is the seventh. We tried hotel life, and we liked it, for there has never been the first quarrel here. You can't quarrel here, where you are never sick, never tired, and need not be ever hungry. But we were satisfied that it was nicer for the children, and for all round, to live separately, and come together at parties, to church, at signal time, and so on. We had something to say then, something to teach, and something to learn.

"Since the carices developed so nicely into flax, we have had one great comfort, which we had lost before, in being able to make and use paper. We have had great fun, and we think the children have made great improvement in writing novels for the Union. The Union is the old Union for Christian work that we had in dear old No. 9. We have two serial novels going on, one called 'Diana of Carrotook,' and the other called 'Ups and Downs'; the first by Levi Ross, and the other by my Blanche. They are really very good, and I wish we could send them to you. But they would not be worth despatching.

"We get up at eight; dress, and fix

* Maria Theresa's husband, Francis, Duke of Tuscany, was hanging about loose one day, and the Empress, who had got a little tired, said to the maids of honor, "Girls, whenever you marry, take care and choose a husband who has something to do outside of the house."

up at home; a sniff of air, as people choose; breakfast; and then we meet for prayers outside. Where we meet depends on the temperature; for we can choose any temperature we want, from boiling water down, which is convenient. After prayers an hour's talk, lounging, walking, and so on; no flirting, but a favorite time with the young folks.

"Then comes work. Three hours' head-work is the maximum in that line. Of women's work, as in all worlds, there are twenty-four in one of your days, but for my part I like it. Farmers and carpenters have their own laws, as the light serves and the seasons. Dinner is seven hours after breakfast began; always an hour long, as breakfast was. Then every human being sleeps for an hour. Big gong again, and we ride, walk, swim, telegraph, or what not, as the case may be. We have no horses yet, but the Shanghaes are coming up into very good dodos and ostriches, quite big enough for a trot for the children.

"Only two persons of a family take tea at home. The rest always go out to tea without invitation. At 8 P. M. big gong again, and we meet in 'Grace,' which is the prettiest hall, church, concert-room, that you ever saw. We have singing, lectures, theatre, dancing, talk, or what the mistress of the night determines, till the curfew sounds at ten, and then we all go home. Evening prayers are in the separate households, and every one is in bed by midnight. The only law on the statute-book is that every one shall sleep nine hours out of every twenty-four.

"Only one thing interrupts this general order. Three taps on the gong means 'telegraph,' and then, I tell you, we are all on hand.

"You cannot think how quickly the days and years go by!"

Of course, however, as I said, this could not last. We could not subdue our world, and be spending all our time in telegraphing our dear B. M. Could it be possible? — perhaps it was possible, — that they there had something else to think of and to do, besides attending to our affairs. Certainly their indifference to Grant's fourth Proclamation, and to Mr. Fish's celebrated protocol in the Tahiti business, looked that way. Could it be that that little witch of a Belle Brannan really cared more for their performance of Midsummer Night's Dream, or her father's birthday, than she cared for that pleasant little account I telegraphed up to all the children, of the way we went to muster when we were boys together? Ah well! I ought not to have supposed that all worlds were like this old world. Indeed, I often say this is the queerest world I ever knew. Perhaps theirs is not so queer, and it is I who am the oddity.

Of course it could not last. We just arranged correspondence days, when we would send to them, and they to us. I was meanwhile turned out from my place at Tamworth Observatory. Not but I did my work well, and Polly hers. The observer's room was a miracle of neatness. The children were kept in the basement. Visitors were received with great courtesy; and all the fees were sent to the treasurer; he got three dollars and eleven cents one summer, — that was the year General Grant came there; and that was the largest amount that they ever received from any source but begging. I was not unfaithful to my trust. Nor was it for such infidelity that I was removed. No! But it was discovered that I was a Sandemanian; a Glassite, as in derision I was called. The annual meeting of the trustees came round. There was a large Mechanics' Fair in Tamworth at the time, and an Agricultural Convention. There was no horse-race at the convention, but there were two competitive examinations in which running horses competed with each other, and trotting horses competed with each other, and five thousand dollars was given to the best runner and the best trotter. These causes drew all the trustees together. The Rev. Cephas Philpotts presided. His doctrines with

regard to free agency were considered much more sound than mine. He took the chair, — in that pretty observatory parlor, which Polly had made so bright with smilax and ivy. Of course I took no chair; I waited, as a janitor should, at the door. Then a brief address. Dr. Philpotts trusted that the observatory might always be administered in the interests of science, of true science; of that science which rightly distinguishes between unlicensed liberty and true freedom; between the unrestrained volition and the freedom of the will. He became eloquent, he became noisy. He sat down. Then three other men spoke, on similar subjects. Then the executive committee which had appointed me was dismissed with thanks. Then a new executive committee was chosen, with Dr. Philpotts at the head. The next day I was discharged. And the next week the Philpotts family moved into the observatory, and their second girl now takes care of the instruments.

I returned to the cure of souls and to healing the hurt of my people. On observation days somebody runs down to No. 9, and by means of Shubael communicates with B. M. We love them, and they love us all the same.

Nor do we grieve for them as we did. Coming home from Pigeon Harbor in October, with those nice Wadsworth people, we fell to talking as to the why and wherefore of the summer life we had led. How was it that it was so charming? And why were we a little loath to come back to more comfortable surroundings? "I hate the school," said George Wadsworth. "I hate the making calls," said his mother. "I hate the office hour," said her poor husband; "if there were only a dozen I would not mind, but seventeen hundred thousand in sixty minutes is too many." So that led to asking how many of us there had been at Pigeon Cove. The children counted up all the six families, — the Haliburtons, the Wadsworths, the Pontefracts, the Midges, the Hayeses, and the Inghams, and the two good-natured girls, — thirty-seven in all, — and the two babies born this summer. "Really," said Mrs. Wadsworth, "I have not spoken to a human being besides these since June; and what is more, Mrs. Ingham, I have not wanted to. We have really lived in a little world of our own."

"World of our own!" Polly fairly jumped from her seat, to Mrs. Wadsworth's wonder. So we had — lived in a world of our own. Polly reads no newspaper since the "Sandemanian" was merged. She has a letter or two tumble in sometimes, but not many; and the truth was that she had been more secluded from General Grant and Mr. Gladstone and the Khedive, and the rest of the important people, than had Brannan or Ross or any of them!

And it had been the happiest summer she had ever known.

Can it be possible that all human sympathies can thrive, and all human powers be exercised, and all human joys increase, if we live with all our might with the thirty or forty people next to us, telegraphing kindly to all other people, to be sure? Can it be possible that our passion for large cities, and large parties, and large theatres, and large churches, develops no faith nor hope nor love which would not find aliment and exercise in a little "world of our own"?

WO LEE, AND HIS KINSFOLK.

LOOKING out from my car window when we stopped at Promontory on our way to California, I saw this sign: WO LEE — WASHING AND IRONING. It was painted on cloth, and nailed over the door of the fourth house from the western end of Main Street; though, truth to tell, Promontory has but a single street, and that is n't one on which a man need be proud to live. Every second house is a gambling-shop and drinking-saloon, and in most of the others gambling and drinking seemed to be the chief business. I did n't see Mr. Wo Lee, but I 've no doubt he is fitter for the kingdom of heaven than the majority of his fellow-townsmen. His dwelling betrayed no aristocratic tastes; it was made of undressed lumber, and had a canvas roof; it showed but one window, and for the door there was a hasp-and-staple fastening. On the whole, it was as modest and unpretending a domicile as the law ever invested with the dignity of a castle. "Wo Lee — Washing and Ironing": I found my eyes and thoughts running down to that sign over and over again while we waited for the railroad folks to make up the train for Sacramento. The name was the first thing from China that we saw on the journey, and I noted that the man was one of the few in town who appeared to be trying to make an honest living. They told me he did his work well: "charges two dollars a dozen, and collars not counted." I should charge more than that if I had to live at Promontory and take in washing. Mr. Lee is one of the pioneers of his people in their movement to the East, though it is n't likely that he thinks of himself in that light; and the fact that a single Chinaman is dwelling in Promontory renders it possible that the place may sometime be a decent and respectable town.

We stopped a day at Truckee, over in Nevada, and got up an appetite for breakfast by taking a long stroll through the Chinese section of that wild and bustling village. We found the Lee family largely represented: Hop Lee did washing and ironing, and so did Tae Lee: Quong Lee had a lottery shop on one side of the street, and Sam Lee had a similar shop on the other side; Ah Lee kept a rice store on one block, and Yang Lee dealt in tea and dried fish on the next block; while Guy Lee and Angle Lee were rivals in the medical profession; and How Lee sat sedate and serious on a cobbler's bench at an open door. The Lee women — if, indeed, they were Lees — did n't appear to be wholly desirable members of the community, and one of the doctors had such an air as I fancy belongs to adepts in the black art; but otherwise the Lees and their neighbors looked like worthy and industrious persons, — taking down their shutters, sweeping out their shops and stores, putting things to rights on the sidewalks, and generally going about their business as though they meant business.

I asked one of them where he was at work. "Where me workee?" he answered, repeating the question as is the Chinaman's habit when he speaks but little English. "Yes, where do you work? what do you do?" "Me cuttee — choppee — cuttee," said he, pointing toward the forest across the river. "What wages do you get, — how much money do they pay you a month?" He repeated the question, and, when I bowed assent, replied, "Tirty-five dollar." Then I inquired if that was enough, if he was satisfied; and he said he was. In my six weeks on the Pacific coast, I did n't meet any white man who owned that he was entirely satisfied with the rate at which he was getting rich.

I thus record the fact that the first Chinamen whom we saw were at work. They were neither street vagabonds nor

idle Micawbers; each one of them had a "mission," and in every case it was a mission to labor after some fashion. Loaferism is one of the curses of a new community, but there are no Chinese loafers in these new towns along the western end of the great railway. What we found to be true there we also found to be true in Sacramento and Stockton and San José and San Francisco; however else I speak of Wo Lee and his kinsmen, I must credit them with patient and untiring industry.

One morning, at my hotel in San Francisco, I wanted to send out a bundle of clothing to be washed. Standing in the door of my room, I called to a Chinaman at the lower end of the hall, "John! John! O John!" He kept on his way, and I followed. In the next hall I called again, "John! O John! washing!" He didn't turn his head, and I thought he might be deaf, though I don't know that I ever heard of a deaf Chinaman. I ran along, and overtook him on the stairway. "I want you to do some washing for me, John," I said, as I put my hand on his shoulder. "Me not John!" he answered with some dignity, handing me his card, on which I read, "Hop Long." We had some talk as we walked back to my room: "He not 'John,' he Hop Long; that he name; Melican man have name, you call he he name; China man all same; he like he name; he come quick you call he he name; I no come you call 'John'; China man have name all same as Melican man." That's how this washerman from Canton taught me good manners. I didn't nickname "John" another Chinaman while in San Francisco.

And I've come to think we are not fit to deal with our Chinese puzzle or problem till we comprehend that Wo Lee is not "John," but Wo Lee; till we recognize that Chinamen are individuals, with vices and virtues, and hopes and longings, and passions and aspirations and infirmities, like our own; till we get over looking at this Oriental body on the Pacific coast in the mass, and take some consideration of its separate personalities. The rich merchant, Sing Man, who visited our Eastern cities last summer, is not "John"; no more is the humble washerman of Promontory or the cobbler of Truckee. "Melican man have name, China man all same." It's worth remembering.

To me no event of this century of strange events is more strange than the Chinese emigration to America. I can understand how Wo Lee got up to Promontory from San Francisco; he entered in at the Golden Gate just as the railroad company sent down an order to hire five hundred or a thousand more laborers; his name was put on the list by some one who filled this order; he began work in the mountains, and day by day shovelled his way eastward; in time he reached Promontory and was discharged on the completion of the road; his companions turned backward, but he stopped and put out his sign as a washerman. I can see why he is there and how he got there; but I cannot see the how and why with respect to the first of his kinsmen who came to San Francisco. For Wo Lee and Hop Long and all their fellows are passive, not aggressive; not radical, but conservative; fond of repose, not of excitement; given to standing by the ancient ways; lovers of society; content with small gains; able to live comfortably on a little; believers that whatever is is right; holders of the faith that forms and ceremonies are saving ordinances. Family ties are stronger in China than anywhere else in the world; the traditions of the fathers are venerated as law and gospel; the dress of to-day is like that of a thousand years ago; innovations are not to be tolerated. What quickening of the Chinese mind led to the change that resulted in this wonderful movement to the New World?

Of late, immigration returns are well kept; but it was not so in the old days of Mr. Fillmore and his predecessors. The movement began in 1850; in 1852 it landed about 17,500 Chinamen on

our shores. It is not possible to say just how many have come over, but I have obtained from Mr. Francis A. Walker, the head of the Bureau of Statistics in the Treasury Department, the following statement of the number who arrived at San Francisco during the period from January 1, 1854, to September 30, 1869, inclusive: —

Year.	Males.	Females.	Total.
1854	12,427	673	13,100
1855	3,523	2	3,525
1856	4,712	16	4,728
1857	5,493	449	5,942
1858	4,800	320	5,120
1859	2,989	467	3,456
1860	5,424	26	5,450
1861	6,983	510	7,493
1862	2,973	647	3,620
1863	7,181		7,181
1864	2,756	156	2,912
1865	2,899	2	2,901
1866	2,153	1	2,154
1867	3,791	27	3,818
1868	9,699	164	9,863
1869*	11,370	1,058	12,428
Total,	89,173	4,518	93,691

* From January to October.

Here is an aggregate of 93,691 persons, to which must be added the arrivals at Astoria, Oregon, and those at San Francisco prior to 1854, — not less, I think, than 46,000. We have thus a grand total of about 140,000 as the extent of the Chinese immigration. Of this great host how many are now resident in the country? I made much inquiry, talking with intelligent Americans, and officers of the Six Companies. A reasonable conclusion from their statistical table and the answers to my inquiries is, that we have not far from 95,000 Chinese now living on the Pacific coast, in Oregon, Nevada, and California.

If you fall in with a good stanch Democrat soon after you reach San Francisco from the East, you are tolerably certain to have some talk with him about the Chinese question. A California Democrat of to-day is in one respect much like a pro-slavery man of the days before the war. You could n't travel quietly through the South. Mr. Pro-slavery insisted on giving you his view of the negro and in trying to find out your view. Mr. Democrat is equally sensitive; he assumes that you must need enlightenment on the Chinese; there is a great hue-and-cry about them; he has lived many years in California, and will be most happy to tell you exactly what sort of people this is, to which you are such a stranger. I found that he had just two ideas. The Chinese are a vastly inferior race, good enough for servants and common laborers, but wholly incompetent to exercise the rights of citizenship "in this great Republic, which is bound to be the foremost nation on the face of the whole earth, sir." Then when I inquiringly and apologetically remarked that they seemed to me quiet and patient and honest and frugal and faithful and teachable and painstaking and economical and industrious, — in a word, had qualities and characteristics that I had been accustomed to regard as fitting a man for all the rights of citizenship, — he smiled benignly and pityingly upon my ignorance, and told me of the Chinese companies, said most of the pigtails whom I saw on the street were serfs or slaves, that the companies brought them over, sold their services for what price could be got, took their wages without any show or right, ruled them with great severity, and treated them worse than the Southerners ever treated their negroes, sir. So I determined that I would look after these Six Companies and expose their iniquities.

I did look after them, with the sharpest of Yankee eyes. I hunted down the chief officer of one company and the second officer of another; I talked with a Chinese merchant, and a Chinese contractor, and a Chinese apothecary, and a Chinese butcher, and a Chinese cobbler, and a Chinese washerman; I examined one of the Company houses from top to bottom in the leisure of a whole afternoon; I worried half the acquaintances that I made with inquiries about the outrages and tyrannies of the Six Companies. Finally, I got at what seems to me the pith of the matter.

A Chinese company is every bit as bad an institution as a Dorcas sewing-circle or a co-operative housekeeping association, just as cruel and hard-hearted, just as much given to grinding the faces of the poor.

Two of the six companies were organized in 1851, two in 1852, one in 1854, and one in 1862. They are eminently conservative institutions, — conserving home interests, neighborhood fellowships, the brotherhood of Chinamen. Each has the family tie for its basis. They give shelter to the houseless, food to the hungry, rest to the weary, care to the sick, counsel to the distressed, protection to the persecuted. Of course, such oppressive and mischief-breeding organizations ought to be discountenanced.

Let me show just how the Ning Yung Company has treated Win Kang, who came over here from an interior town somewhere back of Canton, being the first member of the Kang family who emigrated. It was signalled from Telegraph Hill one morning, half a dozen years ago, that a steamship had just entered the Golden Gate; in a few minutes another signal told that it was a vessel from China. Then there was a lively time in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco: long before the great ship swung up to her wharf, a thousand Chinamen were gathered in that neighborhood. Among those who first went aboard was the Ning Yung's secretary, who came down to see if there were any passengers from his section of China. Win Kang was sick, and had no friends on the vessel or in the city; the secretary found him, and provided a way for taking him to the company's house on Broadway. There he was fed and nursed for two weeks; when he got well he went into the temple on the upper floor of the building and made thank-offerings to the gods; then the secretary helped him to work near Sacramento. The employer abused him, and he asked for his wages, that he might go elsewhere. This was refused, and he wrote to the secretary about the matter; that person communicated with a white man in Sacramento who was his friend, or I am not sure but he went there in person. At all events, Win Kang soon got his money and returned to San Francisco. He paid the company five or six dollars for care when he was sick, and the very next day was assaulted and robbed in an alley down on the Barbary Coast. The Ning Yung made the case its own, hunted out the robber, had him arrested, and proved him guilty by the evidence of white persons. Win Kang subsequently found work at San Jose, and it was while living there that he was accused of theft in the matter of certain gold-dust. The case against him had a bad look, and was the town-talk for some days. A Chinese merchant of San Francisco went to San José as the agent of the Ning Yung, and it was clearly shown at the trial that the guilty individual was the employer's own son; he was not punished, but Win was released. Last summer he had a quarrel with a fellow-workman on the ranch. I know nothing of its merits; both men visited San Francisco, and each told his story to a council of three merchants from the advisory committee of the company, by whom, in the course of a few days, the whole difficulty was amicably settled. The company does a good deal of this sort of business, and it is n't often that an American hears of quarrels or misunderstandings between the members.

Each company has three or four paid officers and several permanent committees. Ning Yung's salary bill is two hundred dollars per month, for three persons; another company pays two hundred and twenty dollars, and has the service of four men. Each company has a house, — rented rooms or a building of its own. Ning Yung's is a three-story brick, put up several years ago, with a kitchen in the rear, and a temple in the front part of the upper story. One time when I visited it, a score of men were there, resting from the illness or fatigue of their sea-voyage; two weeks later, when I looked in, all but one had recovered and gone

off to work. While there, such of them as were able to do so prepared their own food, and the others were waited on by friends or the porter. In the building are conveniences for writing, a few Chinese books, and many scrolls of poetry and admonition hung on the walls. Only one room was locked,—that in which the officers and committees meet for business purposes. Meetings are held whenever necessary, and any member of the company can be heard on every question in which he is interested. The officers seem to be in their positions by general consent rather than by formal election, and the affairs of each company are practically managed by a few of the leading men connected therewith. No one is obliged to join, but most of the Chinese on the coast belong to one or another of the companies. Ning Yung is the largest of them, and has on its records something over twenty thousand names. The tie of family and neighborhood generally determines membership: thus the Sam Yap, the oldest of the companies, is composed of persons from Canton and its immediate vicinity; while the Ning Yung represents a large district, mostly in the interior, west and south from Canton. The initiation fee is from five to ten dollars; there are small fees for hiring lawyers, removing the dead, and one or two other purposes, and occasional assessments of fifty cents or a dollar for rents and taxes and repairs. The entire expense of membership for ten years is "maybe fifty dollars, and maybe a hundred," as the treasurer of one company told me. Any member may dissolve his connection with the institution at pleasure; but, so far as I could learn, withdrawals are of very rare occurrence.

The whole body of officials in the Six Companies has an organization of its own. This brings together once or twice a month all the principal Chinamen in the city for consultation on matters of interest to the Chinese as a class. That upper chamber in which these gentlemen meet may not inaptly be spoken of as a whispering-gallery; within its walls is the echo of whatever is done in California having special significance for these almond-eyed strangers.

A Chinese company is scarcely more than a large Mutual Aid Society. If it is given to acts of oppression, they are not apparent; if it means mischief to anything, its purpose is deeply hidden. It does not import any one, but frequently extends pecuniary aid to those wishing to come over. It does not hold any one in slavery, but uses its weight and influence to make the members faithful to their contracts and obedient to our laws. It does not claim the wages or service of any one, but requires of each member his dues and assessments, as well as a repayment of moneys to him advanced. I heard vague charges that one or two of the companies spent overmuch in salaries, etc.; but on this point I could get no precise information. The Chinese are sticklers for respect to law and custom: the companies often help the civil authorities in bringing offenders to punishment, and I gathered from some talk with Americans that they occasionally deal with their own members for offences overlooked or neglected by the police. One Chinaman gave me to understand that his company would not let him go back to China; and when I asked for an explanation, another told me that he was trying to run away without paying his debts or making provision for their payment.

I have written of these six organizations thus in detail, because they are a very important element in the Chinese problem. What they are now, when the Chinaman has almost no legal rights, they may not be by and by, when he comes into political rights. To the average immigrant they now represent both home and authority. In the Company house he finds care and succor and sympathy; there, too, he meets power and control and restraint. A score of bad men at the head of one of these companies could easily, and without much risk to themselves, make

a great deal of trouble in Sacramento or San Francisco. The word spoken by a company's president is heard in Chinese cabins all over the State; it is tenfold more potent within its range than the word of any civilian of our nationality. Seeing how the company represents authority, one may suggest that it is a dangerous organization for a republic. I answer that at present it more directly represents a holy and tender sentiment, in that it seeks to keep alive memories of the family and the neighborhood, and in that it concerns itself chiefly to minister to the immigrant's safety and comfort and general well-being. Deal fairly with these immigrants, and you have the companies acting as conservators of thrift and education and good order.

Ah Chin's ways are vastly unlike our ways. He is a small man, with long black hair, a sedate, reserved manner, and a grave, impenetrable face, without beard till he is forty-five or fifty years of age. He wears a smock-like garment in place of a coat, wraps his feet and ankles in strips of white cotton, has silk or cloth shoes with curiously stitched felt bottoms an inch thick, gives himself clothing almost uniformly black or dark blue in color. He braids his queue every Sunday, lengthening it out with an interbraiding of silk similar in shade, and goes about the street with it rolled round his head or hanging below his knees. He dotes on pipe and tobacco, never jostles you in the sidewalk, makes a holiday of the Sabbath, is reticent with all white men, decidedly believes that woman is an inferior being, lives frugally on strange dishes of food, is the most courteous man in the world, tells you with pride that every Chinaman can read and write, takes readily to any kind of handiwork, shows much less curiosity about you than you do about him, is always respectful to his elders and his superiors, regards parental authority as the keystone of the civil arch, is not envious of anybody, does not concern his mind with our politics, has never an idea that he can shirk the work he has agreed to perform, pays his city and national taxes with exactness and promptitude, dwells at peace with all his neighbors, sets great store by his feast-days, makes frequent offerings to the gods, thinks he will go home in three or four years, and religiously hopes that his body may finally have burial in China.

Wo Lee and his kinsfolk live by themselves and in themselves; their relations with the whites are of a business character, and in the smallest possible degree either social or political. They rarely accept invitations to visit Americans, and what visits they do make are ceremonious. If a Chinese gentleman invites you to dine with him, it is to dinner at a restaurant; he will show you his store or his office or his private room, if you are curious to see either; but he accepts none of your overtures for intimacy, and allows you little opportunity to see him in his social relaxations. I think he could not if he would, and would not if he could, repel with rudeness; but he does n't give you the least encouragement to advance. He seems content to stand in isolation, is cordial enough in his shop or store and on the street, but does n't permit himself to be interested in your social or political or personal affairs. He counts as one in number and in business, but otherwise is a silent quantity in the life of the city and the State. His ten or fifteen years in San Francisco have but slightly Americanized him; in most respects, so far as you can see, he is much such a man as you imagine he was when he left China. Of course he has learned many things, and his view of life is enlarged; but his conservatism remains, and he clings to his old ways with a pertinacity that amuses, perplexes, and astonishes me.

He asks for such rights under the law as will protect him in his life and his business. So far as I heard or observed, he stands with serene dignity, and neither expostulates nor vituperates. See what he said through Fung Tang, a high-minded scholar and one

of his foremost men, socially and in business: —

"We are satisfied with the treaty you have made with our government, and we want the just protection it promises us. We have rich bankers and merchants in China, but we cannot advise them to risk their capital here so long as their agents cannot testify in your courts; for, like your own capitalists, they wish to know that their property will be secure before investing it abroad. Much gold and silver is hoarded in China, which might be profitably used here if our people felt sure we had full and proper protection. We merchants have tried to be fair and honest in our dealings with your merchants here, and have paid our debts as scrupulously to Americans as to our own people. The managers of some of your largest San Francisco firms engaged in the Chinese trade have trusted us with hundreds of thousands of dollars at a time without security, and we have not failed to pay every dollar to them again. We ask nothing but that you treat us justly. We are willing to pay taxes cheerfully when taxed equally with others. We think the tax of five dollars collected from each Chinaman coming into this State is not right if this is a free country. We also think the special tax of four dollars per month collected only from Chinese miners is not according to your treaty with our government. Most of all we want protection to our lives and property. Your courts of justice refuse our testimony, and thus leave us defenceless. Our country can furnish yours with good, faithful, industrious men; if you wish to employ them, and will enact laws to make them feel safe, and insure them equal justice with people of other nations, according to the terms of their treaty with your government. We live here many years in quiet; all we ask for is right and justice."

These explicit and dignified words indicate the Chinaman's attitude. He does not seek admission to our society; he is not concerned about political rights; but is content to live apart, and asks for nothing but justice. His dress is peculiar and inconvenient in our eyes; he lives comfortably on a sum per diem that would only help me the swifter to starvation; he seems indifferent to what gives me my highest delight and purest gratification; he is no way troubled by my devotion to the ballot as the symbol of human prosperity; but "original equality before the law" is in every article of his jurisprudence, and has been there for thousands of years.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco is a place of wonderful fascination to all visitors from the Atlantic States. Very many of the Chinese are young men, — men under thirty years of age, and for the greater part unmarried. Only a small proportion of those who are married have their wives and children in this country. The quarter presents, therefore, a community of men. It covers ten or twelve blocks of the flat; and here reside most of the Chinamen in the city. They live largely in boarding-houses: in many buildings there are not less than one hundred; in several there are three or four hundred, while in one or two must be over one thousand. Two thirds of the immigrants are of the peasant class, poor men, though not necessarily of the lowest caste. They know nothing of luxuries, in our sense of the word; they eat the cheapest of food, have n't much use for beds and mirrors and wardrobes, and at night need only a blanket and two feet by five on the floor or in the back yard.

I had a notion that they were a filthy people; — that was a great mistake. There are odors about them, caught from work and the cook-stove, that my nostrils do not at all approve; but personal cleanliness is a rule, with but rare exceptions. Of the floors and walls and ceilings of their houses I can't speak so favorably; I found them smirched and begrimed with the hard and careless usage of many years; not unswept, but unwashed and unpainted; not dirty to the foot or the hand, but

very disagreeable to one's senses of seeing and smelling; needing the white landlord's painter and paper-hanger quite as much as the yellow tenant's scrubbing-brush. These houses are cheaply and poorly furnished, and rarely contain anything in the way of ornament, if I except growing vines and plants. The halls and stairways seemed dirtier than the chambers and dining-rooms, while the areas and back yards were generally unclean and nauseating. The common effect of dilapidation I found enhanced by the numberless fluttering strips of soiled paper hanging everywhere, inscribed with mottoes and admonitions and moral maxims: "Virtue loves its children," "Deal rightly with your neighbors," "The way of virtue is happiness," "The gods approve justice," "The uncharitable prosper not," etc.

Out in the country and in the towns and smaller cities this class of people live even more miserably in some respects than in San Francisco. Travelling about, and looking much into houses and rooms occupied by the Chinese, gives one new ideas as to the value of woman in domestic affairs. The hard and meagre and prosaic life of these men is not necessarily to be charged to their national character; for the life of Americans in mining-camps, where there are no women, is scarcely less barren of comfort and refinement than that of these poor Chinamen.

The country laborers have little more than a mere animal existence, unless they happen to be employed as house-servants. They are at work all day, for, as I have already said, a Chinaman never thinks of shirking; they live with the greatest frugality; in the evening they smoke and sit together for talk; probably they gamble for ten and twenty-five cent pieces; at night they sleep — anywhere. The lowest of them can read and write, for education is all but universal in the old Empire at home, but there are neither books nor papers for them to be had in the country here. The loneliness of that life does not make them seek the companionship of other races; in the valleys and on the mountains I found them choosing isolation as in the city with its thousands. Everywhere is this reserve and reticence, — going their way with quiet manner, sealed lips, and inscrutable faces, as if walking in a world of their own, beyond the voice and the footstep of the "Melican" man. They are uniformly civil, and sedately satisfy the stranger's curiosity, but they neither seek nor proffer confidence.

One may truly say that these Chinese *seem* to be a clannish people. But is n't that about what the French and the Swiss and the Italians say of us? — founding the conclusion on the fact that when we go to Paris or Berne or Rome we mostly gather in one or two hotels and make up our own society. The Chinaman may be over-fond of himself and his kinsfolk, but we are not yet in a position to sit in his judgment. Just now he must be clannish for his own protection: it is n't possible, as I am bound to say in his behalf, to tell how he will act when we recognize his humanity and give him equality with ourselves in civil rights.

Two of us travellers went one afternoon, in San Francisco, with a note of introduction, to the store of a certain "wholesale and retail dealer in tea, sugar, rice, nut-oil, opium, shoes, and clothing, and China provisions generally." The Chinese merchant was not in when we arrived, and we spent half an hour in looking at his goods and talking with the chief clerk, who was also the book-keeper. He was a young fellow of about eighteen or twenty, able to read and write and speak English with considerable facility, having learned the language, he told us, in six months at an evening school. He received us very politely, readily answered all our inquiries about the goods, showed us his books and explained how he kept and reckoned accounts; doing it all with the most charming lack of pretence and assumption. But he would go no farther: it was impossible to draw him into talk

about himself or his people; he met all our inquiries with perfectly good-natured reserve. He asked my residence and business, not as if he had any concern in the matter, but as if good-breeding required him to do so. At last I became a good deal interested in the lad; — it was curious to see how he kept his own counsel and his amiability. His uncle not coming in, he finally asked us to sit in the back room and wait. I am not quite certain whether he did it from courtesy or from a desire to be rid of our inquisitiveness. Of course we did not decline his invitation, — the first opportunity I had to see the private room of a Chinese gentleman of wealth and position.

It was a room ten or twelve feet square, neat and tidy and orderly as a lady's bedchamber. On one side was a large platform about two feet high, covered with an elegant crimson mat, hung all round with a rich damask curtain. In the centre of this was a smoking-tray, with pipes and cigars and tobacco and a lighted lamp. On another side was a case of shelves whereon were piled books and papers and manuscripts. Opposite were other shelves, with bottles of wine, dried fruits, a teapot, teacups, wineglasses, cake-plates, etc. The floor was handsomely carpeted, and about the walls were hung half a dozen Chinese pictures, an American landscape print, and a good engraving of Lincoln. In the corner behind the door was the bed, — not with pillows like ours, but a long bolster for the neck; not with spread turned down from the top like ours, but snow-white sheet and blankets rolled up from the whole front side. We were still standing when the merchant came in with a couple of friends. The young man introduced us with easy grace, speaking our names distinctly, and mentioning our place of residence; and the merchant, in broken English, expressed pleasure at seeing persons from a place so far away, and at welcoming in his rooms any friends of the person from whom I had a letter, and then asked us all to be seated and drink a glass of wine with him. His nephew did the honors of the occasion, and as we touched our delicate little glasses, holding scarcely more than a large thimbleful, the merchant hoped we two would have a pleasant visit in San Francisco, and get safely back to our homes. We sat with him for ten or fifteen minutes, talked a little about various matters, accepted cigars, and shook hands with him at the door on parting.

I dropped in there twice afterwards, and was recognized by name at each call. On these occasions I declined wine, but took a cup of tea with the merchant and his nephew from the tiniest cups imaginable, not holding more than a tablespoonful. At one visit I was invited into the private room, and sat on the platform with the young man; at the other we sat in the rear end of the store, while half a dozen persons stood near the street-door till my call was concluded. I visited several other merchants, was received in much the same ceremonious fashion, and found their private rooms not widely different from the one I have described. Wine or tea, with cigars, was always offered, and the manner of my entertainers was invariably marked by great self-respect and high breeding.

Once upon a time, Julesburg, out in the northeast corner of Colorado, — or did they finally decide that it was in Nebraska? — was a town of two thousand inhabitants. Now it is a miserable way-station on the Union Pacific Railway, three hundred and seventy-five miles from Omaha, with a population of one hundred, — of so little consequence that the traveller scarcely notices its existence; but in its day, only two years ago, it had a telegraph-office and kept the reading-public well informed as to its peculiar life of brawls and robberies and stabbings and street-fights and sudden murders. It included three hundred women among its inhabitants, — not women of doubtful or easy virtue, but women who had no virtue at all except that of being able to hold

their own in a gambling-hell row and a bar-room pistol-fight. If a Chinaman had been put down there to study the American woman, what report must he have made to his countrymen at home? Nay, if he were put down to-day at Promontory to make the same study, what would be his conclusion? He is brought up to charity of thought and speech; but with the largest toleration he could n't speak well of her if he had judged her then at Julesburg or last fall at Promontory. Shall we judge the Chinese woman by what we see in California? We demand that he shall put himself in our place; may he not also demand that we put ourselves in his place?

The Chinese women in San Francisco are mostly a disgrace to their country; and if medical men and police-officers with whom I talked are to be credited, this fact is due in no small degree to white men now or heretofore living in that city. When John Smith, a wild young man from New York, got to the Pacific coast he met Tai Loo, just from the Chinese steamer: the silver and the passions of these two and their fellows have made the Chinese woman of California what she is; and, if the balance *must* be struck, the doctors and the police say that Smith is in no position to throw stones at Tai Loo's glass house. For my part, I cannot see that the Chinaman's sin in bringing over these women is any greater than the sin of Smith and his kind in consorting with them after they are domiciled in California. And this is the view taken by that intelligent Chinese person who might have been deputed to report on the American woman from the latitude and longitude of Julesburg.

Look back at the words I have quoted from Fung Tang, and then say if we have given the Chinaman any encouragement to bring his family to our shores. We have taxed him on landing and taxed him if he worked at mining; we have beaten him and stabbed him at will when no white witness was in sight; we have shut the doors of our court-rooms in his bleeding face; we have put his property at the tender mercy of shysters and sharpers; we have made law an enigma, and justice a mockery, in his eyes; the ruling party in California is even now considering if it can kick him out of the State with a legislative boot. And yet it is imputed to him as a crime and as an evidence of national degradation that his virtuous women on the coast are but one in a hundred.

A few of the married men have their wives and children with them: more families came over last year than in all the other years since Chinese immigration began. It is undoubtedly true that in China the woman is regarded as an inferior, and travellers tell us that custom keeps her secluded, and prevents her from having any part in affairs outside her home. Let us hope that one result of the intercourse between that country and ours may be to give the Chinese a higher opinion of woman's character and capabilities. In going about among what I may designate as the middle class of California Chinese, I saw the inside of four homes, and four married women with their children. In general the Chinese women are not larger than our girls of fourteen or fifteen; those of the town have a somewhat brazen look, but are more modest when on the streets than white women of the same class; the married ones were retiring, diffident, bright-eyed, and pleasant-faced.

One afternoon I dropped into a Chinese wood-carver's shop and had some talk with him about his business. He was a chatty and smiling young man, speaking my language with great difficulty, and seemed quite pleased to have me examine and praise his really fine work. I asked him if he was married, and when he told me he had "wifee and one he," I ventured to say that I should like to see his boy. He looked at me sharply for an instant, and then disappeared into the room back of his shop. Presently he returned, and beckoned me to the door, bowed low as I came up, stood aside for me

to pass, and then followed me in. I found "he" to be a youngster of three or four years, toddling about the floor, chattering to himself and his mother, and not in the least afraid of the stranger. He was a quaint little chap, and his father was evidently very proud of him. The mother stood with her eyes on the floor when I entered, and looked up but once while I remained. That was when I said to the father, "Nice boy, — nice boy," which words, I suppose, he repeated in Chinese, and then his wife glanced quickly at me with a pleased expression in her face. The room was not over eight or nine feet square; there were three or four stools, a plain table, the child's bed of folded blankets, two or three shelves behind a curtain, and the usual scrolls of red paper on the walls.

One evening we looked into a jeweller's store. He was a handsome fellow, spoke English readily, had his showcases well filled with American and foreign watches, and silver, and notions, and on his work-bench was as complete a set of first-class tools as I ever saw in any jeweller's shop. He had learned his trade in China, seemed perfectly at home in it, and said he had all the work he could do, — quite one half of it coming from others than his own countrymen. He sold an alarm-clock of Connecticut make while we talked, and remarked that his people had to get up early in the morning and liked this kind "right much." As we stood by the counter, a child pattered out from the back room, and the man's wife with a babe in her arms immediately followed. She dropped her eyes on seeing us, but passed behind the case and spoke with her husband, and then sat down on a stool near him. She had a small and intelligent face, and was less diffident than the wood-carver's wife. She could n't use our tongue, but the man seemed from time to time to give her an idea of the desultory talk, and she appeared to find pleasure in what he said immediately after we spoke of the children. The oldest had a wonderfully wise look in his large brown eyes, and did n't seem quite sure that it would be the proper thing to allow the strangers any familiarities of talk or touch.

I wanted to see one of the real Chinese ladies, a married woman of the upper class. This was not possible. Home is the woman's province, in the opinion of Wo Lee and his kinsmen; her business is to stay there, and these ladies of the higher rank never appear on the street. Mr. Lee is courtesy itself in his store and at his business, but he invites no white man to meet his wife and family. A little inquiry convinced me that there was no way in which I could satisfy my curiosity, — no way, unless I used the eyes of a female friend. And I did that. This was the way, and this the report.

There were three of the ladies, all friends of mine, and they were permitted to call on the wife of a Chinese gentleman. It took two or three days and a great deal of diplomacy to arrange for the visit. He did n't mean they should go, but they conquered him at last, as they have conquered and will continue to conquer white men. Eleven o'clock in the morning, sharp eleven, was the hour fixed, and the husband was to be at his store to conduct them to his residence. They were on hand to the moment, and waited half an hour in the store, chatting with each other and the merchant. Then he led the way and they followed. At the house it was up stairs, and through the hall, and up another stairway, and into a third-story back room. The man has been in California seven or eight years; when he returned from his visit to China two years ago he brought his bride, — of high estate, rich in dower, with the smallest of small feet. She has n't been out of his house since the day he took her there. From the back room the three curious women, one of whom was using her eyes for me, were taken into the front room. Both were plainly furnished; there were chairs and shelves and mats and a table, and scrolls on the walls, and plants in the window, but nothing else

for beauty or ornament. They waited half an hour more for this lady of high birth and breeding. Then she appeared, coming in from a side door, with her head down and a fan before her face, scarcely able to walk because of her tiny feet, half supported by the peasant maid carrying the baby. She was dressed as for a grand occasion. Her hair was braided and plaited and rolled and put up with combs and pins and arrows of gold and silver. The body of her dress was of plain colored silk, loose, high in the neck, elegant of texture, with long and large sleeves turned back from the hands and richly embroidered on the cuffs. The under skirt was also of silk, just touching the floor, narrowly embroidered in bright colors at the bottom and plain above; the upper skirt was of satin, reaching just below the knees, covered with fine and elaborate embroidery; around her waist was a silk sash or girdle, with the ends trailing on the floor. She stood through the brief call, hardly raising her eyes for an instant, not speaking a single word, and holding her open fan in such a way that my friends caught but a glance or two of her fair and painted face, — enough to see that her eyes were winning and her features regular and delicate. The baby was twelve or fourteen months old, a bright and handsome boy, in whom the father showed delicious pride. It was richly and somewhat fantastically dressed, with many costly and burdensome ornaments of gold and silver given by friends in San Francisco and sent by friends in China, — rings on its chubby hands, tinkling silver bells on its ankles and pendent from ribbons of its quaint cap. The father chatted with the ladies, and was pleased when they petted his boy, shrugged his shoulders when they suggested that he take wife and baby out riding, and at the end of ten minutes ceremoniously conducted them down the stairways and out into the street; they wondering how the young wife found life endurable in the confinement, year on year, of her three or four barren rooms, — wondering, — and then, when they thought of baby and motherhood, not wondering.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

IT is too soon to write the history of the great Rebellion. We have been too deeply involved in the details and issues of the strife. We are yet too near, and the angle of vision is yet too large, to enable us to see perfectly its vast proportions, or correctly estimate its individual acts and actors in their true relations to each other and to the grand result. Time must elapse before that view can be taken.

Equally necessary is time for a true estimate of its costs and sacrifices. Mr. Commissioner Wells estimates its expense at nine billions of dollars. Admitting that figure to be pecuniarily correct, immense as it is, it falls lamentably short of all the nation has been called to pay for the Rebellion and its results. That immense aggregate is growing all too rapidly, as day after day adds its contribution. Indeed, every hour brings its quota, as widows and orphans struggle with the poverty which the strong arms of those who fell in the conflict would have warded off. Soldiers, crippled and diseased in the service, looking helplessly on the work they would gladly perform, wearily succumb in the unequal struggle. Funeral processions are everywhere telling of the fearful price the nation is paying for the Slaveholders' Rebellion.

But the war brought with it, and has left behind it, large and priceless compensations. Great and grievous as have

been its cost and sacrifices, the nation would hardly consent, if it were possible, to be placed again where it stood when the fires of civil strife were kindled. For advantages unparalleled in history have been secured through its agency. Slavery has been utterly extinguished, and for the first time the nation is consistent with its creed. Out of the nettle danger it may be hoped it has plucked the flower safety; and it stands forth before the world in 1870, widely differing from the nation of 1860.

The war was a furnace that tested alike the character of the nation and of individuals. While many, entering it with fair repute, failed in the hour of supreme trial, others found in it that opportunity, never vouchsafed before, for personal development and achievement, and performed signal and lasting service for their country, making for themselves names the people will not let die.

Prominent among these was Edwin M. Stanton. The Rebellion found him a private citizen and a successful lawyer, but without experience in public affairs, and without a national reputation. Called to the Cabinet, he instantly developed administrative abilities of the highest order. There, for more than six years, he gave time and toil without stint, turning night into day and day into night, in labors unremitting, exhausting, and almost incredible. Indeed, so complete was his self-abnegation that, when released, he went to his home with impaired fortunes, and a body shattered by disease, as really contracted in the service as was ever that of the soldier in the camp, in the battle-field, or in the Rebel prison. And when, on the 27th of December, he was borne through the streets of the capital to his last resting-place in Oak Hill Cemetery, the people felt that they were following a martyr to his tomb no less than when Sedgwick, Wadsworth, and Lincoln were carried through the same streets to their burial.

When time shall have elapsed, and the passions and prejudices engendered by the strife shall have subsided, when the records of events and acts shall come to light, and the philosophic historian shall, with those records, lay bare the motives and purposes of the actors in that conflict, Edwin M. Stanton will stand forth conspicuous among the illustrious characters of the era. It will then be seen that he wielded vast power, and largely influenced results. I now propose simply to speak of Mr. Stanton as I knew him, of his services as I saw them, and of his characteristics as they revealed themselves to me in the varying phases of the struggle. While he was in the cabinets of Lincoln and Johnson, it was my privilege to occupy the position of chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate, and our official relations were necessarily intimate and confidential. The legislation requisite for raising, equipping, and governing the armies, and the twenty-five thousand nominations of officers, from the second lieutenants up to the General-in-Chief, which passed through my committee while he was in the War Department, were often the subject of conference and consideration between us. His office was open to me at all times by day and night. I saw him in every circumstance and condition of the war, in the glow of victory and in the gloom of defeat. Of course his modes of thought, his methods of business, and his moods of feeling were open to my close observation and careful scrutiny. I came to understand, I think, his motives and purposes, to comprehend his plans, and to realize something of the value of his public services.

I first knew Mr. Stanton during the closing hours of Mr. Buchanan's weak and wicked administration. On the election of Mr. Lincoln, South Carolina, trained for thirty years in the school of treason, leaped headlong into rebellion. Other States followed her example. Southern senators and representatives came to Congress, and, with official oaths on their perjured

lips, plotted against the peace and unity of their country. Conspiracies were rife in the Cabinet, in Congress, in the departments, in the army, in the navy, and among the citizens of the capital, for the overthrow of the government and the dismemberment of the Union.

Day by day, during that terrible winter, loyal men in Congress saw with profound sorrow their riven and shattered country sinking into the fathomless abyss of disunion. The President and his Attorney-General surrendered the government's right of self-preservation by assuring the conspirators that "no power had been delegated to Congress to coerce into submission a State which is attempting to withdraw, or which has entirely withdrawn, from the confederacy." The Secretary of the Treasury was deranging the finances and sinking the national credit. The Secretary of War was scattering the little army, and sending muskets, cannon, and munitions of war where they could be clutched by the conspirators. The Secretary of the Interior was permitting the robbery of trust funds, and revealing to traitors the action of his government. A New England Secretary of the Navy was rendering that arm of the service powerless for the national defence. Northern politicians were ostentatiously giving pledges "never to vote a man or a dollar for coercion," and assuring the conspirators, who were seizing forts, arsenals, and arms, and raising batteries for assault or defence, that troops, raised for the subjugation of the South, "must pass over their dead bodies." Officers of the Senate and of the executive departments were members of secret organizations that nightly plotted treason in the national capital.

It was a time of peril, anxiety, and gloom. Patriotic men can hardly recall those days of apostasy without a shudder. President Buchanan was weak and wavering. Mr. Stanton, whom he had consulted before the meeting of Congress, had advised him to incorporate into his message the doctrine that the Federal government had the power, and that it was its duty, to coerce seceding States. But timid and treasonable counsels prevailed, and the patriotic and vigorous advice of Mr. Stanton was rejected. The plottings and intrigues of the secessionists and the fatal weakness of the President alarmed the veteran Secretary of State. With large intelligence and experience, General Cass had little strength of will or tenacity of purpose. But whatever may have been his faults and shortcomings, he was a true patriot, and ardently loved his native land. The threatening aspect of public affairs greatly excited the aged statesman. The secession leaders sought to impress upon the mind of the President the idea that his Secretary of State was losing his mind; but a loyal Democrat, to whom the President communicated his apprehensions, aptly replied that General Cass was the only sane man in his Cabinet. Feeling that he could no longer serve his country by continuing in the Cabinet, the Secretary retired, leaving to Joseph Holt, then Postmaster-General, the pressing injunction to remain, and, if possible, save the endangered nation.

On his retirement, Attorney-General Black, who had pronounced against the power of the government to coerce a seceding State, and who maintained that the attempt to do so "would be the expulsion of such State from the Union," and would absolve all the States "from their Federal obligations," and the people from contributing "their money or their blood to carry on a contest like that," was made Secretary of State. In the terrible conflict through which the nation has passed, there has been a general recognition, by men not given to superstition, of the hand of God in its progress. And in that eventful history nowhere did the Divine interposition appear more evident than in the appointment of Mr. Stanton as Attorney-General. That the vacillating President, at such a crisis, with his disloyal Cabinet and traitorous associates, should have of-

fered the vacant Cabinet office to that strong, rugged, downright, patriotic man, was strikingly providential.

On the evening of the day when he took the oath of office, he said to a friend that he had taken the oath to support the Constitution of his country, and that he would keep that oath in letter and in spirit. Faithfully did he keep his pledge amid the apostasies that followed. He was a marvel of resolution and rigor, of industry and vigilance. His words and acts were instinct with the loyalty which glowed in his bosom. His soul seemed on fire. He saw treason in every part of the government, and sought to unmask those who were plotting its overthrow. He set his face sternly against the conspirators, and showered upon their heads his withering rebukes. Rising in that crisis above the claims of partisanship, he consecrated himself to the lofty duties of an exalted patriotism. In the Cabinet he urged bold and decisive action. He counselled often with the aged veteran, General Scott, and with leading statesmen, and he gave patriotic advice to the members of the Peace Congress.

He went even farther. He put himself in communication with the Republicans in Congress, and kept them well informed of what was going on in the councils of the administration directly relating to the dangers of the country. The House of Representatives had raised a committee to investigate treasonable machinations and conspiracies. Howard of Michigan and Dawes of Massachusetts, zealous Republicans, were upon it. So was Reynolds, an earnest and patriotic member from New York; Cochrane from the same State, then much of a Democratic partisan; and Branch, who was killed fighting in the ranks of the Rebels. Mr. Stanton was so anxious to baffle the conspirators, that he made an arrangement by which Messrs. Howard and Dawes were informed of whatever occurred tending to endanger the country, and which he desired should be thwarted by the friends of the incoming administration. He believed that Mr. Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, was false to his country, and that he ought to be arrested. The resolution concerning him, introduced into the House by Mr. Dawes, was inspired by Mr. Stanton.

A committee of vigilance was organized by the more active Republican members of Congress. I was a member of that committee, as was also Mr. Colfax. It was in that time of intense anxiety and trial that I became acquainted with Mr. Stanton, and consulted with him, and received from him warnings and suggestions. He was in almost daily consultation, too, with members of both Houses. In one of the most critical periods, Mr. Sumner, who made his acquaintance soon after entering Congress, visited Mr. Stanton at the Attorney-General's office. Being surrounded by false and treacherous men, who watched his every word and act, he led Mr. Sumner from his office, told him that he did not dare to hold conversation with him there, and made an appointment to call upon him at one o'clock in the morning. At that hour, he made the promised call, and explained to him the perilous condition of the country, and suggested plans of action for the loyal men in Congress.

Of course such intense patriotism, sleepless vigilance, and tireless activity brought him in conflict with disloyal men both in the Cabinet and in Congress. Scenes of thrilling interest were sometimes enacted in the Cabinet. Floyd, who had administered the War Department so as to disarm the nation and weapon the rising Rebellion, had expected that Colonel Anderson, a Southern man, would carry out the Secretary's purposes in the interest of treason. When that officer abandoned Fort Moultrie, which he could not hold, and threw his little force into Fort Sumter, which he hoped to hold, Floyd, whose corruptions were coming to light, appeared in the Cabinet, raging and storming like the baffled conspirator he was. He arraigned the President and

Cabinet, and charged them with violating their pledges to the secessionists. The President, — poor, weak old man, — trembled and grew pale. Then it was that Stanton met the baffled traitor and his fellow-conspirators with a storm of fierce and fiery denunciation. His words, voice, and bearing are said to have been in the highest degree impressive, and those who knew the men can well imagine the thrilling moment when treason and loyalty grappled in the persons of such representatives. Floyd at once resigned his commission, slunk away from the office he had so prostituted into the Rebellion, where he achieved neither credit nor success, and soon sank into an obscure and dishonored grave. Some time afterwards Mr. Stanton drew up a full and detailed account of that Cabinet scene. It was read to Mr. Holt, and pronounced by that gentleman to be truthful and accurate. It was in the form of a letter to a leading Democratic politician of the city of New York, but it was never sent. It is hoped, however, that for the sake of history, it may soon be placed before the public eye.

To this noble fidelity of Edwin M. Stanton, sustained as it was by the patriotism and courage of Joseph Holt and John A. Dix, the country is largely indebted for its preservation from the perils which then environed it, and for the transmission of the government into the hands of the incoming administration.

After weary months the Fourth of March gladdened the longing hearts of patriotic men who had clung to their country when darkness was settling upon it. The riven and shattered government passed from the nerveless hand of that weakness which betrayed like treason, into the strong and faithfull grasp of Abraham Lincoln. His stainless record, and the records of those who gathered about him, gave assurance to all the world that, in accepting the guardianship of their imperilled country, they would cherish and defend it with all their hearts. The administration was quickly forced by the Rebels, who held in their hands, as they were solemnly assured by Mr. Lincoln in his Inaugural, "the momentous issues of civil war," to summon troops into the field for national defence. Large armies were created and vast quantities of arms and munitions were provided.

But vigorous as was this action of the government, and prompt as were the responses of the people, the military movements did not fully answer the public expectation. Mr. Stanton, then pursuing his profession in Washington, deeply sympathized in this general feeling. His knowledge of the public dangers and his earnest and impulsive nature made him impatient of delays. To ardent friends who, like him, chafed at what seemed to them inaction, he expressed his profound anxieties, and he joined them in demanding a more vigorous and aggressive policy. More fully than most public men, he comprehended the magnitude of the struggle on which the nation had entered, and fathomed, perhaps, more deeply its causes. His position in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet had revealed to him the purposes of the Rebel leaders and the spirit of the Rebellion, and he knew that slavery was its inspiration.

Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War, was in advance of the President on the slavery question, not perhaps in sentiment and feeling, but in the matter of policy. In his first annual report he recommended freeing and arming the slaves. Deeming this, however, a delicate matter, he submitted the important passage to several of his friends, all of whom, except Mr. Stanton, disapproved of the policy proposed. He cordially indorsed it, and, taking his pen, modified one or two sentences, remarking that he would "fix it so that the lawyers will not carp at it." This portion of the Secretary's report, it will be remembered, did not meet the views of Mr. Lincoln, and he required its suppression.

The impatience of the public mind at the delays found expression in harsh

and generally undeserved criticisms upon the War Department. Mr. Cameron felt the pressure of the multiplied labors that crowded upon him, and he was not insensible to adverse criticisms. He proposed to resign, provided some one should be appointed not unfriendly to his policy. He suggested the appointment of Mr. Stanton. The President acted upon his suggestion, accepted his resignation, and tendered him the mission to Russia. Mr. Stanton was then named Secretary of War, with the hearty concurrence of every member of the Cabinet, excepting Montgomery Blair, who bitterly opposed the appointment.

When Mr. Stanton entered the Cabinet he was in the maturity of his physical and intellectual powers. Without fancy or imagination, or any of the lighter graces, he had been distinguished, as a lawyer, for his immense industry, for the thoroughness of his preparation, and the mastery, both of law and facts, he exhibited in his treatment of the causes entrusted to his care. He carried into the War Department great capacity for labor, almost incredible powers of endurance, rapidity of decision, promptitude of action, and inflexibility of purpose, all inspired and impelled by a vehement and absorbing patriotism.

He entered at once upon an exhaustive examination of the numbers and condition of the military forces, and of the amount of war materials necessary for arming, equipping, feeding, clothing, and transporting them. He then vigorously engaged in the work of rendering these means available for the spring campaign. He met, by appointment, the Military Committee of the Senate, in their room at the Capitol, and, in the strictest confidence, made to them a full exhibit of the number of the troops and the condition of the armies, of the amount of arms and munitions of war on hand and required. He then explained his purposes and plans. He had found more than a hundred and fifty regiments scattered over the country, only partially filled and but slowly filling up. For the sake of economy, and for the purpose of bringing these bodies early into the field, he proposed their consolidation. He was convinced, however, that this task would be a difficult one. Many persons who were engaged in recruiting, and who hoped to be officers, would be disappointed. They and the State authorities would strenuously oppose consolidation. To husband resources of money and men, and to make the troops already enlisted available at the earliest possible moment, he proposed to suspend enlistments, though only for a few weeks. Thinking it might lead to some misunderstanding in Congress, he desired to explain his reasons for the measure, and to solicit the support of the committee in carrying it into effect. The promised support was promptly given. The order was issued, and, though it was misunderstood and sharply criticised, it unquestionably added much to the efficiency of the army. In this, as in all other matters during the war, the Secretary and the committee were in accord, and their relations were perfectly amicable. Though composed of men of differing political sentiments, the committee never divided politically, either on nominations or measures. When the strife had ended, it was a source of great gratification to its members that they had always complied with the Secretary's wishes, and promptly seconded his efforts. To me it has been, and will ever be, among the cherished recollections of my life that I gave to the great War Secretary an unstinted support, and that there was never misunderstanding or unkindness between us.

Having mastered the details of his department, Mr. Stanton pressed with great vigor the preparations for the active campaign of 1862. He strove to enforce an active prosecution of hostilities, and urged forward the work of suppressing the Rebellion by every practicable means in his power. Early and late, often through the entire night, he was at his post, receiving reports, information, requests, and suggestions by

telegraph and mail, holding personal consultations with the military and civil officers of the government, and others having business with his department, and in issuing orders and directions. As he did not spare himself, he was exacting in his demands upon others. He tolerated no laggards or shirks about him. He infused into the chiefs of the bureaus and their clerks something of his own industry and devotion; and his became a department of intense activity and unceasing toil, continuing thus throughout the war.

But all did not possess Mr. Stanton's iron will, capacity for labor, and powers of endurance, and many sank beneath these exactions and accumulated labors. He brought into his office, as Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Watson, a devoted personal friend, a lawyer of eminence, and a man of strong constitution and large capacity for work. Mr. Watson zealously seconded Mr. Stanton's efforts, but was soon forced to leave office, worn out by the demands made upon him. Mr. Walcott, who had been Attorney-General of Ohio, took Mr. Watson's place. But he, too, after a few months, left the office, and went home to die. The vacant place was then taken by Mr. Dana, a gentleman accustomed to the exacting toil of a leading daily journal, and possessing great executive force, who rendered his chief most valuable service. His labors were lightened by the establishment of the office of Solicitor of the War Department, to which the innumerable legal questions constantly arising were referred. The duties of that office were ably performed by Mr. Whiting of Massachusetts, who sacrificed the income of a lucrative profession without other reward than the consciousness of serving his country in her time of peril.

It is not my purpose to recount the acts of Mr. Stanton's administration of the War Department during the Rebellion. That must be the task of the historian. When this is faithfully and fully accomplished, it will be seen that he performed an amount of organizing and administrative labor as far exceeding the achievements of Carnot and other war ministers, as the gigantic proportions of the Rebellion exceeded those of the military events with which their names are associated. Mr. Stanton was moreover compelled to organize the forces of a people unaccustomed to war and unskilled in military affairs. Vast armies were to be raised from peaceful communities, large amounts of war material were to be provided, great distances were to be traversed, and an impassioned and brave people were to be subdued. The work which the soldiers and statesmen of Europe pronounced impossible was done, and well done. I shall not attempt to describe that work. I only propose to delineate some of Mr. Stanton's leading characteristics as they appeared to me, and as they were illustrated by some of the acts of his administration.

His official position, his vigilance, his industry, his mastery of details, and his almost intuitive perceptions gave him, perhaps, a clearer insight into the characters and services of men in the army, in the national councils, and in State governments, than that possessed by any other public man. With the impulsiveness of his nature, he distrusted and condemned perhaps too hastily, and sometimes unjustly, but never, I am sure, from interest or prejudice. Swift in his judgments, often doubting when others confided, he sometimes made mistakes, though events commonly vindicated the correctness of his estimates. He had no favorites, and he measured men according to his idea of their value to the public service.

Singularly unselfish in his purposes, careless of his own reputation, and intensely devoted to the success of his country, he was ever ready to assume, especially in critical moments, the gravest responsibilities. Neither the interests of political friends, nor the wishes of army officials, could swerve him from his purpose. He said no to the President quite as often and quite as emphatically as he did to the people, to members of Congress, or to officers of

the army seeking undeserved preferment or safe places at the rear. He knew Mr. Lincoln's yielding nature and kindness of heart; and even the President's requests, though amounting almost to positive orders, and borne by governors of States, members of Congress, and even by associates in the Cabinet, were frequently laid aside, and sometimes promptly and peremptorily refused.

There were many signal illustrations of this characteristic. Shortly after the disastrous battle of Chickamauga, a despatch stating the perilous condition of the army, and the pressing need of immediate reinforcements, was received at the War Office from General Garfield. After the hour of midnight, the President, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Seward were summoned by Mr. Stanton. It was a most critical and trying moment. In answer to questions, General Halleck revealed the fact that few troops operating in the West could be sent in season to the relief of Rosecrans. The facts disclosed perplexed, if they did not dishearten, all but Mr. Stanton, who was never downcast, who never doubted the triumph of the loyal cause, who seemed to take heart as dangers thickened, and who now surprised his listeners by proposing to take thirty thousand men from the Army of the Potomac and place them in Tennessee within five days. The President and General Halleck doubted, hesitated, and opposed. But Mr. Stanton, sustained by Mr. Chase and Mr. Seward, carried his point. Telegrams were at once sent to General Meade and to railroad-managers, and, in a few days, General Hooker, with more than fifteen thousand men, was thrown into Tennessee. When he arrived within supporting-distance of Rosecrans, Bragg was making movements which he believed would result in the utter destruction or defeat of that general's army. Chief Justice Chase, who has recorded in his diary the doings of that midnight council, and who has, since the war, spoken of it with officers of the Rebel army, expresses the opinion that Mr. Stanton's bold counsels and decisive action saved the army of Rosecrans, and that he then rendered greater service to the country than was rendered by any civilian during the war.

On the eve of his second inauguration, Mr. Lincoln expressed to members of his Cabinet his purpose, in case General Grant should be victorious at Richmond, to allow him to negotiate terms of peace with the Rebel leaders. From this Mr. Stanton strongly dissented, and in explicit and unequivocal terms declared that no peace ought to be negotiated by generals in the field, or by any one other than the President himself; and he pretty distinctly intimated that, if the President permitted any one to enter into such negotiations, it was hardly necessary for him to be inaugurated. Mr. Lincoln at once assented to the views of his faithful and far-seeing Secretary, and orders were immediately transmitted to General Grant to hold no conferences with General Lee on any questions not of a purely military character. The sagacity of Mr. Stanton was soon again put to the test. After the surrender of Richmond, President Lincoln visited that city, and, while there, assented to the assembling of the Rebel Legislature of Virginia by General Weitzel. Mr. Stanton, who had no confidence in the good faith of the Rebels, held that they should not have any voice in fixing the terms of peace and reconciliation, and should not be permitted to meet at all. His earnest protests were heeded, his counsels prevailed, and the impolitic and dangerous scheme was abandoned.

Mr. Stanton's course touching the arrangements between General Sherman and the Rebel General Johnston afforded another signal illustration of his readiness to assume responsibility when the safety and honor of the nation were at stake. He gave that arrangement a prompt, peremptory, and emphatic disapproval. While he held General Sherman in high esteem for his brilliant services in the field, he felt constrained to advise President Johnson to set aside that officer's un-

fortunate diplomacy, and to declare to the country the reasons for so doing. Although General Grant was sent to North Carolina to announce the action of the government, General Sherman and several of his generals took umbrage, and on the arrival of their army at Washington indulged in severe denunciations of the Secretary of War. But the indomitable Secretary, conscious of the integrity of his purpose, bore in silence these criticisms and the denunciations directed against him by a portion of the press. In the light of subsequent events, few loyal men will question the wisdom of his action, or distrust the motives that prompted it.

Innumerable instances of a similar kind might be adduced. A single additional example will be mentioned. When in the winter of 1863 the faithless Legislature of Indiana was dissolved, no appropriations had been made to carry on the State government or aid in putting soldiers in the field; and Governor Morton was obliged, without the authority of law, to raise more than a million and a quarter of dollars. In his need he looked to Washington for assistance. President Lincoln wished to aid him, but saw no way to do it, as no money could be taken from the treasury without appropriation. He was referred to Mr. Stanton. The Secretary saw at a glance the critical condition in which the patriotic governor, who had shown such vigor in raising and organizing troops, had been placed. A quarter of a million of dollars were needed, and Mr. Stanton took upon himself the responsibility, and drew his warrant upon the treasury for that amount, to be paid from an unexpended appropriation made, nearly two years before, for raising troops in States in insurrection. As he placed this warrant in Governor Morton's hands, the latter remarked: "If the cause fails, you and I will be covered with prosecutions, and probably imprisoned or driven from the country." Mr. Stanton replied: "If the cause fails, I do not wish to live." The money thus advanced to the governor of Indiana was accounted for by that State in its final settlement with the government.

The remark just cited illustrates another prominent trait of Mr. Stanton's character, — his intense and abounding patriotism. It was this which emboldened him in his early struggle with treason in Mr. Buchanan's cabinet, upheld him in his superhuman labors through the weary years of war, and kept him in Mr. Johnson's cabinet when not only was the President seeking his removal, but the tortures of disease were admonishing him that every day's continuance was imperilling his life. It was this patriotism which invested the Rebellion, in his view, with its transcendent enormity, and made him regard its guilty leaders and their sympathizers and apologists at the North with such intense abhorrence. It also made him fear the success of a party of which he was once a member, and which now embraces so many who participated in the Rebellion or were in sympathy with it; and he was loath to remove the disabilities of unrepentant Rebels, or to allow them a voice in shaping the policy of States lately in insurrection. This feeling he retained till the close of his life. On the Saturday before his death, he expressed to me the opinion that it was more important that the freedmen and the Union men of the South should be protected in their rights, than that those who were still disloyal should be relieved of their disabilities and clothed with power.

This patriotism, conjoined with his energy, industry, and high sense of public duty, made him exacting, severe, and often rough in his treatment of those, in the military or civil service, who seemed to be more intent on personal ease, promotion, and emolument than upon the faithful discharge of public duty. It led him, also, warmly to appreciate and applaud fidelity and devotion, wherever and however manifested. Honest himself, he, of course, abhorred everything like dishonesty in others; but his patriotism intensified

that feeling of detestation in cases of peculation or fraud upon the government. He laid a strong hand upon offenders, and no doubt saved millions of dollars to the nation, by thus restraining, through fear, those who would otherwise have enriched themselves at their country's expense. This spirit of patriotic devotion indeed often inspired measures which brought upon him great and undeserved censure. The people were anxious for war news. The press were anxious to provide it. Mr. Stanton knew that the enemy largely profited by the premature publication of such intelligence, and he was anxious to prevent this. Consequently he made regulations which were often embarrassing to newspaper correspondents, and sometimes he roughly and rudely repelled those seeking information or favors.

Towards the close of the war his intense application began to tell on even his robust constitution, developing a tendency to asthma, which was exceedingly distressing to him and alarming to his friends. Consequently he looked forward to the cessation of hostilities, anxious not only that his country might be saved from the further horrors and dangers of civil war, but that he might be released from the burdensome cares of office. After the election of Mr. Lincoln and a Republican Congress, in 1864, which he justly regarded as fatal to the Rebellion, he often avowed his purpose to resign at the moment hostilities should cease. When, therefore, the news of Lee's surrender reached Washington, he at once placed his resignation in the President's hands, on the ground that the work which had induced him to take office was done. But his great chief, whom he had so faithfully and efficiently served, and who, in the trials they had experienced together, had learned to appreciate, honor, and love him, threw his arms around his neck, and tenderly and tearfully said: "Stanton, you have been a good friend and a faithful public servant; and it is not for you to say when you will no longer be needed here." Bowing to the will of the President so affectionately expressed, he remained at his post. Little did he then imagine that, within a few hours, his chief would fall by the assassin's hand, and the Secretary of State lie maimed and helpless, and that the country, in that perilous hour, would instinctively turn to him as its main reliance and hope. Andrew Johnson, too, who then intended to make treason odious and punish traitors, leaned on the strong man for support.

Mr. Stanton now resolved to remain in the War Office till the army should be disbanded; and that great work was accomplished with an ease and celerity which surprised and gratified the country and astonished the world. It was indeed one of the most marvellous achievements of the war. That was hardly accomplished, when the work of reconstruction began to loom up in all its vast proportions. Indications, too, of the President's apostasy began to appear. Mr. Johnson had been smitten with the idea of a re-election by means of the reorganization of parties, in which, to use his own words, "the extremes should be sloughed off," and a new conservative party be formed which should accept him as its leader.

Mr. Stanton was a just and humane as well as a patriotic man. He had earnestly pressed upon Mr. Lincoln the policy of emancipation, had applauded his Proclamation, approved the enlistment of colored troops, and was a warm supporter of the Thirteenth Amendment, forever prohibiting slavery. Although he had never, before the war, acted with antislavery men, yet he had early imbibed antislavery sentiments. He was of Quaker descent. His grandparents were from New England, and his grandfather provided in his will for the emancipation of his slaves whenever the laws of his adopted State would permit it. Benjamin Lundy, the early Abolitionist, was a frequent visitor at his father's house; and Mr. Stanton once told me that he had often sat upon that devoted philanthropist's knee when a child, and listened to his

words. Nearly thirty years ago, in the streets of Columbus, Ohio, he familiarly accosted Mr. Chase and said to him, referring to antislavery sentiments the latter had just put forth, that he was in entire agreement with him, and hoped he should soon be able to take his place by his side. Though he never did so, but continued to act with the Democratic party, yet he always maintained his intimacy with Mr. Chase, and after he came to Washington was a frequent visitor at the house of Dr. Bailey, editor of the "National Era," where he met antislavery men and members of the Republican party.

The Rebellion of course absolved him from all allegiance to the Democratic party, and then his early impressions were revived. The events of the war intensified them, and he became a consistent and persistent supporter of the rights of the colored race. He saw that Mr. Johnson's reactionary policy was imperilling the interests of the freedmen as well as the safety of the nation, and he resolved to remain in the Cabinet and save, as he once said to me, what he could of "the fruits of the war." It was, indeed, a critical period, and he wisely counselled moderation. Premature action would have been disastrous. To break with the President before he had fully revealed his purposes would, he thought, place the Republicans in a false position before the people, and inure solely to the advantage of Mr. Johnson. At the same time he did all he could to secure, in the elections, the success of those who had loyally stood together during the war. This policy, of combining and keeping intact the Republican party, and of giving the President an opportunity to convince the people, as he did in his speech of the 22d of February, of his premeditated treachery, subjected Mr. Stanton and those who concurred with him in that policy to the sharp criticism of more hasty and less discerning men. It was, however, a complete success, and subsequent events vindicated its wisdom.

By such firmness, fidelity, and sagacity, Mr. Stanton incurred the dislike of the President, who determined, if possible, to eject him from the Cabinet. The more clearly this purpose appeared, the more determined was the Secretary to retain his position; not from a love of office, — for he longed to escape from its thraldom, — but from a sense of duty. If need be, he was ready to bear, not only the burdens which his failing strength made more trying, but personal insults and indignities, and, hardest of all, to occupy an equivocal position which subjected him to the distrust and criticism of some of his associates.

In the summer of 1867 his friends began to fear that his health was hopelessly failing, and that unless he took the needed relaxation his life was in imminent and immediate peril. He was repeatedly urged to leave the heated atmosphere of Washington, and seek at least temporary relief at the seashore or in the mountains. As I was pressing this upon him one day, he replied that duty required him to remain at his post, that he believed the President to be a bad and dangerous person, who was heeding the counsels of designing and unscrupulous men, and no one could foresee what he would do. "Life," he said, "is at best a struggle, and of no great value. We are but the instruments of Providence in working out its purposes. It matters not when, where, or how we die, if we are only performing faithfully our duty. I will remain here, if I die in this room."

A few days before his suspension by the President, while I was at his office, General Grant came in. Mr. Stanton was suffering much, and seemed anxious and perplexed. At that time he was not a little annoyed by the adverse criticisms of two or three Republican journals upon his remaining in the Cabinet. "They will some time see," he said, "that I am right, and appreciate my motives and vindicate my action." An act of the President, showing his hostility to the Secretary of War, and his want of confidence in the General of the Army, had

just come to light. Mr. Stanton remarked that, during the war, he had never felt so anxious about public affairs and the condition of the country as he did then; that, in the war, he knew what to depend upon and what to do: but no one could depend upon the action of the President. General Grant expressed his entire concurrence in that sentiment. A few days later, Mr. Stanton was suspended, and General Grant made Secretary of War *ad interim*. The former had long held the office from patriotic motives; and the latter, in accepting it, was actuated by the same high considerations. By the action of the Senate, Mr. Stanton was brought back into the War Department. When the President attempted to thrust him forcibly from it, he, though the hand of disease was weighing heavily upon him, exhibited another characteristic evidence of his inflexible adherence to principle, and pertinacity of purpose, by encamping in the War Office during more than forty days. When, however, the Senate failed to convict the President, he bowed before the decision therein implied, retired from the position he could no longer maintain, and left the responsibility where it rightfully belonged.

Mr. Stanton has been the subject of the sharpest criticism and of unmeasured censure. The disloyal, the lukewarm, the incapable, the selfish, and the corrupt have heaped upon his head their coarsest invectives and their fiercest denunciations. Nor, indeed, had they much occasion to love him; for towards such the evidences of his disapprobation were unequivocal and strong. His natural energy and impulsiveness of character, the continuous pressure and exhausting nature of his duties, made him often brusque in manner and curt in speech, even to those in whose loyalty, fidelity, and purity he had all confidence. But he seemed ever ready to correct mistakes, and make amends to those whom he had wounded or aggrieved by hasty words or acts. His heart was full of tenderness for every form of suffering and sorrow, and he always had words of sympathy for the smitten and afflicted. Many a sick and wounded soldier, and many a family, bereaved by the war, will gratefully cherish the remembrance of his considerate regard. The same characteristics were exhibited in the hearty support he gave to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, which did so much to relieve suffering and sorrow, and in his ready co-operation with the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau in their efforts for the newly emancipated race.

After his retirement from office, Mr. Stanton struggled with mortal diseases fastened upon him by the immense responsibilities and labors of the war. His closing hours, however, were brightened by the high appreciation of the government and the flattering manifestations of popular regard. The Republican members of the Senate and House, with singular unanimity, joined in recommending his appointment as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. The recommendation was sincere and hearty. The Chief Magistrate, accompanied by the Vice-President, called upon him, tendered him the office, and cordially urged its acceptance. His assent having been given, the President at once sent his nomination to the Senate, and it was confirmed without the formality of a reference. This unsolicited action of the members of Congress, and the cordial and courteous conduct of the President, were approved by a loyal press and applauded by a loyal people. Congratulations flowed in upon Mr. Stanton, and he realized, perhaps for the first time, the hold he had upon the nation, and the gratitude and confidence of his countrymen. But in that moment of triumph he was stricken down. As Lincoln fell when the rejoicings of the nation over the capture of the Rebel army were ringing in his ear, so fell his trusted counsellor, companion, and friend, amid these demonstrations of public favor. So passed from earth Edwin Macy Stanton, to take his place in the hearts and memo-

ries of the people, among the most illustrious, honored, and loved of his countrymen.

But large as is my estimate of Mr. Stanton, and high as is the value I place upon his unsurpassed public labors, I do not believe that he was absolutely essential to the salvation of the nation. The government that survived the death of Lincoln and the life of Johnson did not, during the Rebellion, depend for existence on any one man, or any score of men. Its preservation must ever redound to the glory of the people, whose great uprising, inspired self-sacrifice, and sublime endurance astonished the world. The principles involved in that conflict were too vast and grand, too vital to humanity and a Christian civilization, to be suffered to fail through the dismemberment and death of this nation. God and the people saved the Republic of the United States.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. The Designs by P. Konewka. Engraved by W. H. Morse; Vignette by H. W. Smith. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Konewka's illustrations in *silhouette* to "Faust" were a wonder of vivid action and refined expression; but whoever looked at them must have felt a fear that what could give such an exquisite surprise must fail in repetition or in wider application. The power that lay in mere tenderness and beauty of outline — all the rest that goes to make up the charm of a picture being hidden from the eye in the massive black-upon-white of the work — was so much of a revelation that one suspected it a trick, — marvellous, delightful, yet a trick. Could it be done twice, and not weary? This was the question, and here is the answer. Yes, it can be done twice, and be just as fascinating as at first. We do not know but the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is better than the "Faust." It certainly has greater variety, and affords more scope for the exercise of Konewka's curious art, which is here playful and pathetic and comical, while it was there tragical and grotesque. Our reader imagines the scenes and figures which have been chosen from that beautiful vision of fairy-life and lover-life in the woods, and from the passages in which Bully Bottom and his friends appear; but without looking at the illustrations he can have no idea of the delicacy and strength, the *cunningness* and humor, with which all this airiest sport of Shakespeare's genius is interpreted. Yet there is nothing but densest black upon white, save here and there a semi-transparent wing, or floating mantle, a dangling knot of ribbon, a little light let through the ringlets of the women, or the men's beards, or between expanded fingers or under slightly lifted arms. The outline of the nude fairies is clear and soft like that of sculpture, while in the draperies is much of the vivacity of painting. We did not mean to name any particular illustration, but we cannot help speaking of that in which Puck and a Fairy meet from opposite sides of a thistle-stalk as surpassingly pretty, unless that where Hermia is shown "a Vixen when she went to school" — fighting the larger and timider Helena — is even more taking in its sauciness. The best of the comical folk is "The Moon" appearing with the thornbush, lantern, and dog, in which there is even finer delineation of character than in the others, though character is delicately and clearly suggested in all, and no less in the pathetic than in the droll people. With a little parting of the lips, the whole bewilderment and heart-break of the lovelorn maids is portrayed; and with the gesture of hands or arms, the half of whose action is lost in the black of the figure, the pleading and the repulsion of the enchanted lovers is shown.

We forebode ever so much imitation of Konewka's work by inferior hands, and possibly enough to make us weary of the original; but in the mean time no one need deny himself the enjoyment of it. Perhaps this enjoyment is all the keener because it cannot be called satisfaction, there being in these performances a mystery and sugges-

tiveness that continually provoke the imagination.

We must not leave speaking of the book without mentioning the head which adorns the title-page, and which is alike admirable as a steel engraving and as a face of life-like beauty and sweetness.

Miscellanies. [Five Volumes.] By W. M. THACKERAY. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Catherine; A Story. By IKEY SOLOMONS, Esq., Junior. [W. M. Thackeray.] Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

WHETHER Thackeray's novels or his shorter stories and sketches are better is a question each reader will settle in favor of whichever he happens to be reading. We, for example, do not think he wrote anything more perfect than "The Luck of Barry Lyndon"; but then we have just been reading that over again, and it is some time since we looked at "Henry Esmond." We will only be certain that nearly all he did was masterly, and is inestimably precious now that he can do no more. They may say that his later gifts were somewhat poor and stale in quality; but we would rather have the rinsings — if "Philip" is to be so called — of that magical flask out which he poured such wonderful and various liquors, than the fulness and prime spirit of many a famous tap we could name. We will own even that he had not a good knack at invention: what need had he of it who could give us real men and women, and could portray life so truly that we scarcely thought of asking about a plot? We almost think that if he who rarely struck the wrong note in character had often been out of time and tune there, there would have been enough delight in his style to have atoned for all, — so much it seems compact of what is vigorous in men's daily speech and what is simple and elegant in literary art.

This style was never better than in the different tales and studies which are known as Thackeray's Miscellanies, and which are here produced anew with various papers not previously collected. Here is its earlier brilliancy and its later mellowness; and in these stories and essays is also to be noted that gradual change of Thackeray's humor, from what he called the "bumptiousness" of the period in which he laughed poor Bulwer to scorn, and fiercely attacked social shams in the "Book of Snobs" and other places, to the relenting or the indifference of the time in which he wrote the "Roundabout Papers" and "Philip." But what a marvellous savor in all! The first line is an appetizer that carries you hungry through the feast, whatever it is, and makes you wish for the time being there were no other dish but that in the world. Over "Barry Lyndon," or "Major Gahagan," or "Dennis Haggarty," you lament that he ever wrote anything but stories of Irish character (what lamentable comedy, what tragical mirth, are in the first and the last!); and, delaying yourself as much as you can in "The Four Georges," you feel that a man who could revive the past in that way ought to have written only social history. In the riot of his burlesques, and the caricatured Fitz-Boodle papers, he is not seen at his best, but his second-rate is much better than the first-rate of any one else in the same way. He has set up many smaller wits in that sort of humor which he may be said to have invented; and we cannot in our weariness of them do him complete justice; but this is not his fate in the quieter essays and sketches where no one could follow him. "From Cornhill to Cairo," "Coxe's Diary," the "Little Travels," "The Irish Sketches," "The Paris Sketch-Book," "Sketches and Travels in London," are still sole of their kind; and as for "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," some people think that not only stands alone, but is unsurpassed among its author's works. These may be people who have just been reading it, or who like the company of rather a greater number of kind-hearted and sensible women than Thackeray commonly allows us to know; but certainly he has not portrayed a finer and truer fellow than Samuel Titmarsh, and we do not dispute any one's good opinion of the book, while we do not relinquish our own concerning different ones.

Not that we are inclined to a great affection for the story of "Catherine," though this is very different from the tale last named. There is not a lovable person, high or low, in it, — not a soul to respect or even pity; and such purpose as Thackeray had in rebuking the romantic use of rascality in fiction, by depicting rogues and their female friends in their true characters, would seem to have been sufficiently served by it. We are far enough now from the days of "Eugene Aram" and the novels with murderers for heroes, but we have by

no means got rid of immoral heroines, and the unvarnished adventures of "Catherine" may still be read with profit. She is in brief a bad young person, pretty, vain, and heartless, who becomes the mistress of a nobleman, and who, when deserted by him, marries an old rustic lover, and survives to meet her paramour many years after. In hopes of becoming his wife, she murders her husband with the help of her natural son, in whose company she is hanged. It is a horrible story from first to last; so horrible that there seems no sufficient reason for suppressing (as has been done by Thackeray's English publishers, whom Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have naturally followed) the account of the murder and execution, which Thackeray copied from newspapers describing actual occurrences, and the effect of which the reader misses. In this dreadful history, the author tears from the essential ugliness of sin and crime the veil of romance, and shows them for what they are; but while there is not the least glamour of sentiment in the book, it is full of the fascination of his wonderful art. The scene is laid in that eighteenth century which he loved to paint, and he has hardly ever caused certain phases of its life to be better acted or costumed. The Count Galgenstein, Catherine's lover, the handsome, stupid profligate, with all the vices of the English and German blood that mingled in his veins, who lapses at last into a garrulous, sickly, tedious, elegant old reprobate; Catherine, with no more morality or conscience than an animal, — pretty, ambitious, scheming, thrifty, and fond of her brutal son, who grows to manhood with whatever is bad from either parent become worse in him; Brock, Galgenstein's corporal and her Majesty's recruiting-sergeant, subsequently convict, and highwayman, and finally accomplice in the murder of Catherine's husband; this husband himself, with his avarice and cunning and cowardice, — are persons whose character and accessories are powerfully painted, and about whom are grouped many others more sketchily drawn, but still completely suggested. The book is one that will not let the reader go, horrible as it is, and little as it is to be liked for anything but its morality. This is admirable, to our thinking; it is very simple and obvious, as the morality is in all Thackeray's books; whence those who think that there is some mighty subtle difference between right and wrong have begun to say he is a shallow moralist.

Among the books satirized in "Catherine" is "Oliver Twist," and Nancy is laughed at as an impossibility. The reader will remember how a sort of reparation is afterwards made in "The Newcomes," where this novel is praised. We believe Thackeray felt no compunctions concerning Bulwer's romances, which here come in for a far larger share of his scorn.

Memoirs and Letters and Journals of Major-General Riedesel, during his Residence in America. Translated, from the original German of MAX VON ELLKING, by WILLIAM L. STONE. Albany: Munsell.

IN a former number of the Atlantic, we noticed Mr. Stone's translation of the admirable Memoirs of Madame Riedesel, of which the present work may be said to be the complement. In all that relates to military affairs, it is, however, of far greater value. General Riedesel commanded the German auxiliaries who formed so large a part of Burgoyne's luckless army of invasion. Here, therefore, we have the story of that momentous campaign from a point of view new to most American and English readers, and at the same time absolutely essential to a correct knowledge of one of the most critical periods of the War of Independence. Mr. Stone has by no means limited himself to the mere translation of his original. He has added illustrative papers found by him in Germany, and has carefully explored the site of the principal events, traced the stages of Burgoyne's march, examined the several battle-grounds on the Hudson, corrected the errors of preceding writers, and established the landmarks in a manner so precise and satisfactory as to deserve the gratitude of every writer who may hereafter treat the subject. The failure of that grand effort to put down the revolt of the Colonies was plainly due in great measure to the incompetency, the indecision, and, as Riedesel more than intimates, to the drunkenness of Burgoyne.

Interesting and valuable as the book is from the military stand-point, it is no less so in the curious view it gives of society and manners in the various Colonies during the troubled period of the war; for the captive German officers in this involuntary march from Saratoga to Boston, and from Boston to Virginia, had numberless opportunities of curious observation, which Riedesel, at least, seems to have used in a sufficiently candid spirit. Now and then, the

generals in the American service moved him to astonishment, and he records the alacrity with which one of them, who had a pair of new boots, jumped from his horse, pulled them off, and swapped them, for a sufficient consideration, with a German officer, whose own were in the last extremity. The reader will be entertained with his account of New England life at the time of his enforced sojourn at Cambridge. It seems that the curious notion prevailed then as now, that shopkeeping is more respectable than farming, and that, in consequence, the cultivation of the soil was in a very languishing state. But we have no room to say more, and the book will best tell its own story. Here and there we find in it some anomalies of style, and the printer sometimes makes queer work of extracts in foreign languages; yet, take it for all in all, it is the most valuable contribution that has been made to Revolutionary history for a long time.

The Holy Grail, and other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Has the poet lost somewhat the power to please, or his readers the grace of being pleased? Have they, if they no longer care for certain arts, grown wiser, or colder merely? Can the imitations of a school make the master's work appear poor and stale at last? Do these new poems of Tennyson please the dreaming and hoping age as other poems of his pleased it when they were new and certain people were younger? But is there no absolute standard, then? — is inexperience best fitted to pronounce a poem good or bad, and is the perception of delicate and beautiful feeling the privilege of youth alone? Forbid it, most respectable after-life! Yet something of these doubts may well attend the critic, who is proverbially a disappointed and prematurely aging man: he will be all the pleasanter, and may be a little the wiser, in his judgments for a touch of self-distrust. He will do well to ask himself, "Should I have liked any of these idyls of Tennyson's as much as I liked 'Morte d'Arthur' if I had read them, as I did that, long ago, before editors rejected my articles and my book failed?" We cannot answer confidently for such an ideal critic; but we think that at least one of these stories is put at no disadvantage by comparison with the beautiful poem mentioned (which is here repeated, with a new beginning and ending, in its proper place among the legends of King Arthur), and that the poet is seen in one of his best moods in "Pelleas and Ettarre." In this the reader has not the sense of being in

> "A land where no one comes,
> Or hath come since the making of the world,"

which takes from his delight in the other idyls, and most afflicts him in "The Holy Grail." The people have been, — and still are, for that matter; and time and place seem not so irrecoverable. Upon the solider foundation, the fabric rises fairer, and there are throughout the poem such pictures of nature and men as almost win one back to earlier faith in Mr. Tennyson as the poet to be chiefly read and supremely enjoyed. No one else could paint a scene at once so richly and simply as one we must give here: we doubt if he himself ever wrought more skilfully to the end aimed at. Sir Pelleas of the Isles, going to be knighted by Arthur, —

> "Riding at noon, a day or twain before,
> Across the forest call'd of Dean, to find
> Caerleon and the king, had felt the sun
> Beat like a strong knight on his helm, and reel'd
> Almost to falling from his horse; but saw
> Near him a mound of even-sloping side,
> Whereon a hundred stately beeches grew,
> And here and there great hollies under them.
> But for a mile all round was open space,
> And fern and heath: and slowly Pelleas drew
> To that dim day, then binding his good horse
> To a tree, cast himself down; and as he lay
> At random looking over the brown earth
> Thro' that green-glooming twilight of the grove,
> It seem'd to Pelleas that the fern without
> Burnt as a living fire of emeralds,
> So that his eyes were dazzled looking at it.
> Then o'er it crost the dimness of a cloud
> Floating, and once the shadow of a bird
> Flying, and then a fawn; and his eyes closed."

And here he lies dreaming and longing for some lady to love, and fight for, in the coming tourney; when, —

> "Suddenly waken'd with a sound of talk
> And laughter at the limit of the wood,
> And glancing thro' the hoary boles, he saw,
> Strange as to some old prophet might have seem'd
> A vision hovering on a sea of fire,
> Damsels in divers colors like the cloud
> Of sunset and sunrise, and all of them
> On horses, and the horses richly trapt
> Breast-high in that bright line of bracken stood:
> And all the damsels talk'd confusedly,
> And one was pointing this way, and one that,
> Because the way was lost."

Is not this exquisitely touched? What tender light, what lovely color, what sweet and sun of all summers past, what charm

of the wildness and elegance which we dream to have once coexisted, are in the picture! After which we have this, also exceedingly beautiful, and quite as delicate, with its deeper feeling: —

"For large her violet eyes look'd, and her bloom,
A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens,
And round her limbs, mature in womanhood,
And slender was her hand, and small her shape;
And but for those large eyes, the haunts of scorn,
She might have seem'd a toy to trifle with,
And pass and care no more. But while he gazed,
The beauty of her flesh abash'd the boy,
As tho' it were the beauty of her soul:
For as the base man, judging of the good,
Puts his own baseness in him by default
Of will and nature, so did Pelleas lend
All the young beauty of his own soul to hers,
Believing her; and when she spake to him,
Stammer'd, and could not make her a reply.
For out of the waste islands had he come,
Where saving his own sisters he had known
Scarce any but the women of his isles,
Rough wives, that laugh'd and scream'd against the gulls,
Makers of nets, and living from the sea."

Other pieces of descriptive art in the poem have pleased us hardly less than these, though all the rest are slighter. It is a tragical theme, Ettarre not being what she should be; but the story is best left to the poet's consummate art of telling little and withholding nothing. All the characters in the poem are clearly and firmly drawn, especially that of Pelleas, the most difficult of all, and the portrayal of the pure soul's shame and anguish in others' guilt is as strong and good as the descriptive parts.

The other legends of Arthur's knights here given are "The Coming of Arthur," "The Holy Grail," and "The Passing of Arthur." The last is the old "Morte d'Arthur," newly set as we have mentioned, and neither of the other two is so good as "Pelleas and Ettarre," both being clouded in a remoteness even from the sympathies of men, which go out willingly enough to unrealities of place and time, if only there be human beings there; though barren shapes of uncertain parable repel them, however fair to see. We get little use or pleasure from "Lucretius," one of the poems in this book, for much the same reason that makes the seekers for "The Holy Grail" a trouble to us; and for the reason that we like "Pelleas and Ettarre," we feel the beauty and excellence of "The Golden Supper." The story is that old one of Boccaccio's — when will he cease to enrich the world? — about the lover who found his lady not dead as her husband thought, and possessed himself of her only to restore her to her lord, with a great magnificence, at the banquet he gave before leaving his land forever. The tale is richly and splendidly told, with that grace and tenderness which we should expect of such a theme in the hands of such a poet, yet with fewer lines or passages than usual to gather up, out of its excellence, for special admiration. We are tempted to give the close, not so much because we are certain it is the best part, as because we know it to be good. The reader is to understand that Lionel is the husband, who has declared that if a supposed analogous case had happened no one could have any claim but the lover, when suddenly his wife appears with her child (born since what seemed her death), and Julian says: —

"'Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife;
And were it only for the giver's sake,
And tho' she seem so like the one you lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to bring her back:
I leave this land forever.' Here he ceased.

"Then taking his dear lady by one hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,
He slowly brought them both to Lionel.
And there the widower husband and dead wife
Rush'd each at each with a cry, that rather seem'd
For some new death than for a life renew'd;
At this the very babe began to wail;
At once they turn'd, and caught and brought him in
To their charm'd circle, and, half killing him
With kisses, round him closed and clasped again.
But Lionel, when at last he freed himself
From wife and child, and lifted up a face
All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks — the sight of this
So frighted our good friend, that turning to me,
And saying, 'It is over: let us go' —
There were our horses ready at the doors —
We bade them no farewell, but mounting these,
He past forever from his native land."

Discourses on Various Occasions. By the REVEREND FATHER HYACINTHE, late Superior of the Barefooted Carmelites of Paris, and Preacher of the Conferences of Notre Dame. Translated by LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON. With a Biographical Sketch. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

JUDGING Father Hyacinthe by these efforts, one finds him a man by no means so great as he appears in the act which has lately caught the attention of mankind. We do not think the reader will be struck by the clearness, the force, or the eloquence of his style; these traits, which he has in

degree, seem to have been exaggerated in the enthusiasm and affection of his hearers; as happens with the merits of most preachers. As to Father Hyacinthe's liberality, it is the charity, the toleration, which has been felt by many good men of his church for those they consider in error; but it means nothing like Protestantism, and does not allow for anything but an ecclesiastical Christianity. The morality he preaches is very pure and sweet, and you feel the thorough excellence of a warm-hearted, poetical-minded man in all he says. But the value of his life is not in what he has said, but in what he has done; and his future course alone can fix this value. At present he has for conscience' sake disobeyed the orders of the Carmelite general, and is excommunicated. The logical conclusion of this is entire separation from the Roman Church, and union with the Christians who believe that conscience is the church in every soul. But Father Hyacinthe has not as yet followed his act to a logical conclusion; he has simply performed an act of magnanimous defiance. We must all wait; but in the mean time we can all honor him, perhaps not as a very profound or acute mind, but as a pure and courageous spirit, which has so far been true to itself.

The sermons here are almost entirely upon secular topics, and are rather more remarkable for political than religious liberality, for they distinctly pronounce against the personal government and military spirit of Cæsarism. The biographical sketch is slight, but interesting.

The Elements of Tachygraphy. Illustrating the First Principles of the Art, with their Adaptation to the Wants of Literary, Professional, and Business Men. Designed as a Text-Book for Classes and Private Instruction. By DAVID PHILIP LINDSLEY. Boston: Otis Clapp.

WE have a real pleasure in speaking of this system of shorthand, to which the inventor has given the longest and ugliest name he could contrive. Its principles are so clear and simple that they can be understood with an hour's study; and a week's practice will put the student in possession of an art which will relieve him of half the pain and labor of writing. Until a writing-machine is invented (without which our century is still as benighted, in one respect, as any since the invention of the alphabet), Mr. Lindsley's system must seem the greatest possible benefaction. Phonography is a science to which months of study must be given, and in the acquirement of which the memory is burdened with a multitude of arbitrary and variable signs; while in Tachygraphy the letters are almost invariable, and as easily memorized as the ordinary Roman characters; a single impulse of the hand forms each letter; there are as few detached marks as in ordinary chirography; and the writing is fluent and easy. As with other easy writing, the hardness is in the reading; not because each letter is not perfectly distinct and intelligible, but because words in the common printing and writing are less assemblages of letters speaking to the mind than pictures appealing to the eye. This, however, will trouble the beginner only; and the art is at once available in the carefuller kinds of literary work, where the writer copies and copies again. Of course, in Tachygraphy the lunatical vagaries of English orthography are unknown; the spelling is phonetic, — and this is another drawback, so used are we to the caprices of an orthography of which no burlesque can be half so absurd as itself. But this difficulty also is easily overcome, and, after a little practice, the learner finds himself spelling sanely with a sensation of absolute pleasure.

The chirography which Mr. Lindsley has invented is very graceful; and we should think that it could never be so ill written as the ordinary kind. What degree of speed may be attainable in it, or whether it could advantageously supplant phonography in reporting, we do not know; but we feel certain that to editors, clergymen, and the whole vast and increasing body of literary men, it must prove a great advantage; and we commend it to the attention of teachers as a system which might very well be taught in schools.

Memoir and Writings of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. New and Complete Edition. New York: The Tribune Association. 6 vols. 12mo.

IT is very fitting that a new and permanent edition of the writings of Margaret Fuller Ossoli should proceed from the New York Tribune Association. It was the Tribune which first gave her a wider public than her Boston coterie; and perhaps no other newspaper would then have ventured to enlist such genius and such cul-

ture as hers for the production of "human nature's daily food" in the way of book-notices. It was putting Pegasus in harness; and some of us can still remember how Pegasus reared and plunged, and snorted defiance to other winged steeds, which snorted yet more violently back. But after all it was a great epoch when she lingered in that harness; and the authorling of to-day, turning over these brilliant and pungent pages, must wish that some successor of Margaret Fuller yet lived, to pronounce his doom with as superb a scorn. We have more deliberate and more judicious critics still among us, and some quite as impulsive; but who pronounces doom so brilliantly? Who wields a scymitar so keen as hers, by which, as in the Arabian tale, the victim was decapitated without knowing it until he shook his head?

Utterly free from unfair personalities herself, she had yet an occasional superciliousness of manner, even when she aimed at humility; and this brought down very bitter personalities on her head. Before these were at their height, she had left America, and had exchanged literature for life, as she erelong exchanged time for eternity. But the literary antagonisms she called forth may have only added zeal to the friendships she won, — and no American woman perhaps has had so many or so honorable friendships. The memoirs which precede this edition are a sort of votive offering of personal regard; and coming as they do from some of the most gifted among the men of her time, they constitute just the tribute her nature would have craved. The other volumes contain all of her writings that are likely to be preserved for posterity, and these were selected with the greatest care by her brother Arthur, who has since died a death almost as dramatic as her own.

The essay on "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," with some companion papers, fills one volume; the three others being respectively devoted to her travels, under the name of "At Home and Abroad"; to her papers on "Art, Literature, and the Drama"; and to other papers not very distinct in character from these, under the vaguer title of "Life Without and Life Within." These all show the same qualities, — a varied but rather irregular and unequal scholarship; wonderful "lyric glimpses" of thought, as Emerson called them; a steady elevation of aim; an impatience, not always courteous, of shallowness or charlatanism in others; a high appreciation of artistic excellence, without the constructive power necessary for its attainment. For want of this, an impression of inadequacy and incompleteness attaches to her completest works; yet the latest are usually the best, and indicate the steady literary progress that would probably have been hers had not a higher step in progress occurred instead. As it is, there is probably no American author, save Emerson, who has planted so many germs of high thought in other minds.

It is certain that in many high literary qualities she has left no equal among American women, and very few among American men. With the generation that knew her will depart much of the prestige of her personal influence, and all the remembrance of whatever unattractive qualities may have alloyed it. This will leave her purely intellectual influence to exert its full weight, for a time at least, on those who are to come. She will still be, for a generation certainly, one of the formative influences of the American mind. How her reputation, or anybody's, will endure the terrible winnowing of a hundred years is something which no contemporary can foretell.

Art-Thoughts. The Experiences and Observations of an American Amateur in Europe. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

THERE are two ways of educating the public in a knowledge and appreciation of the Fine Arts: one, by making it actually familiar with the best works of art; the other, by right statement and criticism of what has been done, and speculation on what should be done, by artists in their several departments of work. The first is indispensable, if any high standard of excellence in art is to be attained. The second is of less importance, but still highly useful. The beautiful in art, no less than in nature, "is its own excuse for being," and will sooner or later find a response in the popular mind. Still, so long as some people will say of a work of art, "This is so," and others, "It is not so," we owe a debt always to those who, combining a love and knowledge of art with the capacity of writing well about it, publish the results of their thoughts, and help us to some means of judging it.

We confess to never having got much

satisfaction from mere theorizing and philosophizing about art. Mr. Ruskin did excellent service in deposing some of the idols of the past, and placing Claude, Salvator Rosa, Gaspar Poussin, and others, just where they belong; but we could not accompany this iconoclast when he lifted up Turner as a greater idol, and offered incense to him alone, as the completest genius of the age. And as to those didactic essays in the second volume of his Modern Landscape Painters, such efforts are little better, it seems to us, than most treatises of doctrinal theology. The true artist will find his art-creed expressed in a very few words, just as the Christian believer may sum up his faith in the simple formula of the New Testament, "Love to God and man."

We hear it frequently asserted by artists, provoked by the stings and arrows of outrageous criticism in the papers, that no person but an artist should undertake to be an art critic. There may be some truth in this assertion. So far as criticism is concerned with the form, the style, and execution of the work, artists should be the best critics, for the very good reason, namely, that their knowledge is experimental. But art is idea as well as expression. And it may be said that, of the idea embodied in a work of art, those who are "outsiders" may be as competent to judge as the artist. It is even argued that they may be better qualified, for the very reason that they are not tempted, as the artist is, to sink the idea in the sensuous expression. However this may be, it is clear enough that those who write of art should at least have a natural love of it; they must have the artistic temperament and eye, and a long familiarity, through observation and study, with what they propose to talk about. Certainly, if the artist be intelligent and cultivated, in a larger than a mere professional way, his thoughts about art should have special weight. The artists at any rate should take the initiative in the field of criticism. If we could collect all that is said candidly and without prejudice by *all* of them, say at some public exhibition, and have it clearly expressed, we should come nearer getting the *cream* of criticism than in any other way.

This, however, does not seem to be the popular notion. Anybody, it is thought, who can write well, and uses his eyes, can write about art. None but scientific students should criticise a work on science; none but financiers are held qualified to speak of finance; none but musical people may speak authoritatively of music; none but literary people, with a love for poetry, and capacity for appreciating it, should review a poem. But any scribbler in the daily papers can rush into the artist's studio, or the Academy of Design, and dash off a popular bit of art criticism. It only needs good eyes, and a little familiarity with sculpture and painting, it seems, to judge of art. Why should it require more than is needed to judge of the aspects of nature?

In America, unfortunately, very few persons of literary power trouble themselves with writing about art. It is not yet made a specialty as in Europe. Here the standard of art is not fixed. It has entirely changed during the last quarter of a century, and is still changing. Names and reputations which then loomed up as the brightest have been eclipsed by those of younger men. In the landscape department especially, our painters have gone far ahead of what passed for excellent when Cole, Durand, and Doughty were the fashion. In every department of art there is a demand for higher themes and better works. The conventional, the academic, pale before subjects drawn fresh from nature, and embodying some original idea or sentiment, in exactness and finish of execution. Besides, American art has to compete with European art. Our best private collections of pictures are drawn chiefly from France, Belgium, and Germany.

Art criticism with us is very much inferior to the average criticism on books, far behind that on music and musical performers. Such is the prevalent uncertainty in the public mind as to what is really good in art, that editors and their readers are apt to welcome any clever writer who undertakes to do the "art notices" for them. Mr. Jarves's books are about the only earnest and authoritative works of this kind we know of in America. In the papers and magazines we have had a great deal of so-called criticism, from the soft "mush-of-concession" style to the intensely patronizing, the satirical, the carping, the savage; of genuine, wise, large, appreciative art criticism, almost nothing. We are disposed, therefore, to make the most of a writer who enters this difficult field with sound and various knowledge, and a zeal nearly always balanced by a sense of justice.

The author of "Art-Thoughts" has long been known, here and abroad, as a learned

connoisseur and collector, chiefly of pictures by the old masters, and as a writer whose opinions are enlightened, earnest, and independent. Though not, like Mr. Ruskin, an artist, he shows that he is familiarly acquainted with art, old and new; and his evident knowledge and appreciation of his subject, his usually excellent criticisms, his clear and vigorous style, entitle him to a high rank as a writer in this department. In this, his latest book, he goes over a very wide space historically, treating of the Pagan and Christian idea in art, the art and religion of Etruria, comparing classical and Christian art, and discussing architecture, modern Italian art, life and religion, the art of Holland, Belgium, Spain, Germany, England, Japan, China, France. He has something, but not much, to say of American art; and his closing chapters treat of Minor Arts, Amateurship, and the Art of the Future. On all these topics he has excellent things to say. His tone is thoughtful and discriminating. He is not unduly biassed by any clique or school. He shows a healthy tendency to appreciate the idea in art, and yet a delicate and acute sense of what is best in style and execution. We find ourselves agreeing with him generally in his thoughts about the old masters, and in his characterization of most of the modern French and English painters. There is truth, too, in what he says of American art. Yet there is here a tone of depreciation which shows less thorough acquaintance with our best works. Such observations as the following we regard as out of keeping with Mr. Jarves's usual sound judgment: —

"Indeed, it is not uncommon to find successful artists, as regards making money, who have begun life as traders, mechanics, or writers. There is so little real artistic fibre as yet, that most of those engaged in the one career would have met with equal success in the other, had circumstances drawn them to it. Of art, as genius, we have none; as the expression of an æsthetic constitution and ambition, very little; of conscientious study and profound knowledge, even less; but, as the fruit of the demand-and-supply principle of business, much. An increasing number of persons engage in art for no sincere purpose except speedily to become rich; their credit, like that of merchants, being based on the amount of business they do."

There is no doubt a certain amount of truth in these statements, but it is exaggerated. Besides, it applies no less to European than to American artists. The mercantile spirit among artists is peculiar to no one country. And we regret to see Mr. Jarves make the mistake of asserting that it exists any more among Americans than among any other people. He has been misled by having his attention drawn too exclusively to the pecuniary successes of a few of our painters and sculptors, whose works happen to be very popular. Then, as to money-making, how can Mr. Jarves suppose that art as a *business*, bringing sure and solid pecuniary profit, can be, except in very rare cases, in the remotest degree comparable with the thousand other avenues to wealth, open to enterprise and industry in America?

Another error we think he falls into, namely, that artists in general are not the best judges of art. We have already indicated our views on this point. Mr. Jarves says: —

"The best judges of objects of art in general are found, not among artists, but those who stake their money and reputation on them as dealers, restorers, or connoisseurs. Most artists limit their instruction to a speciality of their epoch. Seldom do they interest themselves in what does not immediately concern their own studies or aims. As a class, they are more indifferent to old art of any kind, and less versed in its history, character, motives, and methods, than amateurs."

But in his subsequent observations he indirectly admits that amateurs and collectors are apt to fall into mistakes about the real value of objects of art. Artists, it is true, may be easily deceived as to the *authenticity* of this or that "old master"; for to become a sharp detective in this line requires a training rather outside an artist's legitimate education. This is the connoisseur's work. But as to the *genuine worth* of objects of art, old and new, irrespective of names and reputations, it seems to us educated artists are far less liable to err, because with them a perception of form, drawing, color, tone, style, composition, light and shade, and in fine all that goes to make up a picture (and the same applies to sculpture), is the result of mental constitution and long and habitual training *in the direction of nature and art*, and not, as with the collector, founded on mere study and comparison of works of this or that school, or age, or country.

Among the small mistakes of the author

is that of classing William Page with the idealists in painting. To our mind Mr. Page stands as one of our foremost realists. He does nothing well unless the original is always before his eye. Again, Mr. Jarves makes Messrs. Moore and Farrer exact literalists as to "truth in design and *hue*." Now, whatever excellence may be claimed for them as draughtsmen, few have discovered that they succeed in getting anywhere near the *color* of natural forms. This literal color of the landscape is just where they fail. Nor are we any better satisfied with what seems to us an under-estimate of Mr. Story, and an over-estimate of Miss Hosmer, as sculptors.

Not the least of Mr. Jarves's merits as a critic is the constant prominence he gives to the idea in art, as well as to the harmony which should subsist between it and the expression.

We feel that though the formula of soul and body, substance and form, idea and expression, applicable to all art, is trite enough, it has nearly always been practically ignored, and especially in this age, which is so fertile in easy material for thought to work in. In art the idea or sentiment must be embodied in a *definite* and prescribed form, which form is imposed with unyielding strictness. Yet by these limitations art is not fettered, but rather assisted. The painter is not restrained by the size, shape, and flatness of his canvas. The sculptor is not balked by his sticky clay or his hard marble. The musician uses his rules of counterpoint as so many necessary stepping-stones, piers, or abutments for the golden bridge of his divine symphony. The poet blesses the fourteen-line prison of the sonnet. The form must be impregnated with the idea, but must always remain perfect as form. So, in proportion as thought scorns its limits and overflows its dikes and breaks down its barriers, it degenerates from true art, no less than when it fails to fill out the form, and dribbles away in puny rills or stagnates in dull pools.

The artist's work differs from that of the prophet, the preacher, the political editor, the reformer, the philosopher, and all who seek to impress by the simple enunciation of an idea, or by a process of ratiocination. Theirs is the blast of the bugle or the play of a melody, — the meaning uttered almost anyhow, so that it be understood. But the artist is concerned about *harmonious* utterance. He presides not over the speaking-trumpet or the Alpine horn, — though a thousand echoes answer, — but over some grand organ, or whatever instrument may best represent the complete orchestral beauty and harmony of inspired thought. From a necessity of his æsthetic constitution, he must hold his thought in suspense till it is fitly embodied in a beautiful form; and, this done, the form must not prove so fascinating as to enervate and subjugate the fresh vigor and truth of his thought.

When we come to apply this test to the works of art of the century, it will be found that those which fulfil the large requirements hoped for in respect to truth and beauty of expression are but a slender proportion of the whole.

Somehow the age seems to groove out channels for art in a material, rather than an intellectual and æsthetic, direction. The idea and sentiment are lost in the embodiment, till the body is gradually vitiated by hopeless mannerism.

Powers makes us a statue or bust which is a faultless form, no more. The French painters carry cleverness of manipulation to intolerable excess. The triumph of the English school in water-colors makes mannerists of them, and infects their oil-painting with feebleness and falsity. The German landscapes seem nearly all ground out of the same mill. Music runs into strained effects, and excessive flourish and ornament; and those are accounted the best performers who astonish most by musical gymnastics and pyrotechnics. Poetry loses its simplicity of thought and feeling, and degenerates into exquisiteness of rhythm, or stilted and artificial diction. The artist's hand gets the better of his thought, and runs away with him, the thought being too puny to inspire and guide it. And so, as Emerson says, "Man is subdued by his instruments."

Go into our galleries, and you will see line after line of pictures where there is absolutely the washiest dilution of thought, the feeblest gleam of feeling, while in many cases the painting may be perfect as painting. You will see the same sort of thing repeated over and over again, with little variation, till you wonder if there be any originality or freshness, any force of invention, left among the painters. Exceptions, of course, there are. We only speak now of the general tendency to tame, monotonous levels of thought. We would rather see the artists content themselves with sketches, rough and vigorous, or soft and tender, where there is nevertheless a sentiment expressed,

or, on the other hand, adopt the extreme hard realistic style of treating nature, than have this perpetual surfeit of mannerism, — these annually recurring *réchauffés* of something already done, — these crowds of eye-pleasing canvases, signifying nothing, exciting no thrill of delight, and having no magnetic attraction for us after we have once passed them.

For the test of a true work of art is the power it has to draw us again and again into its presence. This holds in painting and sculpture, as in music and poetry. Something must be there which, over and above the material form, fascinates the soul. Without this, the beautiful body of art can never fulfil to the mind its promise to the eye.

The artists seem generally more occupied with their vocabulary than their idea. The old complaint against them comes up continually, that they tend to be too academic. They need the influence of a more realistic school. While they grapple with the difficulties of art, they must, Antæus-like, touch earth again and again, forever drawing new strength and refreshment from Nature.

The reaction toward realism has shown itself to some extent in America; but its decided exhibition has been confined to certain peculiar little pictures, by a few young landscapists, who have apparently spurned all the rules and teachings of the masters, and have struck out what they call a "new path" for themselves. If we take any pleasure in their works, it is solely that we see an earnest attempt to get at the literal truth of nature, in a way entirely outside all accepted canons. After our surfeit of vapid and conventional pictures, there is refreshment even in some of these raw productions. But there are signs of a healthier and more enlightened realism among us, — a realism which accepts those rules in art founded on law (the laws of color and tone, for instance, which are quite as imperative as the laws of harmony in music), and rejects only rules derived from a pedantic academicism.

On the other hand, we are not insensible of the value of the old masters to the artist. For we do not think any artist has completed his education till he has attained some familiarity with the best of them. But even *their* value is to be tested by the same law by which we test all art. Here, we think, Mr. Jarves shows a tendency to confound the connoisseur with the critic in art. The connoisseur may live so long among the old masters, genuine or copies, as to come to imagine the learning of the *expert* and the knowledge and perception of the artist to be one and the same thing. However, the broad and healthy tone of Mr. Jarves's book shows that he is generally free from undue bias in the direction of the old masters solely on the ground of their reputation.

We cannot conclude this notice without testifying to the fresh and elevated tone of thought running through this book. Mr. Jarves's theological views are enlightened and humane; his idea of man's nature and destiny large and cheering; and the future he foresees for America is one of the highest culture and development.

ATLANTIC ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

No. CXLVIII. FEBRUARY, 1870.

MR. DICKENS'S NEW NOVEL. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., the authorized American publishers of Charles Dickens's Works, have the pleasure of announcing that Mr. Dickens's New Story will appear first in this country in the columns of EVERY SATURDAY. The Conductors of that Journal will reprint the Novel from advance sheets furnished by the author. The various chapters of the story are to be placed before the American reader simultaneously with their publication in London.

EVERY SATURDAY, NEW SERIES FOR 1870. — The New Series of EVERY SATURDAY, Enlarged and Illustrated, has already established itself as a favorite. The continued freshness and variety of its letter-press have retained its old friends, while its superior full-page illustrations have commended it to the attention of a still increasing class of new readers.

The Conductors of "Every Saturday" have in preparation several novelties of unusual interest, among which may be mentioned MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW NOVEL. By a special arrangement with the author, the Story will be published in the columns of "Every Saturday" simultaneously with the appearance of the monthly parts in London. The serial will be begun in March.

The first number of the New Series of "Every Saturday" bears the date of January the 1st. The following extracts, selected from numerous commendatory notices, will indicate the favor with which the Journal, in its new dress, has been received by the press and the public: —

"The promise of 'Every Saturday's' prospectus has been more than kept. The first number of the new volume, of the date of the 1st January, 1870, is illustrated with three full-page pictures. Two are portraits, and to the life, of Tennyson and Lord Lytton. The third is from a painting of Gerome, the eminent French artist, a *replica* of which was for some time on exhibition at Knoedler's, in this city. The engraving is copied from the first number of the *Graphic*, the new illustrated weekly of London. Besides these pictures there is a caricature from *Punch*. The literary contents are varied and entertaining as of old. A new poem of Tennyson, in continuation of the "Northern Farmer," appears in print for the first time in the United States, and will be hailed with delight." — *N. Y. Evening Post.*

"The second number of the New Year is before us, in advance of publication, with four magnificent full-page wood engravings, one of which, from Boughton's 'Puritans going to Church,' covers two pages of the number. Other engravings are 'The Spanish Boy,' by Hurlstone; 'Decorating the Church,' by Miss Edwards, and 'Christmas Dreams,' by an unnamed artist; beside a picture from *Punch*. The 'Christmas Dreams' are those of two little children whose heads are on one pillow, like the 'Babes in the Tower,' but who are reserved for a much better fate. This is the most pleasing of all the illustrations, but all are good, and the number is worth a great deal more than the ten cents which it is sold for." — *Springfield Republican.*

"'Every Saturday' promises, in its new shape, to be a greater success than ever." — *N. Y. Tribune.*

"The change is no loss to those who care only for the reading matter, and adds considerable to its attractiveness as a family periodical.

"The great excellence of 'Every Saturday' is that by special arrangement with foreign authors the conductors of it are frequently able to give its readers many valuable papers simultaneously with their publication abroad. Among the authors whose writings are promptly reproduced are: —

"Alfred Tennyson, Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, Thomas Hughes, Alexandre Dumas, Mrs. Oliphant, Anthony Trollope, Matthew Arnold, Charles Kingsley, Edmund Yates, Robert Browning, Max Müller, Author of 'John Halifax,' George Sand, A. C. Swinburne, Professor Huxley, Jean Ingelow, Miss Thackeray, James Greenwood, W. Hepworth Dixon, and Gerald Massey." — *Chicago Journal.*

"Although completely changed in outward appearance, the journal still retains the literary qualities which have heretofore given it so high a reputation, and which will insure it popularity in its new dress." — *N. Y. Evening Express.*

"Comes to us in an enlarged form and clothed in a new and handsome garb. An illustrated journal of choice reading has long been needed to complete the admirable selection of periodical literature with which an American public is favored. The January number contains four full-page illustrations, and some of the freshest and best of foreign selections. We cordially welcome this handsome journal, and point to it with pride, as an evidence of the advanced intellectual cultivation which demanded its production." — *Cincinnati Chronicle.*

ADVENTURES OF CALEB WILLIAMS. — The frequent mention during the present Byron controversy of Godwin's "Caleb Williams" has excited a good deal of curiosity concerning this once famous novel. "Caleb Williams" is a powerfully told tale, and is worth reading on its own account. Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have issued an excellent pamphlet edition of the work, with the Preface, which Godwin, for political reasons, was induced to withdraw from the original edition of the book in 1794.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS. — In a review of "The Holy Grail and other Poems" a writer in the London Daily News remarks: —

"Mr. Tennyson has made the Arthurian legends his own. That which Spenser only fragmentarily performed, and with many wanderings from the path, — that which Milton proposed to himself as the work of his highest genius, but which he never even attempted, — that which Dryden contemplated, and Blackmore spoiled, — has been accomplished, or is now being accomplished, by the finest of our living poets. The same great subject has been treated by another living writer, — Lord Lytton, — but in a manner that will not bear comparison with the glorious

visions of Mr. Tennyson. It is he, we repeat, who has taken possession, beyond dispute or hope of rivalry, of the splendid circle of legends that close about the heroic figure of Arthur, as round their centre. The subject is worthy of the poet, as the poet is worthy of the subject. No system of legends in the world can surpass those of our early British history for grandeur, for grace, for pathos, for simple human dignity, for variety of character, for epic splendor of action, for beauty of scenery, for tenderness yet manliness of sentiment, or for the glory and mysterious light of a far-reaching enchantment, — "the light that never was on sea or land," — but which, coming from the heart of faery, and the depths of symbolism, steeps every forest and hillside, every mere and marish, every castle and palace, every towered city and every desert shore of this amazing realm, in the radiance of a transcendent spell. We doubt if even the Homeric legends can compete in richness with the Arthurian. The latter have a greater wildness, a more awful interchange of lights and shadows, proper to a northern land, and to a system of faith more spiritual and less definite than that of the Greeks; besides which, their details are more picturesque, — more abounding in fantasy and pageant, — more gorgeously emblazoned, so to speak, with knightly colors and heraldic devices, — more quaintly, strangely, and airily wrought, like a Gothic cathedral by moonlight as compared with a Doric temple by noonday. The mediæval character of the Arthurian legends is one of their most striking features; and this has been beautifully brought out by Mr. Tennyson, both in former volumes and in the present. . . . . There can be no question that this is noble poetry, — high imaginative insight and deep poetic sympathy, making real the unrealities of ancient fable, and clothing with the splendor and light of art the bare details of what, contemplated from any other point of view, might seem a puerile fancy. Poetic genius consecrates all it touches, and it does so by discerning the noble element latent in forms which common men would disregard. The fiction of the Holy Grail holds within it the beauty of an intense perception of the supernatural world, of profound devotion to a sentiment of courageous adventure and of religious aspiration. Mr. Tennyson has deeply felt all this, and has added to it the grandeur and grace of his own cultured intellect. Again, in his present volume, has he given admirable proof of his lofty sense of lofty things, his rich yet dignified fancy, his measured cadences, and his lordly command of our English tongue."

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS, ILLUSTRATED. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have just published George Eliot's Novels complete in two volumes, with the original engravings. This edition, like the author's Household Edition, includes "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Silas Marner," and "Scenes of Clerical Life."

GERALD MASSEY'S NEW VOLUME. — Mr. Tuckerman, in the course of a review of Gerald Massey's last work, "A Tale of Eternity and Other Poems," says: —

"We cannot forbear, at this benign season, to note a certain humane significance in the publication of this compact volume of pleasing and passionate, musical and earnest verse; because it embodies a singular triumph over social disadvantages, — a rare instance of vantage-ground seized in the face of prodigious obstacles, in that Kingdom of Mind, which it is the distinction of our age to honor and enlarge. Side by side with Lowell's 'Cathedral,' the offspring of high culture and prosperous literary leisure, comes forth the 'Dream of Eternity and Other Poems,' by an English peasant, who, to use his own pathetic language, *had no childhood;* born in a hovel, set to work in a manufactory at the age of eight, his earliest festal memory is the burning of the mill, whereby scores of infants, with himself, enjoyed a providential holiday. The hopeless future of the English poor laid hideously before that young soul; but his proved an exceptional destiny, — the secret whereof lies in the fact that he had a brave, tender, free-spirited, and intelligent mother; from her he inherited the gift and grace of a poet-soul, which, Carlyle declares, is Nature's masterpiece. From a factory-slave he became an errand-boy, — a vocation not less humble, but of wider scope and more salubrious and suggestive; moreover, his mother sent him to a penny-school; he learned to read; and, thenceforth, his mind worked on in sympathy with knowledge, his heart expanded in the spheres of love and beauty. It is the old, the sacred, the beautiful story; aspiration and patience learned at a mother's knee, — Genius braving Poverty, Life redeemed by Thought. The three first books which influenced the boy's development were Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, and Cobbett's Essays. Like Franklin, he was self-taught, but instead of an economical and scientific, his was a poetical and political tendency. The wrongs of his class fired his muse; the injustice of social monopolies haunted his mind; all wrong, cruelty, oppression, and baffled aspirations appealed to his sensibility. Like Burns, he knew intimately the divine possibilities and the terrible limitations of indigent and ignorant but capable and loving humanity; like Crabbe, he knew how to paint with graphic emphasis the trials and traits of humble and toilsome life; and like Elliot, he protested, with the eloquence born of experience, against the inhumanities of modern civilization in his native land. In *The Leader*, edited by Thornton Hunt, and in *The Christian Socialist*, conducted by clergymen of the Church of England, Gerald Massey's poems found a welcome place, and became at once popular. We once heard one of our most venerable poets and editors advise a young man, who wished to test his muse with the public by the issue of a volume of verses, to try first the ordeal of periodical literature as the surest criterion. In Gerald Massey's case, this test established his claim to the name of poet. The sincerity of his muse, the vividness of his fancy, the grace and fervor of his language, and the generous sympathies of his soul as expressed in his poems, gradually won him a large and eminent circle of friends. The Continental Revolution of 1848 excited his mind to more broad and distinct speculations, and identified his sentiments more than ever with progress and the advancement of the workingmen. The next year he established a cheap journal, whose contributors were exclusively drawn from that class; *The Spirit of Freedom* was a bold experiment and a remarkable success. Meantime, Gerald Massey continued to send forth his 'Lyrics of Love,' and 'Songs of Progress,' — titles which justly designate both the scope and spirit of his muse. A critic may easily find defects in Massey's poems; but these are few and far between, compared to the prevalent beauty of the language, and the power and pathos of his protests and pleas drawn from the heart."

The present volume is the first collection of Massey's Poems that has been made for several years, and includes much of his very highest work. The poem on Thackeray and the love-lyrics at the close of the book are noble specimens of Massey's most successful manner.

EMERSON'S NEW VOLUME. — Among the new books of the season, a fresh collection of Essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson stands pre-eminent. The larger portion of this volume, which takes its name from the opening

paper, "Society and Solitude," is now in type for the first time; and several of the other articles — reprinted from the yellowed pages of the old "Dial" — will be wholly new to the present generation of readers. Two or three of the most recent Essays, embodying the result of the author's ripest thought and scholarship, are already familiar to the reader, who will be glad to turn to them again in this handsomely printed volume. The topics Mr. Emerson treats of are, "Art," "Eloquence," "Civilization," "Domestic Life," "Farms," "Clubs," "Success," "Courage," "Works and Days," "Old Age," "Books," etc., etc. These pithy titles, however, are scarcely a fair index to the richness of the book. "Society and Solitude" is printed and bound uniform with Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s standard edition of Mr. Emerson's works. This book will soon be ready.

HISTORY OF THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT. — This volume is the third and last of Mr. William Swinton's remarkable series of histories of the War. In this work, says the Army and Navy Journal, "The author delineates and groups a series of picturesque incidents, which, though strictly confined to the record of one regiment, are really representative in their character, even as the 'Seventh Regiment National Guard' was, at the time of which we write, — to use the words of Stephen A. Douglas, — 'an unrivalled regiment of citizen soldiers.' And hence the book becomes one which not only the regiment and every man connected with it will take a certain pride in possessing, but which, we presume, all the National Guard, and even our militia in other States, many of whom have had pleasant connection with the Seventh, will peruse with interest and profit. As a work for general perusal, this volume must take a high place among the historic contributions out of which the ultimate history of the war will be written. It is one of those monographs in which great attention to detail results in a specific perfection that cannot be attained in any more sweeping history. As such, it is pretty certain to find its way into most private as well as public libraries of importance, and so to carry far and wide its record of what a single regiment of New York citizen soldiery did for the country in its hour of peril."

The New York *Evening Mail* says: "Regarded simply as a specimen of book-making it must be pronounced one of the most beautiful volumes for popular sale ever issued from the American press. The beautiful typography of the 'University Press,' the delicately tinted super-calendered paper, the generous margins, the tasteful binding, with the regimental monogram and device stamped on the cover, make it an elegant volume in itself. Thomas Nast, a member of the regiment, has contributed to it no less than twenty-nine characteristic designs. Among his subjects are his own painting of the 'March Down Broadway,' owned by Mr. James H. Ingersoll, of this city, and of which this is the only engraving ever published; an engraving of Ward's famous statue, soon to be placed in the Central Park; an engraving from Gifford's excellent painting, 'At Frederick,' now owned by the Regiment; 'Fort Federal Hill at Night'; 'Across Long Bridge'; 'In the Trenches'; two scenes from life on board transports; six or eight spirited scenes from life in field and camp; two of the 'March to Washington in 1861,' and so on.

"To all New-Yorkers, especially, this new work from Swinton's pen will be of surpassing interest. It is dignified in tone and eloquent in its tribute to our citizen soldiery. Elaborating with great care the details of the first movements of our militia to put down the Rebellion, it presents a vivid historic picture of the city of New York as it was in April, 1861. It is from such monographs, patiently, thoroughly, and brilliantly wrought out by competent historians, that the future history of the war must, in great part, be made. This present volume, as the latest work of the ablest of American military writers, will at once find a place of honor in all historical libraries, private as well as public."

THE HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF THACKERAY'S MISCELLANIES, published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., uniform with their popular editions of the works of George Eliot, Charles Reade, etc., is now complete. The fifth and concluding volume contains "Catherine: A Story," "The Fraser Miscellanies," and several papers of much interest which have hitherto escaped the editors of Thackeray's fugitive contributions to magazine literature. Thackeray's novels and miscellaneous writings can now be obtained in nine handsome uniform volumes for a very moderate price.

LADY BYRON VINDICATED, a "History of the Byron Controversy from its Beginning in 1816 to the Present Time," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, threatens to create as much discussion as was called forth by the writer's startling article in the "Atlantic Monthly" for September, 1869. Mrs. Stowe's volume is divided into three sections. The first division embraces the following chapters: I. "Introduction." II. "The Attack on Lady Byron." III. "Résumé of the Conspiracy." IV. "Results after Lord Byron's Death." V. "The Attack on Lady Byron's Grave." Part second contains: I. "Lady Byron as I knew her." II. "Lady Byron's Story as told me." III. "Chronological Summary of Events." IV. "The Character of the Two Witnesses compared." V. "The Direct Argument to prove the Crime." VI. "Physiological Argument." VII. "How could she love him?" VIII. "Conclusion." The third portion of the book gives us "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life," as originally published in the "Atlantic Monthly"; Lord Lindsey's Letter to the London Times; Dr. Forbes Winslow's Letter to the same; Extract from Lord Byron's expunged Letter to Murray, his publisher; Extracts from Blackwood's Magazine; Letters of Lady Byron to Henry Crabb Robinson; and several of Lord Byron's miscellaneous poems bearing on the subject under discussion.

THE CATHEDRAL. — The close of the old year, or, rather, the beginning of the new, has been fruitful in poetry. Within the space of a few weeks we have had a new volume by Gerald Massey ("A Tale of Eternity and Other Poems"), "The Cathedral," by Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Tennyson's long-promised continuation of the Athurian Legends. The works of the two English poets are described in another page; of Mr. Lowell's poem, the best of all the high praise it has received is spoken by the New York *Tribune*: —

"Mr. Lowell has here written, not a love-poem for the young ladies, — though it is an affair not to be despised, — but something for men and women who have lived, and doubted, and aspired, pondering the riddle of life here and the mystery of life in the world to come. Yet the work is as far as possible from being a sermon or an essay; for, however great in its spiritual meaning and intellectual power, it is above all things a poem, and has its chief and final excellence in beauty. Among the minor poets, we have our little likes and dislikes, as among our friends, without the strictest regard to their merits; some quite vague and undefined quality draws us to them or repulses us, and we like now one and now another, without being able to give any very good reason for being off with the old love and on with the new. But this is never the case with poets of Mr. Lowell's rank, and with regard to 'The Cathedral,' we may hazard so much prophecy as to say that whoever discerns its scope and perceives its meaning will be sensible that the powerful and positive qualities of the greatest and noblest poetry have won his

admiration. It gives at once the impression of grandeur about which there can be no question, and the reader feels that the lapse of time cannot make it more classic than it is now. It does not seem, like most new poetry, subject to the mood in which it is approached, and though perhaps, on the whole, it is more than any other poem expressive of modern thought and aspiration, there is nothing of literary fashion in it, — the thing which is so apt to charm and then so apt to weary us."

THE FIFTH VOLUME OF OUR YOUNG FOLKS, handsomely bound in cloth or morocco, forms one of the most attractive and instructive books that could be placed in the hands of youthful readers. "Fifty years ago," says the *Evening Traveller*, "'Mother Goose,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Philip Quarl' comprised a child's library. If his parents were unusually liberal, he might have a copy of 'Sandford and Merton,' or 'The Arabian Nights'; and when he owned *ten* books, he was the envied one of his playmates. After he had read through his little stock of literature, he was forced to content himself with stray copies of 'The Spectator,' a torn 'Hamlet,' or odd volumes of 'Rollin's Ancient History,' ransacked from half-forgotten chests of dead and gone relatives. No such thing as a good juvenile magazine existed. Sometimes an enterprising or rather foolish firm started one, but it generally died for want of subscribers. If a boy of 1819 could have seen the volume of 'Our Young Folks' which now lies before us, he would have cried, 'Eureka!' — or, what is quite as probable, 'Gosh!' — and have left Mr. Barlow in disgust. The editors of the 'Young Folks' have done their duty, as the index of authors to this volume shows. Among the contributors are Parton, Trowbridge, Aldrich, Mrs. Stowe, and many others of our best writers, besides Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock). The chief tale of the year has been Mr. Aldrich's 'Story of a Bad Boy,' — and a better one has never appeared in the magazine, — and this is saying considerable, when we remember that Mayne Reid, Kellogg, and Carleton have contributed to it. For 1870 the publishers promise a serial story by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, besides many other attractions, including stories by Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Trowbridge, and others. The tone of the magazine has always been high; and for their endeavors to raise the tone of juvenile literature (in which they have been ably seconded by the editors), they deserve the thanks of all. We would suggest, however, that the musical system instituted by Mr. Eichberg, in 1868, be resumed during 1870."

It is the intention of the Editors of "Our Young Folks" to make the new volume, which begun with January, as excellent in every respect as its predecessors.

A PHYSICIAN'S PROBLEMS, by Charles Elam, M. D. — "The subjects treated of in this work are Natural Heritage, Degeneration in Man, Moral and Criminal Epidemics, Body *versus* Mind, Illusions and Hallucinations, Somnambulism, Revery, and Abstraction. Under the fifth of these the author examines the Demon of Socrates, and the Amulet of Pascal, denying that the former person had a morbid mental affection, but affirming it of the latter. With most startling facts the author traces the existing causes of degeneracy in the human family. Among the most active of these he enumerates the use of alcoholic liquors and of opium. We do not doubt that he makes out a case that both physical and mental peculiarities are inherited; a horrid thought certainly to those parents who spoil mind or body. He sufficiently guards the point of moral responsibility in this connection, for this inherited evil does not render right doing impossible, but only more difficult. The work deals in most difficult but most interesting problems, both physical and psychical. The facts of the book should be a wall of fire against the use of stimulants, — alcoholic or narcotic, and against all personal abuses. Its moral tone is excellent, and its theological bearings not so very objectionable. It is an important and useful volume." — *N. W. Chr. Advocate.*

CONCORD SKETCHES. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have now ready a few copies of this novel and attractive work, a series of twelve large photographs, from sketches of localities and objects of literary and historical interest in the old town of Concord, Massachusetts, accompanied by letter-press descriptions. The volume is edited by Miss Louisa M. Alcott, and the original designs were drawn by Miss May Alcott. The interest felt in old Concord is by no means a local one. The New York *Nation* says: "Hawthorne lived there, and Emerson lives there; thence proceeded and proceeds the best work yet done in American literature, and the most fruitful native influence that has yet reached the scholarly mind of the country. At all events, it is with Concord that Hawthorne is associated in the popular mind; and as for Emerson, it may be said that his home has always been there. Many persons, then, both here and abroad, will be pleased to hear of the new book of Concord Sketches which Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. are about to publish, or, rather, of which they are selling at private sale a small edition. It is a large folio volume, containing twelve photographs from sketches made by Miss May Alcott. Each one represents some scene in the village and its environs, which has found mention in the books of Hawthorne, Emerson, Alcott, and Thoreau. 'The rude bridge that arched the flood,'

'Where once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world';

the Old Manse; the hut of Walden Pond, where the conceited and perverse Thoreau played hermit in so curious a fashion; Emerson's house; Hawthorne's wayside bench; and half a dozen more spots, — some of them known to the admirers of the poet and the romancer, and none of them without interest, — have given Miss Alcott her subjects. The sketches are not pretentious at all, but they answer their purpose very well indeed. That is, they do if they are as truthful as we suppose, — a point we cannot settle."

To the student of American history and literature this book will possess rare charms. The publishers have prepared only a limited number of copies.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE CATHEDRAL. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. 1 vol. 16mo. With three Illustrations. Morocco cloth, $1.25.

A TALE OF ETERNITY, and other Poems. By GERALD MASSEY. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 376. *Cabinet Edition.* Morocco cloth, $2.00.

HISTORY OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, National Guard, State of New York, during the War of the Rebellion: with a preliminary chapter on the Origin and early History of the Regiment, a Summary of its History since the War, and a Roll of Honor, comprising brief Sketches of the Services rendered by Members of the Regiment in the Army and Navy of the United States. By WILLIAM SWINTON, A. M., author of "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," etc. Illustrated by THOMAS NAST. 1 vol. 8vo. Tinted paper, bevelled boards, morocco cloth. pp. 501. With Steel Portraits of Colonels Lefferts and Clark. $5.00.

LADY BYRON VINDICATED: A History of the Byron Controversy, from its Beginning in 1816 to the Present Time. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 482. Morocco cloth, $1.50.

ADVENTURES OF CALEB WILLIAMS. By WILLIAM GODWIN. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 128. Paper cover. 50 cents.

ESSAYS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY: being designed to explain and defend the Policy of PROTECTION TO HOME INDUSTRY. By HORACE GREELEY. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 384. Cloth, $1.50.

These books can be procured of Booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., Boston.

THREE NEW BOOKS.

ESSAYS

DESIGNED TO ELUCIDATE THE

SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY,

While serving to explain and defend the policy of Protection to Home Industry, as a system of National Co-operation for the Elevation of Labor.

By HORACE GREELEY.

1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

One volume. 16mo. Cloth, bevelled, $2.00.

This new collection of Essays contains several papers never before printed. Among the subjects treated in this volume are the following :—

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE,	CIVILIZATION,
ART,	ELOQUENCE,
DOMESTIC LIFE,	FARMING,
WORKS AND DAYS,	BOOKS.

[NEARLY READY.]

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANIES.

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

The fifth and last volume, including CATHERINE, the FRASER MISCELLANIES, and much hitherto uncollected matter.

One volume. 16mo. Nearly 600 pages. $1.25.

[NEARLY READY.]

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers,
124 Tremont Street, Boston.

THE STORY
OF
A BAD BOY.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

1 vol. $1.50.

"One of the best boys' books we have ever read." — *Philadelphia Post.*

"The best juvenile story of modern production that it has been our fortune to read." — *Boston Commonwealth.*

"The most natural story ever written." — *New Haven Palladium.*

"An admirable specimen of what a boy's story should be." — *Boston Advertiser.*

"The story is now recognized as unequalled in literature." — *Rochester Democrat.*

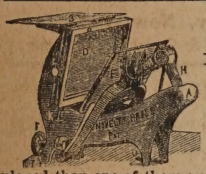
*** *For sale by all booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD.
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Each number contains twenty pages of new music and interesting reading. Only $1.00 per annum. Elegant premiums for clubs. Specimen copies with a large amount of choice music and new premium list, sent on receipt of 10 cents. Address

S. BRAINARD & SONS, Publishers,
Cleveland, Ohio.



DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
WITH A
Novelty Printing Press.

The only low-priced press ever made that will do good work. No greater convenience can be added to any business office, and no more valuable means of advertising can be employed than one of these presses and a few dollars' worth of type. No more useful, entertaining, or instructive present can be made to any boy than one of these presses and a small quantity of printing material. He would find it a never-failing source of instruction, pleasure, and profit.

Price of Presses, $15, $30, $32, $50.

Send for full descriptive illustrated circulars with testimonials from all parts of the country, and specimens of plain and color printing done on the press, and specimen sheets of Types, Borders, Cuts, Rules, &c., to

BENJ. O. WOODS, Proprietor,
351 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

THE TROTTY BOOK.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, Author of "The Gates Ajar." Profusely illustrated by S. EYTINGE, JR., and LIZZIE B. HUMPHREY. $1.50.

"We have admired this young gentleman from our first acquaintance with him in "Our Young Folks," where a portion of his biography has appeared. He is one of those little four-year-old family pets that everybody loves, and keep everybody busy in looking after them. He is a genius in his way, and his way is a very human one. A bright, joyous, and yet natural delineation of child-life is in the power of but few, and Miss Phelps is one of the few." — *N. Y Christian Advocate.*

"The Trotty Book, by the author of 'Gates Ajar,' is a wonderfully amusing book for children, the exploits of a child as full of mischief as an egg of meat. It is handsomely published with beautiful pictures." — *New York Observer.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I purchased a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine about ten years ago, and while learning to use it, without instruction, broke one needle; after that, for more than nine years, I had the machine in almost daily use, doing all my family sewing and very much for friends and others, and instructed seven persons in the use of the machine without breaking a needle. My machine has never cost one penny for repairs. I have sewed hours with a worrysome babe in my lap, working upon fabrics of the most delicate texture, as well as upon men's and boys' clothes of the heaviest material. I have made garments for the cradle, the bridal, the hospital, and the funeral. Entering into every vicissitude of life, my machine has become as it were a part of my being.

MEXICO, N. Y. MRS. M. L. PECK.

HOVEY'S
Illustrated Seed Catalogue,
And Guide to the
FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN,
FOR 1870, IS NOW READY,

and will be sent by mail to all applicants on receipt of Twenty-Five Cents, and to our regular customers free of charge.

HOVEY & CO.,
53 North Market Street, Boston.

NOW READY.
Charles Reade's Great Story
Put Yourself in His Place,
PART FIRST.

One volume, octavo. Elegantly Illustrated. Price, $1.00. Containing all published in the "Galaxy" up to the January number.

This great story will be continued in the "Galaxy" most of the year 1870.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE will be sent with the "Galaxy" for 1870 on receipt of $4.00, which is the regular subscription price for the "Galaxy."

THE GALAXY NOW STANDS AT THE HEAD OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.
SUSAN FIELDING.
A NOVEL, BY MRS. EDWARDS.

Author of "Archie Lovell" and "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman."

One volume, octavo. Elegantly Illustrated. Cloth, $2.00; paper, $1.25.

Also, New Editions of
ARCHIE LOVELL.
A NOVEL, BY MRS. EDWARDS.

One volume, octavo. Illustrated. Cloth, $1.75; paper, $1.00.

Steven Lawrence, Yeoman.
A NOVEL, BY MRS. EDWARDS.

One volume, octavo. Illustrated. Cloth, $2.00; paper, $1.25.

SHELDON & COMPANY, Publishers,
New York.

"*AN UNUSUALLY SUGGESTIVE AS WELL AS INSTRUCTIVE BOOK.*"—PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

A PHYSICIAN'S PROBLEMS.

By CHARLES ELAM, M.D., M.R.C.P.

1 vol. 16mo. $1.75.

CONTENTS.—NATURAL HERITAGE; ON DEGENERATIONS IN MAN; ON MORAL AND CRIMINAL EPIDEMICS; BODY *v.* MIND; ILLUSIONS AND HALLUCINATIONS; THE DEMON OF SOCRATES; THE AMULET OF PASCAL; ON SOMNAMBULISM; REVERY AND ABSTRACTION.

"The author here touches upon topics which are most fascinating to the mind, those which lie in the brotherhood of spirit and body, and always attract us. And he has treated them with the learning of a scholar and the practical sense of a trained medical man. It is a volume which we read with decided zest, for its discussions have a sort of personal interest; and besides, the reader is constantly refreshed by anecdotes, instances, references to literary men and the habits of great men, by whatever, in short, in expression will throw light upon the problems considered."—*Hartford Courant.*

"While we are not prepared to accept all his views, or to admit that the argument is concluded where he has left it, we cannot hesitate to recognize the unusual ability with which he has treated his 'problems,' nor to admit his general spirit of fairness in discussion, and desire to evolve the truth. This book will not be laid aside and forgotten with the mere reading of it, but will lead thoughtful men into ways of inquiry and discovery."—*Albany Journal.*

"The essays are very thoughtful and able, indicating wide research, varied learning, and continuous reflection. They are thoroughly scientific, and yet they do not at all ignore the moral and religious bearings of the discussions, and the tone is never allowed to be irreverent or the utterances egotistic and impatient. The great influence of physiological laws and forces upon mental development and character is indeed asserted with great emphasis, but there is no such philosophical fatalism as appears in the works of Buckle and Draper. Physicians, psychologists, theologians, social reformers, and Christian statesmen, who are willing to think, will find the volume instructive, and suggesting even more than it tells."—*Morning Star.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,

Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

AMATEUR CULTIVATOR'S GUIDE TO THE Flower & Kitchen Garden

24th edition of this popular work, which has met with so much favor in the past, is now ready. It has been re-written and improved, printed with new type, and on fine paper, illustrated with a beautiful Lithograph, and many other fine engravings from nature. It contains full description and the culture of over 1500 leading varieties of Flowers and Vegetables; also descriptive list of the novelties of the present season; to which is added a collection of 200 choice French Hybrid Gladiolus. This work, we feel confident, will compare favorably with any similar one.

From Levi Bartlett, Warner, N. H.

"I have received a copy of your superbly gotten up Amateur Cultivator's Guide. I think it far ahead of anything of the kind ever before issued from the American press."

Sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents for paper cover, and 50 cents for tastefully bound in cloth.

WASHBURN & CO., Boston, Mass.

$2000 a Year and Expenses

To agents, to sell the celebrated WILSON SEWING MACHINES. The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* **One Machine without Money.** For further particulars address THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

THE FAIRY EGG,

AND WHAT IT HELD. By Three Friends. Finely Illustrated by LUCY GIBBONS. $1.50.

"An attractive little volume of stories embodying pleasant fancies for children. They are founded on the legends of Mother Goose and other traditions that belong to the earliest and most orthodox of childhood's narratives, and are woven with piquant freedom into the relations by the three authors who contribute to the text. One of these, Miss Lucy Gibbons, is also its illustrator, and she has made some capital pictures too, full of spirit and humor, and contributing much to the value of the book."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE.

My ANNUAL CATALOGUE, containing a list of many novelties, besides all the standard vegetables of the garden (*over* 100 *of which are of my own growing*), with a choice selection of Flower Seed, will be forwarded *gratis* to all. I warrant my seed shall prove as represented. I warrant it shall reach each purchaser. I warrant all money forwarded shall reach me. Send for a Catalogue.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

LAW AND BANKING OFFICE.

PITKIN C. WRIGHT,

DEWITT, CLINTON CO., IOWA.

Money loaned for a term of years on unencumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, net, payable annually. Interest collected when due. *All charges* paid by borrower. Have been in business over seven years.

PARTIES HAVING MONEY TO INVEST, PLEASE NOTICE.

EXECUTRIX SALE

OF THE

FINE-ART COLLECTION

OF THE LATE

THOMAS THOMPSON, Esq.

By H. H. LEEDS & MINER, Auctioneers, Art Galleries, 817 & 819 Broadway,

NEW YORK,

Commencing Monday, February 7th, and continuing day and evening until the entire collection shall be sold.

This collection is believed to be the most extensive and valuable ever owned in the United States. **Valued about $500,000.** Comprising more than a thousand pictures from celebrated European artists, from the 15th century to the present time, including many originals of great value, also many hundred Paintings from celebrated American artists.

The entire collection will be sold without reserve or limitation, to close the estate.

The Catalogue, a book of more than 100 closely printed pages, will be forwarded on receipt of 25 cents. Address the Auctioneers.

G. BUCKINGHAM, JR. *Late with Jay Cooke & Co.* | J. M. BROWN. *Late of A. H. Brown & Co.*

BUCKINGHAM & BROWN,

BANKERS,

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

No. 6 Wall St., New York.

Orders in Stocks, Bonds, and Gold executed on commission. Interest allowed on deposits.

SHEARS AND SCISSORS.

MANUFACTURED BY

HENRY SEYMOUR & CO., 52 Beekman St., N.Y.

New and elegant in design, of superior material and workmanship, and elegant finish. The blades are secured by a simple contrivance, and the screw *cannot possibly* work loose. Every pair warranted. Sent by mail, post-free, on receipt of

For Ladies' Shears (*ordinary size*) . **$1.00**
Family Shears (*larger handles*) . . **$1.50**

The DOLLAR Sun.

CHAS. A. DANA, EDITOR.

The cheapest, smartest, and best New York newspaper. Everybody likes it. Three editions: DAILY, $6; SEMI-WEEKLY, $2; and WEEKLY, $1 a year. ALL THE NEWS at half-price. Full reports of markets, agriculture, Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Clubs, and a complete story in every Weekly and Semi-Weekly number. A present of valuable plants and vines to every subscriber; inducements to canvassers unsurpassed. $1,000 Life Insurances, Grand Pianos, Mowing Machines, Parlor Organs, Sewing Machines, &c., among the premiums. Specimens and lists free. Send a Dollar and try it.

I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher Sun, New York.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED FOR

PRIEST AND NUN.

Apply at once to CRITTENDEN & McKINNEY, 1308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OPALINE

FOR THE TEETH, GUMS, AND BREATH.

OPALINE

is reliable, efficient, and convenient.

OPALINE

is sold by Druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Europe.

OPALINE

is recommended by physicians and dentists. Use no other dentrifice.

Inventor and proprietor, **CHAS. K. PEVEY, Dentist, Worcester, Mass.**

$1.00 THE **$1.00**

HOUSEHOLD:

A PRACTICAL JOURNAL,

Especially devoted to the interests of the

AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE,

CONTAINING

Articles by Experienced Housekeepers, upon all matters pertaining to Home Life and Domestic Economy.

This popular MONTHLY has recently been enlarged to twenty-four pages, quarto size, and no pains will be spared to make it

THE BEST FAMILY JOURNAL IN THE COUNTRY.

Its departments include the Veranda, the Drawing-Room, the Dressing-Room, the Library, the Conservatory, the Nursery, the Dispensary, the Kitchen, the Dining-Room, and the Parlor, with practical hints and suggestions appropriate to each.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Send Stamp for Specimen Copy.

Address **GEO. E. CROWELL, Brattleboro', Vt.**

VICK'S
FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1870.

THE FIRST EDITION OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND copies of **Vick's Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds and Floral Guide** is published and ready to send out. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, with about 200 fine wood Engravings of Flowers and Vegetables, and a beautiful COLORED PLATE, consisting of seven varieties of *Phlox Drummondii*, making a fine

BOUQUET OF PHLOXES.

It is the most beautiful, as well as the most instructive Floral Guide published, giving plain and thorough directions for the

CULTURE OF FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES.

The Floral Guide is published for the benefit of my customers, to whom it is sent free without application, but will be forwarded to all who apply by mail, for TEN CENTS, which is not half the cost. Address

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS

AT THE LEADING

FAIRS AND EXHIBITIONS

OF THE

United States and Europe,

INCLUDING THE GRAND PRIZE,

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR,

AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,

HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE

GROVER & BAKER MACHINES.

SALESROOMS,

495 Broadway, New York. . . . . 34 Summer St., Boston.

Branch Establishments in all the principal Cities in the United States.

☞ **An illustrated pamphlet, containing price lists, with samples of both the Grover & Baker Stitch and the Shuttle Stitch in various fabrics, will be furnished on request.**

Fresh Garden, Flower, Fruit, Herb, Tree, Shrub, and Evergreen Seeds, (25 sorts of either, $1.00) prepaid by mail. Agents wanted.

Priced Catalogues gratis. Trade List. Seeds on commission. Small Fruits.

B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established 1842.

PRESCRIBED by our most eminent physicians. For Lung Diseases the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Get the genuine. Prices, $1, and 50 cents.

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For Circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

EVERY ONE send stamp for Circular of Tested Receipts to R. G. WILLIAMS, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST

Especially devoted to SCIENTIFIC, PHILOSOPHIC, and RELIGIOUS SPIRITUALISM.

One Dollar per volume. Specimen Numbers sent free.

OFFICE, 47 PROSPECT ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

B. K. BLISS & SON,

Nos. 41 Park Row, and 151 Nassau Street,

NEW YORK,

Importers, Growers, & Dealers in Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds, Horticultural Implements, and Garden Requisites,

Would inform their friends and the public that the *Sixteenth Annual Edition* of their *Illustrated Seed Catalogue* and *Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden*, now in press, will be ready for distribution early in January.

No pains or expense have been spared in preparing this edition to make it the most complete work of the kind ever published in this country.

It will contain nearly *two hundred* choice engravings of favorite Flowers and Vegetables,—a large portion of which are entirely new; also, a beautiful Colored Lithograph, and a descriptive list of upwards of *two thousand* species and varieties of *Flower* and *Vegetable Seeds*, including all the novelties of the past season, with directions for their culture; also, a list of upwards of One Hundred Varieties of Choice Gladiolus; with many other Summer-Flowering Bulbs, and much useful information upon the subject of gardening generally.

A copy will be mailed to all applicants enclosing *twenty-five cents*; customers supplied without charge. Address

B. K. BLISS & SON, P. O. Box 5712, New York.

THE CATHEDRAL.

BY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1 vol. 16mo. With three Illustrations.

$1.25.

"Mr. Lowell has never been more exquisitely and delicately sympathetic, and at the same time more entirely master of himself and his subject than in this poem, where it seems as if he had meant to assemble all the forces of pathos, humor, wit, humanity, and a peculiarly sunny and consoling philosophy, by which he has hitherto touched, or amused, or won us, and to show that he had still to be in some easier, and supremer way, all that he had been." — *New York Tribune.*

"The Cathedral better represents Mr. Lowell's depth, his mental robustness, his subtilty, his wealth of conception, his sweetness of tone, and his admirable self-poise, than any other single thing that he has heretofore given us. In the higher poetic qualities, this one effort leaves him without a peer in America." — *Morning Star.*

"The Cathedral is Mr. Lowell's greatest work hitherto. Those who read it with care will find that his advance is now by larger strides than ever before. . . . . It is distinguished above all that he has written by the large style maintained throughout." — *New York Evening Post.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

A TALE OF ETERNITY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By GERALD MASSEY.

1 vol. 16mo. *Cabinet Edition.* $2.00.

"We cannot forbear, at this benign season, to note a certain humane significance in the publication of this compact volume of pleasing and passionate, musical and earnest verse; because it embodies a singular triumph over social disadvantages,—a rare instance of vantage-ground seized in the face of prodigious obstacles, in that Kingdom of Mind, which it is the distinction of our age to honor and enlarge. Side by side with Lowell's 'Cathedral,' the offspring of high culture and prosperous literary leisure, comes forth the 'Dream of Eternity and Other Poems,' by an English peasant, who, to use his own pathetic language, *had no childhood*. . . . . A critic may easily find defects in Massey's poems; but these are few and far between, compared to the prevalent beauty of the language, and the power and pathos of his protests and pleas drawn from the heart. 'A Tale of Eternity' is written in that kind of flowing and easy heroic verse, wherein Keats and Leigh Hunt excelled."—*New York Tribune.*

"Massey is the poet of reform. He has a distinct and noble purpose A great heart beats in his breast, and he evidently strives to better the condition of the class from which he sprang This grand fidelity to the interests of the working class has endeared him to an immense circle of sympathetic readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Tennyson is the Laureate of the Queen, Massey of the people." — *Chicago Journal.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

For 1870.

The following are among the prominent features of OUR YOUNG FOLKS for 1870:—

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY, author of "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," will contribute the leading serial story, entitled "We Girls: a Story of Home Life."

DR. I. I. HAYES, the distinguished Arctic explorer, will give some graphic sketches of Life and Adventure in the Polar Regions.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON will furnish a series of valuable articles describing the habits and characteristics of the Beaver, the Elephant, and other animals.

"CARLETON," author of "Winning his Way," and "Our New Way Round the World," will contribute several papers of great interest, relating what he saw in China during his recent tour of the globe.

MRS. PROFESSOR AGASSIZ will continue her instructive and fascinating account of "The World on which we Live," describing the early ages of the earth, and some of the animals that then inhabited it.

MR. T. B. ALDRICH, author of the universally popular "Story of a Bad Boy," will contribute regularly.

MRS. A. M. DIAZ, author of the inimitable "William Henry Letters," will continue her charming Stories and Sketches.

MR. JAMES PARTON, whose articles on Voyages and Discoveries have been received with so great favor, will furnish additional articles of the same general character, communicating in an attractive style many interesting and important facts of Geography and History.

MR. J. T. TROWBRIDGE will continue his remarkable series of papers on curious branches of Industry, Building Steam-Engines, etc. He will also describe, from careful observation, the Departments at Washington, showing how the business of our Government is carried on.

REV. E. E. HALE will furnish articles in his peculiar vein, entitled "Letters to my Nephew," communicating the best practical information with a wealth of illustration and a vigor of style altogether fascinating.

MAJOR TRAVERSE, a very entertaining writer, will furnish articles containing a great deal of curious and valuable knowledge on a wide variety of subjects.

POMPEIAN PAPERS. A series of remarkably interesting papers on Pompeii will be given, telling how it was buried by an eruption of Vesuvius hundreds of years ago, and how it is now being restored, and what curious things are found among the ruins.

REGULAR OR OCCASIONAL ARTICLES will be contributed by JOHN G. WHITTIER, HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, J. H. A. BONE, LUCY LARCOM, MISS E. STUART PHELPS, NORA PERRY, MRS. THAXTER, ROSE TERRY, GEORGE COOPER, the author of "Seven Little Sisters," MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN, AUNT FANNY, and other writers whose names are a passport to the affection of all intelligent youthful readers.

THE EVENING LAMP and LETTER BOX Departments will be carefully attended to, and will contain a rich variety of Charades, Enigmas, Puzzles, Rebuses, — and familiar talk by the Editor on the thousand matters of every-day interest to young people.

FULL-PAGE AND SMALLER ILLUSTRATIONS, from the best artists, will add to the value and attractiveness of the Magazine.

No effort or expense will be spared to make OUR YOUNG FOLKS a worthy and welcome visitor in every school-room and family circle in America.

☞ **CASH PRIZES, from $10 to $30,** will be given for the best Original Charades, Puzzles, Rebuses, and Compositions.

☞ **CASH PREMIUMS, from $5 to $300,** will be given for the largest Clubs.

CIRCULAR containing full particulars sent *free* to any applicant.

TERMS.—The price of OUR YOUNG FOLKS is $2.00 per year. An extra copy gratis for every five subscriptions. OUR YOUNG FOLKS and ATLANTIC MONTHLY, $5.00 per year.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers,
124 Tremont Street, Boston.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED AND IN PRESS.

LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

A NEW EDITION
of this widely circulated work is now ready.

CREDO.

1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.

"A vigorous writer and deep thinker." — *Journal, Albany.*

"Catholic in charity, and free from polemical bitterness." — *Commonwealth, New York.*

"Will reward a careful reading." — *Times, Brooklyn.*

"He writes with force, freedom, and point." — *Commonwealth, Boston.*

"Contains a vast deal of truth." — *Mon. Rel. Mag.*

"We commend the book to every doubting, debating mind." — *Zion's Herald, Boston.*

IN PRESS,
To be Published in February
A new volume by the author of "Credo" on the

GOD-MAN.

Uniform in style and price with "Credo."

To be published Immediately.
A NEW EDITION,
With new matter brought down to January 1, 1870.

Prison Pictures.

BY HON. GIDEON HAYNES,
Warden of the Massachusetts State Prison.

This book has excited, throughout the whole country, a great interest in the condition and management of prisons and prisoners. In this edition valuable additions have been made to the statistics.

To be published shortly

Musical Juveniles.

L. & S. would announce for speedy publication a new series of Juveniles based on scenes and incidents in the lives of prominent musical maestros. They are written under the direction of E. Tourjee, Mus. Doc., and it is confidently hoped that they will awaken an increased interest in the

DIVINE ART OF MUSIC.

Each volume will contain short sketches of two eminent composers. It will be called the

TONE MASTER SERIES.

3 vols. Illustrated.

Vol. 1. Mozart and Mendelssohn.
Vol. 2. Handel and Haydn.
Vol. 3. Beethoven and Bach.

Others to follow.

To be published in February.

BRAKE UP;

Or, The Young Peacemakers.
BY OLIVER OPTIC.
Being Vol. 5 of the

LAKE SHORE SERIES.

40 Illustrations. In neat box. Per vol., $1.25.

1. Through by Daylight.
2. Lightning Express.
3. On Time.
4. Switch Off.
5. Brake Up.

To be published in February.

ALASKA
AND ITS RESOURCES.

BY W. H. DALL.

With nearly 100 elegant Illustrations, and a NEW and ACCURATE MAP.

This book of Lieut. Dall will be full, complete, reliable, and exhaustive. At once the most recent as well as the most authentic.

By Subscription only.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES SUMNER.

In ten volumes octavo.

The only complete and authorized edition of the Honorable Senator's Works, and which should be in every library, public or private.

"Evangelical Laughter!"

MIRTHFULNESS
AND ITS EXCITERS;
Or, Rational Laughter and its Promoters.
BY REV. B. F. CLARK.
12mo. $1.50.

The success of the season.

PATIENCE.

A series of 30 Games for the Fireside, with Diagrams.
BY MRS. E. D. CHENEY.
$1.00.

BIJOU CARDS.

To accompany "Patience." Per Pack, 25 cts.
Patience and 2 Packs Bijou Cards, in an elegant box, $1.50.

During the holidays the demand for this admirable series of games was greater than the supply.

The Best Book on California.

THE SUNSET LAND;

Or, The Great Pacific Slope.
BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.
1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.

The press, all over the country, has given this book by Dr. Todd the warmest praise. It contains, in a small compass, just what every one desires to know of California.

Of the Better Life.

LIVING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. C. A. MEANS.
4to. Tinted paper. $2.00.
Being Vol. 3 of the
GOLDEN TRUTH SERIES.

Travel and Adventure.
OLIVER OPTIC.

YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD.

6 vols. Illustrated. Per vol., $1.50.

Outward Bound,	Dikes and Ditches,
Shamrock and Thistle,	Palace and Cottage,
Red Cross,	Down the Rhine.

Nearly 100,000 volumes of this incomparable series have been sold, attesting their great popularity.

In view of this fact it is hardly necessary to say that

"OLIVER OPTIC
is the MOST POPULAR AUTHOR of Juvenile Literature living."

A Great Success.

B. O. W. C.

A Book for Boys.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."
Illustrated. $1.50.

SUBSCRIBE NOW TO

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS,
EDITED BY OLIVER OPTIC.
Published Every Week.
$2.50 PER YEAR.

It contains more reading than any other Juvenile Magazine published. Besides

FOUR LONG STORIES BY OLIVER OPTIC,

it has contributions from some of the best writers for youth in the country, and is complete in every department.

Rebuses, Charades, Puzzles, and Headwork of all kinds.
Declamations or Dialogues every week.
SOMETHING OF FUN
AND MUCH OF WISDOM
IN EVERY NUMBER.

☞ Specimen copies free.

☞ LEE & SHEPARD'S PUBLICATIONS are for sale by all Booksellers, or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

LEE AND SHEPARD, Boston.

MRS. STOWE'S NEW BOOK.

LADY BYRON VINDICATED.

A History of the Byron Controversy, from its Beginning in 1816 to the Present Time.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1 vol. 16mo. 482 Pages. $1.50.

"Mrs. Stowe's book is a cogent, pungent, and earnest statement, which will have a great effect on the public mind. It is significant of the goodness of the cause of our countrywoman, that she suppresses nothing, while most of her revilers conceal a portion of their case. . . . . The most crushing evidence in the book is the chapter giving Lady Byron's own words to Mrs. Stowe. There can be no doubt that if Lady Byron had given this evidence before a court, at any time during her life, it would have proved decisive as to her husband's guilt. Nobody can question that it is reported by Mrs. Stowe with general accuracy, and the only question now is, whether Lady Byron can have been mistaken in her belief. Until we see some positive evidence to the contrary, we must accept her as an uncontradicted witness; and, we must say, nearly all the circumstances, as they come to light, confirm her testimony, and make her husband's conduct seem the worst possible." — *Springfield Republican.*

"The work evinces much more ability, both argumentative and literary, than the original article which started the controversy. It shows an immense deal of research into the literature of Byron's contemporaries, characterized by great ingenuity and directed by a terribly earnest purpose. The result is, a volume which will probably have the widest circulation, and be read, both in this country and in England, with the liveliest interest. Whether it will close discussion on the topic handled, remains to be seen." — *Boston Journal.*

THE ADVENTURES
OF
CALEB WILLIAMS.

By WILLIAM GODWIN.

8vo. Paper. Price, 50 Cents.

Readers of "LADY BYRON VINDICATED" will be interested in this famous novel, to which reference is frequently made by Mrs. Stowe.

**** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.

THE HOLY GRAIL,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

AUTHOR'S COPYRIGHT EDITION.

THREE STYLES AND THREE PRICES.

1. Uniform with "Idyls of the King," bound in cloth, $ 1.00.
2. Uniform in style with the *Farringford* Tennyson, paper cover, 25 cents.
3. Uniform with the *Half-Dollar* Tennyson, paper cover, 10 cents.

"The principal poems of the volume are idyls, like the 'Idyls of the King,' reproducing picturesque legends of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. There are four of these idyls, — The Coming of Arthur, The Holy Grail, Sir Pelleas and Ettarre, and The Passing of Arthur. There is nothing in English romantic history so capable of poetic treatment as this story of Arthur, hovering as it does on the confines of myth and fact, heathendom and Christianity; and we have never had a poet so imbued with the spirit or so well able to reflect its shifting splendor as Tennyson." — *Hartford Courant.*

**** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

Translated into English Verse, by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

In two volumes. First volume now ready; Second volume ready in May. Imperial octavo. Uniform with Longfellow's Dante. $ 5.00 a volume.

The eminent scholarly and poetic qualifications of Mr. Bryant for translating Homer, the conscientious care he has bestowed upon the work, and the high excellence of the specimens he has heretofore given to the public, warrant the belief that he has produced a translation that will stand as the accepted and permanent English rendering of Homer.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1 vol. 16mo. $ 2.00.

CONTENTS.

DRYDEN,
WITCHCRAFT,
SHAKESPEARE ONCE MORE,
NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO,
LESSING,
ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

This volume will go far to justify the verdict of the wisest European and American critics, that Mr. Lowell is one of the first of living writers, and that his works rank among the foremost in the English language.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

One volume. 16mo. $ 2.00.

CONTENTS.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE,
CIVILIZATION,
ART,
ELOQUENCE,
DOMESTIC LIFE,
FARMING,
WORKS AND DAYS,
BOOKS,
CLUBS,
COURAGE,
SUCCESS,
OLD AGE.

This new volume is not less distinguished than any of the author's previous works by those remarkable qualities of thought and felicities of style which have made Mr. Emerson one of the great lights of modern literature.

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

EVERY SATURDAY

For 1870.

ENLARGED AND ILLUSTRATED.

The Publishers of EVERY SATURDAY take pleasure in announcing that this popular Journal is now presented in an entirely new form, and with a MOST IMPORTANT AND ATTRACTIVE NEW FEATURE, namely,

FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATIONS.

During the past four years, EVERY SATURDAY has laid before its readers a more varied and valuable *résumé* of foreign periodical literature, and has won a wider circulation among all classes, than any other eclectic periodical published in America. Though EVERY SATURDAY has in all respects fulfilled the design of its projectors, they are not willing to rest content without making fresh efforts to enlarge the sphere and increase the attractions of this popular weekly.

DICKENS'S NEW STORY.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that, by special arrangement with Mr. Charles Dickens, his new novel, which promises to be the important literary event of the year, will be first published in America in the pages of EVERY SATURDAY, simultaneously with the appearance of the Story in monthly parts in London, and accompanied with all the ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS. This serial will begin in March.

In the new volume for 1870, the publishers have modified the shape of the journal, without, however, changing its general literary characteristics, in order to add to its attractions illustrations of the first artistic excellence. These illustrations are engraved from designs by leading European artists, and embrace

Views of Famous Places, Incidents of Travel, Figure-Pieces, Copies of Celebrated Paintings, Studies of Street-Life, and a Gallery of Portraits of Contemporary Celebrities,

Executed with the highest degree of finish known to modern art.

By special arrangement with the first-class foreign pictorial papers, electrotypes of their illustrations are procured *in advance* of their publication in Europe. By this method the publishers of EVERY SATURDAY are not only sure to have superior illustrations, but they are enabled to present these illustrations to American readers at the same time or before they are in the hands of European readers.

With these unusual facilities at their disposal, the publishers may confidently predict that EVERY SATURDAY will be a Journal of Choice Illustrations as well as a Journal of Choice Reading.

The New Series is in form an imperial folio, sixteen pages, beautifully printed on paper of superior quality, made expressly for the purpose, and admirably adapted for the artistic display of the most highly finished engravings. The publishers aim to make EVERY SATURDAY in its new form

THE HANDSOMEST ILLUSTRATED PAPER IN AMERICA.

EVERY SATURDAY will, as hitherto, furnish the American reader promptly with the most entertaining and noteworthy articles in the European periodicals, —

Serial Tales, Short Stories, Essays biographical and descriptive, Poems, Notes of Travel and Adventure, Personal Gossip, Literary Intelligence, Facetiæ, Popular Papers on Science, and Translations from the Continental Magazines.

By special arrangement with foreign authors, the conductors of EVERY SATURDAY are frequently able to give its readers many valuable papers simultaneously with their publication abroad. Among the authors whose writings are promptly reproduced are: —

ALFRED TENNYSON,	MARK LEMON,	PROF. HUXLEY,
CHARLES DICKENS,	CHARLES KINGSLEY,	ROBERT BUCHANAN,
PROF. SEELEY,	EDMUND YATES,	JEAN INGELOW,
CHARLES READE,	FRANCES POWER COBBE,	MISS THACKERAY,
THOMAS HUGHES,	ROBERT BROWNING,	JAMES GREENWOOD,
ALEXANDRE DUMAS,	MAX MÜLLER,	JULES JANIN,
MRS. OLIPHANT,	AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,"	JULES SIMON,
G. RUFFINI,	GEORGE SAND,	EDWARD DICEY,
ANTHONY TROLLOPE,	EDMOND ABOUT,	HENRY KINGSLEY,
MATTHEW ARNOLD,	A. C. SWINBURNE,	W. HEPWORTH DIXON, and GERALD MASSEY.

The publishers aim to commend it to all classes of cultivated and intelligent readers by the freshness and variety of its contents.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

To indicate the number, character and variety of the Illustrations in EVERY SATURDAY, the following list is given of those which appeared in the first six numbers.

NUMBER ONE. — JAN. 1.

A PORTRAIT OF TENNYSON.
THE PASHA'S WAR COURIERS.
A PORTRAIT OF LORD LYTTON.
THE DESIRE OF A LIFE-TIME.

NUMBER TWO. — JAN. 8.

THE SPANISH BOY.
DECORATING THE CHURCH.
PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH.
CHRISTMAS DREAMS.
RATHER EMBARRASSING.

NUMBER THREE. — JAN. 15.

A PORTRAIT OF LORD DERBY.
WORN OUT.
SKATING.
THE FIRST NIGHT OF A NEW PANTOMIME.
A TASTE OF HIS OWN.

NUMBER FOUR. — JAN. 22.

GIRL'S HEAD, FROM A PAINTING BY GREUZE.
THE PRIZE DOGS.
SHELLING PEAS IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET.
IN CHURCH.
"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."

NUMBER FIVE. — JAN. 29.

A PORTRAIT OF LONGFELLOW.
CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.
THE LOST CHILD.
THE BAZAAR AT CAIRO.
EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

NUMBER SIX. — FEB. 5.

TRAVELLING IN ITALY.
NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.
THE MUEZZIN, FROM A PAINTING BY GEROME.
GATHERING RHUBARB.
KISSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

From very numerous flattering notices of EVERY SATURDAY, the following are given as expressing the hearty favor with which EVERY SATURDAY is generally received in its new form and with the new feature of Illustrations.

[From the WATCHMAN AND REFLECTOR, Boston.]

"Four numbers have been issued of the Illustrated EVERY SATURDAY, so that an opinion of its merits can be given with fairness. At first we considered the change a hazardous experiment, but it proves to be a complete success. It still preserves its former leading and popular feature of giving at the earliest possible dates, and ahead of any other reprint, the very best of English and continental literature, in excellent variety, with careful discrimination, and with a true idea of the want of the American people. The change from the large octavo, or magazine form, to that of the folio, enables the publishers to present every week pictures unequalled in beauty and in execution, by anything hitherto done in this country. Like the contents of EVERY SATURDAY, these pictures are foreign, and generally will be found in no other publication apt to be seen by its readers. We extend to the new EVERY SATURDAY a hearty welcome; it is valuable in its reading matter, admirable in its illustrations, and in every way worthy the patronage of a discriminating public. It now enters upon a new career of prosperity, and has the kind wishes of all lovers of the good and the beautiful."

[From the CHICAGO POST.]

"EVERY SATURDAY is sailing out magnificently under its new rigging, as an illustrated literary paper. The third number, which has just arrived, excels both of its predecessors in the novelty and excellence of its designs."

[From the BOSTON ADVERTISER.]

"A fine portrait of Henry W. Longfellow is given on the first page of EVERY SATURDAY, number five. The increased popularity of this weekly is not surprising when to its former features of interest it adds engravings of such high character as have adorned its pages since the change in form."

[From the NEW YORK TRIBUNE.]

"'EVERY SATURDAY' promises, in its new shape, to be a greater success than ever."

[From the CINCINNATI CHRONICLE.]

"That praise is almost unqualified which asserts that EVERY SATURDAY improves with each succeeding number. This, our favorite weekly journal of choice reading, has established itself beyond doubt as the most successful of all illustrated weeklies. The marked improvement in each number of the new series convinces us that the conductors of EVERY SATURDAY did not exhaust their best resources with the first number, nor have they since the first issue dealt out their literary reserves with chary hand. We cordially welcome this handsome journal, and point to it with pride, as an evidence of the advanced intellectual cultivation which demanded its production."

[From the NEW YORK EVENING POST.]

"The promise of *Every Saturday's* prospectus has been more than kept. The first number of the new volume, of the date of the 1st January, 1870, is illustrated with three full-page pictures. Two are portraits, and to the life, of Tennyson, and Lord Lytton. The third is from a painting of Gerome, the eminent French artist, a *replica* of which was for some time on exhibition at Knoedler's, in this city. The engraving is copied from the first number of the *Graphic*, the new illustrated weekly of London. Besides these pictures there is a caricature from *Punch*. The literary contents are varied and entertaining as of old. A new poem of Tennyson, in continuation of the 'Northern Farmer,' appears in print for the first time in the United States, and will be hailed with delight."

[From the SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.]

"The second number of the New Year is before us, in advance of publication, with four magnificent full-page wood engravings, one of which, from Boughton's 'Puritans going to Church,' covers two pages of the number. Other engravings are 'The Spanish Boy,' by Hurlstone: 'Decorating the Church,' by Miss Edwards, and 'Christmas Dreams,' by an unnamed artist; besides a picture from *Punch*. The 'Christmas Dreams' are those of two little children whose heads are on one pillow, like the 'Babes in the Tower,' but who are reserved for a much better fate. This is the most pleasing of all the illustrations, but all are good, and the number is worth a great deal more than the ten cents which it is sold for."

[From the BOSTON POST.]

"This most popular of the weeklies sends out its fifth number with a noble portrait of Longfellow on its first broad page, and three large-size engravings within its leaves. The portrait alone is enough to give an unusual value to this number. It is faithfully drawn, elegantly engraved, and finely printed. This periodical claims to be the handsomest magazine printed. Its merits support this claim strongly. The five numbers already published this month have contained nearly twenty fine, large engravings, and a selection of reading matter which is surpassed by no eclectic in the country. The literary contents of the fifth number are fully up to the standard, comprising a new poem by Swinburne, a paper by Prof. Tyndall, and other attractions."

[From the CLEVELAND HERALD.]

"EVERY SATURDAY is enlarged from an octavo sized pamphlet to a sheet as large as *Harper's Weekly*, and to the literary contents are now added illustrations of the highest style of wood engraving for such publications. These illustrations, like the reading matter, are taken from the best foreign sources. The literary contents do not differ in the main from the character of those in the old *Every Saturday*, the same editor, T. B. Aldrich, remaining in charge, and his taste in selection being almost perfect. Additions are made in personal and humorous columns, and some other slight changes are introduced. Taken altogether, the new *Every Saturday* is a publication that owns no superior of its class, and will be welcomed in thousands of homes as a favorite journal of choice reading and choice illustrations."

[From the BOSTON COURIER.]

EVERY SATURDAY has made such a decided advance in its new style of publication, that it carries with it a recommendation which admits of no dispute. Its selections are made with the best taste and regard for the popular feeling, and the wonderfully beautiful illustrations leave its rivals far behind.

[From the NEW YORK EVENING EXPRESS.]

"Although completely changed in outward appearance, the journal still retains the literary qualities which have heretofore given it so high a reputation, and which will ensure it popularity in its new dress."

[From the PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.]

"We heartily commend *Every Saturday* for introduction to every family circle."

[From the BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.]

"ONE OF THE BEST PORTRAITS OF LONGFELLOW ever issued, adorns the title-page of the last number of *Every Saturday*; which, in its new pictorial enterprise and in its excellent selections, carefully made as heretofore, is retaining old friends for its solid merits and gaining new friends by its more instantly "taking" and popular features. Among other desirable things, it promises to furnish quite a series of likenesses of eminent men and of charming ideals, also."

EVERY SATURDAY,

MONTHLY PART.

MONTHLY PARTS of EVERY SATURDAY are issued in a handsome cover. These contain a large variety of interesting Stories and Essays, Personal Sketches, Poems and Literary Intelligence from the best European Periodicals, forming a most attractive miscellany for family reading; and with its numerous illustrations in the best style of wood engraving, making one of the handsomest Magazines published.

[From the BOSTON JOURNAL.]

"EVERY SATURDAY. The Monthly Part of *Every Saturday* for January, published last week, is one of the most attractive periodicals ever issued, and deserves something more than a passing mention. The literary character of this journal is well known to the many readers who, for the past four years, have found in its pages the best *résumé* of foreign current literature published. In its new form, *Every Saturday* loses none of its attractive characteristics, the addition of numerous large illustrations having in no degree reduced the generous quantity of sparkling reading matter given in the old series. How great an attraction is added in the pictorial element, is testified by the largely increased circulation of the new volume which commenced on the first of January. Each week the letter press and superb engravings of the current number have been received with increased admiration. It is, however, the Monthly Part of *Every Saturday* that at present engages our particular attention. This comprises the five weekly numbers issued during the month of January, and, in its handsomely illuminated cover, is certainly one of the most artistic magazines published in any country.

The progress made in wood engraving during the present century is very marked. The art has advanced with rapid strides, especially in the last twenty years, until for the purposes of book illustration, it has almost, if not wholly, displaced steel engraving. It is now being brought to bear with remarkable success upon the reproduction of fine paintings. Such reproduction is one of the leading features of the new English illustrated weekly, *The Graphic*, which furnishes elaborate wood engravings of the best works of the most eminent artists of the English and French schools at a merely nominal cost. By a special arrangement with *The Graphic*, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. receive electrotypes of all the illustrations prepared for the English journal, which they reproduce in *Every Saturday*, either simultaneously with their appearance in London or in advance. These beautiful engravings render *Every Saturday*, especially in its monthly shape, a most complete treasury of choice pictures, at a price so moderate as to insure for the magazine the widest sale. The London *Art Journal*, whose chief artistic claims are in its medium-sized steel engravings, sells at $1.50 per number. The Monthly Part of *Every Saturday*, with five times as many admirable pictures, sells at 50 cents. To realize the full value, as well as the remarkably low price of this periodical, we have only to turn over the handsomely printed pages of the January issue. Here we find admirable cabinet-sized portraits of Tennyson, Longfellow, Bulwer Lytton and Lord Derby, and reproductions of paintings by Greuze, Gerome, Boughton, George Thomas, and other famous artists. In addition to these are many first-class engravings of interesting and important subjects, all of which go far towards making *Every Saturday* the most valuable and entertaining, as it is the cheapest, of pictorial journals."

[From the BOSTON ADVERTISER.]

"Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have begun to put their remodelled *Every Saturday* into monthly parts, of four and five numbers each, in neat striking covers. The fulness and excellence of the literary matter, and the variety and beauty of the engravings appear to great advantage in this concentration, which will supply entertainment for a long railway journey."

TERMS.

Single Weekly Number, 10 cents; Monthly Parts, 50 cents; Yearly Subscription, $5.00 in advance; $4.00 a year to subscribers for any other periodical published by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.

Address the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.,

124 Tremont Street, Boston.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XXV. — MARCH, 1870. — NO. CXLIX.

IN BEHALF OF THE BIRDS.

IT falls to the lot of the soldiers in the front ranks to draw the enemy's fire; and they who venture, in advance of popular opinion, to present new views, must prepare for adverse criticism and sharp expressions of dissent, especially if, at the same time, these views are extreme and radical, and run counter to prevalent prejudice and long-cherished notions of interest. When in the "Atlantic" we ventured last year to throw down the gauntlet in behalf of the best-abused of our feathered tribes, we anticipated and desired the discussion that followed. It was foreseen that the temerity which should speak a good word in behalf of that well-known culprit, that "old offender," the Crow, would be provocative of indignation and wrath among the very large and very stolid class that meet facts and their legitimate deductions with the very comprehensive rejoinder, "We know better." It had been so long maintained, without dissent, that this sable offender was hopelessly and irredeemably depraved, that the promulgation of opinions so diametrically opposite was intolerable.

So far from having been disappointed, we have found occasion to "thank God and take courage." Valueless expressions of unsupported dissent, mere opinions based only upon exceptional or isolated facts, so far from weakening, have only strengthened the ground taken in our article. They were a virtual giving up of the whole case. At the same time it has been demonstrated in the most gratifying manner that this wilful refusal to see, by the light of experience itself, is very far from being universal or even general. We have been gratified to observe how generally our best and ablest agricultural journals have promptly arrayed themselves on the side of the farmers' much-maligned benefactors. The preponderance of the good or evil deeds of the Crow has been shown to be at least an open question. Careful investigations and their results, not empty prejudices and bald assumptions, must, in the end, determine each and every question that may arise as to the relative value of birds, individually as a species or collectively as a race. The attention of the scientific and the practical, in vari-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

ous parts of the world, has been drawn to this subject. Each year brings new light, makes new developments, demonstrates new facts, and establishes the existence of laws before unknown. One by one the very species which the ignorant and the reckless have put under the ban have been or will be triumphantly vindicated.

To us of America, to whom this field of research is comparatively new, it is both interesting and important to observe what is transpiring in other countries in the way of determining the exact value to agriculturists, and the utility, for the protection of all vegetation, the ornamental as well as the useful, of each and every native bird. France has for many years been carefully investigating the respective merits of each species of its feathered tribes. In other parts of Europe, although the study of the utility of birds has been nowhere so thorough as in France, the subject has awakened attention and prompted movements which deserve more than our passing consideration.

Among these are the recent discussions and legal enactments of the several cantons of Switzerland. Recalling the many crude and ill-founded opinions in regard to our own Crow, so freely and so rashly ventured by those whose presumption very far outran their knowledge on the subject, we can but smile, as we read these various records, to see that its counterpart, the common Carrion Crow of Europe, while known in certain localities, and placed by the prevailing estimate in the list of benefactors, is still in the two cantons of Niderwalden and Freyburg ignorantly kept under the ban. And even after it has been shown, by the most incontestable evidence, that the common Starling is the most efficient of all the destroyers of that great pest of European agriculture, the May-chaffer, and therefore an invaluable friend to the farmer, this very bird in the canton of Oberwalden is one of the few birds whose destruction is specially permitted. In this same canton it is also worthy of remark that the Ring Ousel, — a bird closely corresponding in character and habit to our Robin, — is also named for destruction, although everywhere else deservedly protected as one of the "useful birds."

In March last a very interesting movement was initiated in the National Council of Switzerland, proposing the enactment of a general and uniform law throughout all the cantons for the protection of the "useful birds." It originated with the Grand Council of Tessin, in which body a law had been proposed forbidding the shooting of all birds in that canton for the space of three years. Owing to the unchecked destruction of birds in Tessin, there had been a noticeable decrease in the number of useful birds and an alarming increase in the number of noxious insects, in consequence of which agriculture was severely suffering. It was, however, obvious that the object contemplated could be but imperfectly accomplished by local regulations; and, as the subject was one worthy of serious consideration, the government of this canton, in May, 1868, addressed a communication to the National Council, asking for the establishment of an international union for the protection of useful birds, the co-operation of the home and of neighboring governments being essential to a successful movement in their favor. Thus far the council has confined its action to addressing a general inquiry to the several cantonal governments, asking their views upon the subject of uniform international regulations.

The replies of the cantonal authorities have been carefully preserved, and, with the laws on the subject in operation in the several cantons, have recently been published. They are curious and interesting. Only a few favor an international uniformity of law. The majority regard their own local enactments as sufficient. All but three of the cantons — Ticino, Schaffhausen, and Appenzell — have their own local code for the protection of birds. In one canton,

Zurich, there is a general hunting-law which protects all "useful birds"; but as the "useful" and the "injurious" are not specified, and there is no universal agreement upon these points, the law would be inoperative but for the general disposition of the people to protect all birds. In Berne, Crows, Ravens, Magpies, and Sparrows are outlawed. The killing or entrapping of other birds, or the destruction of their eggs or young, is punished by fines. In fourteen cantons the fine for killing any bird on the protected list is fifty francs. In five others it is also punished by imprisonment. Some cantons punish any one who destroys a bird even on his own grounds; others permit a proprietor to do this on his own territory, but forbid it elsewhere. In some, the protection to birds extends throughout the year. In others, their destruction is permitted during a brief period. In several of these cantonal codes the general crudeness and inconsistency of their legislation is shown in the non-protection of several of the most harmless and useful of the singing birds, such as the Bullfinches, the Linnets, the Thrushes, and others. In one canton, Aargau, the school regulations punish with flogging and other penalties any pupil found guilty of destroying birds' nests, eggs, or young. In the cantons of St. Gall and Vaud the cantonal laws not only forbid the destruction of both birds and eggs, but render the parent responsible for the delinquencies of their children in these respects. In the four cantons of Zug, Freyburg, Aargau, and Geneva provisions are made for educating the children in the public schools in regard to the value of birds and the importance of protecting and preserving them.

This movement in the Swiss Confederative Council, though it has as yet resulted in no national uniformity of legislation, has brought to light evidences of a nearly universal admission of the value of birds, and of a disposition to protect them. The conflict of opinion manifested by the protecting in one canton and the outlawing in another of the same species is only additional evidence of the incompleteness of the general knowledge on this subject and the crudeness of present legislation. Certainly we of Massachusetts have no occasion to take any very great pride in our own record. So far from having any well-founded claims to superiority in this matter, our own "half-legislation" is pitiably defective, halting, and inconsistent. The most recent enactment of Massachusetts places under ban and permits, if it does not invite, the destruction of several of the most valuable birds to agriculture found within our State limits. It proclaims immunity to all who join in the merciless slaughter and destruction of the few Gulls and Terns which still breed upon our coast. Those graceful and beautiful birds, so entirely innocent of harm, so valueless as food, yet so valuable to the fisherman for the reliable and important indications they give of the presence of certain kinds of fish, as also to the sailor whom they warn in thick weather of the dangerous reef or the treacherous shoal, and to the tiller of the farms near the sea whose grubs and grasshoppers they devour, have been nearly exterminated, and their final extinction is expressly permitted, if not invited, by our latest enactment. The Parliament of Great Britain, in striking contrast, has recently made it a penal offence to rob the nests or to destroy any of the Gulls on her coasts from May to September. This recent enactment of our own State betrays so complete an ignorance of the whole subject, is so inexcusably inconsistent and contradictory, that nothing at all comparable to it for crude and bungling legislation can be found in any of the enactments of the several local governments of the Helvetic Confederation, and * we trust nowhere else.

* This criticism would be harsh, and might even seem to be unfair, were the recent enactment of our State Legislature merely an ignorant but well-meaning attempt to legislate in the right direction. Ignorance alone, however sadly out of place in our halls of legislation, is comparatively venial. But stolid self-conceit, which refuses to receive light, which will

The movements in Switzerland have been ably seconded by the journals of that country. They have been even more ably assisted by the publication, both in Switzerland and in Germany, of works bearing directly upon this subject. Within the present year several essays of remarkable ability and research, demonstrating the economic use of all birds, have appeared, agreeing in regard to the alarming increase of destructive insects in various parts of Europe. We will cite one or two of the more noteworthy instances. Dr. Giebel, in his "Book for the Protection of Birds," recently published in Berlin, states that in the single canton of Berne there were collected and delivered to the authorities, in two seasons, 83,729 viertels of the imago and 67,917 viertels of the larvæ of the May-chaffer, for which 259,000 francs were paid. — The number of insects thus destroyed is estimated to have been more than two thousand million. As it has been estimated that one of these insects while in the larva state destroys upwards of two pounds of vegetable roots, their capacity for destruction when appearing in such enormous quantities is perfectly appalling. It is also a noteworthy fact, that the authorities of Berne, who annually pay a quarter of a million of francs for the destruction of these insects, still keep under ban several varieties of birds whose services in their destruction would be second to but one other European species!

In three districts among the Hartz Mountains, in 1866, the losses caused to the farmers by the ravages of the May-chaffer amounted to a million and a half of dollars. Many other equally striking instances of recent enormous losses to agriculture caused by the ravages of this and other insects are cited in these works, which our space will not permit us even to epitomize. They are chiefly of interest to us as showing that, with the great improvements and developments of modern agriculture, there has also come an enormous increase of the most destructive insects, seriously threatening the worst consequences, and still more as showing how utterly powerless is man alone to arrest or to hold in any check this terrible scourge. One more proof of human helplessness in this warfare with the powers of insect destruction we must here refer to, as briefly as possible. In 1852 the pine forests of Lithuania and Eastern Prussia were attacked by the caterpillars of the *Nonne*, or night-butterfly. Aware of their dangers, the landed proprietors, at an enormous expense, resorted to the most extraordinary exertions to have these insects collected and destroyed. In one district alone one hundred and fifty millions of the eggs and fifteen hundred millions of the female moths were thus taken. It was all in vain. So imperfectly was the work done, with all their endeavors, that the next season the moths were more numerous than ever before. The finest timber of Germany on thousands of acres was utterly destroyed, rendered valueless even for firewood. Millions upon millions of property were thus lost, and yet there can be no question that, had not the European Jays been nearly exterminated in those forests, their presence would have averted this calamity. In the Rothebude district alone a few hundred Jays would have averted a loss of eighty millions of thalers.

The great value of birds — such as the Starlings, the Sparrows, the Crows, the Jays, etc. — that feed upon the most destructive kind of insects, has been, until very recently, unappreciated. Most

not listen to intelligent suggestions, can put in no plea for mild criticism when it thus stubbornly sins against truth and the right, and blindly persists in its own stultification. Legislators who report and obstinately insist upon passing a bill that in one clause permits the unrestricted shooting at all times of *snipe*, and in another clause protects *all kinds of water-fowl* during a certain season, that goes out of its way to permit the destruction of the eggs of a bird never known to breed within the limits of Massachusetts, and that invites us to continue the persecution of other birds, known and proved to be useful, can only be set down as among the hopelessly incorrigible. For such there is but one remedy, — to replace them by wiser lawgivers, — as we trust has been done in the present case. At least the reputed author of this extraordinary measure has been permitted by general consent to remain at home for the present.

of them have been treated as outlaws, and in repayment for their signal services have been neglected or persecuted, until the unchecked and enormous increase of the most noxious insects throughout the continent of Europe has become a subject of well-founded alarm, calling for the intervention of government, both for their immediate destruction and for the protection of those birds that feed upon them. From these facts, two prominent conclusions have been pretty surely reached: first, that birds are indispensable to European agriculture; and, second, that those birds most generally protected and known as the "useful birds" are, as a general thing, of very little service in arresting the increase of those insects the ravages of which are the most to be dreaded. These lessons are as significant to us of America as to the agriculturists of Europe. When will our own intelligent farmers awaken both to their dangers and the only remedy?

An agricultural journal, the *Bund*, published in Berne, with much ability and force demonstrates that the enormous losses befalling European agriculture can only be arrested when man himself shall not only cease to disturb the great equipoise of nature, and no longer in mere wantonness, prejudice, superstition, or on other equally worthless grounds, persecute and destroy the natural exterminators of insects, but instead shall extend to them the greatest possible protection, even to the nourishing and caring for them in the wintry season.

While this same journal finds much to rejoice at in cantonal laws for the protection of useful birds, and yet more in the general spirit in which they are observed, it urges greater attention to instruction upon these subjects in schools, and dwells with much pertinence upon the radical incompleteness of the laws. The following is as well adapted to our own meridian as to that of Switzerland: "For example, when we see the Sparrow, — which has been acclimated at such great expense in America, — the Crow, the Raven, and others of our most useful birds still outlawed in individual cantons; when we see the hunting of our singing birds still allowed at certain seasons in others, and, in yet others, that protection is only given to the smaller birds, omitting the far more useful Owls, Buzzards, and Jackdaws, we can but admit the incompleteness of our enactments, and are forced to an earnest wish that in all those cantons where this half-legislation exists, a change may soon be made that shall place them more in conformity with the present stand-point of science."

These exhortations are pregnant with meaning and with warning to us, for we stand even more than the writer's countrymen in need of intelligent legislation, and far more in need of careful investigations, the diffusion of light, and the dissemination of truth. These words of the *Bund* would surely demonstrate that the farmer's best friends are the very birds he now most frequently persecutes. They stand between his crops and their destroyers. They are his standing army, his police force. Their admirable powers of flight, their yet more wonderful gifts of vision, and their instinctive enmity to his foes, most marvellously adapt them to do duty in a field where man himself is powerless.

A well-known agricultural writer and accurate ornithologist, John Boot of Hamburg, has ascertained by careful observation that one hundred pairs of Starlings, with their young, will in a single summer destroy fifty-seven million larvæ of the destructive May-chaffer. Yet so imperfectly is this bird appreciated, that, as we have seen, in a certain canton of Switzerland, it is still an outlaw! And this because this most valuable bird, in default of insects, and in want of necessary food, will occasionally help himself to a little grain! It is to be hoped that man will erelong learn to be at least just to such ill-requited benefactors. The same laws of equity and justice that prompt us to equip, feed, and pay our soldiers and

our police, who protect our State or guard our property, demand that we both protect and foster our feathered police, whose services, by night and by day, and at times when we are least conscious of them, are to agriculture quite as indispensable.

We have dwelt at so much length upon these recent interesting developments in Europe, that we have left ourselves no space in which to present the case of one of our own much-wronged and slandered birds, whose vindication at some length was our original inducement to a second reference to this topic. In a previous paper we very briefly referred to the signal services rendered to the farmers by our common Blue-Jay. Inasmuch as this is another very remarkable instance in which one of our most generally abused and condemned species can be proved by incontestable evidence to render services of the very highest value, for the sake of American agriculture, not less than for that of the much-wronged bird himself, his claims to our grateful protection deserve full vindication. This we shall endeavor to give on some future occasion.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER VII.

JOSEPH'S secret was not suspected by any of the company. Elwood's manner towards him next morning was warmer and kinder than ever; the chill of the past night had been forgotten, and the betrothal, which then almost seemed like a fetter upon his future, now gave him a sense of freedom and strength. He would have gone to Warriner's at once, but for the fear lest he should betray himself. Miss Blessing was to return to the city in three days more, and a single farewell call might be made with propriety; so he controlled his impatience and allowed another day to intervene.

When, at last, the hour of meeting came, Anna Warriner proved herself an efficient ally. Circumstances were against her, yet she secured the lovers a few minutes in which they could hold each other's hands, and repeat their mutual delight, with an exquisite sense of liberty in doing so. Miss Blessing suggested that nothing should be said until she had acquainted her parents with the engagement; there might be some natural difficulties to overcome; it was so unexpected, and the idea of losing her would possibly be unwelcome, at first. She would write in a few days, and then Joseph must come and make the acquaintance of her family.

"*Then*," she added, "I shall have no fear. When they have once seen you, all difficulties will vanish. There will be no trouble with ma and sister Clementina; but pa is sometimes a little peculiar, on account of his connections. There! don't look so serious, all at once; it is *my* duty, you know, to secure you a loving reception. You must try to feel already that you have two homes, as I do."

Joseph waited very anxiously for the promised letter, and in ten days it came; it was brief, but satisfactory. "Would you believe it, dear Joseph," she commenced, "pa makes no difficulty! he only requires some assurances which you can very easily furnish. Ma, on the other hand, don't like the idea of giving me up. I can hardly say it without seeming to praise myself; but Clementina never took very kindly to housekeeping and managing, and even if I were only indifferent in those branches, I should be missed. It really went to my heart when ma met me at the door, and cried out, 'Now I shall have a little rest!' You may imagine

how hard it was to tell her. But she is a dear, good mother, and I know she will be *so* happy to find a son in you, — as she certainly will. Come, soon, — soon! They are all anxious to know you."

The city was not so distant as to make a trip thither an unusual event for the young farmers of the neighborhood. Joseph had frequently gone there for a day in the interest of his sales of stock and grain, and he found no difficulty in inventing a plausible reason for the journey. The train at the nearest railway station transported him in two or three hours to the commencement of the miles of hot, dusty, rattling pavements, and left him free to seek for the brick nest within which his love was sheltered.

Yet now, so near the point whence his new life was to commence, a singular unrest took possession of him. He distinctly felt the presence of two forces, acting against each other with nearly equal power, but without neutralizing their disturbing influence. He was developing faster than he guessed, yet, to a nature like his, the last knowledge that comes is the knowledge of self. Some occult instinct already whispered that his life thenceforth would be stronger, more independent, but also more disturbed; and this was what he had believed was wanting. If the consciousness of loving and being loved were not quite the same in experience as it had seemed to his ignorant fancy, it was yet a positive happiness, and wedlock would therefore be its unbroken continuance. Julia had prepared for his introduction into her family; he must learn to accept her parents and sister as his own; and now the hour and the opportunity were at hand.

What was it, then, that struck upon his breast almost like a physical pressure, and mysteriously resisted his errand? When he reached the cross-street, in which, many squares to the northward, the house was to be found, he halted for some minutes, and then, instead of turning, kept directly onward toward the river. The sight of the water, the gliding sails, the lusty life and labor along the piers, suddenly refreshed him. Men were tramping up and down the gangways of the clipper-ships; derricks were slowly swinging over the sides the bales and boxes which had been brought up from the holds; drays were clattering to and fro: wherever he turned he saw a picture of strength, courage, reality, solid work. The men that went and came took life simply as a succession of facts, and if these did not fit smoothly into each other, they either gave themselves no trouble about the rough edges, or drove them out of sight with a few sturdy blows. What Lucy Henderson had said about going to school was recalled to Joseph's mind. Here was a class where he would be apt to stand at the foot for many days. Would any of those strapping forms comprehend the disturbance of his mind? — they would probably advise him to go to the nearest apothecary-shop and purchase a few blue-pills. The longer he watched them, the more he felt the contagion of their unimaginative, face-to-face grapple with life; the manly element in him, checked so long, began to push a vigorous shoot towards the light.

"It is only the old cowardice, after all," he thought. "I am still shrinking from the encounter with new faces! A lover, soon to be a husband, and still so much of a green youth! It will never do. I must learn to handle my duty as that stevedore handles a barrel, — take hold with both hands, push and trundle and guide, till the weight becomes a mere plaything. There! — he starts a fresh one, — now for mine!"

Therewith he turned about, walked sternly back to the cross-street, and entered it without pausing at the corner. It was still a long walk; and the street, with its uniform brick houses, with white shutters, green interior blinds, and white marble steps, grew more silent and monotonous. There was a mixed odor of salt-fish, molasses, and decaying oranges at every corner;

dark wenches lowered the nozzles of their jetting hose as he passed, and girls in draggled calico frocks turned to look at him from the entrances of gloomy tunnels leading into the back yards. A man with something in a cart uttered from time to time a piercing unintelligible cry; barefooted youngsters swore over their marbles on the sidewalk; and, at rare intervals, a marvellous moving fabric of silks and colors and glosses floated past him. But he paused for none of these. His heart beat faster, and the strange resistance seemed to increase with the increasing numbers of houses, now rapidly approaching The One — then it came!

There was an entire block of narrow, three-storied dwellings, with crowded windows and flat roofs. If Joseph had been familiar with the city, he would have recognized the air of cheap gentility which exhaled from them, and which said, as plainly as if the words had been painted on their fronts, "Here we keep up appearances on a very small capital." He noticed nothing, however, except the marble steps and the front doors, all of which were alike to him until he came upon a brass plate inscribed "B. Blessing." As he looked up a mass of dark curls vanished with a start from the window. The door suddenly opened before he could touch the bell-pull, and two hands upon his own drew him into the diminutive hall.

The door instantly closed again, but softly: then two arms were flung around his neck, and his willing lips received a subdued kiss. "Hush!" she said; "it is delightful that you have arrived, though we did n't expect you so immediately. Come into the drawing-room, and let us have a minute together before I call ma."

She tripped lightly before him, and they were presently seated side by side, on the sofa.

"What could have brought me to the window just at that moment?" she whispered; "it must have been presentiment."

Joseph's face brightened with pleasure. "And I was long on the way," he answered. "What will you think of me, Julia? I was a little afraid."

"I know you were, Joseph," she said. "It is only the cold, insensible hearts that are never agitated."

Their eyes met, and he remarked, for the first time, their peculiar pale-brown, almost tawny clearness. The next instant her long lashes slowly fell and half concealed them; she drew away slightly from him, and said: "I should like to be beautiful, for your sake; I never cared about it before."

Without giving him time to reply, she rose and moved towards the door, then looked back, smiled, and disappeared.

Joseph, left alone, also rose and walked softly up and down the room. To his eyes it seemed an elegant, if rather chilly apartment. It was long and narrow, with a small, delusive fireplace of white marble (intended only for hot air) in the middle, a carpet of many glaring colors on the floor, and a paper brilliant with lilac-bunches, on the walls. There was a centre-table, with some lukewarm literature cooling itself on the marble top; an *étagère*, with a few nondescript cups and flagons, and a cottage piano, on which lay several sheets of music by Verdi and Balfe. The furniture, not very abundant, was swathed in a nankeen summer dress. There were two pictures on the walls, portraits of a gentleman and lady, and when once Joseph had caught the fixed stare of their lustreless eyes, he found it difficult to turn away. The imperfect light which came through the bowed window-shutters revealed a florid, puffy-faced young man, whose head was held up by a high black satin stock. He was leaning against a fluted pillar, apparently constructed of putty, behind which fell a superb crimson curtain, lifted up at one corner to disclose a patch of stormy sky. The long locks, tucked in at the temples, the carefully-delineated whiskers, and the huge signet-ring on the second finger of the one exposed hand, indicated that a certain

"position" in society was either possessed or claimed of right by the painted person. Joseph could hardly doubt that this was a representation of "B. Blessing," as he appeared twenty or thirty years before.

He turned to the other picture. The lady was slender, and meant to be graceful, her head being inclined so that the curls on the left side rolled in studied disorder upon her shoulder. Her face was thin and long, with well-marked and not unpleasant features. There was rather too positive a bloom upon her cheeks, and the fixed smile on the narrow mouth scarcely harmonized with the hard, serious stare of the eyes. She was royally attired in purple, and her bare white arm — much more plumply rounded than her face would have given reason to suspect — hung with a listless grace over the end of a sofa.

Joseph looked from one face to the other with a curious interest, which the painted eyes seemed also to reflect, as they followed him. They were strangers, out of a different sphere of life, yet they must become, nay, were already, a part of his own! The lady scrutinized him closely, in spite of her smile; but the indifference of the gentleman, blandly satisfied with himself, seemed less assuring to his prospects.

Footsteps in the hall interrupted his revery, and he had barely time to slip into his seat when the door opened and Julia entered, followed by the original of one of the portraits. He recognized her, although the curls had disappeared, the dark hair was sprinkled with gray, and deep lines about the mouth and eyes gave them an expression of care and discontent. In one respect she differed from her daughter: her eyes were gray.

She bent her head with a stately air, as Joseph rose, walked past Julia, and extended her hand, with the words, —

"Mr. Asten, I am glad to see you. Pray be seated."

When all had taken seats, she resumed: "Excuse me if I begin by asking a question. You must consider that I have only known you through Julia, and her description could not, under the circumstances, be very clear. What is your age?"

"I shall be twenty-three, next birthday," Joseph replied.

"Indeed! I am happy to hear it. You do not look more than nineteen, I have reason to dread *very* youthful attachments, and am therefore reassured to know that you are fully a man and competent to test your feelings. I trust that you *have* so tested them. Again I say, excuse me if the question seems to imply a want of confidence. A mother's anxiety, you know — "

Julia clasped her hands and bent down her head.

"I am quite sure of myself," Joseph said, "and would try to make you as sure, if I knew how to do it."

"If you were one of us, — of the city, I mean, — I should be able to judge more promptly. It is many years since I have been outside of our own select circle, and I am therefore not so competent as once to judge of men in general. While I will never, without the most sufficient reason, influence my daughters in their choice, it is my duty to tell you that Julia is exceedingly susceptible on the side of her affections. A wound *there* would be incurable to her. We are alike in that; I know her nature through my own."

Julia hid her face upon her mother's shoulder: Joseph was moved, and vainly racked his brain for some form of assurance which might remove the maternal anxiety.

"There," said Mrs. Blessing; "we will say no more about it now. Go and bring your sister!"

"There are some other points, Mr. Asten," she continued, "which have no doubt already occurred to your mind. Mr. Blessing will consult with you in relation to them. I make it a rule never to trespass upon his field of duty. As you were not positively expected to-day, he went to the Custom-House as usual; but it will soon be time for him to return. Official labors, you understand, cannot be postponed.

If you have ever served in a government capacity, you will appreciate his position. I have sometimes wished that we had not become identified with political life; but, on the other hand, there are compensations."

Joseph, impressed more by Mrs. Blessing's important manner than the words she uttered, could only say, "I beg that my visit may not interfere in any way with Mr. Blessing's duties."

"Unfortunately," she replied, "they cannot be postponed. His advice is more required by the Collector than his special official services. But, as I said, he will confer with you in regard to the future of our little girl. I call her so, Mr. Asten, because she is the youngest, and I can hardly yet realize that she is old enough to leave me. Yes: the youngest, and the first to go. Had it been Clementina, I should have been better prepared for the change. But a mother should always be ready to sacrifice herself, where the happiness of a child is at stake."

Mrs. Blessing gently pressed a small handkerchief to the corner of each eye, then heaved a sigh, and resumed her usual calm dignity of manner. The door opened, and Julia re-entered, followed by her sister.

"This is Miss Blessing," said the mother.

The young lady bowed very formally, and therewith would have finished her greeting, but Joseph had already risen and extended his hand. She thereupon gave him the tips of four limp fingers, which he attempted to grasp and then let go.

Clementina was nearly a head taller than her sister, and amply proportioned. She had a small, petulant mouth, small gray eyes, a low, narrow forehead, and light brown hair. Her eyelids and cheeks had the same puffy character as her father's, in his portrait on the wall; yet there was a bloom and brilliancy about her complexion which suggested beauty. A faint expression of curiosity passed over her face, on meeting Joseph, but she uttered no word of welcome. He looked at Julia, whose manner was suddenly subdued, and was quick enough to perceive a rivalry between the sisters. The stolidity of Clementina's countenance indicated that indifference which is more offensive than enmity. He disliked her from the first moment.

Julia kept modestly silent, and the conversation, in spite of her mother's capacity to carry it on, did not flourish. Clementina spoke only in monosyllables, which she let fall from time to time with a silver sweetness which startled Joseph, it seemed so at variance with her face and manner. He felt very much relieved when, after more than one significant glance had been exchanged with her mother, the two arose and left the room. At the door Mrs. Blessing said: "Of course you will stay and take a family tea with us, Mr. Asten. I will order it to be earlier served, as you are probably not accustomed to our city hours."

Julia looked up brightly after the door had closed, and exclaimed: "Now! when ma says *that*, you may be satisfied. Her housekeeping is like the laws of the Medes and Persians. She probably seemed rather formal to you, and it is true that a certain amount of form has become natural to her; but it always gives way when she is strongly moved. Pa is to come yet, but I am sure you will get on very well with him; men always grow acquainted in a little while. I 'm afraid that Clementina did not impress you very — very genially; she is, I may confess it to you, a little peculiar."

"She is very quiet," said Joseph, "and very unlike you."

"Every one notices that. And we seem to be unlike in character, as much so as if there were no relationship between us. But I must say for Clementina, that she is above personal likings and dislikings; she looks at people abstractly. You are only a future brother-in-law to her, and I don't believe she can tell whether your hair is black or the beautiful golden brown that it is."

Joseph laughed, not ill-pleased with

Julia's delicate flattery. "I am all the more delighted," he said, "that you are different. I should not like you, Julia, to consider me an abstraction."

"You are very real, Joseph, and very individual," she answered, with one of her loveliest smiles.

Not ten minutes afterwards, Julia, whose eyes and ears were keenly on the alert, notwithstanding her gay, unrestrained talk, heard the click of a latch-key. She sprang up, laid her forefinger on her lips, gave Joseph a swift, significant glance, and darted into the hall. A sound of whispering followed, and there was no mistaking the deep, hoarse murmur of one of the voices.

Mr. Blessing, without the fluted pillar and the crimson curtain, was less formidable than Joseph had anticipated. The years had added to his body and taken away from his hair; yet his face, since high stocks were no longer in fashion, had lost its rigid lift, and expressed the chronic cordiality of a popular politician. There was a redness about the rims of his eyes, and a fulness of the under lid, which also denoted political habits. However, despite wrinkles, redness, and a general roughening and coarsening of the features, the resemblance to the portrait was still strong; and Joseph, feeling as if the presentation had already been made, offered his hand as soon as Mr. Blessing entered the room.

"Very happy to see you, Mr. Asten," said the latter. "An unexpected pleasure, sir."

He removed the glove from his left hand, pulled down his coat and vest, felt the tie of his cravat, twitched at his pantaloons, ran his fingers through his straggling gray locks, and then threw himself into a chair, exclaiming: "After business, pleasure, sir! My duties are over for the day. Mrs. Blessing probably informed you of my official capacity; but you can have no conception of the vigilance required to prevent evasion of the revenue laws. We are the country's watch-dogs, sir."

"I can understand," Joseph said, "that an official position carries with it much responsibility."

"Quite right, sir, and without adequate remuneration. Figuratively speaking, we handle millions, and we are paid by dimes. Were it not for the consciousness of serving and saving for the nation — but I will not pursue the subject. When we have become better acquainted, you can judge for yourself whether preferment always follows capacity. Our present business is to establish a mutual understanding, — as we say in politics, to prepare a platform, — and I think you will agree with me that the circumstances of the case require frank dealing, as between man and man."

"Certainly!" Joseph answered; "I only ask that, although I am a stranger to you, you will accept my word until you have the means of verifying it."

"I may safely do that with you, sir. My associations — duties, I may say — compel me to know many persons with whom it would *not* be safe. We will forget the disparity of age and experience between us. I can hardly ask you to imagine yourself placed in my situation, but perhaps we can make the case quite as clear if I state to you, without reserve, what *I* should be ready to do, if our present positions were reversed: Julia, will you look after the tea?"

"Yes, pa," said she, and slipped out of the drawing-room.

"If I were a young man from the country, and had won the affections of a young lady of — well, I may say it to you — of an old family, whose parents were ignorant of my descent, means, and future prospects in life, I should consider it my first duty to enlighten those parents upon all these points. I should reflect that the lady must be removed from their sphere to mine; that, while the attachment was, in itself, vitally important to her and to me, those parents would naturally desire to compare the two spheres, and assure themselves that their daughter would lose no material advantages by the transfer. You catch my meaning?"

"I came here," said Joseph, "with the single intention of satisfying you — at least, I came hoping that I shall be able to do so — in regard to myself. It will be easy for you to test my statements."

"Very well. We will begin, then, with the subject of Family. Understand me, I mention this solely because, in our old communities, Family is the stamp of Character. An established name represents personal qualities, virtues. It is indifferent to me whether my original ancestor was a De Belsain (though beauty and health have always been family characteristics); but it *is* important that he transmitted certain traits which — which others, perhaps, can better describe. The name of Asten is not usual; it has, in fact, rather a distinguished sound; but I am not acquainted with its derivation."

Joseph restrained a temptation to smile, and replied: "My great-grandfather came from England more than a hundred years ago: that is all I positively know. I have heard it said that the family was originally Danish."

"You must look into the matter, sir: a good pedigree is a bond for good behavior. The Danes, I have been told, were of the same blood as the Normans. But we will let that pass. Julia informs me you are the owner of a handsome farm, yet I am so ignorant of values in the country, — and my official duties oblige me to measure property by such a different standard, — that, really, unless you could make the farm evident to me in figures, I — "

He paused, but Joseph was quite ready with the desired intelligence. "I have two hundred acres," he said, "and a moderate valuation of the place would be a hundred and thirty dollars an acre. There is a mortgage of five thousand dollars on the place, the term of which has not yet expired; but I have nearly an equal amount invested, so that the farm fairly represents what I own."

"H'm," mused Mr. Blessing, thrusting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, "that is not a great deal here in the city, but I dare say it is a handsome competence in the country. It doubtless represents a certain annual income?"

"It is a very comfortable home, in the first place," said Joseph; "the farm ought to yield, after supplying nearly all the wants of a family, an annual return of a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, according to the season."

"Twenty-six thousand dollars! — and five per cent!" Mr. Blessing exclaimed. "If you had the farm in money, and knew how to operate with it, you might pocket ten — fifteen — twenty per cent. Many a man, with less than that to set him afloat, has become a millionnaire in five years' time. But it takes pluck and experience, sir!"

"More of both than I can lay claim to," Joseph remarked; "but what there is of my income is certain. If Julia were not so fond of the country, and already so familiar with our ways, I might hesitate to offer her such a plain, quiet home, but — "

"O, I know!" Mr. Blessing interrupted. "We have heard of nothing but cows and spring-houses and willow-trees since she came back. I hope, for your sake, it may last; for I see that you are determined to suit each other. I have no inclination to act the obdurate parent. You have met me like a man, sir: here's my hand; I feel sure that, as my son-in-law, you will keep up the reputation of the family!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE family tea was served in a small dining-room in the rear. Mr. Blessing, who had become more and more cordial with Joseph after formally accepting him, led the way thither, and managed to convey a rapid signal to his wife before the family took their seats at the table. Joseph was the only one who did not perceive the silent communication of intelligence; but its consequences were such as to make him speedily feel at ease in the Blessing mansion.

Even Clementina relented sufficiently to say, in her most silvery tones, "May I offer you the butter, Mr. Asten?"

The table, it is true, was very unlike the substantial suppers of the country There was a variety of diminutive dishes, containing slices so delicate that they mocked rather than excited the appetite; yet Julia (of course it was she!) had managed to give the repast an air of elegance which was at least agreeable to a kindred sense. Joseph took the little cup, the thin tea, the five drops of milk, and the fragment of sugar, without asking himself whether the beverage were palatable: he divided a leaf-like piece of flesh and consumed several wafers of bread, blissfully unconscious whether his stomach were satisfied. He felt that he had been received into The Family. Mr. Blessing was magnificently bland, Mrs. Blessing was maternally interested, Clementina recognized his existence, and Julia, — he needed but one look at her sparkling eyes, her softly flushed cheeks, her bewitching excitement of manner, to guess the relief of her heart. He forgot the vague distress which had preceded his coming, and the embarrassment of his first reception, in the knowledge that Julia was so happy, and through the acquiescence of her parents, in his love.

It was settled that he should pass the night there. Mrs. Blessing would take no denial; he must now consider their house as his home. She would also call him "Joseph," but not now, — not until she was entitled to name him "son." It had come suddenly upon her, but it was her duty to be glad, and in a little while she would become accustomed to the change.

All this was so simply and cordially said, that Joseph quite warmed to the stately woman, and unconsciously decided to accept his fortune, whatever features it might wear. Until the one important event, at least; after that it would be in his own hands — and Julia's.

After tea, two or three hours passed away rather slowly. Mr. Blessing sat in the pit of a back yard and smoked until dusk; then the family collected in the "drawing-room," and there was a little music, and a variety of gossip, with occasional pauses of silence, until Mrs Blessing said: "Perhaps you had better show Mr. Asten to his room, Mr. Blessing. We may have already passed over his accustomed hour for retiring. If so, I know he will excuse us; we shall soon become familiar with each other's habits."

When Mr. Blessing returned, he first opened the rear window, drew an arm-chair near it, took off his coat, seated himself, and lit another cigar. His wife closed the front shutters, slipped the night-bolts of the door, and then seated herself beside him. Julia whirled around on her music-stool to face the coming consultation, and Clementina gracefully posed herself in the nearest corner of the sofa.

"How do you like him, Eliza?" Mr. Blessing asked, after several silent, luxurious whiffs.

"He is handsome, and seems amiable, but younger than I expected. Are you sure of his — his feelings, Julia?"

"O ma!" Julia exclaimed; "what a question! I can only judge them by my own."

Clementina curled her lip in a singular fashion, but said nothing.

"It seems like losing Julia entirely," Mrs. Blessing resumed. "I don't know how she will be able to retain her place in our circle, unless they spend a part of the winter in the city, and whether he has means enough — "

She paused, and looked inquisitively at her husband.

"You always look at the establishment," said he, "and never consider the chances. Marriage is a deal, a throw, a sort of kite-flying, in fact (except in *our* case, my dear), and, after all I 've learned of our future son-in-law, I must say that Julia has n't a bad hand."

"I knew you 'd like him, pa!" cried the delighted Julia.

Mr. Blessing looked at her steadily

a moment, and then winked; but she took no notice of it.

"There is another thing," said his wife. "If the wedding comes off this fall, we have but two months to prepare; and how will you manage about the — the money? We can save afterwards, to be sure, but there will be an immediate and fearful expense. I 've thought, perhaps, that a simple and private ceremony, — married in travelling-dress, you know, just before the train leaves, and no cards, — it is sometimes done in the highest circles."

"It won't do!" exclaimed Mr. Blessing, waving his right hand. "Julia's husband must have an opportunity of learning our standing in society. I will invite the Collector, and the Surveyor, and the Appraiser. The money *must* be raised. I should be willing to pawn — "

He looked around the room, inspecting the well-worn carpet, the nankeen-covered chairs, the old piano, and finally the two pictures.

"— Your portrait, my dear; but, unless it were a Stuart, I could n't get ten dollars on it. We must take your set of diamonds, and Julia's rubies, and Clementina's pearls."

He leaned back, and laughed with great glee. The ladies became rigid and grave.

"It is wicked, Benjamin," Mrs. Blessing severely remarked, "to jest over our troubles at such a time as this. I see nothing else to do, but to inform Mr. Asten, frankly, of our condition. He is yet too young, I think, to be repelled by poverty."

"Ma, it would break my heart," said Julia. "I could not bear to be humiliated in his eyes."

"Decidedly the best thing to do," warbled Clementina, speaking for the first time.

"That 's the way with women, — flying from one extreme to the other. If you can't have white, you turn around and say there 's no other color than black. When all devices are exhausted, a man of pluck and character goes to work and constructs a new one. Upon my soul, I don't know where the money is to come from; but give me ten days, and Julia shall have her white satin. Now, girls, you had better go to bed."

Mr. Blessing smoked silently until the sound of his daughters' footsteps had ceased on the stairs; then, bringing down his hand emphatically upon his thigh, he exclaimed, "By Jove, Eliza, if I were as sharp as that girl, I 'd have had the Collectorship before this!"

"What do you mean? She seems to be strongly attached to him."

"O, no doubt! But she has a wonderful talent for reading character. The young fellow is pretty green wood still; what he 'll season into depends on her. Honest as the day, — there 's nothing like a country life for that. But it 's a pity that such a fund for operations should lie idle; he has a nest-egg that might hatch out millions!"

"I hope, Benjamin, that after all your unfortunate experience — "

"Pray don't lament in advance, and especially now, when a bit of luck comes to us. Julia has done well, and I 'll trust her to improve her opportunities. Besides, this will help Clementina's chances; where there is one marriage in a family, there is generally another. Poor girl! she has waited a long while. At thirty-three, the market gets v-e-r-y flat."

"And yet Julia is thirty," said Mrs. Blessing; "and Clementina's complexion and manners have been considered superior."

"There 's just her mistake. A better copy of Mrs. Halibut's airs and attitudes was never produced, and it was all very well so long as Mrs. Halibut gave the tone to society; but since she went to Europe, and Mrs. Bass has somehow crept into her place, Clementina is quite — I may say — obsolete. I don't object to her complexion, because that is a standing fashion, but she is expected to be chatty, and witty, and instead of that she stands about like a Venus of Milo. She looks like me, and she can't lack intelligence and

tact. Why could n't she unbend a little more to Asten, whether she likes him or not?"

"You know I never seemed to manage Clementina," his wife replied; "if she were to dispute my opinion sometimes, I might, perhaps, gain a little influence over her: but she won't enter into a discussion."

"Mrs. Halibut's way. It was new, then, and, with her husband's money to back it, her 'grace' and 'composure' and 'serenity' carried all before her. Give me fifty thousand a year, and I 'll put Clementina in the same place! But, come, — to the main question. I suppose we shall need five hundred dollars?"

"Three hundred, I think, will be ample," said Mrs. Blessing.

"Three or five, it 's as hard to raise one sum as the other. I 'll try for five, and if I have luck with the two hundred over — small, careful operations, you know, which always succeed — I may have the whole amount on hand, long before it 's due."

Mrs. Blessing smiled in a melancholy, hopeless way, and the consultation came to an end.

When Joseph was left alone in his chamber, he felt no inclination to sleep. He sat at the open window, and looked down into the dim, melancholy street, the solitude of which was broken about once every quarter of an hour by a forlorn pedestrian, who approached through gloom and lamplight, was foreshortened to his hat, and then lengthened away on the other side. The new acquaintances he had just made remained all the more vividly in his thoughts from their nearness; he was still within their atmosphere. They were unlike any persons he knew, and therefore he felt that he might do them injustice by a hasty estimate of their character. Clementina, however, was excluded from this charitable resolution. Concentrating his dislike on her, he found that her parents had received him with as much consideration as a total stranger could expect. Moreover, whatever they might be, Julia was the same here, in her own home, as when she was a guest in the country. As playful, as winning, and as natural; and he began to suspect that her present life was not congenial to such a nature. If so, her happiness was all the more assured by their union.

This thought led him into a pictured labyrinth of anticipation, in which his mind wandered with delight. He was so absorbed in planning the new household, that he did not hear the sisters entering the rear room on the same floor, which was only separated by a thin partition from his own.

"White satin!" he suddenly heard Clementina say: "of course I shall have the same. It will become *me* better than you."

"I should think you might be satisfied with a light silk," Julia said; "the expenses will be very heavy."

"We 'll see," Clementina answered shortly, pacing up and down the room.

After a long pause, he heard Julia's voice again. "Never mind," she said, "I shall soon be out of your way."

"I wonder how much he knows about you!" Clementina exclaimed. "Your arts were new there, and you played an easy game." Here she lowered her voice, and Joseph only distinguished a detached word now and then. He rose, indignant at this unsisterly assault, and wishing to hear no more; but it seemed that the movement was not noticed, for Julia replied, in smothered, excited tones, with some remark about "complexion."

"Well, there is one thing," Clementina continued, — "one thing you will keep very secret, and that is your birthday. Are you going to tell him that you are — "

Joseph had seized the back of a chair, and with a sudden impulse, tilted it and let it fall on the floor. Then he walked to the window, closed it, and prepared to go to rest, — all with more noise than was habitual with him. There were whispers and hushed movements in the next room, but not another audible word was spoken. Before sleeping he came to the conclusion

that he was more than Julia's lover: he was her deliverer. The idea was not unwelcome: it gave a new value and significance to his life.

However curious Julia might have been to discover how much he had overheard, she made no effort to ascertain the fact. She met him next morning with a sweet unconsciousness of what she had endured, which convinced him that such painful scenes must have been frequent, or she could not have forgotten so easily. His greeting to Clementina was brief and cold, but she did not seem to notice it in the least.

It was decided, before he left, that the wedding should take place in October.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA HILLS TO MINNESOTA PRAIRIES.

DURING the midsummer heats of last July I received the following breezy communication from certain of my recent carpet-bagging acquaintances in Pennsylvania: —

"We are about making an excursion through the region tributary to the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad, now constructing between St. Paul and Duluth. Our party will consist of some thirty-five ladies and gentlemen, and we shall run through from Philadelphia to St. Paul in special cars. We shall spend several days in visiting the Falls of St. Anthony, and of Minnehaha, and other interesting places in that vicinity; make two or three extensive trips out into the valleys of Minnesota; make an overland journey of one hundred miles in wagons through the woods to Lake Superior; spend a few days at and about Duluth, that future Chicago of the Northwest" (which I had never heard of before); "then, taking a Lake steamer, return home by way of the copper and iron districts of the south shore." Then came the interesting point of the letter, — would I accompany the party?

Such an invitation, at such a season, was not to be slighted; and accordingly I found myself once more in Pennsylvania with my carpet-bag, on the morning of Monday, August 2d, walking to and fro on the platform of the West Philadelphia Depot, waiting for the said "special cars" to start.

The party of "thirty-five ladies and gentlemen" were fast arriving in carriages, together with many who were to accompany us only a part of the way. The weather was cloudy and cool; and I noticed a certain freshness and animation in every face. We seemed to be setting out on a grand picnic excursion. Along with the baggage imposing boxes of refreshments were going into one of the cars.

"Who is Médoc?" some one inquires: "he seems to have more baggage than anybody else!" "It will grow less and less if he travels with us!" is the reply. Other equally suggestive remarks ensue concerning the said Médoc, — that he is a gentleman who often sets out on a journey, but seldom returns; that we shall meet him at dinner, though he never dines; that he never drinks, either, yet is often drunk.

Two colored attendants are industriously loading up the boxes belonging to this paradoxical personage. One of them, called John, — a short and jaunty "boy," with a shining face, and a mouth that seems made for holding cigars by the smaller end, — deserves particular mention. His tastes are expensive and aristocratic. He discharged his last employer for the good and sufficient reason that he (John) was n't "brought up to living in a family that used plated silver." He had given his previous employer, a hotel-keeper, notice to quit, because it was n't his (John's) "station" to wait at a public table. So much he said of the last

places where he had lived, when he came to engage himself to our party.

"What is your station?" L—— asked.

"I am a gentlemen's private waiter, sir," said John, with modest self-satisfaction; "and I know all about these yer excursions."

"Then you are the man we want. Now, John, with your experienced eye, look over our stores, and see what else is needed for the journey."

The experienced eye dived into the store-room, and presently came out again, shining. "I don't see no tin cups, sir."

"What do you want of tin cups, John?"

John made a solemn motion as of pouring an invisible liquor into one half-closed hand from the other raised high above it, and said sententiously, "Mixing drinks, sir."

The tin cups (without which he seemed to think no excursion was possible) having been carefully selected and purchased by himself, John made another quite astounding discovery. There were no straws provided! His notion with regard to the indispensableness of straws having been indulged, he settled down into a contented state, like one who, his whole duty done, awaits with calm trust the dispensations of fortune. In this frame of mind he continued, congratulating himself, no doubt, on his forethought, and firmly believing that, with tin cups and straws, all the necessaries of life for a four weeks' journey were laid in; when, almost at the last moment, he came rushing to L—— with a look of consternation. Still one thing had been neglected, — a lemon-squeezer!

Not our cars only, but our train, too, that day was to be special; such is the splendid courtesy of railroad kings to each other. We were to travel under the auspices of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad Company, composed chiefly of Eastern capitalists; men whom, as I afterwards found, all the railroad officials on our route, from Philadelphia to St. Paul, delighted to honor. The train was composed of our own two cars (loaned for the excursion by the Pennsylvania Railroad), and a third, appropriated to the use of Professor Morton's party, sent out by the government to make observations and take photographs of the sun, in the path of the forthcoming total eclipse.

Ten minutes in advance of the regular train we were all on board, and running out swiftly among the picturesque hills and valleys that border the Pennsylvania Road. We spent the morning in making acquaintances (many of our party meeting then for the first time), and in enjoying our novel and luxurious mode of travelling. Our cars were furnished with sofas and easy-chairs and centre-tables, and a broad rear platform, safely railed in, forming a sort of piazza to our flying abode, and affording charming views of the country. Almost before we were aware we had run through the rich agricultural counties of Chester and Lancaster, and struck the banks of the Susquehanna at Columbia; we then ran up to Baldwin, a suburb of Harrisburg, where our first halt was made, and where, as we were then an hour ahead of the regular train, it was proposed to spend the time we had gained in visiting the Pennsylvania Steel Works.

Our entire party thronged the building, some passing directly to the floor of the casting-house, while others mounted the high platform of the cupola furnaces, to see the beginning of the famous "Bessemer process," used in the manufacture of steel at this establishment. For me, who knew nothing of steel-making except by the old-fashioned, roundabout methods, this new "short-cut," as it is fitly termed, possessed a surprising interest. Laborers were casting into one of the furnaces barrow-loads of coal and pig, each fragment of which had been carefully examined, — for not every quality of iron and anthracite can be used in this process. The molten metal was run off into a huge bucket, weighed (for precision as to proportions is also necessary), and finally poured like some

terrible, fiery beverage, a soup of liquid iron, into the stomach of a monster with an egg-shaped body, and a short, curved, open neck, resembling some gigantic plucked and decapitated bird. In place of wings a pair of stout iron trunnions projected from its sides. Upon these it was so hung that it could be set upright or turned down on its belly. It was down, receiving its pottage, when we first saw it. Presently it was full-fed, — five tons of molten iron having been complacently swallowed. Then, moved by an invisible power, the creature, slowly turning on its wings, sat, or rather hung, upright. "Now they are going to blow," said our guide.

In the casting-room below, immediately beneath the monster, was a semicircular pit, round the side of which was ranged a row of smaller iron vessels, reminding me of Ali Baba's oil-jars, each capable of containing a bandit. Or, if we regard the large bird as a goose, these may be called goslings. They were all sitting on the bottom of the pit, with expectant mouths in the air, waiting to be fed. But the mother's food was to undergo a remarkable change before it could become fit nutriment for them. Iron ore, besides containing silicium, sulphur, and other earthy impurities, is combined with a large proportion of oxygen. The smelting-furnace burns out the oxygen, and removes a portion of the impurities, but only to replace them with another interloper, — carbon, absorbed from the coal. Cast-iron contains from four to five per centum of carbon; steel, only about one quarter as much, or even less, according to its quality. To refine the crude cast-iron, eliminating the excess of carbon, and yet retaining enough to make steel, — or to reduce it first to wrought-iron (or iron containing no carbon), and then to add the proportion required for the tougher and harder metal, — seems simple enough; yet the various processes by which civilized men, from the time of Tubal Cain, have aimed to produce this result, have hitherto been slow, laborious, and expensive. Bessemer's method of doing this very thing on a simple and grand scale was what we were now to witness.

The moment the monster was turned upright he began to roar terribly, and to spout flame in a dazzling volcanic jet, which even by daylight cast its glare upon the upturned faces of the spectators grouped about the floor of the casting-house. As we had seen only molten metal enter the "converter," — so the huge iron bird is called, — the appearance of such furious combustion was not a little astonishing.

"In the bottom of the converter," said our guide, shouting to make himself heard above the roar, "there are *tuyères* which admit a cold blast of sufficient force to blow the molten iron all into spray. This brings the oxygen of the air into contact with every minute drop of the metal, and what took place in the smelting-furnace is reversed; there the carbon helped to burn out the oxygen of the ore, now the oxygen comes to burn out the carbon."

"But what," we shouted back, "prevents the oxygen from playing the same trick the carbon played before?"

"That is just what it will do if the blast is continued too long, — the iron will oxidize again. But the oxygen has a stronger affinity for the carbon and other impurities than it has for the iron, and does n't begin on that till those are burned out."

"I see: you shut off the blast at a moment when just enough carbon remains to make steel."

"Not exactly; though that is what Bessemer spent a great deal of time and money trying to do. But he found it impossible always to determine the time when the blast should be stopped, and often too much or too little carbon left in would spoil the product. So he changed his tactics. You will notice that we first burn out all the carbon; that is done in about fifteen minutes. You see that man in green glasses, on the little platform over in the corner, watching the flame from the converter? The instant he sees it lose its dazzling colors and become pale, and decrease,

he knows the last of the carbon is burning, and the blast is shut off."

Meanwhile it seemed very wonderful that molten metal should contain fuel enough to make so furious a fire; nor was our astonishment diminished when we were told that the cold-air blast actually raised the temperature of the mass from 3,000° to 5,000° Fahrenheit during the brief process.

The blast shut off, the converter was turned down on its belly again, in order to prevent the metal from running into the *tuyères*, now that the pressure was removed. "The iron," said our guide, "is left by the blast decarbonized, and in a slight degree reoxidized. It also contains a little sulphur, after all its doctoring. Now we add a certain quantity of pig-iron of a peculiar quality, — either Franklinite or Spiegeleisen will do, — containing a known percentum of carbon and manganese." The dose was poured into the monster's throat, and a violent commotion in his stomach ensued, accompanied by a copious outpouring of smoke and flame. After a minute or two all was quiet. The new ingredients had burned out the oxygen and sulphur from the mass, — just enough of the freshly introduced carbon remaining unconsumed to take up its permanent lodging in the metal and make steel.

The contents of the converter were now poured into a huge ladle swung up under it by the long arm of a crane worked by invisible power, and afterwards discharged into the open mouths of the smaller monsters in the pit. These were, of course, merely moulds; and into each was cast an ingot of steel weighing some six hundred pounds. The metal was discharged from the bottom of the ladle, and thus kept separate from the slag, which floated on its surface and was retained until the last. In twenty-five minutes from the time we entered the building we had seen five tons of pig-iron "converted," and cast into six-hundred-pound ingots of steel.

Having given one glance at Bessemer's method of lining his ladles and converters, to enable them to resist the intense heat of the charge, and another at the hydraulic machinery by means of which a lad on the little platform in the corner could rotate the converter, and lift ladles and ingots, doing the work of fifty men, we passed on to the rolling-mill, where each ingot is heated and hammered (the enormous steam-hammer coming down upon it with a resounding thump), then reheated, and rolled out into a rail, to be sawed off red-hot at the right length (twenty-five feet) by a pair of shrill circular saws that do their work neatly and swiftly, as if the steel were soft pine, and the pyrotechnic spark-showers thrown out mere sawdust. Lastly we saw the strength of a rail tested under repeated blows from a V-shaped ton-weight of iron dropped upon it from a height of eighteen feet; and came away inspired with high respect for Bessemer, both as an inventor and a public benefactor.*

At a signal from the locomotive whistle we returned to the train, and found that a feat of magic had been performed in our absence. Tables had been set in the cars, and a banquet spread. By the time we were seated the train was once more in motion; and never did panorama of lovelier scenery move before the delighted eyes of banqueters. While we sat leisurely enjoying our chicken and champagne and ice-cream, the green islands and solemn-fronted bluffs of the shallow-flowing

* In this age of railroads, when accidents occasioned by the breaking of iron rails and axles are constantly occurring, one is glad to know that some of our most popular lines are fast substituting Bessemer steel for the more fragile metal. A steel rail costs only about one third more than an iron one, while it is many times more durable. The president of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, who was of our party, told me that, by way of experiment, he had steel rails laid at the entrance to the company's depot in Philadelphia, with a single iron rail in the midst. That iron rail has been worn out, together with fifteen more which have successively replaced it, while all the steel rails remain, and promise to outwear as many more of their weaker brothers. The steel rail enjoys an immense advantage over even the steel-faced iron rail, by being wrought from a homogeneous mass. There are now some half-dozen or more establishments engaged in the manufacture of Bessemer steel, in this country, yet they do not supply the demand for it, and much is imported.

Susquehanna gave place to the valley of the Juniata, checkered with farms, and these again disappeared before the precipitous crags which confine the river within that scene of fearful spring freshets, the Narrows.

We were entering the pillared vestibule of the blue-green Alleghanies. All this portion of Pennsylvania appears a vast amphitheatre of grand and beautiful hills. Higher and higher still they rise, blue chain beyond blue chain, with charming valleys between. We ascended continually, winding along their bases, keeping the natural grade of the streams, and shifting often from bank to bank, as the broken crags, crowding the railroad-track from one side, receded as if to make room for it on the other.

From Altoona, our destined stopping-place for the night, we ran up as far as Cresson, to view the mountain scenery at the hour of sunset. Here, for something more than eleven miles, the railroad makes an ascent of one hundred feet to the mile, sweeping in tremendous curves about deep ravines, and winding up wild mountain-sides. It was easy to imagine that we were no longer travelling by the prosaic steam and rail of modern days, but that some fabulous winged creature was flying away with us, up and in among the purple peaks and crests. Vista after vista of valleys, and farther and still farther horizons, opened around us, the soft sunset hues on golden summits contrasting wonderfully with the cool, translucent shadows brooding on solitary slopes and deepening down enormous, thick-wooded gorges. Occasionally a yellow farm appeared, embosomed in the shaggy immensity of surrounding wildernesses; and here and there, amid the rugged sublimity of forest-bearing crags, a sentiment of indescribable tenderness was suggested by some lonesome little brook trickling down through their cool, rocky depths.

At Cresson, on the culminating ridge of the Alleghanies, — beyond which the streams, no longer flowing eastward, turn towards the Mississippi and the Gulf, — we lingered so long in the twilight and green solitude of that charming summer resort, that when we returned down the mountains the stars had come out in the sky, and flickering coke-fires on the dark hillsides, while banks of daisies in the shelter of railroad cord-wood flitted past us like snow-drifts.

Altoona, August 3d. — Lodged last night in the midst of a menagerie of locomotives, that kept up an incessant hissing and howling under the hotel windows. I am told that frequently fifteen hundred freight cars pass here in a single night, besides passenger trains. The place, built up by the machine-shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has a right, one would say, to be noisy; but it is quiet now compared with what it was when engineers used to run out their locomotives here, and blow terrific whistles for sleepy firemen all the morning. Stringent rules having abolished that diabolical practice, real estate in the neighborhood rose at once twenty per cent in value.

Our cars are this morning attached to the regular train, a long one, which labors slowly up the steep grade of the mountain. As we creep about the immense "horseshoe curve," we at the rear end of the train look over the chasm and see with astonishment the forward end coming back towards us, like the head of a snake. It is so near that we readily appreciate the humor of the story related of an engineer who, passing this bend once with a long train, reached across and demanded a "light" of the rear brakeman.

The mountain scenery is no less beautiful in the effulgence of early morning than it appeared by last evening's sunset light; and yet how wonderfully changed! — reminding one of the often unwelcome truth, that never anything in this world, not even the character of our nearest friend, appears to us exactly as it is, but that a large part of what we call reality is made up of just such lights and shades and mists of illusion.

This is the high, rocky rim of the

great Atlantic slope, passing which we are soon aware that we have commenced the descent into the vast Mississippi Valley. Between Cresson and Pittsburg the scenery continues mountainous and grand. On a day of broken clouds like this the mountains appear spotted like leopards, with sun and shadow chasing each other along their sides. At length, far off over the tumbled hills, Pittsburg is dimly discerned, first a city of cloud with pillars and bastions, then a city of solid roofs and chimneys, of whose ever-ascending smoke the baseless fabric is built.

Rapid railroad travelling has its disadvantages for one who would gain something more than a superficial knowledge of the scenes through which he is passing. Yet it affords compensation in the sort of bird's-eye view it gives of large tracts of country within a brief space of time. Now we were running down the river from Pittsburg, through a land steeped in haze. Then we were crossing monotonous Northern Ohio, then the still more dreary flat prairies of Indiana, with their little groves rising here and there like green islets from a green sea, — all in striking contrast with hilly and picturesque Pennsylvania. Now we are approaching Chicago, at evening, watching the trains coming in from every direction, their fiery eyes glowing through the darkness of the wide, level plain. Then come the rolling prairies of Northern Illinois, and, farther on, those of Wisconsin, with their beautiful lakes and groves, where, at many a way station, our party are off, gathering wild-flowers, till the engine whistle calls. Then the bluffs of the Mississippi, with their thin soil, and poor grass growing on slopes formed of the accumulation of *débris* from century-crumbled cliffs. Then the limitless, undulating, golden grain-fields of Iowa and Minnesota, over which great reaping-machines are seen slowly moving, with large, revolving arms, perhaps miles away. All which, passing before one's eyes with panoramic effect, cannot but suggest new and enlarged ideas of the States, and of their wonderful diversity of surface.

Our two Pennsylvania cars go through with us, crossing the unbridged Mississippi on a flat-boat at Prairie du Chien; and it is always with a grateful home-feeling that we get back into them, after passing a night in the strange rooms of a crowded hotel. We are sure to find our things as we left them, and to be welcomed by the shining faces of John, mixer of drinks, and his companion, who have kept faithful guard. Peering platform loungers marvel at us; and more than once, with our extraordinary cars, and strange-looking traps inside, we are taken for some travelling showman's troupe, and asked where we are going to perform.

On the evening of the fifth day (twelve hundred and sixty miles from Philadelphia), we strike the Mississippi once more, and run down, in the twilight, under white sandstone bluffs, to the depot opposite St. Paul. Here we are received by a procession of carriages, and taken over the lofty bridge, — the farthest span of which, on the side of the city, is ninety feet above the river, — and up the long streets that rise higher and higher on the swelling summit of the bluff, to be landed at last at our hotel, overlooking the town.

St. Paul, 7th. — To-day the business men of our party make an excursion up the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad, to examine the track as far as it has been completed. The ladies, and we who are not railroad men, remain behind to make acquaintance with St. Paul.

For me it is a renewal of acquaintance. Sixteen years ago, on much such a sunny, beautiful morning as this, I landed from a steamboat at the "levee" under the bluff, climbed the steep road winding to the summit, and saw the rough cub of a town, then in its uncouth infancy. It had at that time a growth of five or six years, and numbered, I think, some three thousand inhabitants. It has now twenty

thousand. I well remember its romantic situation, on the irregular terraces of the bluff, rising high above the river, with their background of still higher hills beyond; but the lighted streets through which we rode last evening were quite new to me, and I have to rub my eyes a little this morning to reconcile what I recall of the past with what I behold of the present.

Superbly perched as it is upon these commanding heights, the town is not by any means well laid out. Indeed, it seems never to have been laid out at all, with any view to the formation of a city befitting its important situation, but rather to have laid itself out as chance or the necessity of its growth directed. A great mistake has been made in not reserving the sightly front of the bluff for a public promenade, like that which renders the view of Natchez so imposing and delightful. Many of the little old wooden tenements of the first settlers remain squatted among the fine blocks and residences of the prosperous new city, giving it an ugly look of incongruity. But this is a blemish which time will rapidly efface.

The day is fine, and the weather exhilarating, as I believe this Minnesota air always is to strangers. One feels like leaping and shouting, as he fills with delicious draughts his tingling lungs on these breezy hills. The people brag constantly of their climate, and not without reason. Almost every fifth man one meets has the same old story to tell, — how he or his wife or his daughter was dying of consumption in the East, having been given up by the doctors, when, as a last resort, a journey to Minnesota was undertaken, and "You see the result, sir!" striking his breast, or showing his daughter's ruddy cheeks. The man with only one lung, or even with half a lung, — but that healed, and as good as a pair in Massachusetts, — is a very common phenomenon.

The winters here are a theme of especial eulogy. Although they freeze your feeble mercury, and only spirit-thermometers can be safely used, their intense cold seems to differ not only in degree, but also in kind, from the cold weather with which we poor shivering mortals in the East are so well acquainted. "I seldom think of wearing an overcoat here, even with the thermometer twenty or thirty degrees below zero," says Mr. D——, a respectable hardware merchant; "but when I am in Pittsburg, where I go every winter to buy goods, I can't put on clothing enough, but am always trying to get near a fire." Is it then the moisture of the atmosphere penetrating to the skin, and conducting the caloric away from it, that gives us the sense of cold to which those in a dry air of a much lower temperature are so blissfully insensible?

The deadly cold of the winter nights, however, is felt within doors, when the wood-fires burn out, and everything freezes above the cellars.

Even more bountifully than most new and thriving Western towns, St. Paul blossoms with children, — nearly every house showing its full bouquet of rosy faces. It is the young and enterprising who emigrate; and the climate that gives health to the parents goes far to insure the life of the offspring.

One remarks a large foreign element in the population, three fifths of which, I am told, are German, Scandinavian, Irish, and French. The town is also a favorite summer resort of wealthy Southerners, who find it convenient to bring their families, household goods, and equipages up the river to their country residences here, on these airy bluffs.

Well-built blocks of stone, on the principal streets, attest the solid business prosperity of the place. Twenty years ago its entire annual trade scarcely exceeded one hundred thousand dollars; ten years ago it amounted to some four millions; last year a single dry-goods house did a business of two millions. Within the coming year the new Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad will be completed between St. Paul and Duluth, bringing the head of

steamboat navigation on the river some three hundred miles nearer to New York, by railroad and water communication, than it is at present by the way of Chicago and the Lakes, — a result which cannot but give an extraordinary impulse to trade at this place.

There are not many points of local interest about St. Paul, but the people take a just pride in showing Summit Avenue, with its charming residences on an oak-wooded bluff; Lake Como, a very pretty sheet of water, yet hardly beautiful enough for the comparison which it challenges by its imported name; Dayton's Bluff, below the town, with its Indian mounds, and enchanting views of the far-gleaming river; and Carver's Cave, which is, however, no longer the wonderfully romantic object which adventurous old John Carver described, — being closed by the ruins of its own fallen roof and walls.

Much of the land about St. Paul is held by "non-residents," whose negligent ownership bars improvement, and gives to the outskirts a singularly barren and lonely aspect, especially at the close of the day, when the night shuts down on a wide expanse of unfenced cow-pastures and bush-prairies, sparsely tufted with scrub-oaks and hazels.

In riding over these tracts I was interested to note how speedily and effectually the grasses and weeds of civilization exterminate, in the path of man, without any conscious aid from him, the wild grasses of the prairies and their whole tribe of sister plants. Wherever his cow-bells tinkle and colts whinny, there the coarse native sod spontaneously gives place to the fine, close turf of red-top and white clover. Civilization is finer and stronger than savagery; and as the white man displaces, not simply by the power of his own selfish will, but by an inexorable law of nature, the weaker, undeveloped red man, so his vast family of mute and animate things accompanies him, sweeping the prairies of whatever is unable to compete with them in the "struggle for existence." The Indian, with a touch of poetry and pathos in the word, calls the broad leaf of the plantain "white man's foot"; and wherever it appears there the print of his moccasin is fated soon to vanish.

The eclipse comes upon us duly today, according to appointment, and revives the good old fashion, which Mother Earth herself has the good sense to follow, holding before her face the smoked glass of a hazy sky all the quiet, expectant, ghostly afternoon.

Sunday, 8th. — Church-bells are ringing all over the city, and throngs of well-dressed, serious citizens are pouring into open porches, and organs are booming within, and choirs singing, all in notable contrast with the scenes of sixteen years ago, when, as I remember, dog-fighting and kindred amusements were favorite Sunday pastimes with the ruder class of settlers, and St. Paul seemed somewhat less to merit its apostolic name.

Monday Morning. — An invitation from the officers of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad to make an excursion over their road; and from the city authorities of Minneapolis to pay their town a visit on the way. At the depot, near the steamboat-landing under the bluff, we meet a number of prominent citizens of St. Paul, who are to accompany us; and we are soon speeding away over "the oldest railroad track in the State," as our friends inform us. We are curious to know how old that may be. "Seven years; in sixty-two, the first iron rail was laid in Minnesota; and we have now over eight hundred miles of railroads."

The railroad runs ten miles westward, to St. Anthony, where it sends off a branch up the east bank of the river, while the main line crosses over to Minneapolis, sweeping thence, in a broad curve trending towards the northwest, over the magnificent tract of forest-bordered prairie country lying between the Mississippi and the Red River of the North. We keep the main line, glide over the railroad-bridge above the Falls, and find on the other

side a delegation of Minneapolitans, with a string of carriages waiting to receive us. We are shown the town and the wonders of the Falls. Ah, how everything has changed since my last visit! Then St. Anthony was a village consisting of a few shops and houses and saw-mills, and several acres of logs in the river; and Minneapolis was not. Now St. Anthony has five thousand inhabitants, and Minneapolis, grown up entirely since then, eleven thousand. A suspension-bridge connects the two; and church-spires, and high-roofed hotels, and lofty grain-elevators, and one more notable building than all, that of the State University, on the heights of St. Anthony, overlook the Falls.

These have changed no less than the aspect of the shores above. Then the Mississippi poured its waters over a rocky rim some sixteen or eighteen feet high; while the stream below was islanded, as I well remember, by immense fragments, enormous careened blocks, of the broken limestone stratum which forms the upper bed of the river. This stratum, fourteen feet in thickness, rests upon a treacherous foundation of the same soft white sandstone whose pallid walls uplift the bluffs lower down. The action of the recoiling current is continually cutting out the foundation, and the superincumbent limestone, thus undermined, is left projecting until, breaking away by its own weight, it launches huge masses down the Falls. An immense horse-shoe has been formed, which is now filled with fragments of the broken limestone, and with derricks and timbers; for the Minneapolitans, seeing how fast the source of their prosperity is moving away from them up the stream, have set to work in earnest, constructing a costly protective apron across the face of the Falls. To facilitate this work, a powerful temporary side dam has been built, which carries away the water in rushing, foaming rapids, with tempestuous roar and vapor, down its tremendous sluice, leaving dry the verge of the natural fall, with only a little stream here and there trickling over the rocks.

From the farther end of a slight bridge that spans this menacing torrent some of us cross dry-shod to the island which divides the main stream from the little fall on the St. Anthony side; and go up thence to view the great dam built for the husbanding of the waters, the endless procession of logs that come floating down, and the gang of men, armed with pike-poles, assorting them as they arrive at the separating-booms, and sending them, each according to its mark of ownership, down their appropriate channels, to the mills below.

The river falls seventy feet in the course of a mile, affording water-power sufficient (well-informed persons assure us) "to turn all the spindles of England." By a device said to be new in hydraulic engineering, the softness of the white sandstone, hitherto so fatal to the permanence of the perpendicular fall, has been curiously taken advantage of, and made tributary to the power it endangered. Wherever a supply of water can be had from the canals fed by the dams, there — no matter how far inland — a good mill-site is practicable. It is only necessary to sink a well or shaft through the overlying earth and limestone, communicating at the bottom with a tunnel opened up to it, in the sandstone, from the river-bank below the falls. The shaft serves as the water-wheel pit, from which the water is discharged through the tunnel. The various shafts already sunk for this purpose average about thirty-five feet in depth; some of the tunnels are hundreds of feet in length. As the sandstone yields almost as readily as mere packed sand to the pick and spade of the workmen, and to the assaults of the recoiling river currents, I am concerned to know what may be the effect of thus pouring the river through it beneath the very foundations of the town. "O, there is no danger; the tunnels don't enlarge perceptibly, and there 's no chance of the river getting the advantage of us." I should hope not! *

* After the above notes were taken, the river *did* get the advantage of our friends (as I learn by the

We pay a visit to the saw-mills, and see the constant succession of logs, drawn in from above, passing through the singing and clashing teeth of saws, and coming out lumber, which is shot down long chutes into the river below, where it is made up into rafts; — see blocks and slabs worked up by machinery into laths and staves and shingles, with a suddenness that must astonish them. Then we ride through the pleasant streets of the town, beautifully laid out on a broad plateau extending back from the river; and return to the depot in time for the train which arrives from St. Paul with more of our party, and, as soon as we are aboard, speeds away with us west from the Mississippi.

A ride of fourteen miles over bushy oak barrens, then through a belt of timber fifty miles in breadth, — passing here and there a small farm-clearing, or "claim shanty," or gleaming blue lake, — and the prairie country opens before us, spotted with flowers, covered with waving wild grass and nodding tufts of plants, and stretching away, without visible farm or fence, to where its outlines meet the sky.

It is almost the first utterly untamed prairie we have seen; for here are no black squares of ploughed land checkering the distant hills, — no revolving reapers moving over golden-blue grain-fields on the horizon's verge; but the only marks of civilization are the newly-laid railroad-track, the laborers' shanties, and here and there a half-finished depot. The sight inspires an indescribable feeling of freshness and freedom and vastness. Then there is the native scent of the prairie, unlike any other wild odor in the world, — bringing back vividly to my memory a summer of my youth on the prairies of Illinois. For a moment I am there again; — I pluck the gaudy flowers, I scare up the whirring grouse almost from under my feet, I tread the springing turf with the careless gladness of boyhood; — then the mist of the gulf of years sweeps over me, and I awaken here, with an aching wonder at myself and these new strange scenes around me.

We run a few miles, to the end of the railroad, — if that can be called an end which is moving forward at the rate of a mile a day, — and witness the laying of the track. The grade is already prepared, — a simple flattened ridge of the black prairie soil thrown up from a trench on either side. Teams go forward with wagon-loads of ties which are laid across it at intervals. A hand-car follows, loaded with iron. The rails are run out in front and laid on the ties, an iron "chair" is slipped over the ends connecting them; a touch with a measuring-rod, a few spikes driven, and the hand-car passes on, over rails which itself just carried. A little "levelling up" and straightening of the track make it ready for the engine and freight-train bringing up supplies of iron and ties, and for our own "special," which presently advances over a portion of road not built when we arrived a quarter of an hour before.

This is the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, to-day pushing out its feelers like some sentient crawling creature towards its present proposed terminus, Breckenridge, on the Red River of the North, still some hundred and sixty miles away. Hundreds of miles farther on the north and west extends just such a beautiful, fertile country as this before us, awaiting the plough and the seed-grain of the farmer. The entire valley of the Red River is described by those who have seen it as one of the richest and loveliest in the world, —

newspapers), in a most unexpected and astonishing manner. A tunnel, which was excavating beneath the upper bed of the river, from below the Falls, opening a water-power for Nicollet Island, struck what the papers call "a sunken water-cavern," — probably a fissure in the limestone (in short, a natural shaft in very much the wrong place), — which let the river drop through altogether prematurely. An uncontrollable rush of water down this new channel, enlarging the opening, produced a frightful maelstrom, — the Mississippi threatening to find there a new outlet, and to undermine the entire rock basis of the Falls. A St. Paul paper, printed a few days after the accident, says: "By the herculean efforts of hundreds of stalwart men employed in choking up the maelstrom, such progress has been made as to afford a fair prospect of averting further damage."

a garden of delights. Its boundless wheat-lands are capable of supplying the granaries of Europe. Its climate is singularly mild and uniform, for it lies embosomed in the heart of the continent, where the isothermal lines make an astonishing sweep to the northward, giving even to the regions of the Assineboine and Swan River beyond, and to the far-off valley of the Saskatchawan, the summer temperature of Pennsylvania and New York, ten degrees further south. What must be the result to America when railroads have opened to civilization these almost unknown regions of the vast Northwest!

Such thoughts came over us like the mild blowing of the prairie winds as we watch the laying of the initial track. It is a lovely day; how fresh and sweet the air, breathing from the haunts of the bison and the elk, and wafting the odors of myriads of flowers! We scatter like school-children over the prairies, gathering bouquets, — our fair companions in their many-colored costumes showing like a larger and lovelier garland spangling the turf. Even in the midst of these romantic enjoyments, inevitable, all-compelling hunger visits us, and we are not sorry when the note of the steam-whistle summons us (Ye muses! must I say it?) to the dinner which the officers of the road have provided for their guests.

THE MILITARY BALL AT GOULACASKA.

MILITARY balls have borne their part in song and story ever since that memorable night, recorded in Holy Writ, when Belshazzar the king drank wine before a thousand of his lords, and saw, it is to be feared with blurred vision, the prophetic handwriting on the wall. That the entertainment in question partook largely of a military character I think there can be no reasonable doubt, for it behooved the king to provide good cheer for his generals when the Medes and Persians were advancing their parallels within short canister range of the Babylonish outworks, and when, as we may fairly assume, the Persian and Chaldean archers were exchanging morning papers, and swapping jackknives, even as our own pickets used to do, a few years ago, along the advanced line in Virginia and Tennessee. The resemblance between Belshazzar's little entertainment and the ball whose history and untimely end I propose to relate ceases with their military character; for the palm-dotted plains of Mesopotamia bore as little resemblance to the bayous and prairies by which we were surrounded as did the old plantation-house, with its wide verandas, to the massive colonnade of the royal palace in Babylon.

There was something of a garrison at Goulacaska in those days, for it was an important outpost on the border of a vast territory of swamp, savannah, and bayou, through which from time to time armies moved or chased one another, according to the varying fortunes of war. Our force was divided, the main body, composed exclusively of white troops, being stationed on the most important side of the wide river and bay, in a well-fortified position, while we, that is to say, two regiments of colored troops, with a few pieces of artillery, occupied a large *tête-du-pont*, so called, on the opposite side.

On the islands and along the bayous of the vicinity lived the sparse remains of local aristocracy, composed for the most part of ladies, with a few old men and boys, unfit for service in the field, and whom the rigid conscription had not yet reached. Sons, brothers, and husbands who could or would carry

musket or sword were away in the army.

Black regiments were then at the height of their unpopularity, officers and all sharing in the disfavor with which the organizations were regarded. For a time we felt rather keenly the coolness with which our brother officers across the river treated us; but by the end of the summer these little prejudices wore off, and we were on excellent terms.

Life in both camps was monotonous, of course. Socially the head-quarters side of the river was preferable. A long period of inactivity on the part of the Confederate forces had led many of the officers to send for their wives as winter came on, and quite a little party of ladies could upon occasion be assembled from the various regiments and batteries which composed the command. On our side we had the excitement of occasional skirmishes with the enemy's cavalry, and if a foraging-party ventured out of sight of the picket-line it was tolerably certain of a lively time before getting back. So we called it an even thing, and considered it a great privilege to have leave of absence for an evening across the river, while they, on the other hand, envied us the excitements of our more exposed position.

The long period of military inactivity and the constant presence of good-looking young fellows in blue had caused the memory of absent cavaliers in gray to fade somewhat in the minds of our fair Southern neighbors, who, although unswerving in their allegiance to the Confederate cause, could not bring themselves utterly to refuse masculine adulation, even when it was bound in blue and gold.

We of the colored troops found, however, that as soon as our corps was announced, an immediate cooling off ensued on the part of our Southern sisters, and we considered ourselves lucky if we were not treated with undisguised scorn or given the cut direct, if an opportunity occurred.

Our Post Commandant was an old Regular Army officer, holding a brigadier commission in the volunteers. He and his wife occupied part of the old plantation-house aforementioned, and ruled with stern but beneficent tyranny respectively over our military and social world. Garrison society in the volunteer army was apt to contain elements so incongruous that an utter lack of harmony often existed, but the General's wife was a woman who had seen the world, and was so completely mistress of the situation that no one of her female subordinates ever attempted to set up a rival claim to social supremacy.

Of course it was no more than natural that secesh society should have a queen of its own, and Madame Presbourg, the wife of a Confederate general, occupied the throne by virtue of her husband's rank, and bore aloft the somewhat bedraggled escutcheon of local upper-tendom. Her two pretty daughters were Rebels to the tips of their fingers, but were so deeply imbued with the native coquetry of Southern maidens that they could not forego the temptations of society, and so by some unknown diplomacy had persuaded their mamma to permit calls from approved Federals. It is to be feared that certain officers, yielding to feminine blandishments, forwarded sundry notes and letters across the lines to Confederate territory which would have hardly reached their destination by other channels. However, no harm appears to have been done, although untold disaster might easily have followed such youthful rashness.

The late Southern fall with its charming days was turning the cypresses brown, and bringing myriads of waterfowl from the far north to swim in the sheltered lagoons which surrounded our encampment. The rank and file of our colored regiments as they sat around their camp-fires were beginning to recall half regretfully memories of bygone Christmas holidays in old plantation times, when it was rumored that a ball was to be given on Christmas eve at post head-quarters. The report was at first disbelieved; but about two weeks before that festival an orderly was ob-

served making the rounds of our officers' quarters, bearing in his hand a package of unofficial-looking envelopes, which proved to be manuscript notifications to the effect that General and Mrs. Mars would be at home on Christmas eve at half past seven o'clock in the evening. Similar documents were sent by the General's body-servant to various secesh families in the neighborhood, part of the General's creed being to cultivate the social virtues so far as was consistent with the good of the service, and no further.

Of course this break in the monotony of our life was looked forward to with pleasure by everybody who was concerned, and it was understood on all sides that for once the hatchet should be buried, and that the memory of the absent should be pledged alike by North and South, thus laying a foundation for a merrier Christmas and a happier New Year in the days to come.

I regret to say that this charming dream of social reconstruction was not destined to attain a perfect realization. In a few days a rumor arose, no one knew whence, that the secesh ladies had accepted their invitations only on condition that no officers of colored troops were to attend the ball. Of course this proviso was not embodied in the written notes of acceptance; but it is well understood that ladies have ways of making known such decisions, without forwarding documents through the regular official channels.

Here was a dilemma, and the faces of our garrison ladies grew visibly longer as the threatened danger assumed definite proportions. The General would probably have solved the difficulty by remarking, with honest indignation, that they might stay away and be hanged; and his wife would have expressed the same idea in ladylike phrase. This, however, would practically have broken up the ball, so it became necessary to manage the affair independently of head-quarters, and the whole responsibility fell upon the garrison ladies at large, some of whom, as the result proved, were willing to stoop that they might conquer, and who, sad to relate, found "officers and gentlemen" willing to aid in their unpatriotic schemes.

On our side of the river we had a sort of public hall where we were wont to meet in the evening, and where such papers and periodicals as came to hand were deposited for the common good. This hall, not to call it a shanty, was built of boards, found, as Sherman's bummers used to say, in the woods more than a mile from any house, and was an institution which I recommend to all officers of United States troops on detached stations. Officers of other nations have mess-rooms and tents furnished by their respective governments, and therefore need not scour the neighboring forests in search of casual boards.

A few evenings before the ball, such of us as were off duty were sitting as usual in our hall engaged in the various innocent amusements characteristic of such gatherings, when the door opened and in came two officers from the other side. It was a rare thing to receive such a visit in the evening, but this was apparently only a friendly call, and we endeavored to make the occasion an agreeable one by sending to the sutler's for a bottle or two of his best soda-water, with which to drink the health of our unexpected guests. After a while the talk turned on the coming ball, and the last news was demanded concerning the progress of preparations. "Why," said Captain Linn, the most self-possessed of our guests, "have n't you heard that the idea of a ball has been given up, and we are to have simply a reception, which the garrison ladies only will attend."

This change of programme excited general surprise, and various were the speculations concerning the cause. Our guests kept discreetly silent or evaded our questions for some minutes, till at length the Captain, shifting rather uneasily in his seat, broke out as follows, in reply to a direct appeal from one of our number: —

"I did n't mean to say anything

about it, but the fact is that we owe the affair to you fellows on this side of the river."

"To us!" "What do you mean?" was queried on all sides; and the Captain, gaining courage, went on: —

"Well, you know it has been rumored that the secesh girls, not to mention their mammas, would not attend the ball in case you officers of colored troops went. Everybody thought they would be glad enough to come anyhow, and were only talking so as to make a show of loyalty to the Rebel cause; but at last it came out that they had actually decided to stand by their principles and stay away altogether, unless assured that they should not meet the nig— the officers of colored troops. So there you are. I didn't mean to tell you of it, for of course it is disagreeable to feel that you are depriving the rest of us of a good time; but you made me tell, so it can't be helped."

We looked at one another in mute indignation for a few seconds, and then mutterings of wrath indicated the sense of the meeting. In the course of ten minutes or so the question was proposed, — by whom we never could find out, — whether or no we should magnanimously stay away so that the ball might come off as at first proposed. The proposition was greeted with scorn, and even our guests joined us in agreeing that this would be an unbecoming concession to rebeldom. The question was, however, discussed, and presently Captain Tybale, who had been quietly listening to the talk and taking observations, raised his voice so as to arrest the hum of general conversation. Now the Captain was one of our acknowledged leaders, first in war, first in peace, etc., and his words always commanded respect.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "in my opinion, it is a piece of confounded secesh impudence, and I 'm no more disposed than any of you to yield to it; but if Southern girls don't appreciate us, we can't help it. It is very evident to any disinterested observer that they are the losers, so I think our best way is to keep still and take our pay out of the masculine Rebs next time we meet 'em. You see we 'colored officers' number only about fifty men all told, and probably not more than thirty could be allowed leave of absence to attend the ball, while those fellows on the other side will turn out at least seventy-five or a hundred pairs of shoulder-straps. I move that we don't spoil the fun of the majority. Let us just stay away and let them have their old ball to themselves. And, Linn," turning towards our guests, "you may present my compliments to Miss Le C——, and tell her that I have already had two chances to shoot that gray-coated cousin of hers, and didn't because I had a slight acquaintance with herself. Tell her there is no knowing what may happen another time."

The Captain ceased, and at once communicated with two or three of us privately, urging us to second his motion. The result was that in half an hour our guests departed authorized to say that, as a body, we would not attend the ball. Tybale escorted them to their boat, and we broke up to attend tattoo roll-call. Soon after "taps" Tybale's servant brought word to me that the Captain wished to see me, and going over to his quarters we spent an hour talking over certain plans which shall be laid before the reader as my tale proceeds.

It is sufficient to say here that, from certain facts in Tybale's possession, it was made evident to all who were admitted to his confidence, that a few of the garrison ladies had conspired to keep us away from the ball, so that the tender feelings of their secesh acquaintance should not be harrowed by meeting officers of colored troops on a social equality.

The two officers whose visit to us I have just described were secret emissaries from this female cabal, sent over to pave the way for a voluntary consent, on our part, to stay away from the entertainment. The next day the affair was more generally talked of, the greatest secrecy being observed with regard to the discovered conspir-

acy. The field and staff officers, with others who had not been present on the previous evening, approved our action. The Colonel of our regiment, who, being senior officer, commanded on our side the river, agreed with us, but said that it was necessary for him to pay his respects to the General in an official way on the evening of the ball, and that he would take one of his staff with him for form's sake.

So it was all quietly settled, and everything went on with the usual clock-like regularity of military routine.

At this epoch of my story I beg leave to introduce a letter from Harry Wistar, at that time our Adjutant. A day or two after the ball he was commissioned in a Regular regiment then stationed in the far West, and, starting at once to join his command, he heard none of the stories which were soon in circulation concerning events at Goulacaska. His letter shows the view taken by the outside public, and I certify on honor that the following is a true and correct copy of the original epistle.

ADJUTANT WISTAR'S ACCOUNT.

TERMINUS PACIFIC RAILWAY,
August 29, 1868.

MY DEAR TOM, — Ever since the arrival of your letter I have been trying in vain to discover why, at this late day, you want a particular account of that luckless ball at Goulacaska and its untimely end. The request for such a narrative is, however, a modest one, considering the source; so here it is, exactly as I recollect it.

You know the history of the affair as well as I do up to 6.30 P.M. on Christmas eve, 1863, when the Colonel and I, arrayed in our best uniforms, embarked in the yawl, and were pulled away through the gathering darkness toward the twinkling lights of the east side. When we were some fifty yards from the landing the Colonel, who had until that time maintained a reflective silence, suddenly ordered the men to avast pulling, and, turning to me as he crowded the tiller to starboard, "Adjutant," said he, "I 'm very certain that the devil is to pay somewhere to-night, and I 've a good notion to step ashore and send you with my excuses to the General."

The boat swung slowly round, bobbing up and down on the sea which the ebb tide was making, and we both sat in the stern-sheets looking back at the lights and fires which marked the camp. Everything bore its ordinary appearance. I reminded the Colonel that Jones was officer of the day, and that Major Thomas was sober, which latter rather exceptional state of things, together with the fact that all was quiet outside the pickets, had the reassuring effect which I intended, and the Colonel, still shaking his head somewhat dubiously, ordered the men to give way, and brought the boat's head round once more toward the opposite shore. A steady pull of an hour brought us to the opposite side, and during the voyage we had some further conversation on the subject of the suspicions which, when we were half-way across, I admitted were shared by myself. We concluded that our forebodings had no sufficient foundation, and were only caused by our simultaneous absence from camp, which was an event of rare occurrence.

At about a quarter before eight we reached head-quarters, and found, as we anticipated, that only the loyal part of the company had as yet arrived. The Colonel and I made our bow without serious discomfort, and, leaving him in conversation with our host and hostess, I proceeded to make myself agreeable to any one whom I could get to talk with me.

I soon found it expedient to confine my attentions to my own sex, for as the hour for the expected arrival of the secesh contingent drew near the feminine intellect became so intensely preoccupied in watching for that event that it was impossible to engage any of the ladies present in rational conversation. From this sweeping assertion I wish, however, to except Mrs. General Mars, who rose superior to all such

weakness, and was just her ordinary charming self.

Soon after eight o'clock the expected guests began to arrive. Far be it from me to cast ridicule upon the poverty which fell upon so many once wealthy Southern families during those days; but when I saw the old tumble-down relics of former grandeur, — once elegant carriages, drawn to the door by such animals as had been left behind after successive occupations by the hostile armies, and driven by such decrepit darkies as still remained faithful to "de ole place," — I may be pardoned if the ludicrous side of the picture caught my eye before its sadder moral sobered my thoughts. It was curious to see these Southern ladies enter the rooms arrayed in the forgotten fashions of years past. Many dresses were rich and elegant, and some of them seemed, to my uncultivated eye, far more graceful than the modern costumes worn by our garrison ladies, which observation aroused a suspicion in my mind, since confirmed, that every succeeding fashion is not necessarily more tasteful and beauteous than its predecessor. Most of the Southern ladies, some thirty in number, came without any escort save the drivers of their respective vehicles. A few old men and young boys, however, were made to do duty, but they attracted comparatively little attention, and a pleasant hum of conversation began to diffuse itself through the parlors. Mrs. Mars had, with her usual taste and skill, draped the rooms with flags, for which purpose all the bunting possessed by the land and naval forces of the Union, then stationed at Goulacaska, had been borrowed. Among the naval signals the sharp eyes of some of our fair Southern guests soon detected a pennant of red, white, and red, with a "lone star," near one corner. This was at once seized upon as a recognition of Southern rights, and much good-humored talk ensued, amid which the General was repeatedly thanked for his courtesy in thus giving a place to the colors of the "new nation."

"Ladies," said he, as a bevy of his guests tendered him their thanks, — "ladies, you are very welcome, but your new nation is, I think, only an imagination."

So the talk went on, and society was fast being reorganized on an excellent basis of good fellowship, when interruption number one came in the shape of the party from St. Jean's. You remember Madame Presbourg, Tom, with her two lovely daughters, of course? Why, we used to joke you about one of them. Well, after everybody was there and in good spirits, at forty-five minutes past eight precisely by the Post Adjutant's clock, I beheld Madame Presbourg in the doorway leaning on the arm of a good-looking, dark-complexioned man of thirty or thereabout, and followed at easy supporting distance by the two young ladies. In this order the party passed without wincing under the crossed battery-guidons over the door, and advanced resolutely upon the big garrison flag that hung across the end of the parlor, in front of which our hosts stood to receive their onset. The ladies were simply and tastefully dressed, and looked their loveliest, but all eyes were concentrated upon the male escort whose presence and bearing so enhanced the effect of this very successful *entré*. Who could he be? No able-bodied Southern man of his stamp had been seen, at least during Federal occupancy, in that vicinity since 1861. Was he a Confederate officer in disguise, or an emissary from Richmond, or only a distinguished foreigner? Speculation was rife as the party moved through the not very full rooms, and saluted the General and his wife with a dignity which said as plainly as words could have done, "We are Rebels, every one of us. We have come to your ball, but are not conciliated by any means."

I watched the General curiously. There was a slight elevating of his gray eyebrows as the stranger appeared, then a searching glance at him from head to foot, but nothing betrayed his suspicions if he had any. Those

of the company who stood nearest the General heard Madame Presbourg say, as she introduced her escort, "My nephew, Presley Creighton of Virginia. He arrived quite unexpectedly to-day, and I have taken the liberty of availing myself of his escort."

"Most happy to see him, madame," was the General's reply; and a short commonplace talk followed, ending with the earnestly expressed hope from Madame Presbourg, reiterated by the young ladies, that no serious interruption should occur to mar the festivities of the evening.

At nine o'clock the orchestral troupe entered and made their way to the lower end of the rooms, whence forthwith proceeded the shriekings consequent upon the adjustment of stringed instruments. The orchestra was composed of a bass-viol, three fiddles, and two banjos, all in the hands of musical members of the colored troops, and of similarly gifted freedmen from the neighboring plantations.

The Colonel during all this time showed no disposition to leave, as I expected, and everything went on serenely, notwithstanding our presence. At half past ten the dancing was at its height (and Southern girls do dance better than Northern ones, although they are not near so pretty or clever), when suddenly I became conscious of a cessation in the hum of talk, and of a movement among the non-dancing part of the company towards windows and doors. As the music did not stop, the dancing continued, but in a few seconds more there came through the windows the crack-crack of rifles up the river. The sound was too palpable for any mistake. The first fiddle rolled the whites of his eyes toward the window and missed two notes, then turned purple and broke down, carrying with him the whole sable orchestra, just as the rattling crash of a solid volley echoed down the river, and shook the sashes in their frames, while the last figures of the cotillon melted into a crowd which now hurried toward the gallery. By this time the long roll was beating, the troops were falling in, and we could hear the first sergeants hurrying up the laggards and forming their companies. At this moment the General called out in his military tone, "Stations, gentlemen, stations," and away went the masculine portion of the assembly. At this point I repress a strong desire to quote a certain apropos verse from Childe Harold, but if, as I half suspect, you are going to print this yarn, I won't deprive you of the pleasure which I know arises from an apt quotation.

As the Colonel and I were rushing out with the rest, the General stopped us. "You cannot reach your command," said he, "in time to be of any service. This affair will be over, one way or the other, before you could get there. I want you two to stay here, and don't let a soul leave this house. I 'm afraid that nephew of the Presbourgs has escaped already; but if he has not, don't let him. I 'll send a guard at once." The General went off toward his horse, and the Colonel sent me immediately to guard the back gallery. The house was built, like many Southern mansions, with a broad gallery in front and rear at the height of the second story, where were the parlors, etc. A single flight of stairs led from each of these galleries to the ground. The Colonel stationed himself at the head of the front stairs, while I mounted guard, revolver in hand, at the rear ones. My stairs were fortunately provided with a swinging gate, which when closed rendered my position impregnable to any feminine assault.

The Colonel was less lucky, and was obliged single-handed to keep the stair-head against a threatened attack, which might well have caused Horatius himself to quail. As soon as the first moments of confusion had passed, the feminine crowd on the gallery resolved itself into two elements, to wit, loyal and rebel. The latter had the advantage in point of numbers, and very soon announced its intention of going home; then it was that the Colonel and myself were discovered at our posts.

Madame Presbourg at once assumed command of the Confederate forces, by virtue of seniority, and, making a stately farewell to our hostess, swept into the ladies' dressing-room, followed by her daughters and by nearly all of the secesh contingent. A wide hall opened through the house, so that I had a clear view, and could even hear most of the conversation. A few moments served to complete the plan of operations, and Madame Presbourg, at the head of her force, moved out from the dressing-room intrenchments in a two-rank formation, which deployed into line as the gallery was reached. The male escort was not visible, and had not been since the firing commenced. Meanwhile the skirmishing up stream had slackened into a dropping fire, which seemed to draw slowly nearer. Madame Presbourg, without a moment's hesitation, led the forlorn hope of her two daughters to the assault, while the rest of her command halted at supporting distance to await the result. Never shall I forget the superb air of indifference which the party assumed as they drew near the stairs and made as if they would walk past or over the Colonel. It was as if the honor of the whole Confederacy rested upon their individual shoulders. The Colonel's soldierly figure looked more dignified than ever as he quietly placed his hand upon the post at his side, so that his arm barred the way, and addressed the party in perfectly respectful tones: —

"Ladies, it is my painful duty to inform you that I am directed by the General commanding to prevent your leaving this house until further orders."

Madame Presbourg halted, and with the most cutting hauteur in her accents answered: "This, then, is your Northern hospitality, to invite defenceless women to your camp and then imprison them." Just at this moment the dropping fire on the skirmish-line swelled into an irregular volley nearer than before, and a faint yell was borne to our ears, as if the assaulting party had made a determined advance.

"Madame," said the Colonel, "that sound is a sufficient reason for your detention."

The Confederate leader doubtless saw the force of the Colonel's logic, but not one whit did her magnificence abate. Turning to her reserve troop she spoke: —

"Ladies, there are occasions when it is proper and womanly for us to lay aside our gentler nature and acquire by force what we cannot gain by more moderate means. This is one of those occasions, and I call upon you as Southern women to aid me in forcing a passage to our husbands and sons, whose voices we but now — "

"Halt! order arms!" came from the darkness outside and the butt-plates of twenty rifles rang on the flagging below. In another moment a brace of sentries with fixed bayonets was posted at each exit, and a sergeant with a squad of men was searching the house for the missing male escort, who, by the way, was never seen more. Madame Presbourg, however, was equal to the emergency, and remarked, in tones loud enough for all to hear: —

"Pray be seated, ladies; we can afford to wait a few minutes until our friends are in possession of the post, and then, perhaps," she added, "the ball may be continued under different management, and Southern gentlemen may be your partners, ladies, instead of this Northern *canaille*."

Such was Madame's last withering remark as the Colonel and I hastened off to report to the General for further orders. The firing had by this time nearly ceased, the General had sent out supports to the pickets, who were straggling in through the bushes in a state of utter demoralization, bringing accounts of an overwhelming force of Rebels; the gunboats were shelling the woods, and everything bore a pleasing aspect of efficient readiness.

We were ordered to return to our camp, which we did with all possible expedition, reaching it in time to prevent the Major from opening fire on the gunboat with grape and canister.

Now I have always suspected that there was something about the events of that night which my transfer to the Regulars prevented my finding out, and I wish you would let me know what it is.

Yours as ever,

HENRY C. WISTAR.

I now resume the history of the ball at Goulacaska, or rather of Christmas eve, 1863, as the events which occurred thereon were observed by myself. Soon after the Colonel and his companion left the wharf, as related by Adjutant Wistar, and darkness had settled down over camp and river, a careful observer might have suspected, as the Colonel did, that "the devil was to pay somewhere." The little flotilla of half a dozen scows in front of the Colonel's quarters had been mysteriously reduced to two, which were the smallest and most unserviceable of all. Stranger still, the sharp-eyed sentry on the wharf, one of whose duties it was to watch these boats, had given no notice of their disappearance. A further investigation would have revealed the fact that the missing boats were moored just back of Captain Tybale's tent, and that from six to ten rifles were stowed away in each one. Moreover, each boat was furnished with oars, — a remarkable fact, as our flotilla was notoriously deficient in those necessary implements.

Other quiet but unusual movements were to be detected in and about the line officers' quarters, but elsewhere everything kept the even tenor of its way. The Major and Quartermaster sat over their whiskey-toddy, and bewailed their inability to taste the General's sherry, the rank and file sat about the cook-fires or danced noisily in the company streets, striving, with but partial success, to realize something like the careless jollity of ante-war times; and so the evening wore away.

At length the drum-corps rattled off tattoo, roll-call was over, the officer of the day reported at the Major's quarters, "All present or accounted for." "Very true, me boy," replied that officer, who was dozing after his fourth tumbler, and becoming indifferent to the General's sherry. The camp-fires burned low, lights were extinguished, and at 9.30 P. M. silence reigned supreme.

Immediately after "taps" officers began to gather at the rear of Tybale's tent, where the boats were moored. Each one wore a waist-belt and cartridge-box, and each was dressed in his most undressy clothes. Silently they gathered on the shore under the overhanging bank. Tybale called off in a whisper the names of the crew and detail for each boat, — thirty names all told, just the number which could be spared, as Tybale said, to attend the ball. Silently as each boat was filled it was shoved clear of the shore and held in position by the bow oarsman. Taking charge of the largest boat, Tybale signalled to shove off, and, following his lead, the four boats moved off into the darkness of mid-channel. The tide had now turned, the wind had fallen, and we fancied that we could hear strains of music from head-quarters, telling us that the dancing had begun and that our fellow-officers of the more favored white regiments were enjoying the smiles of beauty, thoughtless of our shameful exclusion.

Pulling with great care, we safely passed the river picket on our side and then drew in shore, in order to avoid the patrol-boat, and run less risk of challenge from the pickets of the main detachment. Silence was now less imperatively necessary, and we were becoming quite merry in a stifled way, when suddenly "Boat ahoy!" split the darkness ahead of us. "Ay, ay," answered Tybale, adding, *sotto voce*, "There 's that infernal patrol-boat."

"Come alongside," said the same voice; and Tybale reluctantly turned the boat's head to the sound, the other boats meanwhile resting on their oars in utter silence. Presently a dim something loomed ahead, we could hardly see it at all, but sailor eyes made out our numbers and a sharp voice ordered, "Starn all! or I 'll fire into you."

We checked our headway willingly enough, and then a parley ensued. Tybale tried various means to get away, but without avail, and so at last he made a clean breast of it and appealed to sailor generosity. Fortunately the non-commissioned officer in charge of the boat was a volunteer, and the love of fun which dwells in the heart of Jack Tar proved stronger than his sense of duty, so we were suffered to go on our way, while the men-of-war's men, after solemnly promising inviolable secrecy, lay on their oars as our four boats pulled past.

In half an hour more we landed just as the distant gunboat struck five bells. The disembarkation was effected without noise, and, leaving one man in each boat with orders to drop down stream, keeping just behind us, so as to be ready in case of accident, we walked down the river-bank without any regular formation, simply keeping well together. Tybale had studied the ground, and presently, halting the whole party, sent me with a squad of ten men to station myself in a clump of trees a quarter of a mile off, and near, as he informed me, to the bayou picket on that side, while he with the main body waited at the river-bank within a few hundred yards of the reserve guard, and a still shorter distance of the picket-line. My orders were to open fire as soon as I ascertained the position of the picket on the bayou, and if possible drive them in on the reserve. Fortune favors the brave, and so she had on this occasion caused the detail for picket to be made from a green short-term regiment, which the government in its wisdom had raised at a maximum cost to do a minimum of fighting.

The unmilitary reader should know that a picket-line was at that time usually composed of successive posts of three men each, stationed within easy sight and hail of each other. One man on each post must always be on the alert. At the most important part of the line a reserve of some thirty or forty men is posted, and the detached posts are often ordered to fall back at once on the reserve, in case of a determined night attack. Such we knew were the orders in the present case.

On reaching the clump of trees I crawled forward to reconnoitre, and soon discovered the pickets comfortably smoking their pipes around the smouldering remains of a fire, all which was exactly contrary to their orders. We were soon in position behind trees, and, taking a careful sight so that my bullet should pass a foot or two above the group, I fired. The rest of the party followed my example, and, lying close, we reloaded. Precaution, however, was needless; only one of the party had the pluck to return our fire; the others obeyed orders with the most exemplary promptitude, and fell back on the reserve at the top of their speed, followed at once by our plucky man, who evidently did not consider it his duty to remain on picket alone. We gave chase at a respectable distance, loading and firing as we advanced, and making all the noise we could in the underbrush. The panic spread along the line, scattering shots were delivered, and we could hear men crashing through the bushes as we walked back towards our party along the line just abandoned by our short-term friends.

Presently I stumbled over something which gave a groan. I stopped in horror, fearing that a chance shot had killed some poor fellow, and the rashness of our adventure flashed upon me as it had not before done. Stooping down I placed my hand on the dimly visible form. It winced at my touch.

"O for God's sake," said a pitiful voice, "don't kill me!"

"Are you wounded?" said I.

"Yes, I believe so; no, I ain't, but the bullets were flying around so thick that I thought I 'd better lay down."

The true state of the case began to dawn upon me. Seizing him by the collar, I jerked him to his feet! something clanked on the ground. Could this be an officer? I laid my hand on his shoulder, and there, sure enough, were the straps of a lieutenant.

"What's your name?" said I.

"Elkanah Duzenbury," was the reply. "Gentlemen," he added, "I did n't expect to have to fight when I came out, — I did n't, indeed."

My reply was at least patriotic. I jerked his sword from its scabbard, and whacked him soundly over the shoulders, admonishing him between the strokes not to fight Southerners again. Then with a parting kick I precipitated him into the swamp, and flung his sword beyond him, and then we resumed our advance.

This little episode occupied not more than three minutes, and soon after we recommenced firing it became evident that the reserve had turned out and was making a stand. Bullets began to be uncomfortably plentiful, and we took to cover, firing blank cartridge from behind our logs. Tybale's silence puzzled us, but he had seen a chance to render the discomfiture of our friends complete. The fact of the case was that an attack from this direction from a considerable hostile force was well-nigh impossible, and the General had allowed the Post Quartermaster to pasture his surplus and disabled mules on the upper part of the promontory. Tybale had discovered these mules huddled together, and in a moment of inspiration caused them to be driven quietly down toward the reserve. As soon as it became evident that the men were turned out and formed across the road, which was just after our castigation of Duzenbury, Tybale drove his mules into the road, headed them towards camp, fired a volley of blank cartridge right among them, and at the same moment everybody gave a regular Rebel yell. The intentions of the reserve were good, but it must be remembered that they were fresh from home, and had never smelt powder before; at any rate, when the Quartermaster's broken-winded, wheezing, terrified mules charged, snorting with fear, down the road, followed by a rattling volley and the yells of a score of throats, the reserve broke ranks and took the double-quick toward camp without any particular orders, while we reassembled our scattered forces to the sound of the long-roll beaten in both camps, fired a few parting shots, and embarked just as shells from the gunboat began to burst in the woods behind us.

We arrived without further adventure, and found the Major full of fight, but entirely ignorant of the fact that more than half his officers had been absent without leave. Jones, the officer of the day, was in our confidence, and had managed everything admirably, so that our absence was as little noticed as possible. Of course we slept under arms all night, but that was a cheap price to pay for our fun.

It only remains for me to explain that mysterious male escort whose appearance and disappearance at the ball caused the sensation described by Adjutant Wistar.

It so happened that early in the fall the regiment of which my brother was colonel was ordered to a station a few miles east of Goulacaska. We of course exchanged visits; and while with him I had become acquainted with one of his officers, between whom and myself something of an intimacy had sprung up. His family and history were entirely unknown in his regiment, except to my brother, who, after the war was over, told me his story. The poor fellow was killed before Petersburg, so that secrecy was no longer necessary. He was the son of one of Virginia's proudest families, and yet he had no parents. Born as it was possible to be in slave times, he had been brought up as one of the planter's legitimate children, until misfortune had compelled his sale. Natural abilities of a high order had received an impulse by such education as had been given him in boyhood; and after a year or two in the far South he had effected his escape, and had lived as he could, at last getting upon the stage and winning his bread as an actor. He had improved himself by study and reading, and when the war broke out had won for himself at least a name. No one would for a moment suspect that negro

blood flowed in his veins, and he had enlisted as a private in my brother's regiment. In the course of two years he had by sheer merit earned a commission. When my brother sent for him and told him that his name had been forwarded for confirmation as second lieutenant, the poor fellow broke down, and, as in honor bound, told my brother his story, evidently expecting to be kicked out of the regiment. My brother, who is not over partial to the negro, hesitated but a moment, then, grasping his hand, addressed him pathetically as follows: "See here; what are you boohooing at? You just go to Captain Gray's tent and report for duty."

While we were planning for the *coup* of Christmas eve, the idea entered my head that this young actor might play a part in our drama. No one in our two detachments knew him, so I sent a special messenger for him to come down at once as secretly as possible, giving him a hint as to what was wanted of him. His histrionic instincts were at once awakened on hearing the details of our plan. At that time I little suspected what motives of private revenge led him the more willingly to give us his aid.

He was to personate a relative of the Presbourgs, Presley Creighton, who was actually serving in the Virginia army, and whom they had not seen since his early boyhood. Corwin (for such was his name on the regimental rolls) knew the Creighton family only too well, and anticipated none of the difficulties which we, ignorant of his history, warned him against. We fitted him out with a tattered gray uniform, and on Christmas eve he presented himself at Madame Presbourg's as their cousin, having been kept in close concealment, so that not a soul save those of us who were in the secret had seen him.

He told the Presbourgs that an attack was to be made that night on the Federal lines, and that his object was to get inside their camp, and blow up the magazine soon after the attack commenced. It was naturally decided that he should act as their escort to the ball, be introduced under his own name, so as to secure him, if possible, against the fate of a spy, should he be taken, watch his opportunity to leave the house, and so accomplish his purpose.

Of course the patriotism of the whole Presbourg family was deeply stirred by the arrival of the handsome, ragged young Confederate officer. The young ladies kissed him, and called him "dear Cousin Presley." They dressed him up in some of General Presbourg's old clothes, and were as proud as possible of their adventurous cousin, until a few days after what Madame Presbourg considered the unaccountable repulse of the Confederate forces, when she received a neat package containing her husband's clothes, and enclosing the following note: —

MADAME, — Permit one whom you have called nephew, and whom your charming daughters have treated with cousinly intimacy, to return the garments which you were so kind as to provide for his use. The former slave of —— —— of Virginia did not anticipate so early a recognition from his father's family. Thanking you and my cousins for your kindness,

I remain,

Your nephew,

The note was signed with the name by which Corwin was once known at his father's house, and the consternation produced by its receipt at the St. Jean plantation must be imagined, for it cannot be described.

We had a narrow escape from a searching military investigation into the proceedings of that night, for a few days later some of our Jack Tar friends "sprung aleak," as the boatswain expressed it, and a story was soon in circulation to the effect that the Christmas attack was a sham one. The report presently reached the General's ears, but by good fortune the old soldier had taken a fancy to me, and had detailed me on his staff. When I saw

that he was bent on an investigation, I thought the matter over, and told him the whole story one day after dinner, with such success that he nearly went into an apoplectic fit.

The only court-martial which resulted was in the case of Elkanah Duzenbury, who was easily convicted of cowardice, and had his shoulder-straps cut off and his sword broken in the presence of the whole command.

The only life lost in the fight at the picket-line was that of one poor broken-down army mule, shot dead in his tracks by a bullet from the reserve while gallantly leading the charge that broke up the military ball at Goulacaska.

THE MINOR THEATRES OF LONDON.

THE minor shows of London form a subject of rather wide scope; it embraces those numerous popular entertainments necessarily pertaining to a great city, commencing with the minor theatre proper, graduating to music-halls and open-air exhibitions, and ending with "the penny-gaff," — a theatrical entertainment of the vilest description, supplied, though forbidden by law, to the young of both sexes, of the very lowest class.

Beginning with the minor theatres, we may observe, in a preliminary kind of way, that the London stage at the present time is a very different thing to what it was even a quarter of a century back. In the old and palmy days of theatrical affairs, the distinction between major and minor theatres was very broad. The major theatres were established under letters-patent from the crown, which conferred many valuable privileges, and the actors were honored — if honor it were — by the appellation of "His Majesty's Servants." The minor theatres were simply licensed by the Lord Chamberlain with powers of a very limited description. The major theatres were empowered to play tragedy, comedy, drama, domestic or otherwise, opera, farce, ballet, — whatever, in fact, could come into the category of dramatic representation. The minors were really confined to music, singing, dancing, dumb show, "ground and lofty tumbling," and tight and slack rope performances.

Some enterprising managers began to insinuate into their entertainments musical interludes and trifling pieces of which no notice was taken by the superior members of their craft; and they crept on step by step until farces and what were termed melodramas — the first sensational pieces — were placed upon their respective boards. But all this was upon sufferance. By and by the encroachments stretched to positive infringements of the rights and privileges of the patent theatres, and then the law was appealed to. The ultimate result, however, of a long and keenly contested struggle was an act of Parliament, which threw open to all theatres alike the right to play all entertainments sanctioned by the law.

During the battle of the theatres, what was known as the legitimate drama began to wane. It had received a severe shock in the disappearance from the stage of the famous tragedian Edmund Kean, and the destruction of the patents of the great theatres — the homes of tragedians and comedians who had been carefully trained in provincial theatres — may be said to have given it the *coup de grâce*. Those actors were dispersed, and a tragedy or comedy by the old dramatists, excellently played in its subordinate parts as in its principal characters, became a thing of the past.

It is true that spasmodic attempts have been made since to resuscitate a taste for the old tragedies and comedies.

Charles Kean endeavored to accomplish it with the aid of gorgeous dresses and magnificent scenery, but failed. The veteran Phelps still floats about the London stage, enveloped in that Shakespearian mantle conferred upon him at a public banquet by William Charles Macready on his retirement from the stage,—a phantom of tragic art. Fechter has attempted to carry London by storm—although he amazed and confounded his audiences—by playing Hamlet in a yellow wig. Mademoiselle Stella Colas sought to restore Shakespeare to the foot-lights by representing Juliet as a sentimental Parisian young lady,—not an altogether unpleasing representation, by the way; and Mrs. Scott Siddons has proved to us what a fascinating creature that most lovable of all Shakespeare's women, Rosalind, must have been, if she closely resembled her: still, so far as the resuscitation of the purely legitimate drama is concerned, without avail. Indeed, so little faith have theatrical managers had in these attempted revivals, that, as a rule, the plays of the old dramatists have been, on these occasions, put on the stage by them in the most slovenly way. A weak and wretchedly inefficient cast has been supplemented by horribly old scenery and more dreadful supernumeraries. The public, which is mostly keen-sighted in its own interest, has therefore refused to accept the "Brummagem" as the genuine article. It insisted upon a better setting to the polished gem, and, not getting it, declined any further part in the transaction.

On the first liberation from their bonds, the managers of the minor theatres made a dash at Shakespeare and other contemporary dramatists; but although they were able to produce the pieces, they failed to supply the actors, and failure was the result. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the efforts which succeeded in throwing open all theatres alike to the performance of the works of the highest dramatic literature should have resulted in almost driving it altogether out of the field.

Covent Garden Theatre, so long the home of tragedy and comedy, the scene of the triumphs of a long line of celebrated actors and actresses, in which the names of Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, and Miss O'Neill shine resplendent, soon gave up the attempt to compete with the smaller theatres on their ground, and resigned itself to be, and was, resolved into an Italian Opera House. Drury Lane Theatre, with the memories of Garrick, Kean, Macready, James Wallack, and other great men racking its brain, staggered about in the fight like a beaten man. At one time it took to equestrianism and great "bare-backed" riders, and has since wandered deliriously into any path whither the manager for the time being thought the public was beckoning it. While the Haymarket, the third patent theatre which, under the management of Webster, saw "The Bridal" of Beaumont and Fletcher and "The School for Scandal" of Sheridan acted throughout as they never had been before and as probably they never will be again, has glided into representations by Buckstone, Sothern, and Compton, and Compton, Sothern, and Buckstone.

Having, then, no prescribed major theatres for the performance of what is known as the legitimate drama, one may be tempted to ask, "What is a London minor theatre?" That question we will attempt to answer.

The minor theatres referred to in the preceding remarks are still in full vigor, and we will make a flying visit to the most prominent of them.

In the West Central district of London the largest number of them are congregated together within the radius of little more than a mile. They all hugged the vicinity of the patent theatres, and for many years they received no accession of numbers. Indeed, in 1735 an act was passed to limit the number of theatres. But whether that act has been repealed by the last act of Parliament regulating theatres we do not pretend to say; but within three or four years several new theatres, all in the same neighborhood, have been

erected and opened, while others, in the course of building, will soon be added to the list. Managers of old standing and well-tried experience shake their heads at the new experiments, but actors of mediocre talents, whose name is legion, are elate; for situations will become plentiful, and even very moderate talent will command higher prices. Between the two the public betrays serenity: it is neither buoyant nor depressed; it sadly needs "good" entertainments, but guiding its anticipations by its knowledge of the past, if it is hopeful it is not too sanguine.

If anything will, however, tend to bring about a healthier condition of dramatic art, it will be through energetic theatrical competition. Managers are already bidding high for the best dramas, the best actors, and the best scenic effects. Those managers who desire even to hold their own must at least keep pace with their rivals; and if there be any to suffer, which is by no means a necessary consequence, the public at least will be the gainer.

Many of the minor theatres, it may be here mentioned, affix the word "Royal" to their distinctive titles; but while the patent theatres used it by right as holding letters-patent direct from the crown, the minor theatres assume it on the ground that her Majesty or some member of the royal family, prince or princess, has paid a visit to their theatre.

Of these is the Theatre "Royal" Adelphi, in the Strand, one of the main thoroughfares of London, which runs parallel to the Thames from Temple Bar to Charing Cross. This theatre dates from 1806, and has from the commencement to the present time kept on in its own way, playing dramas of the sensational kind, as well as pantomime, farce, and burlesque. It has among its associations the production of "Tom and Jerry," which was played, we believe, for three hundred nights, without a break, excepting the intervals between its seasons. The original and celebrated Charles Mathews was once its lessee, in conjunction with Frederick Yates, the father of the present Edwin Yates. John Reeve and Buckstone played beneath its roof for many years together; the "Colleen Bawn" was produced here, and ran for many hundred nights. Here Miss Bateman achieved an extraordinary success as Leah, and here Mr. Fechter has appeared in Dickens's "No Thoroughfare" and Wilkie Collins's "Black and White." The present theatre was built by Mr. Benjamin Webster, one of the best and most versatile actors who ever graced a theatre. He is the founder and master of the Dramatic College, and, though in his seventieth year, still acts with unabated excellence.

Near to it stands the Lyceum Theatre, erected in 1765, burnt down in 1815, burnt down again in 1829, and reopened in 1830. It has been everything by turns and nothing long,—tragedy, comedy, opera, sensation dramas, pantomime, burlesque, *cum multis aliis*. Here the notorious Madame Vestris once displayed that leg of faultless symmetry, which was modelled, in compliment to its beauty, by Brucciani; here Balfe acted in his own operas; here the Harrison Pyne troupe discoursed excellent English music; here Fechter became for a time lessee, and left it a sadder and we fear a poorer man; here the *cancan* was introduced not long back, it is said, by a veritable *cocotte* from the Mabille; and here, perhaps in penitence, the delinquent manager has produced "The Rightful Heir," by Lord Lytton, and the last new play by Westland Marston, but without overflowing his treasury.

The St. James Theatre is placed in a very aristocratic quarter. Around it dwell princes, dukes, earls, and bishops. Contiguous to it are the crack West-End clubs and the residence of the Prince of Wales. It is a handsome theatre, and was built and opened in 1835 by John Braham, the celebrated singer, not long after he had confided to a committee of the House of Commons that no inducement of any kind whatsoever should cause him to become the manager of a theatre. It bears the

odor of more failures than successes. At a certain part of the year it is occupied by a French company, the excellence of which may be judged from the fact that it has numbered among its *artistes* the great Rachel, Ravel, Frederick Lemaitre, Dupuis, and last, and in the interest of startling effects not least, Mademoiselle Schneider. This theatre has been taken by Mrs. John Wood, well known in the theatrical circles of New York. It has been asserted that she is about to carry on her campaign with some special and novel claims to success.

The Olympic Theatre, situated in Wych Street, near to the Strand, was built and opened in 1806 by the famous old equestrian, Philip Astley. It subsequently fell into the hands of Robert William Elliston, and afterwards into those of Scott, the original proprietor of the Adelphi. It changed hands many times after this, falling lower in the scale of respectability, until it became a kind of refuge for destitute actors and a resort for the scum of the vicinity. While in this condition Madame Vestris selected it for her first essay in a managerial capacity. Nothing could be greater than the public surprise at this step, for the theatre was placed in a very narrow, dirty street, surrounded by filthy, squalid slums. Undeterred by this circumstance, Madame converted the sty into an elegant French drawing-room. She surrounded herself with accomplished actors, among whom may be enumerated Liston, Farren, and John Brougham, and with clever actresses, and pretty as well. With a compact little army of the best light comedians of the day, and assisted by clever, sparkling pieces and burlesques by Planche, Charles Dauce, Brougham, and others, she not only drew crowded audiences, but she attracted to her charming little theatre — disreputable as the neighborhood was — the very cream of the English aristocracy. She was, however, not content to leave well alone, but transferred herself and company to the Lyceum Theatre, — and failed. The Olympic Theatre was afterwards burnt down, but was rebuilt on a much handsomer scale. It was leased by one Watts, who embezzled the funds of an insurance company with which to carry on his speculation. When the day of inevitable discovery came, and he was consigned to a prison, he destroyed himself in his cell. In this theatre Robson established his fame. The Olympic is now in the possession of Mr. Benjamin Webster, who occasionally acts there.

It was at the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street, that Charles Kean endeavored to sustain the legitimate drama upon a principle initiated by Macready; which was to combine the most popular works of the best old dramatists with the aids and appliances of magnificent scenery and splendid but accurately correct costumes. He carried out this idea at a vast expense, but with comparatively poor pecuniary reward. The conception was good, but he omitted one important element of success, — a strong cast. His own abilities, aided by those of his wife and one or two other artists worthy of mention, were insufficient to satisfy the expectations of the public. It admired the scenery and dresses, but it wanted good subordinate actors as well; those not being forthcoming, the public grew indifferent, the lessee's efforts were rewarded with the nickname "upholstery management," and the enterprise came to a bad end. At this theatre that excellent actor, perhaps the best melodramatic actor the stage has ever known, James Wallack, may be said to have taken his farewell of a British public; and here Mr. Dion Boucicault has been running riot with "Arrah na Pogue," the "Streets of London," "After Dark," and other such sensational productions.

With Charles Kean's management all attempts to resuscitate the "legitimate drama" on a decent scale may be said to have ended. The respective managers of the old and the very new theatres have applied themselves to what has been aptly described as the "presentation of contemporary sub-

jects treated in a contemporary spirit." Mr. T. W. Robertson is at present the most successful exponent of the new style, and three of his latest efforts have been played recently at three of the London theatres at the same time. One of these theatres is the Gaiety, a spick and span brand-new theatre erected on the site of the most lugubrious of music-halls in the Strand. It is an exceptional theatre in intention and effect. It strives to combine comfort with luxury; there are no fees to servants, no charge for anything beyond the price of admission; footstools are provided; fans are presented to ladies, together with some small appliances of the toilet; gentlemen are favored with the evening papers, and the proceedings at the House of Commons, as they occur, are telegraphed to the theatre for those who need the information. The auditorium is tastefully, elegantly, and richly decorated; and to the theatre itself a very large restaurant has been added, so that a man can dine, enter the theatre, and return to the enjoyment of any selected beverage and cigars during or after the performances. The aim seems to have been to render the theatre like its French namesake, and yet something beyond it; the result at present, apart from its comforts and luxuries, appears to be a compound in which it is hard to determine whether theatre, music-hall, or grand hotel predominate. The entertainments are a play by T. W. Robertson, burlesque, and ballet. A burlesque entitled "Robert the Devil" is said to have been the occasion of a letter of reproof, and a lecture upon propriety, from the Lord Chamberlain to managers generally; inasmuch as the ballet-girls at this theatre presented themselves to the audience with the scantiest attire imaginable.

Another new theatre near at hand, placed in Long Acre, called the Queen's Theatre, was erected about eighteen months back, on the site of St. Martin's Hall, a building devoted to the performance of sacred music. It was opened under the management of Alfred Wigan, commenced with "drawing-room plays" to the thinnest audiences, and then made a dash at sensational pieces and burlesques.

The Globe Theatre, scarcely a hundred yards from the Olympic, is also a new theatre not many months old. It catered for the public with a drama by Byron, the well-known burlesque-writer, a comic extravaganza by T. W. Robertson, and a burlesque. It is in the throes of a struggle for existence, which it will probably successfully win at no distant date.

The Holborn Theatre, built, like the Globe, by Mr. Sefton Parry, still lessee of the former, tried to gain popularity and success with Dion Boucicault's "Flying Scud," which was produced here. For a time it succeeded, but the play having run itself out, the manager resigned the theatre to Miss Patty Josephs, whose efforts at management were rewarded with only questionable success. It is now under the direction of Mr. Barry Sullivan, who hopes to make a new home for "high-class dramatic literature."

The Strand Theatre, situated in the Strand, is called the "band-box of burlesque." It is one of the smallest, if not the smallest, theatre in London, but it describes itself as "Royal," because of a visit from the Prince of Wales. It revels in burlesques, and has produced the smartest and liveliest of those written by H. I. Byron and Bernaud. Marie Wilton, the pretty, piquant, and clever lessee of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, made her first appearance in London at this theatre, and by her saucy acting, her affectation of sparse attire, her lively singing, and her nimble performance of those terpsichorean feats known as "break-downs," she gave increased popularity to a class of entertainments generally confessed to be more amusing than edifying. It was at this little theatre that Douglas Jerrold undertook the part of lessee, and made his first and last appearance as an actor in his own play, the "Painter of Ghent." Its present manageress, Mrs. Swanborough, confines herself to "scream-

ing" pieces and "rattling" burlesques; and it is here that Mr. J. S. Clarke has recently gained universal approbation for his performance of Major de Boots in a farce called "The Widow Hunt."

The Royalty, in Dean Street, Soho, under the management of "Patty Oliver," pursues a similar course and with a like success. Lively, light pieces and smart burlesques are the staple entertainments. It was at this miniature "play-house" that the well-known burlesque "Ixion" was produced. The pretty faces and the pretty limbs of the actresses in it went far to obtain the success it achieved, and that success seems not to have deserted the theatre since.

The Prince of Wales's Royal Theatre — royal through a visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales — has had a somewhat remarkable career. It stands in a mean street leading out of Tottenham Court Road, which is a populous thoroughfare leading from St. Giles's Holborn to Hampstead, not frequently patronized by "the nobility and gentry" of the metropolis. Many years back, when known as the Queen's Theatre, it achieved notoriety by fighting the battle of minors against the majors by the production of the tragedies of Shakespeare. The speculation was not successful, although it served its purpose, and it subsequently declined to the status of the "penny-gaff" class. Anything more deplorable than its theatrical condition can scarcely be conceived; yet from such a slum Marie Wilton, as Madame Vestris had done with the Olympic, created one of the most agreeable theatres in London. She commenced with burlesques and dramas by H. I. Byron, and has followed with "Society," "Ours," "Caste," "Play," and "School." The light and pleasing character of these pieces, the sparkling and brilliant dialogues, and the excellent acting of the performers, male and female, engaged in them, have produced such a succession of crowded houses that seats are engaged a month in advance, and the audiences are one blaze of rank and fashion. It is, in truth, a remarkable illustration of the fact that the secret of theatrical success is, after all, to be found in "good pieces well and carefully acted."

The category of the West-End minor theatres ends here. Taking our way to the north, we proceed to Sadler's Wells Theatre. This is at least one of the oldest theatres in London. It takes its name from a man named Sadler, who, discovering a mineral spring here in 1683, erected a music-house to tempt the public to come and drink the waters. This grew into a place of theatrical entertainment, and, though many times altered and even rebuilt, has remained such to the present day. One lessee over and above his entertainments presented his visitors with a pint of good wine for their admission money, — "A pleasant custom," naïvely remarks a writer sixty years since, "but it is no longer continued." Tumbling and rope-dancing, musical interludes, "real-water" pieces — for it stands on the very banks of the "New River," — pantomimes, etc., for years formed the bill of fare; and here, in 1820, the author's own version of "Tom and Jerry" was produced; here Joey Grimaldi, the inimitable clown, tumbled, stole, swallowed strings of sausages, and burnt everybody, himself in particular, with the famous red-hot poker. It was at Sadler's Wells that Mr. Phelps took up the Shakespearian drama where Macready had left it, and made a determined struggle to keep its head above water. But his efforts proved futile, and he ultimately abandoned the attempt. Miss Marriot, a clever tragedienne, followed in his footsteps with a similar purpose, but she too has given up the management and the hope, and found her way to the United States.

A few hundred yards from this house is one of the chief streets of London leading from Islington to the city, called the City Road. Not very many years since it was flanked by green fields, not a trace of which is left. Near to the roadside towards the city end there stood a small tavern, to which were appended "tea-gardens." It bore the sign of the "Eagle," or, as its patrons

styled it, "Ther He-gull." In bright, warm, summer afternoons, often on week-days and especially on Sundays, the "tea-gardens" were thronged with artisans and their wives and children. Hot water was supplied at "tuppence" per head, and all the appliances of the tea-table, except edibles, were included. But other fluids were freely partaken of, from malt liquors or ginger-beer at "tuppence" a bottle up to a glass of rum-and-water, "varm vith a slice of lemming in it." To enliven the cheering glass, the proprietor introduced two musicians, with violin and harp; to these instruments a key-bugle was added; then a clarionet, and subsequently a drum and cymbals. The "pandean" pipes were excluded as a thought too low. This band was a great success and drew immensely; but there are often wet nights during the English summer, and the tavern-keeper wanted to secure visitors every night, so he built a commodious room, furnished it with tables and seats and an orchestra for the band. But it was needful even among his customers to draw a line, so as to keep the room sacred from the intrusion of the irrepressibly "wulgar"; he therefore demanded sixpence admission, but this amount was returned in refreshments. To secure the preservation of order, the landlord occupied a seat in the room as chairman, or, as he declared it, to see "fair play" between party and party. This room and the band suggested dancing, and balls were thence occasionally got up. This arrangement prospered; the landlord obtained additional ground and built a circular platform, with an orchestra in the centre, that there might be dancing every fine night. By and by the large room was converted into a theatre, in which the proprietor, Mr. Rouse, occupied a conspicuous place, seated in a private box upon a glass chair. He was provided with a tumbler of spirits, and with a clay pipe from which he inhaled the fragrant weed; and this was tacit permission to those who wished to do likewise during the performances. The motive for this proceeding was understood and appreciated by his audiences, mostly of the working-class, and they were so pleased with what he had done to contribute to their amusement that they gave him credit for everything that was done. Whatever commanded their approbation on the stage received their applause by cries addressed personally to him of "Brayvo, Rouse!" This exclamation, repeated again night after night, made its way out of the house into the streets, and for a time nothing was heard all over London but "Brayvo, Rouse!" It was applied to all manner of fortunate circumstances, by even feminine lips in respectable circles, and was once greeted with shouts of laughter in the House of Commons, when uttered as a cheer to an orator of the Dundreary school. But Rouse has gone the way of all flesh, and the old establishment has passed into other hands. The successor, a popular comic actor, by name Conquest, pushed forward the place of old Rouse to its present development, which comprehends a large, handsomely decorated theatre, in which are performed dramas of all kinds, ballets and pantomimes.

This theatre is named "The Grecian," for what consideration or by what parity of reasoning is not generally known. The gardens have been enlarged and beautified, extensive ball-rooms added, and a large hotel has taken the place of the old one. The tavern retains the sign of the "Eagle," but its patrons in familiar parlance term it "The Bird." Mr. George Conquest, the son of the proprietor, is manager of the theatre, playwright, comic actor, and contortionist. He is indefatigable in his exertions, and the remarkable success which attends his large establishment is in great measure due to them. On Saturdays there is usually a great gathering of young Hebrew persons of both sexes. They divide their evenings mostly between the attractions of the theatre and the "fust set" on the platform.

More to the eastward are Hoxton, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel; these are new and splendid theatres of great size, which have sprung up from the

ashes of the lowest of their kind, namely, the Britannia at Hoxton, originally a drinking-saloon, the City of London, and the Standard in Shoreditch, the East London in Whitechapel, and the Oriental in Poplar. We may dismiss all these establishments but one with a few words. They were each of a poor description, appealing to the lower classes with entertainments of the worst school; now the buildings are commodious, lavishly decorated, and the performances, though still rather of the "terrific descent of the avalanche" order, are superior to what they were even a few years back.

But the minor theatre, which stands quite alone among its class, is the New National Standard, reared upon the charred ruins of a predecessor which boasted only one private box, — and such a box! The new building faces the terminus of the Great Eastern Railway in Shoreditch, — a very densely populated, poor locality, where thousands upon thousands of toilers and workers in factories and dock-yards dwell. The working classes are decent and orderly enough, but mingled with them are roughs and Arabs of the vilest kinds. For the delectation of all these persons Mr. John Douglas has erected one of the most magnificent theatres, both for magnitude and decoration, in the kingdom. It surpasses the Châtelet in Paris, and equals the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, in all respects. The area it occupies is something considerable, for the auditorium alone can, without inconvenience, seat five thousand persons. It is of the horseshoe form; each tier of boxes up to the gallery, which is something of a journey, slightly recedes from the lower, the balcony at the lowest part being the nearest to the stage. The pit is occupied with stalls as far as the balcony, but runs a long way under the boxes. The price of the pit stalls is one shilling (25 cents), the gallery fourpence (8 cents). The front of the boxes, of which a large number are private, is painted pearl-white, ornamented with rich emblazonings of gold scroll-work. The appointments are of crimson Utrecht velvet, and the private boxes are draped with crimson curtains. Notwithstanding the vast dimensions of this building, the stage can be seen from every part of the house. The voice in its lightest intonation can be distinctly heard in the back seat of the gallery, from whence the actors look mere pygmies. Withal, the ventilation is as near perfection as can be expected, — the heat on the most crowded nights not even approaching inconvenience. The most remarkable part of these desirable results is, that no architect was employed. Mr. Douglas and his sons arranged their plans as the building rose story by story, and yet, with all its comforts and luxuries, its noble corridors, saloons, staircases, — all fire-proof, — it might well serve as a model for the best theatre yet to be built. It is justly entitled to be considered one of the sights of London. The proprietor, as may be imagined, possesses a remarkable spirit of enterprise, for while one week he has favored his audiences with "A Deed of Blood," he has on the succeeding week introduced Sims Reeves to them. "The Bride of Death" has been followed by James Anderson and tragedy, or an opera company, or some attraction supposed to be proper and pertinent to the West-End of London alone. It speaks well for the intellectual appreciation of the artisans and toilers, that the highest class of dramatic or musical representations draws them in thousands to the theatre. Mr. J. L. Toole, the versatile comedian, has recently concluded a very successful engagement at this theatre.

The theatres on the south of the Thames are few in number, but they have been long established; they bear some remarkable associations, and have made, with one exception, but little change in their style of entertainments. They are named respectively the Surrey, the Victoria, and Astley's Amphitheatre. The Surrey was originally built in 1782, under the superintendence of the celebrated national song-writer,

Charles Dibdin. It was destroyed in 1805, and replaced by a new theatre, which was tenanted successively by Tom Dibdin (the son of Charles), Watkins Burroughs, Honeyman, and Elliston. Many noted and well-remembered actors have played in this theatre. T. P. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Egerton, Buckstone, and others of the same reputation, played together in Tom Dibdin's dramatizations of Sir Walter Scott's novels. It was here that Robert William Elliston, "the magnificent," many years lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, played his last part in life, here Douglas Jerrold produced the ever-popular drama, "Black-Eyed Susan," and here stubborn efforts have been made to reproduce Shakespeare, with Mr. Cresorick as its exponent. The theatre was again burnt down in 1865, and a handsome building has been reared in its place. Spectacular and sensational dramas are the entertainments now provided for its patrons.

Astley's, or, as cockneys love to call it, "Ashley," was first erected near the foot of Westminster Bridge by Philip Astley, in 1782, for equestrian entertainments, but it went the way of all such buildings, — was destroyed by fire, rebuilt and burnt in 1794, rebuilt and burnt in 1803, rebuilt and burnt in 1841. It was rebuilt, and seven years back was taken to pieces by Dion Boucicault, who converted it into a theatre, minus the circus, it being previously an amphitheatre, or equestrian circus. In the building which perished in 1841 flourished the celebrated rider Ducrow, and it was in his time that the "Battle of Waterloo" with "real soldiers" was produced, and commanded an amazing long run. It had its "real" Napoleon, too, that is to say, one Mr. Gomersal, who dressed and looked the part so exactly like the well-known portraits of the great Emperor, that he used to receive nightly many rounds of applause when he came on the stage tapping a "real" snuff-box in which there was "real" snuff. Then there was the evergreen Widdicombe, father of Harry Widdicome, the excellent low comedian, now no more, who, for many years, attracted admiration and applause as master of the ring, or rather "monarch of the circle." He was always attired as a Polish nobleman of supreme rank, and his make-up was so youthful that each succeeding year he seemed to grow younger. Many bets were made respecting his age; and Punch, when referring to the subject, declared the date to be a thing buried in the mist of ages; all that could be determined was that he was well advanced in years when he came over to England in the train of William the Conqueror.

The Victorin Theatre stands in the Waterloo Road, about ten minutes' walk from Waterloo Bridge. It was originally called the Coburg, but changed its name in 1833, and is now best known as "The Vic"; at least it is, in a kind of petting way, so designated by its patrons and worshippers. It was first opened to the public in 1817; in those days it was regarded as a marvel of commodiousness and elegant decoration, and once boasted a magnificent glass curtain. Like most of its contemporaries, it changed hands many times, and submitted every variety of entertainment to the motley assemblages which nightly filled its auditorium. At one time a "professor" walked along the ceiling with his feet upwards and his head downwards; and not long afterwards the young Irish Roscius, Master Brooke, afterwards well known as Gustavus Brooke, who unhappily perished in the "London" steamship on his way to Australia, made his first appearance before a British audience in one act of the play of Virginius. He spoke the words of the author with a strong Dublin brogue, but he was a clever, handsome boy, and was rapturously applauded. Warde, a celebrated tragedian, made an attempt at this house to occupy the place which Edmund Kean left vacant, but he succeeded only in making Kean's loss to the stage more apparent.

But not by these events did the "Vic"

establish its claims to be one of the sights of London. The neighborhood, owing to some hardly recognizable cause, took to declining in respectability. It not only became the residence of a very humble, but of a very disgraceful class. Thieves and disreputable women poured into it in droves; in consequence the tone of the theatre changed with its audiences: prices of admission were reduced, and the house was crammed every night to witness pieces of the "Jack Sheppard" and "Dick Turpin" school. Crammed to suffocation, and by such an audience! The denizen of a private box, — for private boxes, admission two shillings (50 c.) each person, were still retained, — on looking down on the people in the pit, could not but ask himself, If these be the quasi-respectable pitites, what in the name of anything by construction commonly decent can the gallery audience be composed of? He observed that the positively "great unwashed" were beneath him, that soap and water must be unknown luxuries to them, and that even their shirt-sleeves — for coats as a rule were dispensed with — could never have come in contact with soap from the date of their manufacture, — a remote period. He would notice, too, that refection went on throughout the night in the form of a composition fearful to contemplate, called by the man who sold it and served it from a large tin can, "por'er"; also that it was varied by the gentlemen with rum, and by the ladies with gin, which they lovingly termed "Jacky." Bread and cheese, flavored with onions and 'am sandwiches, were freely partaken of. Often, by way of relish, these were supplemented by an article bearing the haughty name of "polony." This, be it known, was a small, horrible-looking mahogany-colored sausage, composed but too often of horse-flesh and tainted pork, although it professed to be chopped beef and ham, flavored with herbs. About this time the astounded spectator would feel himself compelled to suspend his survey of the lower region; for, the house being badly ventilated and the heat great, there would arise to his nostrils a steam bearing an odor — to parody a line of Shelley's —

> "So fetidly foul and intense
> It was felt like a sewer within the sense."

In the boxes he would see the free and independent Briton, if the evening happened to be oppressive, dispense, untrammelled by bashfulness, with coat and necktie, and display the manly shirt-bosom or the convenient "dicky," free from fear or embarrassment. He would notice that baked potatoes cooked in their "jackets," were among the fruits devoured by the box gentry. They were as cheap as oranges, were warm, seasoned with pepper and salt, and moistened with a butter of the "rank" of which there could be no doubt, and they gave an impression of supper. Turning his eyes upward, he would note also that the tenants of the gallery, who on full nights numbered over a thousand persons, were utterly regardless of dress, as on entering the theatre they strove to get rid of as much of it from the upper part of their dusky forms as they could; that they were a turbulent and self-willed party, much given to practical joking; that they spent no inconsiderable portion of their evening in fights, sharp and short; if fatigued with this pleasure, that they would proceed to pelt their richer friends in the pit with anything dirty or hard which might be conveniently at hand, — a ginger-beer bottle not being objected to, if there happened to be a bald head visible in the pit. It was not an uncommon thing, also, to see a mother carrying a child; if she arrived late and discovered her friends in the first row, hand that child to a sympathizing neighbor, and then make a shoot in the "sensation-header" style over the heads of those before and beneath her. After much battling, thrusting, and shouting, she would land in the coveted seat, and then be heard to scream out to her friend, "Hand down the child." It was a terrifying sight to see the poor baby tossed like a ball from hand to hand, the object of what was called a good "ketch," pass-

ing the horrors of the middle passage, until at last it reached its mother's arms, more dead than alive. The noise arising from cat-calls, cries of recognition to friends in distant parts of the house, advice to parties to "throw him over," when "him" objected to being hustled out of his seat by covetous persons who preferred his position to their own, peals of shrill whistling when approval of an actor's "bould speaking" or of a gorgeous scenic effect was signified, is not to be described: it could only be realized by being heard.

For some years, under the management of Miss Vincent, this state of things obtained; but the theatre has, since her death, changed hands, and an improvement has been effected; at least, whistling is banished and fighting is not tolerated. No encore is allowed if whistled for, and combatants are ejected from the theatre as soon after an action has commenced as can be managed. The class of entertainments given are sensational dramas of a broad class, accompanied by pieces of a lighter description, and at Christmas a very grand pantomime is the principal dish in the bill of fare.

BALDER'S WIFE.

HER casement like a watchful eye
From the face of the wall looks down,
Lashed round with ivy vines so dry,
And with ivy leaves so brown.
Her golden head in her lily hand
Like a star in the spray o' th' sea,
And wearily rocking to and fro,
She sings so sweet and she sings so low
To the little babe on her knee.
But let her sing what tune she may,
Never so light and never so gay,
It slips and slides and dies away
To the moan of the willow water.

Like some bright honey-hearted rose
That the wild wind rudely mocks,
She blooms from the dawn to the day's sweet close
Hemmed in with a world of rocks.
The livelong night she doth not stir,
But keeps at her casement lorn,
And the skirts of the darkness shine with her
As they shine with the light o' the morn.
And all who pass may hear her lay,
But let it be what tune it may,
It slips and slides and dies away
To the moan of the willow water.

And there within that one-eyed tower,
Lashed round with the ivy brown,
She droops like some unpitied flower
That the rain-fall washes down:

The damp o' th' dew in her golden hair,
Her cheek like the spray o' th' sea,
And wearily rocking to and fro
She sings so sweet and she sings so low
To the little babe on her knee.
But let her sing what tune she may,
Never so glad and never so gay,
It slips and slides and dies away
To the moan of the willow water.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

IT was long past the twilight hour, which has been elsewhere mentioned as so oppressive in suburban places, and it was even too late for visitors, when a resident, whom I shall briefly describe as the Contributor, was startled by a ring at his door, in the vicinity of one of our great maritime cities, — say Plymouth or Manchester. As any thoughtful person would have done upon the like occasion, he ran over his acquaintance in his mind, speculating whether it were such or such a one, and dismissing the whole list of improbabilities, before laying down the book he was reading, and answering the bell. When at last he did this, he was rewarded by the apparition of an utter stranger on his threshold, — a gaunt figure of forlorn and curious smartness towering far above him, that jerked him a nod of the head, and asked if Mr. Hapford lived there. The face which the lamplight revealed was remarkable for a harsh two days' growth of beard, and a single bloodshot eye; yet it was not otherwise a sinister countenance, and there was something in the strange presence that appealed and touched. The contributor, revolving the facts vaguely in his mind, was not sure, after all, that it was not the man's clothes rather than his expression that softened him towards the rugged visage: they were so tragically cheap, and the misery of helpless needlewomen and the poverty and ignorance of the purchaser were so apparent in their shabby newness, of which they appeared still conscious enough to have led the way to the very window, in the Semitic quarter of the city, where they had lain ticketed, "This nobby suit for $15."

But the stranger's manner put both his face and his clothes out of mind, and claimed a deeper interest when, being answered that the person for whom he asked did not live there, he set his bristling lips hard together, and sighed heavily.

"They told me," he said, in a hopeless way, "that he lived on this street, and I 've been to every other house. I 'm very anxious to find him, Cap'n," — the contributor, of course, had no claim to the title with which he was thus decorated, — "for I 've a daughter living with him, and I want to see her; I 've just got home from a two years' voyage, and" — there was a struggle of the Adam's-apple in the man's gaunt throat — "I find she 's about all there is left of my family."

How complex is every human motive! This contributor had been lately thinking, whenever he turned the pages of some foolish traveller, — some empty prattler of Southern or Eastern lands, where all sensation was long ago exhausted, and the oxygen has perished from every sentiment, so has it been breathed and breathed again, — that nowadays the wise adventurer sat down

beside his own register and waited for incidents to seek him out. It seemed to him that the cultivation of a patient and receptive spirit was the sole condition needed to insure the occurrence of all manner of surprising facts within the range of one's own personal knowledge; that not only the Greeks were at our doors, but the fairies and the genii, and all the people of romance, who had but to be hospitably treated in order to develop the deepest interest of fiction, and to become the characters of plots so ingenious that the most cunning invention were poor beside them. I myself am not so confident of this, and would rather trust Mr. Charles Reade, say, for my amusement than any chance combination of events. But I should be afraid to say how much his pride in the character of the stranger's sorrows, as proof of the correctness of his theory, prevailed with the contributor to ask him to come in and sit down; though I hope that some abstract impulse of humanity, some compassionate and unselfish care for the man's misfortunes as misfortunes, was not wholly wanting. Indeed, the helpless simplicity with which he had confided his case might have touched a harder heart. "Thank you," said the poor fellow, after a moment's hesitation. "I believe I will come in. I 've been on foot all day, and after such a long voyage it makes a man dreadfully sore to walk about so much. Perhaps you can think of a Mr. Hapford living somewhere in the neighborhood."

He sat down, and, after a pondering silence, in which he had remained with his head fallen upon his breast, "My name is Jonathan Tinker, he said, with the unaffected air which had already impressed the contributor, and as if he felt that some form of introduction was necessary, "and the girl that I want to find is Julia Tinker." Then he said, resuming the eventful personal history which the listener exulted while he regretted to hear: "You see, I shipped first to Liverpool, and there I heard from my family; and then I shipped again for Hong-Kong, and after that I never heard a word: I seemed to miss the letters everywhere. This morning, at four o'clock, I left my ship as soon as she had hauled into the dock, and hurried up home. The house was shut, and not a soul in it; and I did n't know what to do, and I sat down on the doorstep to wait till the neighbors woke up, to ask them what had become of my family. And the first one come out he told me my wife had been dead a year and a half, and the baby I 'd never seen, with her; and one of my boys was dead; and he did n't know where the rest of the children was, but he 'd heard two of the little ones was with a family in the city."

The man mentioned these things with the half-apologetic air observable in a certain kind of Americans when some accident obliges them to confess the infirmity of the natural feelings. They do not ask your sympathy, and you offer it quite at your own risk, with a chance of having it thrown back upon your hands. The contributor assumed the risk so far as to say, "Pretty rough!" when the stranger paused; and perhaps these homely words were best suited to reach the homely heart. The man's quivering lips closed hard again, a kind of spasm passed over his dark face, and then two very small drops of brine shone upon his weather-worn cheeks. This demonstration, into which he had been surprised, seemed to stand for the passion of tears into which the emotional races fall at such times. He opened his lips with a kind of dry click, and went on: —

"I hunted about the whole forenoon in the city, and at last I found the children. I 'd been gone so long they did n't know me, and somehow I thought the people they were with were n't over-glad I 'd turned up. Finally the oldest child told me that Julia was living with a Mr. Hapford on this street, and I started out here to-night to look her up. If I can find her, I 'm all right. I can get the family together, then, and start new."

"It seems rather odd," mused the listener aloud, "that the neighbors let

them break up so, and that they should all scatter as they did."

"Well, it ain't so curious as it seems, Cap'n. There was money for them at the owners', all the time; I 'd left part of my wages when I sailed; but they did n't know how to get at it, and what could a parcel of children do? Julia's a good girl, and when I find her I 'm all right."

The writer could only repeat that there was no Mr. Hapford living on that street, and never had been, so far as he knew. Yet there might be such a person in the neighborhood; and they would go out together, and ask at some of the houses about. But the stranger must first take a glass of wine; for he looked used up.

The sailor awkwardly but civilly enough protested that he did not want to give so much trouble, but took the glass, and, as he put it to his lips, said formally, as if it were a toast or a kind of grace, "I hope I may have the opportunity of returning the compliment." The contributor thanked him; though, as he thought of all the circumstances of the case, and considered the cost at which the stranger had come to enjoy his politeness, he felt little eagerness to secure the return of the compliment at the same price, and added, with the consequence of another set phrase, "Not at all." But the thought had made him the more anxious to befriend the luckless soul fortune had cast in his way; and so the two sallied out together, and rang door-bells wherever lights were still seen burning in the windows, and asked the astonished people who answered their summons whether any Mr. Hapford were known to live in the neighborhood.

And although the search for this gentleman proved vain, the contributor could not feel that an expedition which set familiar objects in such novel lights was altogether a failure. He entered so intimately into the cares and anxieties of his *protégé*, that at times he felt himself in some inexplicable sort a shipmate of Jonathan Tinker, and almost personally a partner of his calamities. The estrangement of all things which takes place, within doors and without, about midnight may have helped to cast this doubt upon his identity; — he seemed to be visiting now for the first time the streets and neighborhoods nearest his own, and his feet stumbled over the accustomed walks. In his quality of houseless wanderer, and, — so far as appeared to others, — possibly worthless vagabond, he also got a new and instructive effect upon the faces which, in his real character, he knew so well by their looks of neighborly greeting; and it is his belief that the first hospitable prompting of the human heart is to shut the door in the eyes of homeless strangers who present themselves after eleven o'clock. By that time the servants are all abed, and the gentleman of the house answers the bell, and looks out with a loath and bewildered face, which gradually changes to one of suspicion, and of wonder as to what those fellows can possibly want of *him*, till at last the prevailing expression is one of contrite desire to atone for the first reluctance by any sort of service. The contributor professes to have observed these changing phases in the visages of those whom he that night called from their dreams, or arrested in the act of going to bed; and he drew the conclusion — very proper for his imaginable connection with the garroting and other adventurous brotherhoods — that the most flattering moment for knocking on the head people who answer a late ring at night is either in their first selfish bewilderment, or their final self-abandonment to their better impulses. It does not seem to have occurred to him that he would himself have been a much more favorable subject for the predatory arts than any of his neighbors, if his shipmate, the unknown companion of his researches for Mr. Hapford, had been at all so minded. But the faith of the gaunt giant upon which he reposed was good, and the contributor continued to wander about with him in perfect safety. Not a soul among those they asked had ever heard of a Mr.

Hapford, — far less of a Julia Tinker living with him. But they all listened to the contributor's explanation with interest and eventual sympathy; and in truth, — briefly told, with a word now and then thrown in by Jonathan Tinker, who kept at the bottom of the steps, showing like a gloomy spectre in the night, or, in his grotesque length and gauntness, like the other's shadow cast there by the lamplight, — it was a story which could hardly fail to awaken pity.

At last, after ringing several bells where there were no lights, in the mere wantonness of good-will, and going away before they could be answered (it would be entertaining to know what dreams they caused the sleepers within), there seemed to be nothing for it but to give up the search till morning, and go to the main street and wait for the last horse-car to the city.

There, seated upon the curbstone, Jonathan Tinker, being plied with a few leading questions, told in hints and scraps the story of his hard life, which was at present that of a second mate, and had been that of a cabin-boy and of a seaman before the mast. The second mate's place he held to be the hardest aboard ship. You got only a few dollars more than the men, and you did not rank with the officers; you took your meals alone, and in everything you belonged by yourself. The men did not respect you, and sometimes the captain abused you awfully before the passengers. The hardest captain that Jonathan Tinker ever sailed with was Captain Gooding of the Cape. It had got to be so that no man would ship second mate under Captain Gooding; and Jonathan Tinker was with him only one voyage. When he had been home awhile, he saw an advertisement for a second mate, and he went round to the owners'. They had kept it secret who the captain was; but there was Captain Gooding in the owners' office. "Why, here 's the man, now, that I want for a second mate," said he, when Jonathan Tinker entered; "he knows me." "Captain Gooding, I know you 'most too well to want to sail under you," answered Jonathan. "I might go if I had n't been with you one voyage too many already."

"And then the men!" said Jonathan, "the men coming aboard drunk, and having to be pounded sober! And the hardest of the fight falls on the second mate! Why, there is n't an inch of me that has n't been cut over or smashed into a jell. I 've had three ribs broken; I 've got a scar from a knife on my cheek; and I 've been stabbed bad enough, half a dozen times, to lay me up."

Here he gave a sort of desperate laugh, as if the notion of so much misery and such various mutilation were too grotesque not to be amusing. "Well, what can you do?" he went on. "If you don't strike, the men think you 're afraid of them; and so you have to begin hard and go on hard. I always tell a man, 'Now, my man, I always begin with a man the way I mean to keep on. You do your duty and you 're all right. But if you don't — ' Well, the men ain't Americans any more, — Dutch, Spaniards, Chinese, Portuguee, — and it ain't like abusing a white man."

Jonathan Tinker was plainly part of the horrible tyranny which we all know exists on shipboard; and his listener respected him the more that, though he had heart enough to be ashamed of it, he was too honest not to own it.

Why did he still follow the sea? Because he did not know what else to do. When he was younger, he used to love it, but now he hated it. Yet there was not a prettier life in the world if you got to be captain. He used to hope for that once, but not now; though he *thought* he could navigate a ship. Only let him get his family together again, and he would — yes, he would — try to do something ashore.

No car had yet come in sight, and so the contributor suggested that they should walk to the car-office, and look in the Directory, which is kept there for the name of Hapford, in search of whom it had already been

arranged that they should renew their acquaintance on the morrow. Jonathan Tinker, when they had reached the office, heard with constitutional phlegm that the name of the Hapford for whom he inquired was not in the Directory. "Never mind," said the other, "come round to my house in the morning. We 'll find him yet." So they parted with a shake of the hand, the second mate saying that he believed he should go down to the vessel and sleep aboard, — if he could sleep, — and murmuring at the last moment the hope of returning the compliment, while the other walked homeward, weary as to the flesh, but, in spite of his sympathy for Jonathan Tinker, very elate in spirit. The truth is, — and however disgraceful to human nature, let the truth still be told, — he had recurred to his primal satisfaction in the man as calamity capable of being used for such and such literary ends, and, while he pitied him, rejoiced in him as an episode of real life quite as striking and complete as anything in fiction. It was literature made to his hand. Nothing could be better, he mused; and once more he passed the details of the story in review, and beheld all those pictures which the poor fellow's artless words had so vividly conjured up: he saw him leaping ashore in the gray summer dawn as soon as the ship hauled into the dock, and making his way, with his vague sea-legs unaccustomed to the pavements, up through the silent and empty city streets; he imagined the tumult of fear and hope which the sight of the man's home must have caused in him, and the benumbing shock of finding it blind and deaf to all his appeals; he saw him sitting down upon what had been his own threshold, and waiting in a sort of bewildered patience till the neighbors should be awake, while the noises of the streets gradually arose, and the wheels began to rattle over the stones, and the milkman and the ice-man came and went, and the waiting figure began to be stared at, and to challenge the curiosity of the passing policeman; he fancied the opening of the neighbor's door, and the slow, cold understanding of the case; the manner, whatever it was, in which the sailor was told that one year before his wife had died, with her babe, and that his children were scattered, none knew where. As the contributor dwelt pityingly upon these things, but at the same time estimated their æsthetic value one by one, he drew near the head of his street, and found himself a few paces behind a boy slouching onward through the night, to whom he called out, adventurously, and with no real hope of information, —

"Do you happen to know anybody on this street by the name of Hapford?"

"Why no, not in this town," said the boy; but he added that there was a street by the same name in a neighboring suburb, and that there was a Hapford living on it.

"By Jove!" thought the contributor, "this is more like literature than ever"; and he hardly knew whether to be more provoked at his own stupidity in not thinking of a street of the same name in the next village, or delighted at the element of fatality which the fact introduced into the story; for Tinker, according to his own account, must have landed from the cars a few rods from the very door he was seeking, and so walked farther and farther from it every moment. He thought the case so curious, that he laid it briefly before the boy, who, however he might have been inwardly affected, was sufficiently true to the national traditions not to make the smallest conceivable outward sign of concern in it.

At home, however, the contributor related his adventures and the story of Tinker's life, adding the fact that he had just found out where Mr. Hapford lived. "It was the only touch wanting," said he; "the whole thing is now perfect."

"It 's *too* perfect," was answered from a sad enthusiasm. "Don't speak of it! I can't take it in."

"But the question is," said the con-

tributor, penitently taking himself to task for forgetting the hero of these excellent misfortunes in his delight over their perfection, "how am I to sleep to-night, thinking of that poor soul's suspense and uncertainty? Never mind, — I 'll be up early, and run over and make sure that it is Tinker's Hapford, before he gets out here, and have a pleasant surprise for him. Would it not be a justifiable *coup de théâtre* to fetch his daughter here, and let her answer his ring at the door when he comes in the morning?"

This plan was discouraged. "No, no; let them meet in their own way. Just take him to Hapford's house and leave him."

"Very well. But he 's too good a character to lose sight of. He 's got to come back here and tell us what he intends to do."

The birds, next morning, not having had the second mate on their minds either as an unhappy man or a most fortunate episode, but having slept long and soundly, were singing in a very sprightly way in the wayside trees; and the sweetness of their notes made the contributor's heart light as he climbed the hill and rang at Mr. Hapford's door.

The door was opened by a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, whom he knew at a glance for the second mate's daughter, but of whom, for form's sake, he asked if there were a girl named Julia Tinker living there.

"My name 's Julia Tinker," answered the maid, who had rather a disappointing face.

"Well," said the contributor, "your father 's got back from his Hong-Kong voyage."

"Hong-Kong voyage?" echoed the girl, with a stare of helpless inquiry, but no other visible emotion.

"Yes. He had never heard of your mother's death. He came home yesterday morning, and was looking for you all day."

Julia Tinker remained open-mouthed but mute; and the other was puzzled at the want of feeling shown, which he could not account for even as a national trait. "Perhaps there 's some mistake," he said.

"There must be," answered Julia: "my father has n't been to sea for a good many years. *My* father," she added, with a diffidence indescribably mingled with a sense of distinction, — "*my* father 's in State's Prison. What kind of looking man was this?"

The contributor mechanically described him.

Julia Tinker broke into a loud, hoarse laugh. "Yes, it 's him, sure enough." And then, as if the joke were too good to keep: "Miss Hapford, Miss Hapford, father 's got out. Do come here!" she called into a back room.

When Mrs. Hapford appeared, Julia fell back, and, having deftly caught a fly on the door-post, occupied herself in plucking it to pieces, while she listened to the conversation of the others.

"It 's all true enough," said Mrs. Hapford, when the writer had recounted the moving story of Jonathan Tinker, "so far as the death of his wife and baby goes. But he has n't been to sea for a good many years, and he must have just come out of State's Prison, where he was put for bigamy. There 's always two sides to a story, you know; but they say it broke his first wife's heart, and she died. His friends don't want him to find his children, and this girl especially."

"He 's found his children in the city," said the contributor, gloomily, being at a loss what to do or say, in view of the wreck of his romance.

"O, he 's found 'em, has he?" cried Julia, with heightened amusement. "Then he 'll have me next, if I don't pack and go."

"I 'm very, very sorry," said the contributor, secretly resolved never to do another good deed, no matter how temptingly the opportunity presented itself. "But you may depend he won't find out from *me* where you are. Of course I had no earthly reason for supposing his story was not true."

"Of course," said kind-hearted Mrs. Hapford, mingling a drop of honey with

the gall in the contributor's soul, "you only did your duty."

And indeed, as he turned away he did not feel altogether without compensation. However Jonathan Tinker had fallen in his esteem as a man, he had even risen as literature. The episode which had appeared so perfect in its pathetic phases did not seem less finished as a farce; and this person, to whom all things of every-day life presented themselves in periods more or less rounded, and capable of use as facts or illustrations, could not but rejoice in these new incidents, as dramatically fashioned as the rest. It occurred to him that, wrought into a story, even better use might be made of the facts now than before, for they had developed questions of character and of human nature which could not fail to interest. The more he pondered upon his acquaintance with Jonathan Tinker, the more fascinating the erring mariner became, in his complex truth and falsehood, his delicately blending shades of artifice and *naïveté*. He must, it was felt, have believed to a certain point in his own inventions: nay, starting with that groundwork of truth, — the fact that his wife was really dead, and that he had not seen his family for two years, — why should he not place implicit faith in all the fictions reared upon it? It was probable that he felt a real sorrow for her loss, and that he found a fantastic consolation in depicting the circumstances of her death so that they should look like his inevitable misfortunes rather than his faults. He might well have repented his offence during those two years of prison; and why should he not now cast their dreariness and shame out of his memory, and replace them with the freedom and adventure of a two years' voyage to China, — so probable, in all respects, that the fact should appear an impossible nightmare? In the experiences of his life he had abundant material to furnish forth the facts of such a voyage, and in the weariness and lassitude that should follow a day's walking equally after a two years' voyage and two years' imprisonment, he had as much physical proof in favor of one hypothesis as the other. It was doubtless true, also, as he said, that he had gone to his house at dawn, and sat down on the threshold of his ruined home; and perhaps he felt the desire he had expressed to see his daughter, with a purpose of beginning life anew; and it may have cost him a veritable pang when he found that his little ones did not know him. All the sentiments of the situation were such as might persuade a lively fancy of the truth of its own inventions; and as he heard these continually repeated by the contributor in their search for Mr. Hapford, they must have acquired an objective force and repute scarcely to be resisted. At the same time, there were touches of nature throughout Jonathan Tinker's narrative which could not fail to take the faith of another. The contributor, in reviewing it, thought it particularly charming that his mariner had not overdrawn himself or attempted to paint his character otherwise than as it probably was; that he had shown his ideas and practices of life to be those of a second mate, nor more nor less, without the gloss of regret or the pretences to refinement that might be pleasing to the supposed philanthropist with whom he had fallen in. Captain Gooding was of course a true portrait, and there was nothing in Jonathan Tinker's statement of the relations of a second mate to his superiors and his inferiors which did not agree perfectly with what the writer had just read in "Two Years before the Mast," — a book which had possibly cast its glamour upon the adventure. He admired also the just and perfectly characteristic air of grief in the bereaved husband and father, — those occasional escapes from the sense of loss into a brief hilarity and forgetfulness, and those relapses into the hovering gloom, which every one has observed in this poor, crazy human nature when oppressed by sorrow, and which it would have been hard to simulate. But, above all, he exulted in that supreme stroke of the imagination given by the second

mate when, at parting, he said he believed he would go down and sleep on board the vessel. In view of this, the State's Prison theory almost appeared a malign and foolish scandal.

Yet even if this theory were correct, was the second mate wholly answerable for beginning his life again with the imposture he had practised? The contributor had either so fallen in love with the literary advantages of his forlorn deceiver that he would see no moral obliquity in him, or he had touched a subtler verity at last in pondering the affair. It seemed now no longer a farce, but had a pathos which, though very different from that of its first aspect, was hardly less tragical. Knowing with what coldness, or, at the best, uncandor, he (representing Society in its attitude toward convicted Error) would have met the fact had it been owned to him at first, he had not virtue enough to condemn the illusory stranger, who must have been helpless to make at once evident any repentance he felt or good purpose he cherished. Was it not one of the saddest consequences of the man's past, — a dark necessity of misdoing, — that, even with the best will in the world to retrieve himself, his first endeavor must involve a wrong? Might he not, indeed, be considered a martyr, in some sort, to his own admirable impulses? I can see clearly enough where the contributor was astray in this reasoning, but I can also understand how one accustomed to value realities only as they resembled fables should be won with such pensive sophistry; and I can certainly sympathize with his feeling that the mariner's failure to reappear according to appointment added its final and most agreeable charm to the whole affair, and completed the mystery from which the man emerged and which swallowed him up again.

ADVENTURERS AND ADVENTURESSES IN NEW YORK.

ADVENTURERS and adventuresses are associated in our minds with the Old World rather than with the New, with the past rather than the present. The very names carry us back a century or more, when the time and civilization were more favorable than now to the development of the character they recall.

Saint Germain — the favorite of Pompadour, the mysterious count, who was believed to be an Alsatian Jew, to be the illegitimate son of a Spanish princess, to be a Portuguese marquis, and who was none of these — glimmers out of the voluptuous and selfish reign of Louis XV. We think of his personal grace, his fine tact, his prodigious memory, his reputed discovery of the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life, his boasting that he had lived four hundred years. We remember Voltaire told Frederic, that Saint Germain was a man who never died, and who knew everything; and how, after a varied career as a splendid spy, he died quietly at the court of Hesse-Cassel.

Casanova, the magnificent profligate, who charmed both men and women, and described his licentious career in his own memoirs, rises lustrous among our recollections. A checkered life was his. He was always in intrigues, and often in prison. At ten years of age he began life by making love to Bettina, and still a youth left Padua on account of a student's brawl; revelled in the choicest vices of Venice; escaped from Sant' Andrea, and won the favor of Pope Benedict. Weary of Yussuf Ali's doting wife and of all manner of success, he left Constantinople with an immense fortune, and, gambling it away, performed in the orchestra of the theatre

of San Samuele at Venice, to save himself from starvation. Playing the gallant, the politician, the financier, the priest, the magician, as occasion demanded, he became the bosom friend of Marshal de Richelieu, and the wildly loved of the Duchess de Chartres. The companion of philosophers, empresses, and kings, he died at last prosaically enough as the librarian of a Bohemian count, reviving his vanity and comforting his age with the grateful task of narrating in many volumes what he should have blushed to confess to the silence of the night.

Then comes Chevalier d'Eon, the favorite of the Empress Elizabeth; a brave soldier and ingenious trickster, condemned for years to wear woman's garments, and, after a life as romantic as dishonest, dying neglected and wretched in a land of strangers.

We think of modern adventurers as frequenters of London or Paris or Berlin, *habitués* of Brighton or Biarritz, Hombourg or Wiesbaden, and as our unavoidable companions on the Danube or the Rhine. But we scarcely expect to find on our own shores the men and women who live by their wits and the absence of wit in others. They are numerous, however. All our large cities have them, and New York has more than all the rest. They gravitate to great centres, which are needful to their existence, and whose varied phases of life yield the opportunities that make their career possible. The last few years have materially added to our adventurers. The war made many by disturbing the ordinary conditions of society, and lowering the moral tone of the community as it is always lowered at such times. New York is now the chosen home of adventurers both foreign and domestic, especially of the latter, who hold that all roads lead to Rome, and that Rome is on the island of Manhattan. Broadway eclipses the Strand, the Boulevards, or the Corso in the variety of its throngs, which include adventurers by the hundred at any hour of the day.

Adventurers seem persons born out of parallel with nature, who misdirect their energies and capacities. To avoid wholesome occupation, they endure anxious toil; to be free from common duties, they accept the degradation of perpetual shame and the pain of perpetual doubt. Their whole mental and moral code is strangely deranged. They believe that to seem is better than to be; that falsehood is preferable to truth; that cheating is the chief end and crowning glory of man. They see all fitnesses at a wrong angle; their instincts are inverted; their apprehension is wholly at fault. Nothing is sacred to them; nothing worthy of esteem. To their thinking, all seriousness and responsibility are taken out of life. He is the best who deceives the most, and gains by all moral failure material success.

In a great city the temptation to get along without work is besetting and constant. Wealth without worth, prosperity without labor, flash by on every hand; and the weak nature says to itself, "Why should I toil without reward when others no better than I enjoy without desert?" So the weak nature conceives that to get without earning is most desirable, and bends all his faculties to such accomplishment. The first false idea of every adventurer is to have something for nothing; to share the fruit of labor without labor; to be at the restful summit, omitting the fatigue of climbing. Discarding honesty and the obligation of work, the way downward is easy; for it is paved with the smooth mosaics of selfishness and self-indulgence.

In New York the adventurer and adventuress are part of society. They are so many as to form distinctive classes, recognizable to a trained eye, though not at a glance. The men and women representing the profession — for it is strictly such — are as different as any persons can be who have the same object and the same needs. They carry out their purpose in dissimilar ways, each managing men and circumstances in a manner peculiar to his or her sex. They cannot be treated to-

gether, they are so unlike. Let us, therefore, look at the adventurers first.

To New York all who leave Europe for their own good and our ill of course come first; and there they stay while dupes may be had and falsehoods can deceive. That city has had a vast number of French counts, German barons, Italian marquises, and will have, no doubt, for many generations. America has a strange fascination for the nobility of the Continent. They will persist in leaving their picturesque chateaux, and Rhenish castles, and Tuscan villas, with all their splendors, for the rude homes of the great Republic and the uncultivated natives who are bent upon making money and incapable of appreciating art.

They often obtain the *entrée* to houses of the wealthy, criticise the elaborate dinners, pay court to the delighted daughters, and are *fêted* and coddled in every way, until the adventurers condescend to borrow money,—which it is considered a high pleasure to lend,—and soon after suddenly disappear.

Polish patricians, tracing their pedigree back to John Sobieski, who have fled from Russian persecution, have been welcomed and petted by generous gentlemen and sympathetic ladies. They have been contended for by fashionable dames, and to secure them has been the triumph of the season. They have been on the eve of making an alliance with staid merchants' bewitching daughters, when they have found it convenient to take an early train on some road that issues no return tickets.

Distinguished Irishmen without number have favored the city with their presence, and made epics about the glory of their ancestors. The difference between them and the representatives of other nations is that they stay with us even after they are found out. They accommodate themselves to circumstances, and have keen perceptions of the situation. As it changes they change. They make a good deal of noise when their pretension is dethroned; but they soon resign themselves to the inevitable, and look cheerfully upon destiny. An inflated Celt, whose talk makes common romances insipid, slips out of the charmed circle he broke into by force of sheer impudence, and devotes himself with equal complacency to borrowing small sums and reciting Tom Moore over punches of fusel-oil. Take him all in all, the Irish adventurer is the most tolerable of his kind. He can always appreciate a joke; and he is so self-satisfied that it does not seem to make much difference with him whether he is toasted in the place of honor, or is a rollicking devotee to a free lunch.

Few of the foreign adventurers gain much more than infamy and a little newspaper gossip, which is poor compensation for the magnificent impositions they practise. Sometimes they contrive to capture a wealthy wife, and the paternal Crœsus, being unable to undo what has once been done, says, "Bless you, my children!" with a sardonic smile, and transfers a certain portion of his income to the fellow he would have horsewhipped if it were not unfashionable so to treat one's son-in-law.

The foreign adventurers must deplore these degenerate days of rationalism and common sense, and long for the shifting back of a century when such fellows as Cagliostro could infatuate cardinals, and bring women like Elisa von der Recke in humble worship at their feet.

Of the true American adventurers there is a great variety. They range from the lofty, brilliant fellows who in the days of Elizabeth of England would have plotted with Essex and fought with Raleigh, to the mean and vulgar creatures that exchange glaring falsehoods for trivial loans, and kiss the dust to escape the penalty of their misdeed.

The brightest class are men of strong mind and weak morals, supreme egotists whom the eternal *Ich* of the German metaphysicians always dazzles and deludes. They glitter through the community constantly, and in these weak, piping times of peace, seek commercial triumphs and financial crowns. Their

natural field is Wall Street. The magnitude of its operations, and the reckless spirit of its operators, attract at first and fascinate at last. They crave and need the excitement of "corners" and "lockings-up" of bull and bear combinations involving millions. It is to them the daily intoxication to which they have accustomed their nervous system. Withhold it, and they cannot live. To wealth they grow indifferent. At first the end, it soon becomes the means. Love of power and sensation drives them on when mere avarice has long been sated. The energy, the foresight, the resolution, the daring, that might have instituted great reforms, and moulded empires are spent in the pursuit of superfluous riches.

Many of the present rulers of Wall Street have been in very different callings. They have been cattle-drivers, ferrymen, shoemakers, pedlers, and horse-jockeys. They have extraordinary ability of a certain kind, understand human nature, and believe in the commercial advantage of unscrupulousness. The financial magnates are more adventurous now than they ever were before. Each month seems to render them more reckless and unprincipled, more dishonest actually. Jacob Little used to make country people stare by the magnitude of his operations and the suddenness of his combinations; but he never forfeited his reputation for financial integrity, and never dreamed of doing what is now done in Wall Street almost daily without compunction or criticism.

Speculation in the banking quarter means making money by any means that will not lead to the penitentiary. By success they are preserved from the necessity of offending in the common way, and are able to dictate terms to fortune. Early failure would have changed the entire current of their lives.

Yet how few of the financial adventurers have any permanent success! Those who were powers and radiating influences ten or twelve years ago have sunk out of sight and are forgotten now. Hardly a great name on the Stock Exchange to-day had been heard of twenty years ago; and the monetary kings of the present will be uncrowned and throneless before the eighth decade of the century has past. They rise and fall with the rapidity of revolutionary heroes in Mexico or South America, and, once down, the most sensitive echo does not murmur that they have ever been. They are used as pawns by the great players, who let them stand or move them about for a while; then exchange them as the game grows interesting, or sweep them ruthlessly from the board.

They learn nothing by experience. Each one fancies himself wiser than his predecessor; trusts his thought and his destiny more, and yet is ruined in exactly the same way. Some subtle law of temperament deters them from following uniform courses for any length of time. They seem to become victims of what might be called great moral surprises. They lie down honest in intention, and bent upon duty. They awake in the morning, or out of a midnight dream, in the midst of a spiritual revolution, and the rebels of their constitution beat down the guards of their strongest purpose.

Their hopefulness is always beyond their executive capacity, and their intense desires strangle their conscientiousness. However much they may be in the dark to-day, they fondly believe they will be in the full tide of radiance to-morrow. They are not wholly dishonest by any means; they simply have an elastic code of morals, and stretch or contract it to suit their passing interest.

This is not truer of stock gamblers than of any class of men who set their future upon the cast of a die, who largely hope, largely play, and largely lose.

There is something to admire, after all, in the adventurer; for he is cut by a broad pattern. He does not whine nor fret because he throws double aces instead of double sixes. He does not make wry faces when he finds the cordial, so tempting at first, very bitter at the dregs. There is usually cheerful

stoicism in his philosophy, and he is really strongest in his adversity; for the buoyancy of spirit that runs into wild schemes, while the sun shines, lends no little grace to misfortune after the night has fallen.

Adventurers of another order, not far removed from Wall Street speculators, are the persons interested in gold and silver mines, who can direct everybody to wealth but themselves. They make a good show, live superbly, have handsome offices and impressive stock certificates, talk smoothly and plausibly, persuade you they are personally interested in your welfare, and that to insure it you must take a few shares that cannot help paying twenty to thirty per cent the first year, and will be certain to double in value the second.

They are very adroit managers. Their great point is gained when they induce you to make your first investment, perhaps but a few hundreds; for they know you will continue what you have begun, your love of gain once excited. They always assure you that only such an amount, naming a fixed sum, will be needed to develop the resources of the mine. You are generally told you are to have a peculiar advantage over ordinary stockholders, that you are one of the corporators, and that you are taken into the company as a particular favor. If you ask why a mine so rich requires capital, you are answered that the precious metal is there, but that machinery must be had to work the mine with profit. A slender sum will suffice. The trap is deftly laid, and you walk into it so easily you do not perceive you are in it until you have been there some time. Not to resist stubbornly in the beginning is to be overcome completely in the end.

The vicinity of Pine Street, where Potosi and California are supposed to be held in condensed form, is dedicated to mining companies whose prospects, if realized, would pay the national debt in six months. Pine Street has many sins to answer for, many deep disappointments and sorrows to heal which it only aggravates. Of late its success in clever swindling has been diminished, and many adventurers who owned buried fortunes in Colorado and Nevada have been obliged to abandon their determination of making the community rich for the slenderest advance, and seek some new form of financial philanthropy.

Many unspoken tragedies are shut up in those handsome offices. The smiles of the sleek president and the bland manner of the stately secretary have been purchased at heavy cost. They are the bright foreground to a very dark picture. Those who can least afford to lose money — widows left with a little property, invalid clergymen, young men of small savings, hard-working tradesmen providing against a rainy day — are usually the people who invest in mines, and who seldom, if ever, get returns.

The political adventurer abounds in Manhattan, which offers him a better field than any other city under the sun. The condition of the municipal government is such that any man of persistent sycophancy and low instincts can get any office for which he is unfit. Men sit on the judicial bench and try fellows who might with much reason exchange places with the judge, and try him.

People from the country are lost in perplexity when they enter a metropolitan court of so-called justice. They are unable to distinguish between the judge and the criminal. But the resident citizens pick out the man with the worst face, and set him down for the wearer of the ermine.

A biographic sketch of city officers would be marvellous reading. It would be termed a bitter satire on free institutions, and the representation of an incredible state of corruption.

The literary adventurer is a curious specimen. He is not dangerous, but he is a superhuman bore. He haunts Printing-House Square, and is ever going up the stairs of newspaper and magazine offices with rolls of manuscript that timid men would rather die than read, and which editors dream of when

they suffer from the nightmare. The misfortune of this order of persons is that they are great geniuses whom the world has conspired against, having determined in universal conclave to reject them from the roll of fame. If you don't understand how this can be, don't, for your love of peace, tell them so. If you do, they will prove to you by endless monologue why they are persecuted of fate, and that you are the one favored mortal predestined to comprehend them. That may be a flattering assurance, but you would need to be ten times a Job to endure with patience the infliction they seek to put upon you.

How such adventurers keep body and soul together is past finding out. No one seems willing to buy their writings, but they console themselves with the recollection that "Paradise Lost" sold for five pounds; that "Jane Eyre" could not for years find a publisher; that "Vanity Fair" went begging. They therefore quit the higher walks of composition, and descend to the vulgar affairs of every-day life. They make reports of sublunary things as they see them in the city, and the sordid editors give them legal-tenders therefor, which they take under protest, for they feel that they must live for the enlightenment of after ages. Their invention is better than their memory sometimes. What once finds a market they sell again and again in the same form, and when censured for dishonesty, they vow that it is the lot of genius to suffer, and mourn the degenerate age.

Below all such adventurers are those who live by their wits; who enjoy the excitement that springs from the uncertainty of rising without knowing where they will get their breakfast, and after breakfast where they will secure their dinner. Such men hang about the hotels and places of amusement, walk in crowded thoroughfares, and lounge in the parks, with a keen eye for a benevolent person that will part with money and be chary of counsel. They are subtle physiognomists, and no reserve or discipline can shut them away from you, if you are capable of the slenderest loan. They make acquaintances without the least observation of form, without regard to time or place or circumstance. They know all their race on instinct, and after a single though monosyllabic response from you, they are willing to take you into the holy of holies of their confidence. They believe that the firmest purpose of man will yield to artful flattery, and they act upon that belief. They are not long in detecting the weak side or the chief point of your self-love. Having that advantage, you are assaulted with your own surrendered weapons, and are entirely vanquished while you fancy you are the victor.

Subtle and successful politicians these livers by their wits would have been. They might have been governors or have gone to Congress without difficulty, if they had directed their energies to that end, and were capable of any stability of purpose. But their bane, at least part of it, is vacillating will and unsettled motive. They are half Bourbons in that they learn nothing and forget everything. Their plan of the morning is changed in the afternoon, and that of the evening is revolutionized at midnight. They are always poor, of course; and poverty is too pressing to admit of serious deliberation. They are as improvident when they have money as if they had Fortunatus's purse; and if they had it they would, I believe, by some means exhaust its magic power. To supply immediate need is their object. They resemble the Italian lazzaroni, who, when asked to earn money in some honest way, touch their waistcoats imperiously, say they are not hungry, and refuse to work.

Many of them were no doubt honest at the beginning; but by bad management, bad habits, or bad fortune, they either fell too far below their own standard of duty to rise again, or blunted their moral sense to an extent that made any kind of successful fraud seem legitimate. As they continue in false relations, their pride lessens and their

selfishness grows; while a new and wretched vanity, that finds pleasure in prosperous imposition, comes to their aid. They labor to wheedle and dupe a man very much as an artist labors to finish a statue or poem; and when the task is accomplished, they look upon their shameful execution with admiring eyes. They set out with a certain largeness of purpose, determined to beard the gods, in the King Cambyses' vein. But their ambition lowers, and their scope of action narrows rapidly. They talk of mortgaged real estate and involved lawsuits at first, and borrow hundreds and thousands of dollars. But they soon descend to lower planes, are contented with decimal loans, and careless of the rudest rebuffs. After a while they condescend to borrow so paltry a sum as a dollar or even postal-currency. But, reaching that stage, Blackwell's or Randall's Island is drawing them beyond their power to resist, and their course must be near a close.

When they find a new person or set of persons, they frequently make demands they have long before surrendered, hoping by fresh audacity to win. After asking for five hundred dollars, and declaring they must have it, they touch the sliding-scale, and accept fifty cents ultimately, with an air of having been cheated out of four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and a half.

Marvellous their capacity to borrow money, and marvellous their instinct of pecuniary perception! I think they are clairvoyants, at least so far as pocket-books are concerned. They are able to determine just how much you have, which is just the sum they cannot live without. They tell such pitiful stories, so appeal to you in the name of humanity, that if you refuse you feel as if you had incurred a dreadful responsibility, had stained your soul with a possible crime. If you have refused, you hesitate to read the notices under the head of The Morgue in your morning paper; but if you had second sight you might know that the fellow who stood the day before on the brink of destruction is on the brink of a bar-room, from which he is in rapid process of expulsion.

Magnificent Secretaries of the Treasury such adventurers would make; for they can always borrow, and always avoid payment. They have prostituted their financial genius. They can extract money from almost any source. I am not sure they could not get a loan from some of our wealthiest men without giving a mortgage on their souls.

The common rule, that men who obtain money of you once and don't pay it are effectually got rid of, does not apply to this kind of adventurer. He borrows this week with more coolness and adroitness than he did last week, and the fact that you have lent to him again and again assures him of his right to your purse. Even when you are angry and resolved to punish the insolence of the fellow, he mollifies you, and has another favor before you are well aware of it.

I remember a notorious person of the sort who owed everybody, from his nearest relatives to his barber and washerwoman, and who, though he bore all of nature's credentials that he was a fool, was gifted as a borrower. "There comes that scoundrel," said one of his victims to a friend. "He owes me two hundred dollars, and if he does n't pay it, I 'll thrash him." The next day the victim met his friend, who asked, "Did you get your money?" "No! Confound the fellow; he borrowed five hundred more of me; and I 'm afraid I had to apologize to myself for thinking him dishonorable, though I know he 's as great a villain as ever went unhanged."

These parasites have regular divisions, which can be understood by the amount they want to borrow. There are the thousand-dollar, the five-hundred, the one-hundred, the fifty, the ten, the one-dollar, and the fifty-cent men, — the first the alpha and the last the omega of the entire profession. You know the thousand-dollar borrower is a freshman in the college of swindling, and the one-dollar borrower a senior. The former has a disease that may be

cured, the latter has the seal of death on his face.

Some of these spongers seem to have uniform success. They neither advance nor retrograde. You see them to-day lounging on the Astor House steps or in front of Niblo's, and they look precisely as if they had gone to bed ten years ago, slept the time away in a night, and risen fresh in the morning. In all that while they have not earned a single dollar, and they have spent a small fortune. What sacrifices of faith they have made, what ingenuity they have displayed, what energy they have spent to unworthy purpose! They have distributed their deceptions impartially. They have even deceived the deceivers, have had adventures with adventurers. They have borrowed of the foreign rogues, of the Wall Street gamesters, of the mining swindler, of the political trickster, of the literary charlatan, of the social savages of their own tribe. They are all the enemies of society, and if they could prey upon each other the community would be none the worse.

The first class is the most audacious, the second the most reckless, the third the most unscrupulous, the fourth the most infamous, the fifth the most ridiculous, and the sixth the most contemptible. There are variations from each of these that can hardly be determined; but wherever an adventurer is, entire dishonesty, inextinguishable selfishness, and coarseness of character may be found.

Probably most of them follow the bent of a temperament for which their ancestors are responsible; but they are guiltier than branded convicts, because they commit crimes that the law cannot reach and society will not punish. Keen insight or close observation will detect them; for it is nature's fiat that a counterfeit cannot long deceive. But they impose year after year upon the many who rarely have protection in understanding of character or wholesome scepticism. Nor do the adventurers suffer from remorse. Their spiritual part is materialized away; the best instincts are vulgarized; the ideals, by and through which men aspire and ascend, are with them interpreted by the commonest vanity and the merest self-interest. They may believe they err sometimes; they may be willing to admit society has a prejudice against them; but if they have a bad name, they must have the sweet and secret consciousness of having deserved their reputation.

The adventuresses have a narrower field, as all women do, for their operations; but no one can say they do not work it well. They have but two objective points, — men and money; and one of them is always obtained through the other.

There are no courts nor kings here for our modern adventuresses to tamper with and control; but there are men who, though the strongest and the shrewdest, can be made to dance to a woman's will, if she will but sing a new and seductive tune.

European adventuresses have but few opportunities in this country. Unsupported by relatives, friends, or fortune, they are always suspected; and coming here only in quest of money, they sink to a grade too low to admit of anything deserving the name of adventure.

Feminine Americans have little natural aptitude for the career, shameful for men, hideous for women. They rarely accept or seek it; it is forced upon them by circumstance. But, once entering upon it, they follow it with an ardor and bring to it a degree of tact that only France has heretofore shown. Something goes wrong with a woman's heart usually before her ethics are at fault. Let her meet her destiny, as the romancers style it, in the shape of tenderness, sympathy, and loyalty, and there will be no smouldering volcanoes in her life, no unacted tragedies surging through her soul.

The great city invites adventuresses from every town and village between the Northern lakes and the Gulf, the Atlantic and the Pacific. In this crowded wilderness, in this confusion

of individuals, it says, you can so lose yourself that the man who starves for you cannot hunt you down. If you have shame or woe to hide, or memories to banish, leap into the currents of Broadway, and its waves will conceal you, and its tumult will drown the voice of self-accusation.

An adventuress is not difficult of detection to a clear vision; but eyes are used in this world for almost everything but seeing. She varies her form; but in the place where her heart was before some man broke it (as she would say), she is almost always the same. She is usually handsome or bears traces of handsomeness departed or departing. At least, she looks interesting, and interestingness is the sum of all we seek in humanity, literature, and art. She is rarely young, nor is she old. She is of an uncertain age. She may be thirty, she may be less; she may be forty. She is calm and cold apparently; but if you study her, you will see her calmness and coldness are the result of severe self-discipline, and in her eye gleams of intensity and anxiety that dart out while her manners are relieving guard.

There are certain hard lines in her face; the soft mouth has lost some of its symmetry, the nose is questioning and suspicious, the nostril expanded as though it knew each individual had an odor, and were determining to what species he should be assigned. Across the brow flit subtle shadows, and between and over the eyes they gather ever and anon as if the electricity of her system were centring there to burst: and then the lightning leaps sharp and quickly out below, and momentary darkness falls from the hair to the defiant chin. Her ears are a trifle prominent, and when you look at them you see they are listening, — listening perhaps for what she will never hear again. Her form is full, a trifle too full to indicate fineness and spirituality; and her manner is too decided and positive to be attractive at first. Her toilet is somewhat *outré*, and there is more and less of it than there should be, while some of her jewelry might be spared for the sake of taste. But above all there is an expression in her face and her air that declares something has gone out of her life, — something that rounded and completed her womanhood, — something that will never return. She has been a wife and mother; she is not likely to be again; for the memory of that wifehood and maternity makes her shudder, and sends the strange almost lurid look out of her eye. She may have a child or children with her; and if you could look into her chamber after midnight, you would see her bending over the bed where the little creatures lie, with tears baptizing the whispered prayers for them, which she never utters for herself.

Unlike the adventurer, the adventuress has a conscience, feels remorse, suffers for the past, dares not reflect upon the future. When the mental torture comes, she plunges into excitement, and laughs wildest when her heart sinks like burning lead in her bosom.

Adventuresses are most at home in the great hotels. Hardly one of the Broadway houses that has not several of the singular sisterhood. They always avoid each other, are enemies on instinct. Men alone they affect. Without doing anything you can describe, they always attract attention. When they enter the ordinary, or sit in the drawing-room, or walk in the corridor, every masculine eye beholds, and many masculine eyes follow them. They know, with almost mathematical certainty, the impression they are making, when is their time to glance, to speak, to drop a handkerchief, to write a note. Nothing escapes their acute senses. The man whom they have selected for a dupe is such before he has spoken. What is the boasted reason of our sex to the subtle instincts of theirs! They have made men a study as Balzac and Goethe made women a study, and they have found their profit in it, be sure. They grow upon their acquaintances imperceptibly but rapidly, and, after a few hours of untrammelled talk, seem

like old friends you are bound to assist when trouble comes. It will come very soon. The adventuress is always in trouble, and she tells so sad a story that you feel during its narration as if you should dry every tear with a hundred-dollar note. You are too liberal altogether. She accepts half the sum; is eternally grateful, and the situation changes with the pressure of a hand.

The adventuress lives in Manhattan; but she goes to Washington frequently when Congress is in session, for there she reaps a harvest. She brings all her arts to bear on members of the House and Senate, who yield to feminine influence when they can withstand bribes and the clamor of constituents. The adventuress often arranges her campaign on the Hudson, and fights it out on the Potomac. She completes there what she begins here.

Women want their rights. Let them have their rights by all means; but their rights are little compared to their privileges. Men have neither when an accomplished adventuress has fairly taken them in her toils.

"Keep pretty women out of my sight," said St. Evremond, "and the thunder-stroke shall not make me swerve. But with their eyes looking into mine, I am like wax over the flame of a taper."

Adventuresses do not decline so rapidly as the adventurers. Women of education and some breeding, as they usually are, seldom descend with the plummet-like promptness of men. Culture seems to make ledges for them, and there they lodge, instead of plunging over the precipice down to the dizzy depths below. They change their nearest friends as they do their gowns; for those wear out even quicker than these. But they laugh and are gay, go clad in purple, and seem to float on the top wave of life. At the theatre and the opera, at the picture-galleries and the Academy balls, they queen it grandly, and many of their sex who know them not envy them the gilded shell in which they masquerade. They all have a history different from the one they tell, and sadder far. If they wrote autobiographies, the simple truth would be more eloquent than any rhetoric.

If they could be set right, could once get their feet on the firm rock of principle, all might be well; but they seem incapable somehow; their will is too weak, their love of variety and excitement too great. They often turn to white memories and fairer futures, and stretch out their pale hands. But the voice that drove Ahasuerus seems to say, "March, march!" and they go on and on, until the long grass of the churchyard muffles their weary footsteps forever.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

VERY seldom do we realize the extent of the relations involved in the distinctions we make in the talk of every-day life. You call your dog Fido, and in so doing you draw three broad distinctions between him and the rest of creation: —

1st. In that he is a dog, and not a cat or a sheep or a bear.

2d. In that his name is Fido, and not Cæsar or Pompey.

3d. In that he is *your* dog, and not the property of some other man.

But this is not all: for Fido is of the male sex and is two years of age; he belongs to the variety called Black and Tan Terrier; he has never been cropped, and he has an extra toe upon one fore foot; and, finally, he differs from all other dogs of that sex and age possessing the extra toe, in the proportionate extent of the black and the tan

colors upon his legs; or in his precise weight or height, or length of tail; or in his disposition; or, if you choose, in the exact number of the hairs with which he is clothed; or at least in the peculiar combination of all these attributes which, by the doctrine of chances, it is wellnigh impossible should ever be found repeated in another individual. Here you may conclude that Fido has already received a sufficiently extensive designation; but your sporting acquaintance remind you that Fido is not the same dog he was a year ago; and, once started on this matter of age, reflection soon convinces you that this is true not only of a year ago, but of last week, of yesterday, of the previous hour and minute, and that, according to some authorities, it is probable that, in seven years hence, there will not remain in your pet a single atom which now enters into his composition, and that strictly speaking it will be, not Fido, but another dog. From this rather distressing metaphysical conclusion you are recalled by your friend the zoölogist, who informs you that your terrier is a variety of the species *familiaris*, and only thereby preserved from being a wolf or a fox, or some other species of the genus *Canis;* and that this entitles him to a place in the family *Canidæ*, the order *Carnivora*, the class *Mammalia*, the type *Vertebrata*, and the animal kingdom; and that as such he holds an individual place upon this planet and so in this great universe, and as such is the recipient of life from the Creator.

All this is undeniable: all these attributes are embraced by the single name you have given your pet; from the individual you have risen through all the characteristics of an individual, and the more and more comprehensive relation of age, sex, variety, species, genus, family, order, class, type, and kingdom of nature; from the least to the greatest things, from the most concrete to the most abstract; from nature up to nature's God. But this is only one of the two roads which lead from the visible to the invisible, from the knowable to the unknowable, from the finite to the infinite; and, beginning with the individual again, you might proceed analytically and consider the various ways in which it may be subdivided into smaller and smaller units. The dog is made up of a right and a left half, which, however similar, are more or less distinct from each other, not only in position and direction, but in all other respects; each of these halves is again composed of a fore and a hind region, between which, as may be hereafter shown, there are distinctions similar in kind to those between the right and left halves, though differing in degree. Any one of these quarters, say the right hind quarter, is fundamentally a series of vertebral segments, and to one of these segments is attached the hind leg. From among the various organs which make up this limb we select the patella, or knee-pan; and from its several component tissues, fatty, cartilaginous, and bony, we designate the latter; and from its many osseous cells, a particular one, and from the several crystals of carbonate of lime, one; out of this, one of its chemical elements, the lime, and from this at least one of those hypothetical, physical units which goes by the name of atom.

Designating now this hypothetical atom as x, it is chemically lime, and microscopically, part of a bone cell, which helps to make up the osseous tissue of the organ called patella; this again is a part of the leg, and this is an appendage of the pelvic segment of the vertebral column and in the hinder half of the right side of your dog Fido; he is only one out of many other Fidos; he is one of the masculine half of the dog race, and is one of the many others of the same age, two years; from all of which he doubtless differs somewhat in size and weight, or color or disposition, or at least in the number and exact length of his hairs (for no possible ground of difference should be omitted): he belongs to the tan terrier variety, of the species *familiaris*, of the genus *Canis*, of the family *Ca-*

nidæ, of the order *Carnivora*, of the class *Mammalia*, of the type *Vertebrata*, of the animal kingdom. And all these are simply broader and broader natural distinctions which exist, and which we may recognize, between any two constituent atoms of the same individual being and between any one individual and all others. No wonder that Agassiz, after a somewhat similar recapitulation, says (Essay on Classification, Part I., Chap. II., Sect. VI.): "Viewing individuals in this light, they resume all their dignity; and they are no longer so absorbed in species as to be ever its representatives without being anything for themselves. On the contrary, it becomes plain, from this point of view, that the individual is the worthy bearer, for the time being, of all the riches of nature's wealth of life."

In this and succeeding articles let us examine some of the objects in nature with reference to the differences which mark their age, which characterize their right and left sides, which belong to the male and the female sex, and lastly, those which serve to distinguish each individual of the same sex from all others.

The butterfly lays an egg. This egg, aside from its protecting envelopes, is the germ of a new being. After a time it is hatched and comes forth as a little worm-like caterpillar. This eats voraciously, grows rapidly, and ends its larval existence by casting its skin, and changing as to form and appearance and habits so as to become a pupa or chrysalis, which neither eats nor moves. But under the brown skin a wonderful change occurs; in place of thick and horny jaws there comes a long and tubular tongue; the enormous reservoir of masticated leaves dwindles into a slender stomach which craves only honey; broad wings appear upon the shoulders, the legs increase in length, delicate hairs are formed upon the surface; and all at once, after an interval of apparent death, these and many other transformations are disclosed by the splitting of the pupa skin and the resurrection, so to speak, of the insect under the form of a butterfly: and this, by laying its eggs, sets in motion again the same wonderful cycle of changes which to the Greeks seemed to typify the birth and death of the body and the resurrection of the immortal soul; for Psyche was one of their names for the butterfly.

Again, at a given hour to-day, each of us is in a certain condition of body. To-morrow we see no change with the eye, but one has occurred; we have lost a hair from the head or beard, or our morning bath has cost us a few effete branny scales of the outer skin; and this loss, were it but a single hair, or a single scale, is an all-sufficient cause of a difference between to-day and yesterday. We cannot ignore this as too insignificant and say it is unessential; for it is the gradual loss and replacement of just such minute scales which cleans off the thickened covering of a wound and leaves the skin smooth and soft as before.

From the extraordinary transformations of insects, involving as they often do not merely a casting off of the outer covering, but an essential modification of form, and the loss or acquisition of appendages accompanied by a more or less complete change of habit, from all this to the gradual gain or loss of epidermal scales or of hairs in man, seems at first an impossible step. And yet it is really but a long one; for if we consider all that takes place upon the surface of the human body, and especially of the bodies of the lower animals, and if also we make allowance for the longer periods of their existence, we shall be convinced that the two extremes we have mentioned are connected by such a variety of intermediate grades of transformation that a natural passage exists between the two.

The time required for a complete change of the body has been variously estimated by different authors: so variously, indeed, that it is idle to discuss the subject; except to remind ourselves that by experiment some tissues and organs are found to undergo this

change more rapidly than others, so that while one part is being once replaced, others may undergo the process half a dozen times.

But it is neither easy nor desirable to embrace the whole organism in our search for gradual or periodical transformations. And it is amply sufficient for our present purpose to trace the more easily recognized, yet not always appreciated, gains and losses and alterations which occur in the vertebrate type of the animal kingdom.

Let us, then, inquire how far the periods of growth and development in animals and in man are attended by alteration in size, shape, and proportion; in color, texture, and function; and how far the phrase at the head of this article may apply to the change in all created things.

From the surface of the sun and the crust of our globe to the drop of protoplasm that circulates in the one-celled plant, all is motion; and motion implies a change of position at least, and that of molecular relation, which is the simplest form of structural differentiation. Motion is the vital process, and time the physical condition under which it is carried on; and the two together give us in more or less definite divisions all that we call seasons and epochs and ages and states.

The riddle of the Sphinx, which only Œdipus was able to solve, has been greatly improved upon by modern comparative anatomy; for, not confined to going first upon four, then upon two, and finally upon three legs, man is by some believed to be the animal which, as the head and archetype of all inferior species, actually represents them all in his development; the several stages through and beyond which he passes typifying the states which the various species merely reach and in which they remain.

As a theory it is a very pretty one, and there are plenty of facts to be given in its support; the difficulty has been and is, to restrain our inclination to extend the theory far beyond what is justified by the facts; and as doctors still disagree upon its precise limitation, let us avoid controversy and look only at a few striking features in the development of the human body which shall at least confirm our modest thesis that time works wonders, without attempting to say just what the wonders mean.

The ante-natal existence of a human being is a period of miracles, if by this word we understand things which are astounding, and apparently independent of familiar laws. But to give full details of these embryonic changes is impossible without figures and a long description; so let us take up the child again upon its entrance into the world. The strange atmosphere carries a sudden shock to its sensorium, and the response is a first effort to breathe and a cry, — the never-failing sign of life. The lungs now act regularly, for their structure has been perfected during the long season of total inaction when the mother's own blood supplied the vivifying oxygen to the little one. The stomach soon craves food from without; and the organs of sense by degrees accustom themselves to the rude impressions of light and sound and material contact.

But there are other peculiarities of this early age which are more easy to describe. At birth the kidneys form one eightieth part of the whole body; they grow less rapidly, and so the proportion is reduced to a third of that in adult life, when they are only one two hundred and fortieth of the whole body.

The liver also loses ground as the body increases, and its left lobe is far outgrown by the right. The peculiar ductless gland, called thymus, which lies just under the upper end of the breast-bone, is large at birth and reaches its full size at the end of the second year, after which it gradually dwindles until at puberty it has almost disappeared. The brain of the infant is larger in proportion than that of the adult, being to the body as one to eight in the former and as one to forty-three in the latter. The head is proportionally larger than the face at the early age; and this is so striking in the quadrumana that in the

young of some apes and monkeys the head and face have a relative size closely approximating that which exists in the full-grown man.

The following from Dalton shows how greatly the relative weight of the several viscera changed during growth : —

	New-born Infant.	*Adult.*
Entire body	1,000.00	1,000.00
Brain	148.00	23.00
Liver	37.00	29.00
Heart	7.77	4.17
Kidneys	6.00	4.00
Renal capsules	1.63	0.13
Thyroid body	0.60	0.51
Thymus body	3.00	0.00

Whoever undertakes to ascertain that all-important fact, What does the baby weigh ? will find it necessary to have the chief support under the upper part of the belly, at or near the umbilicus, where centred the embryonic artery and vein, and where is now the middle of its length ; but in a man lifted in the same way, or, more conveniently, laid upon a balanced platform, the centre of gravity is found to be much lower down and nearer to his centre of length, the hips. The difference is due partly to the natural flexion of the infant's legs, as if in readiness to creep and in imitation of the quadruped's natural mode of progression, but chiefly to the fact that the legs of the infant are very much shorter in proportion to the length of the whole body.

The chest is laterally compressed as in quadrupeds, for the wide and flat chest of the adult would render creeping far more laborious ; and the prominence of the abdomen, with the single forward curve of the spine, leaves no constriction at the waist, and renders the contour of the trunk comparable to that of an ape.

Much has been written upon the epochs of human existence, and many are the proposed divisions ; all of them based in part upon facts, but too often also upon preconceived notions and analogies. At any rate, their wide disagreement suggests great caution in proposing any new arrangement, and warns us to avoid the rock upon which most of them split. This seems to be the effort to assign definite limits in years to each subdivision of life ; and the periods are made to be multiples of certain numbers, as three or five or seven, in utter disregard of the fact that one of the universally admitted epochs, that of puberty, varies in its occurrence in different individuals, in different races, and under different climatic and social conditions ; and that the close of the reproductive period, called the turn or change of life, and one of the grand climacterics, must likewise vary according to the same conditions. And, therefore, while fully admitting the supernatural significance of certain numbers, let us do away with them and with the arbitrary divisions based upon them, and look for undeniable epochs and states of life as they occur in natural succession.

All men are born, and we all must die ; birth implies death, and both epochs are attended with marked changes in all the vital processes ; it is the beginning of respiration which announces the birth, and the cessation of it which marks the legal death of the individual ; and with the entrance and exit of the breath comes and goes the distinctively animal powers of consciousness and voluntary motion : but there is life in the unborn babe and in the motionless corpse before and after the lungs begin and cease to act ; a life which in the one case induced all the wonderful changes elsewhere described, and in the other shines out to mourning friends in the placid smile of the dead.

Between birth and death is a long interval ; it is the period of active life, and has been generally divided into growth, maturity, and decline, as to both mental and physical power ; or into youth, manhood or womanhood, and old age. But however easily recognized as general states, they offer very numerous and great exceptions, and are wholly incapable of exact limitation by years ; for we know not the natural duration of human life, and the averages which it is so easy to collect mean nothing, until we know whether

the various causes of early death affect the entire life, or only certain periods of it.

There is, however, a part of the life of men which stands off boldly from the years that precede and those which follow; a period during which the individual is not only in the fullest enjoyment of health and strength and mental vigor, and can thus work best for himself and his fellows of the present, but when he is endowed with peculiar powers and the instinct to use them for the future of the species. This, the reproductive period, is ushered in by marked changes in the organism; the essential ones it is not necessary to speak of here, but the accessory ones are none the less remarkable and constant. The bony framework solidifies, and the growing ends of the long bones become fixed to their epiphyses; the beard appears; the voice changes, more decidedly in the male; and the features take on the expression which they generally wear through life. All these changes, extending through several years, mark the epoch of puberty, and the beginning of the state when boy and girl, youth and maiden, are man and woman.

The end of this state is marked by less decided phenomena, and by little which can be definitely described; but the practical recognition of the peculiar dangers attendant upon this epoch and the following period is the publication of distinct works upon the diseases of old age.

We have, then, six undeniable epochs of human life, which may be approximately designated by years, but which depend upon various attendant changes which are identical in no two individuals; and, separated by these six epochs of conception, birth, puberty, sterility, death, and disorganization, we have five states of greater and less duration, which are endowed with certain powers for certain general purposes.

That the absolute weight and stature of the body changes from year to year, and that the increase is not uniform throughout the period of growth, is a matter of common observation. Draper thinks that the infant triples its weight during the first year; that during the succeeding seven years this weight itself is doubled, and that this again is doubled before the age of fifteen; and probably this statement will be found true in regard to the majority of individuals below the age of puberty.

But the rates and limits of increase in stature and weight are far less uniform in different adult individuals than in young persons; for at puberty the body seems to acquire its permanent habit, as full or spare; and the conditions of existence as to diet, occupation, and exercise are variable in the highest degree.

Obviously the most reliable conclusions are to be drawn from military statistics, since there the above conditions are as uniform as possible, and a tendency to excessive obesity would disqualify a man for active service.

The late war for the Union has furnished us with a greater amount of material than was ever before accessible; and the United States Sanitary Commission showed their appreciation of this, as well as their conviction that no such opportunity would ever again occur, by devoting a part of their surplus funds and the talents and energies of their best agents to the careful collection and thorough study of the facts furnished by more than two million soldiers.

The more important and conclusive results of this work have been reached under the direct superintendence of Dr. Benjamin A. Gould, who not only brought to it the qualities which have elsewhere distinguished his work, but also, through the premature exhaustion of the funds devoted to this purpose, made it a labor of true scientific devotion.

I quote from his work, — "Statistics of United States Volunteers."

"Examination of the materials collected leads to the following inferences for white soldiers: —

"1. That the rate of growth undergoes a sudden diminution at about the

age of twenty years, the increase of stature continuing nevertheless uninterruptedly until about the age of twenty-four.

"2. That for a year or two after this latter epoch the height remains nearly stationary, if, indeed, it does not diminish, after which a slight increase again manifests itself, and continues until the full stature is attained.

"3. That the normal epoch of maximum stature must generally be placed, at least for American States, as late as thirty years, but that it varies for different classes of men." (p. 108.)

That the height and the weight are by no means coequal in their rate of increase at given ages, and that their respective limits are not reached simultaneously, may be seen from statements made further on in the work.

"An empirical determination of the mean weight belonging to each age shows that the increase between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five cannot well exceed five pounds, great as is the change in many individual cases." (p. 428.)

I add a selection of items from the table, showing the average weight of a certain number of white soldiers at given ages (Table XXVII., page 438), and place by its side a selection from Table VIII., page 113, giving the heights by ages for all white soldiers of all nativities.

Age.	*No.*	*Weight.*	*Height.*
17	446	128.8	65.26
18	1,100	133.5	66.23
19	1,150	137.7	67.01
20	1,357	140.8	67.52
21	1,446	142.7	67.77
23	1,108	145.0	67.97
25	745	146.6	67.99
28	512	147.0	68.02
35	239	147.5	68.00
40	98	147.7	67.98
42	102	147.8	
45	67	147.8	

The above table confirms the three conclusions already given respecting the rate and limit of increase in stature, and also allows us to make a very suggestive comparison between them and the rate and limit of increase in weight.

The weight increases nearly five pounds between 17 and 18, about four between 18 and 19, three during the next year, two the next, then at the rate of a pound and two tenths a year to 23, eight tenths to 25, two tenths to 28, one fourteenth to 35, one twenty-fifth to 40, and about the same to 42; after which no increase occurred, but rather, as our common observation tells, a diminution. The rate of increase in weight then steadily decreases from 17 to 42, and the limit is reached between 40 and 45 with *soldiers;* but this law can hardly apply to persons at home, with superabundance of food and no regular exercise, added to a full habit of body which would generally exclude them from military service.

That the circulatory and respiratory movements are more rapidly performed in extreme youth than at a later age is a matter of common observation with all who have watched or handled kittens, puppies, and babies; but only with the latter have accurate observations been recorded and compared with what exists in the adult. According to Dr. Guy, the pulsations of the heart in the unborn child are pretty uniformly 140 per minute; at birth about 136; during the first year of life it gradually diminishes to about 128, and during the second to 107. From two to seven years of age the average pulse is 97. And it then steadily diminishes until forty or fifty years, after which it may again increase several beats per minute. But while this is true of both sexes, there is a very marked difference in the diminution of the pulse for the two sexes between the seventh and fourteenth years. In the male its average during that period is about 84, while in the female it is 94; and during the next seven years it is 76 for the former and 82 for the latter, preserving a difference of five or ten beats thereafter through life, with a greater acceleration in the aged female than in the male.

The rapidity of the heart's action is also greatly influenced by the internal and external condition of the system in regard to digestion, posture, and exer-

cise, temperature and mental emotion. That the heart stops from sudden fright, anger, and grief is commonly believed, and is no doubt the fact; syncope and even death may result from it; and we all have noted in ourselves the rapid and forcible beating of the heart against the walls of the chest when excited in a less violent degree by fear, love, and expectation. It would lead us too far to express in full my conviction that these responses of the bodily organ to mental emotion are due to something far beyond the mere anatomical connection of heart and brain; that the heart is really, as common people think, the outward representation of affection, and that the correspondence is as close as that between the ear and the quality of obedience.

It has been found by experiment that "the pulse may be doubled by exposing the body to extreme heat for a few moments; and also that it may be greatly reduced in frequency for a short time by the cold *douche*. It has also been remarked that the pulse is habitually more rapid in warm than in cold climates." *

The pulse may be increased to more than twice its usual rate by severe exercise; and even the position of the body will make a very decided difference; the rapidity being greater while sitting than while lying, and greatest while standing; for to maintain either of these positions requires considerable muscular exertion. It does not appear that the pulse of sleep differs materially from that of repose in the recumbent position; at least not in males, though Quetelet has said that in women and children it is slower during sleep.

After each meal there is a temporary increase in the pulse of from five to ten beats per minute; while prolonged fasting may reduce its frequency by an even greater number. Alcohol first diminishes and afterward accelerates, and it has been found that the pulse is quickened by animal food more than by vegetable.

The statistics of respiration are less complete, but they indicate the same liability to be affected by internal and external conditions. Soon after birth the infant breathes about 44 times per minute; at five years the number has diminished to 26; at from fifteen to twenty years it is 20; and at thirty years, 16; during old age a slight increase occurs. During sleep the number of respirations is decidedly less, by about twenty per cent.

Here is the place to mention a change which occurs in the heart itself during early life, other than the rapid ones already described with the phenomena attendant upon birth.

The wall of the right ventricle is at first nearly equal in thickness to that of the left; but the latter begins at once to increase in order to perform the constantly augmenting labor of sending blood over the growing body. The work of the right ventricle increases to a less extent, and its growth is less in that proportion, for it has only to force the blood through the lungs.

The statistics given by Dr. Gould upon the foregoing points are very instructive; perhaps the most remarkable result is that expressed upon pages 521 and 523, in respect to the comparative constancy of both pulse and respiration during the years of military eligibility. For instance, of 8,284 whites in usual vigor, all had between 16 and 17 respirations per minute; and the highest fractions are .55 for 17 years, .53 for 21, .50 for 24, .51 for 29, and .50 for 35 and over. The lowest fractions being in like manner scattered through the years from 17 to 35. The same facts appear when the pulse is compared at different ages; and although these results are not in accordance with the observations of Hutchinson, Quetelet, and others, yet as the present series far outnumbers all previous ones, and as, moreover, it includes men of average good health, we must accept the results as more conclusive.

The following table (compiled from Tables IX. and XI., pages 521 and 523) exhibits the principal facts concerning pulse and respiration: —

* Flint.

White Men.					
8,284 in Health.			1,352 not in Usual Vigor.		
Average Respiration.	Pulse.	Ratio.	Average Respiration.	Pulse.	Ratio.
16,439	74.84	4.5+	18.838	77.21	4.—

The first fact is the decided acceleration of both processes during ill health, amounting to four tenths of a respiration, and about two and a half pulsations per minute.

And the second is that this increase is less marked in the latter than in the former; in other words, a lack of usual vigor from all causes increases the frequency of the respiration more than that of the heart's action, although it is by the pulse that we generally detect any febrile condition.

And this is not only true of the two processes during ill health, but a comparison of the averages for the several ages has convinced Dr. Gould that there is no apparent definite ratio between the two, and that they appear to be normally independent of each other, although the abnormal manifestations of each are more frequently in the form of acceleration than of retardation. The well-established facts, that in any individual case increased frequency of respiration is attended by an increased frequency of the pulse, and that the pulse may be greatly affected by voluntary modification of the respiratory movements, as shown by Mitchel, do not seem at all opposed to this inference regarding the non-existence of a definite normal ratio of frequency. (p. 524.)

Dr. Gould then compares the pulse and respiration in the different races, and finally shows by the figures that the idea of Rameaux and Sarrus, which was cited by Quetelet with apparent approval, that the pulse diminishes with the stature according to a distinct law, is wholly inapplicable to our soldiers; and that indeed the relation between the stature and the pulse scarcely appears to follow any general law. (p. 525.)

The statistics of range of distinct vision are quite remarkable in several respects; but we can speak only of those which refer to differences according to age and state of health. The best object employed was a paragraph of twelve lines in "double-leaded small pica type," and this was held at the distance of distinct vision for each individual, with the following result: —

The average distance for 6,564 white soldiers in usual vigor was 47.77 inches; for 1,357 not in usual vigor was 45.10 inches. Here is a marked difference; but this average difference is by no means constant when the individuals of a single age are compared; for instance, the average at eighteen years of 428 in usual vigor was 47.8 inches, while that of 49 not in usual vigor was 48 inches; and that for twenty-five years of 331 in usual vigor was 46.3 inches, while that of 71 not in usual vigor was 48.9 inches; and the same and even greater differences in favor of the "weaker parties" exist among the numbers for other ages, where the individuals were few. So that we must bear in mind that this is one of the most indefinite measurements, and that the answer in a given case must be greatly affected by the interest taken by the subject of the examination, and by his ability to discriminate between what is distinct and what is indistinct. It shows how important large numbers are in statistics, and also that the number which would be adequate in one part of the investigation may be quite insufficient in another part, where the individual results are liable to be affected by the bias of either examiner or examined, and by the number or extent of the variable quantities concerned.

The figures representing the distance of distinct vision by ages are extremely unsatisfactory to those who have believed and taught that, in spite of exceptions, people grow long-sighted as they advance in years; partly

through actual flattening of the crystalline lens, and partly through diminution of the power of accommodation. But there seems to be no regularity of either increase or decrease of distinct vision from 16 to 50 years, the least capable ages being 45 and over, 36, 16 and under, 25, 31, 34, and 41, while the ages of longest vision are 17, 19, 23, 28, 37, and 42; the ages from 17 to 28 including the largest number of individuals and the longest ranges of vision. To quote from the work itself (p. 536):—

"It is evident that the outer limit of distinct vision gradually diminishes with advancing years, although we have here no means of learning whether the decrease is greater than would result from the well-known diminution of the power of accommodation. The maximum mean value would seem to be between the ages of 17 and 25, and the subsequent decrease to amount to not less than ten per cent before the age of 50. The fact that the minimum limit increases with the age is well known, so that it would appear that increasing age brings with it a diminution of the range of vision by curtailment at each of its limits."

The belief that baldness is, as a rule, an accompaniment of advancing years finds complete confirmation in the statistics of 15,005 white soldiers in usual vigor; under 21 years the proportion was of 1 to 4,339; and the proportion increases steadily, so as to be .032 at 35 years, .093 at 42 to 44, and .100 at 45 and over. (p. 567.)

The condition of the teeth also, and the number of teeth lost at different ages, are also given; but the results are only interesting as confirmatory upon a very large scale of the opinions based upon individual and general observation.

To pass now to the lower mammalia, we need only allude to the fact that their teeth, like those of man, are produced in an orderly succession; with the horse, the period of appearance is succeeded by a wearing down of the crowns, which is generally so uniform as to serve the initiated for a tolerably sure indication of age, up to the ninth or tenth year; after that time the marks of age are less definite, although there are some who assert that in the teeth alone there are annual changes until the twenty-first year which may be relied upon, in addition to the familiar marks of age, such as deepening hollows over the eyes, sinking of the back, and appearance of gray hairs about the eyes and muzzle. In the opinion of some, every year after the ninth is indicated by an additional wrinkle upon the upper eyelid, and, as there are plenty of horses more than nine years old, it would not be difficult to test the criterion.

The facility with which the age of a stag may be judged from the number of tines upon the antlers is well understood by sportsmen.

Many reptiles annually shed the skin, and in the rattlesnake a ring is added with each year's moult; but the frequent and irregular loss of the terminal rings renders it impossible to determine the age by their number.

The young of birds have almost always a different plumage from the adult, and great care is necessary to avoid placing them in different species. Still more remarkable is the difference between the larval and adult condition of many batrachians; for the tadpole is fitted for swimming and for aquatic respiration, and might naturally be ranked among fishes, so long as we remained ignorant of its transformations. The same is true, in a less degree, of some fishes, of which the young and old have been at first described as distinct species.

We have thus far considered only those changes in the structure and function which normally succeed each other, and occur but once in the life of the individual; they are, strictly speaking, the only alterations due to age. But there are, especially with the lower animals, other and no less striking changes, which appear to be closely dependent upon, or at least associated with, the natural divisions of time, and

which may, therefore, be repeated indefinitely according to the duration of life of the individual. These again may be subdivided. For some of them, such as the annual increase of hair and feathers upon animals, and the indescribable, yet not the less real, adaptation of the system to a given temperature which makes a fall of the mercury to a given degree attended with far more suffering to us in summer than in winter, appear to be in reference to purely physical necessities; for they disappear with them. But the vast majority of these changes are more or less distinctly referable to the periodical manifestation of the reproductive instinct, and are indeed of the same kind often as those already described as attendant upon its original appearance, of which indeed they are, as it were, the periodical repetition.

The voice, which undergoes a great and permanent alteration at puberty, is in many animals modified once a year, or is even heard only at the reproductive season, as in the porcupine, the giraffe, and the deer tribe.

The modification in the song of birds at the season of mating is owing perhaps to both internal and external conditions; for it has a gladsome, happy note, in perfect harmony with the spring-time of surrounding nature.

The horns of the deer tribe are the organs which exhibit the most decided sympathy with the periodical development of sexual instinct. They often exist in the males alone; and even when both sexes possess them, the male has the longer, and employs them in fierce combat with his rivals, uttering at the same time characteristic cries which are seldom or never heard at other seasons. These horns or antlers are sometimes immense; in the extinct Irish elk they measure eight feet from tip to tip, and in a red deer of Wallachia, described by Professor Owen, each antler measured five feet and eight inches along the curve, and the pair weighed seventy-four pounds avoirdupois.

But more noteworthy than the actual size of these appendages and the use to which they are put is the fact that they are annually shed and reproduced. The shedding and the beginning of the new growth takes place in the spring, the exact time varying with the species; and it is to be noted that at the same time the fawns are dropped; otherwise they might be in danger from the vicious propensities of the fully armed males.

The blood-vessels of the skin about the pedicle or persistent base of the horn now begin to deposit additional osseous material; and this process goes on so rapidly that by early autumn the antlers are completed, larger and with more branches than those of the previous year. But they are still covered, as with a sheath, by the skin which has kept pace in its growth and has afforded support to the nutritive vessels. This skin finally dies and dries up, and the horns are freed of it and burnished by friction against a tree. They are now ready for action, and continue so during the winter until the time of shedding arrives in the spring. In estimating the change which takes place during this process, we must not forget that, in order to support and use such an enormous weight at the end of a long neck, the muscles which move the head, and the spines and ridges of the backbone and the skull, must also be strengthened and increased in proportion.

Now all this is wonderful enough and fitly closes our list of illustrations of the changes which occur in animals at the various stages of their existence; but I would like to call attention to what seems to me the significance of the phenomenon last considered, in view of the real or assumed difficulty which some believers in transmutation theories find in admitting the succession of being in time to have been other than direct and genetic.

The serial connection of the horns of successive years is not less close than that which all admit to exist between the species of animals found in successive strata of the earth's crust. Yet each, as it falls, loses forever and

entirely all possible influence upon its successor; just as fully as, according to Agassiz, species have been destroyed in the various convulsions which limited geological epochs. There is not the least chance for an egg, or a germ of any kind, to guide the next year's growth to a resemblance to itself; but in the blood which mounts and presses upward there is something more than the mere earthly material which is needed; there is in its every particle a definite aim and effort inspired by influx from God himself, which impels it to deposit the lime and the gelatine in such a way as to construct a horn differing from its predecessor to a certain extent, according to the needs of the animal.

And so in like manner, why may we not conceive the orderly succession of organized beings as produced by the direct influx of life into matter, moulding it into more and more complex forms, which resemble each other closely enough to appear like parent and child, yet which are really no more such than the horns of the first year are the ancestors of the horns of the second?

Once admitting that the succession is a mental and not a physical one, it matters not whether the various forms originated as eggs or as fully developed beings. For however impossible the latter miracle seems to our finite understanding, we can set no limits to Divine Omnipotence, especially when it is as impossible for us to create an egg as a full-grown man.

THE BLUE RIVER BANK ROBBERY.

I.

"IT is not of the least use to argue the question, father. Tell me plainly, yes or no, and I will bother you no more about it."

"I cannot indulge you in this, Harry. Indeed, you should believe me when I say we cannot afford it."

Mr. Houghton leaned his head heavily on his hands as he spoke, and seemed to deprecate the displeasure of his handsome, impatient son.

"Very well, sir," said the youth of nineteen, his hand quivering as he rose with the anger he seemed striving to keep out of his words and tones. "I hope you will never be sorry for the trifle you have refused me to-night. I shall make the trip to Lake George next week, nevertheless, if I have to sell my grandfather's watch and chain to get the money."

A half-groan came from the hidden face of Foster Houghton, and a reproachful "O Harry!" from his mother, whose eyes had been filling with tears as she sat silent through the stormy interview. But the boy was angry, and in earnest, and he twisted the chain in his waistcoat to give emphasis to the threat. Then as he took his cloak and cap from the closet he continued: —

"You need not sit up for me, or leave the door unlocked; I am going to Tinborough with the fellows to the strawberry party, and as there will be a dance, and the nights are short, I shall wait for daylight to come home, if I do not stop and catch a nap at the Valley House before starting."

"Who is going from Elmfield?" inquired the father, more from a desire to show an interest and win the boy from his moodiness than any real curiosity.

"Nearly everybody of my set," said Harry, with something of studied coldness; "Arthur Brooks and Tom Boxham and Frank Pettengill, — and Harrison Fry, if you want the whole list."

His father turned sharply away, but the mother spoke appealingly: —

"If you would cut off your intimacy with Harrison Fry, now and forever, I think there are very few things your father would refuse you. I have seen his evil influence over you ever since he came back from the city. He was a bad boy, and will be a bad man."

"Like myself and other wicked people," said the boy, looking at his watch, "Harry Fry is not half so black as he is painted. But I am not as intimate with him as you fancy; and as to father, I don't think his treatment of me to-night gives him a claim to interfere with my friendships."

Henry Houghton shot his shaft deliberately, for he knew his father's sensitive nature, in which it would rankle cruelly; and in a moment he was off, bounding through the low, open window, and running with fleet steps down the gravel sidewalk toward the common.

The family circle thus divided was that of the cashier of the Blue River National Bank of Elmfield. Foster Houghton was a man past middle age, and older than his years in appearance and in heart. He had petted his only son in his childhood enough to spoil most boys, and now made the balance even by repressing the exuberance of his youth with a sharpness sometimes no more than just, sometimes querulous and unreasonable. The boy's grandfather, old Peleg Houghton, who died a year before at ninety and over, had almost worshipped Harry, and, on his death-bed, had presented his own superb Frodsham watch to the lad; and both father and mother knew he must be deeply moved to speak so lightly at parting with it.

"I fear Henry is getting in a very bad way," said Mr. Houghton, gloomily, after a pause in which the sharper click of his wife's needles told that her thoughts were busy. "He goes to the other church too often to begin with. He smokes, after I have repeatedly told him how the habit hurt me in my boyhood, and what a fight I had to break it off. He is altogether too much in Harrison Fry's company. He has been twice before to Tinborough, driving home across country in the gray of the morning. And this project of going alone to Lake George on a week's trip is positively ridiculous."

"Very likely you are the best judge, my dear," said Mrs. Houghton. She always began in that way when she meant to prove him otherwise. "I fully agree with you about that reckless young Fry. But as to Harry's going to the brown church, and his visits to Tinborough, I think the same cause is at the bottom of both. Grace Chamberlain has been singing in the choir over there this spring, and now she is visiting her aunt at Tinborough. And as to that, she is going with her aunt's family to Lake George to spend July, and I suppose they have expressed a wish to meet him there. Grace Chamberlain is a very pretty girl; and Harry is like what you were at his age."

"Bless my soul, Mary," said the cashier, "then why did n't the boy tell me what he was driving at? Chasing across the country after a pretty face is foolish enough, at his age, but it is not so bad as going to a watering-place merely for the fashion of it, like some rich old nabob or professional dandy. If Harry had told me he wanted to dangle after Grace Chamberlain, instead of talking in that desperate way about the watch, I might have received it differently. There is a charm on the chain with my mother's hair, that I would n't have go out of the family for a fortune."

Just here the door-bell rang, as if a powerful, nervous hand were at the knob. Mr. Houghton answered the ring, for their one domestic had been called away by a message from a sick sister, and the mistress of the house was "getting along alone" for a day. So when her quick ear told her the visitor was one to see her husband on business, she quitted the room to set away the milk and lock up the rear doors of the house for the night.

The caller was Mr. Silas Bixby. He

would have been a sharp man in Elmfield estimation who could predict the object of one of Silas Bixby's calls, though there were few doors in the village at which his face was not frequently seen. He was the constable, but he was also the superintendent of the Sunday school, and the assessor of internal revenue in the district, to say nothing of his being the agent of two or three sewing-machine firms, and one life-insurance company, and the correspondent of the Tinborough "Trumpet." He owned a farm, and managed it at odd hours. He gave some of his winter evenings to keeping a writing-school, with which he sometimes profitably combined a singing-school, with lucrative concerts at the end of the term. He was the clerk of the fire company, and never had been absent from a fire, though some of his manifold duties kept him riding through the neighboring towns in his light gig a great deal of the time. He had raised a company and commanded it, in the nine months' army of '62. He kept a little bookstore in one corner of the village quadrangle, and managed a very small circulating library, with the aid of the oldest of his ten children; and he was equal partner in the new factory enterprise at the Falls. So Mr. Houghton did not venture to guess on what errand Mr. Bixby came to see him, and showed him to a chair in the twilighted sitting-room, with a face composed to decline a request to discount a note, or to join with interest in a conversation on the Sunday school, or to listen to a report on the new fire-engine fund, with equal ease and alacrity.

Mr. Bixby looked about him to see that nobody was in hearing. "You 'll excuse me, I know, 'Squire, if I shut the windows, hot as it is"; and before his host could rise to anticipate him he had suited the action to the word. "It 's detective business. It 's a big thing. It 's a mighty big thing. Do you know I told you, Mr. Houghton, the first of the week, that there was dangerous characters about town, and asked you to keep your eyes open at the bank. Will you bear witness of that?"

"I remember it very well, Mr. Bixby, and also that there has not been a single person in the bank since that day, other than our own townspeople and friends."

"That is just it," said Silas Bixby, twisting his whiskers reflectively; "they have got some accomplice who knows the neighborhood, and whom we don't suspect. But we shall catch him with the rest. The fact is, Mr. Houghton, the Blue River National Bank is to be robbed to-night. The plot is laid, and I have got every thread of it in my hand."

Foster Houghton was one of a class in the village who were habitually incredulous as to Silas Bixby's achievements, as announced by himself; but there was a positiveness and assurance about the constable's manner which carried conviction with it, and he did not conceal the shock which the news gave him.

"Just you keep very cool, sir, and I 'll tell you the whole story in very few words, for I have got one or two things to do before I catch the burglars, and I have promised to look into Parson Pettengill's barn and doctor his sick horse. There is two men in the job, beside somebody in the village here that is working with them secretly. You need n't ask me how I managed to overhear their plans, for I sha' n't tell; you will read it all in the Tinborough 'Trumpet' of the day after to-morrow. They are regular New York cracksmen, and they have been stopping at the hotel at the Falls, pretending to be looking at the water-power. They come here on purpose to clean out the Blue River Bank."

"Do they mean to blow open the safe?" inquired Mr. Houghton, who was pacing the room.

"Just have patience, 'Squire," said Silas Bixby. "I thought it best to prepare you, and so led you up kind o' gradual. They have got false keys to your house door and your bedroom door. They are going to come in at

midnight or an hour after, and gag you and your wife, and force you at the mouth of the revolver to go over to the bank and open the combination lock. Your help, they say, has gone off; and they seemed not to be afraid of Henry."

"Henry has gone to Tinborough," said Mr. Houghton, mechanically.

"I presume they knew that too, then," said the constable. "They calculate on forty thousand dollars in the safe, government bonds and all. Their team is to be ready on the Tinborough road, and they mean to catch the owl train. You they calculate to leave, tied hand and foot, on the bank floor, till you are found there in the morning."

Foster Houghton stopped in his rapid walk up and down the little room, and took his boots from the closet.

"Fair play, 'Squire," said Bixby, laying a hand on the cashier's arm as he sat down and kicked off his slippers. "I 've told you the whole story, when I might have carried out my plan without telling a word. Now what are you going to do?"

"Going to order a stout bolt put on my front door at once, and to deposit the bank keys in the safe at Felton's store."

"You will think better of it if you will just sit still and hear me through," replied the visitor. "Don't you see that will just show our hand to the gang who are on the watch, and they will only leave Elmfield and rob some other bank and make their fortunes? Moreover, the plot never would be believed in the village, and such a way of meeting it would make no sensation at all in print. No, Mr. Houghton, you are cashier of the bank, and it is your business to protect the property. I am constable at Elmfield, and it is my duty to capture the burglars. I propose to do it in such a way that the whole State shall ring with my brilliant management of the matter, and yours, too, of course, so far as your part goes. The programme is all complete, and you have only to fall in."

"Well, Mr. Bixby," said the elder gentleman, again surrendering to his companion's superior force and determination of character; "and what is the programme?"

"As far as you are concerned, simply to remain passive," said the rural constable. "You are to show no knowledge of expecting the visit, and after a proper display of reluctance you are to go with the burglars, with your keys in your hand. If I were to arrest the rascals now, I should have nothing to charge them with, and could only frighten them out of town. When the bank is entered, the crime is complete. I shall be on the watch, with two strong fellows I have secured to help me,—men who served in my company, stout, afraid of nothing, and not smart enough to claim the whole credit when the job is done. When you are fairly inside the bank we shall pop out from behind the bowling-alley, guard the door, flash our lanterns in their faces, and overpower them at once. It sounds very short now; but it will easily fill a column in the city papers."

"Mr. Bixby," said Foster Houghton, with a good deal of deliberate emphasis, "I have always thought you a man of sense. I think so now. Do you suppose I am going to stand quietly by and see a couple of ruffians tie a gag in the mouth of my wife, at her age, when I know and can prevent it beforehand?"

"No, sir, I expect no such thing," said Bixby, not at all embarrassed. "I expected like as not you would bring up some such objection, so I have provided for it in advance. John Fletcher's little girl is very sick; they have gone the rounds of all the folks on our street, taking turns watching there; to-night they came to me and said, 'Bixby, can't you find us somebody to watch?' and I said I knew just the one that would be glad to help a neighbor. So I will deliver the message to Mrs. Houghton, and you need n't have a mite of anxiety about her, up there as safe and comfortable as if she were twenty miles away."

While her husband yet hesitated Mrs. Houghton re-entered the room;

and Bixby, quick to secure an advantage, was ready at the moment with his petition.

"Good evening, Mrs. Houghton. Been waiting very patient for you to come in. I called to see if you felt able and willing to set up to-night along with John Fletcher's little girl. The child don't get any better, and Mrs. Fletcher, she 's just about sick abed herself, with care and worry."

"You know I am always ready to help a neighbor in such trouble," said the lady, graciously, with the prompt acquiescence which people in the country give to such calls. "And now I think of it, Mr. Bixby, I have another call to make on your street. I think I will walk up with you, and so get around to Fletcher's at nine o'clock. My husband has several letters to write, so he will not miss me."

Foster Houghton sat in a sort of maze, while fate thus arranged affairs for him, though they tended to a consummation which was far from welcome to his mind. His wife went out for her smelling-salts, her spectacles, and her heavy shawl; and Bixby snatched the brief opportunity.

"I have told you everything, 'Squire, that you need to know. Keep your mind easy and your head cool, and the whole thing may be done as easy as turning your hand over. Remember it is the only way to save the bank, and catch the men that may have robbed a dozen banks. Do not stir out of the house again this evening, or you will excite suspicion and ruin the game. Between twelve and two you may expect your company; and rely upon me in hiding close to the bank. Mum is the word." For Mrs. Houghton was descending the stairs.

"Come in again when you come back, Bixby; can't you?" said the cashier, still loath to close so hasty and so singular a bargain.

"Not for the world," replied the constable. "It would expose our hand at once, and spoil the trick. Now, Mrs. Houghton, I 'm really proud to be the beau to such a sprightly young belle."

And so, with a word of farewell, they were off, and Foster Houghton sat alone in the house with his secret.

He was not a coward, but a man of peace by temperament and training, and the enterprise in which he had been enlisted was both foreign and distasteful to him. How many incidents might occur, not set down in Bixby's programme, to make the night's work both dangerous and disagreeable! His very loneliness made the prospect seem doubly unpleasant. A dozen times, as he sat musing over it, he put forth his hand for his boots with intent to go out and frustrate the robbery in his own way, regardless of Bixby's schemes of capture and glory. As many times he fell back in his easy-chair, thinking now that he was bound in honor by his tacit agreement with the constable, and again that the whole story was nothing but the fruit of the officer's fertile imagination, and that only the inventor should make himself ridiculous by his credulity. Now he wished his wife were at home to make the waiting moments pass more quickly; then that Harry were there to give the aid of his daring and the stimulus of his boyish enthusiasm in the strange emergency. And sometimes the old man's thoughts wandered, in spite of the excitement of the hour, to his boy, dancing away the night at Tinborough. He recalled his anxieties over his son's dissipations, his associates, his growing recklessness of manner, his extravagant tastes, the look of hard defiance in his face but an hour or two before. His heart yearned over the lad in spite of his wild ways, like David's over Absalom, and he resolved to try the mother's method and imagine excuses, and replace harshness with indulgence, hereafter. The village bell clanged out from the steeple close by, and Foster Houghton dropped the thread of his revery with a start, and went back to the robbery again. Clearly he was getting too nervous. He must do something to shake it off.

"I 'll get Harry's revolver," he thought, with little purpose what he

should do with it; and he took the lamp and went up stairs to the boy's empty room. The drawers were thrown open in a confusion which offended the cashier's neat prejudices acquired in the profession. He knew where the pistol was kept, but its box was empty; and he exclaimed under his breath, —

"That is a boy all over. He goes to Tinborough to dance and eat strawberries, and he carries a pistol, loaded I dare say to the muzzle. It is ten to one he will shoot himself or his sweetheart before the evening is over."

As Mr. Houghton fumbled over the bureau his hand encountered a covered flask. Even his unaccustomed nose was able to recognize its contents as whiskey; and his regret at such a discovery in his son's room was lost in the joy with which he hailed a stimulant so greatly needed to put his nerves in condition for the events to come. Perhaps he forgot how long it was since he had called in such a reinforcement; perhaps his hand shook; perhaps he thought the occasion required a large dose. He took a hearty one; and when he was down stairs again the difficulties in the way of bagging the burglars vanished from his mind. He was a young man once more, and entered into the romance of Bixby's plot, he said to himself, as enthusiastically as Harry would have done. He paced the room with an elastic stride very different from the nervous, wavering step with which he had heard the news. Bixby and himself, he thought, would be enough to overpower any three burglars. Then his head was heavy, and he felt drowsy. To be in proper condition for the emergency, he reflected, he needed all the sleep he could get. The resolve was one to be executed as promptly as formed; and a few minutes later the cashier had locked the door, fastened the lower windows, and was snugly in bed.

A gentle tinkle of the door-bell aroused him again before, as it seemed to him, he had fairly closed his eyes. "The robbers at last," he thought; and then he rebuked himself for the absurdity of supposing that a burglar would announce his coming by the door-bell. "It is Bixby, of course," he said to himself, "come to own he was a fool and the story all nonsense." But he paused before he turned the key, and said in his fiercest tone, "Who is there?"

"It is only me, Foster," said the sweet, familiar voice of his wife, without; and when he had admitted her she told him, in her quick way, that after she had watched with the child an hour or two, a professional nurse who had been sent for a week before had arrived unexpectedly, and that she had been glad to give up her vigil and come home.

Foster Houghton rarely did anything without thinking twice about it, if not more; so it came about that while he balanced in his mind the *pros* and *cons* as to revealing to his wife the secret which Bixby had confided to him, and thus giving her a fright in advance for what might prove to be a false alarm after all, the tired lady went sound asleep; and thus the scale was turned in favor of reticence. Perhaps the husband's continued drowsiness contributed to the resolve also; for his eyelids still drooped with strange obstinacy, and an influence more powerful than even the apprehension of danger transformed his terrors into dreams again.

II.

ONE, two, rang out from the belfry on the breathless June night, already heavy with the rising fog from the river. Foster Houghton found himself broad awake as he counted the strokes; but even while he thought it was the clock that had disturbed him, he felt a cold, hard ring of steel against his temple, and saw through the darkness a man by his bedside.

"Not one word, or you will never utter another."

He noted the voice even in the whirl of the moment, and knew that it was strange to him. He turned toward his wife, and saw that there was a man by her side also, with revolver aimed;

felt, rather than saw, that she had waked when he did, and was waiting, self-possessed, for whatever was to come. As the darkness yielded to his eyes, he was aware of a third figure, standing at the window.

"Perfect quiet, remember, and we will tell you what is to be done," said the same voice, cool, firm, with an utterance entirely distinct yet hardly louder than a whisper. "You have nothing to fear if you obey orders. A knife is ready for the heart of each of you if you disobey. The lady has simply to lie still; as she will be bound to the bed and her mouth stopped, that will be easy; and the gag is very gentle, and will not hurt if she does not resist. Mr. Houghton will rise, put on his trousers, and go with us to the bank, always in range of this pistol and in reach of this blade. The keys are already in my pocket. Number Three, will you scratch a match that I may help the gentleman to his clothes."

The figure in the window stepped noiselessly forward at the summons. As the blue flame lighted the room Foster Houghton observed that his visitors were all masked with black silk, through which a narrow slit permitted vision. He noticed that their feet were shod with listing, so thick that a step made no audible sound upon the straw carpet. He noticed that long, thin black cloaks covered their forms to the ankles, so that no details of clothing could be noted to identify them. And while he observed these things, not venturing to stir until the threatening muzzle was withdrawn from his face, he felt his hand tightly clutched by the fingers of his wife beneath the coverlid.

Years of familiar association had made him apt at interpreting his wife's thoughts and feelings, without the aid of the spoken word. Either by some peculiar expression in the grasp itself, or by that subtle magnetism which we know exists among the unknown forces, he felt that there was something more than the natural terror of the moment, more than the courage of a heart ever braver than his own, more than sympathy for his own supposed dismay, in his wife's snatch at his hand. More alarmed, at the instant, by the shock thus given him than by the more palpable danger, he turned his head towards his wife again, and in her eyes and in the direction they gave to his saw all that she had seen.

The masked figure in the centre of the room, in producing a match, had unwittingly thrown back one side of its cloak. By the sickly flame just turning to white Foster Houghton saw, thus revealed, the twisted chain he had played with in his own boyhood, the golden crescent with his mother's hair, the massive key with its seal, just as he had seen them on his boy's breast at sunset. In an instant more a taper was lighted; the curtain of the cloak was drawn together again. But the secret it had exposed was impressed upon two hearts, as if they had been seared with iron. As a drowning man thinks of the crowded events of a lifetime, Foster Houghton thought, in that moment of supreme agony, of a dozen links of circumstantial evidence, — the boy's baffled desire for money, his angry words, his evil associates, his missing revolver, his deliberate explanation of a night-long absence, his intimate knowledge of the affairs of the bank, except the secret combination of the lock which he had often teased for in vain. Two things were stamped upon his brain together, and he was thankful that his wife could know the horror of but one of them.

His own son was engaged in a plot to rob the bank, by threats of assassination against those who gave him life.

He himself was irrevocably enlisted in a plot to capture the robbers, and so to bring his boy to infamy and a punishment worse than death.

The discovery compels a pause in the narrative. It made none in the actual progress of events. The man who had spoken motioned the cashier to rise, and assisted his trembling hands in covering his limbs with one or two

articles of clothing. The one on the opposite side of the bed, moving quickly and deftly as a sailor, bound Mrs. Houghton where she lay, without a touch of rudeness or indignity beyond what his task made necessary. A knotted handkerchief from his pocket was tied across her mouth. The third figure stood at the window, either to keep a watch without or to avoid seeing what took place within; but Foster Houghton's eyes could discern no tremor, no sign of remorse or hesitation, in its bearing.

"Now, cashier," said the one voice which alone had been heard since the stroke of the clock, "you will have to consider yourself ready, for we have no time to spare. I feel sure you know what is healthy for you, but still I will tie this rope round your wrist to save you from any dangerous temptation to try a side street. Number Two, you will go below, and see that the coast is clear."

With one more look at his wife's eyes, in which he saw outraged motherly affection where the strangers saw only fright and pain, Foster Houghton suffered himself to be led from the room. One of the robbers had preceded him; one held him tightly by the wrist; one, the one whose presence gave the scene its treble terror, remained only long enough to extinguish the taper and to lock the door. The outer door was fastened behind them also; and then the noiseless little procession (for the cashier had been permitted to put on his stockings only) filed along the gravel walk, through the pitchy blackness which a mist gives to a moonless night, toward the solitary brick building occupied by the Blue River National Bank.

They passed the school-house where Foster Houghton had carried his boy a dozen years before with a bright new primer clutched in frightened little fingers; then the desolate old mansion of his own father, where the lad had been petted and worshipped as fervently as at home; a little farther on, the church, where the baby had been baptized, and where the youth had chafed beneath distasteful sermons, — its white steeple lost in the upper darkness; and, a few paces beyond, the academy, within whose walls the cashier had listened with such pride to his Harry's eloquent declamation of "The Return of Regulus to Carthage" on the last Commencement day. He thought of these things as he passed, though so many other thoughts surged in his mind; and he wondered if another heart beside his own was beset with such reminiscences on the silent journey.

Before they reached the bank the man who had gone in advance rejoined them.

"It is all serene," he said, in a low tone, but with a coarser voice and utterance than his confederate's; "nothing more than a cat stirring. I have unhitched the mare, and we should be off in fifteen minutes."

"All right, Number Two," said the leader. "The swag will be in the buggy in less time. Cashier, you are a man of prudence, I know. If you work that combination skilfully and promptly, not a hair of your head shall be harmed. If you make a blunder that costs us a minute, not only will this knife be at home in your heart, but we shall stop on our way back and set your cottage on fire. Our retreat will be covered, and you know the consequences there before the alarm will rouse anybody. I have sworn to do it."

Foster Houghton fancied he saw a shudder in the slighter figure beside him; but it might have been a puff of wind across the long drapery.

"O, blow the threats," said Number Two. "The man values his life, and he is going to open the safe quicker than he ever did before. Open the door, young one, and let 's be about it." The robber who had not yet opened his lips, and whose every motion the cashier still watched stealthily, stepped forward to the bank door; and as he drew a key from under his cloak the prisoner caught another glimpse of the

chain he could have sworn to among a thousand.

The door swung open. The cashier's heart was in his throat. He had not heard a sound of Bixby; but he knew the village constable too well to fear, or hope, that he might have given up the chase. All four entered the building; but before the door could be closed behind them there was a shout, a cry of dismay, a rush of heavy feet, a flash of light in a lantern which gleamed but a moment before it was extinguished, the confused sound of blows and oaths and the breaking of glass, punctuated by the sharp report of a pistol. Foster Houghton could never give a clearer account of a terrible minute in which his consciousness seemed partly benumbed. He took no part in the struggle, but seemed to be pushed outside the door; and there, as the tumult within began to diminish, Silas Bixby came hurriedly to him, dragging a masked figure by the shoulder.

"Houghton, you must help a little. We have got the better of 'em, and my men are holding the two big fellows down. But the fight is not out of them yet, and you must hold this little one three minutes while I help to tie their hands. Just hold this pistol to his head, and he will rest very easy."

Even while he spoke Bixby was inside the door again, and the gleam of light which followed showed that he had recovered his lantern and meant to do his work thoroughly.

Foster Houghton's left hand had been guided to the collar of his captive, and the revolver had been thrust into his right. There was no question of the composure of the robber now. He panted and sobbed and shook, and made no effort to tear himself from the feeble grasp that confined him.

If the cashier had been irresolute all his life, he did not waver for an instant now. He did not query within himself what was his duty, or what was prudent, or what his wife would advise, or what the bank directors would think.

"Harry," he whispered, hoarsely, his lips close to the mask, "I know you."

The shrinking figure gave one great sob. Foster Houghton went right on without pausing.

"Bixby does not know you, and there is time to escape yet. I shall fire this pistol in the air. Run for your life to your horse there, and push on to Tinborough. You can catch the train. May God forgive you."

The figure caught the hand which had released its hold as the words were spoken, and kissed it. Then, turning back as if upon a sudden impulse, the robber murmured something which could not be understood, and thrust into the cashier's hand a mass of chilly metal which his intuition rather than his touch recognized as Peleg Houghton's watch and chain. He had presence of mind enough to conceal it in his pocket, and then he fired his pistol, and he heard the sound of flying feet and rattling wheels as Silas Bixby accosted him.

"What in thunder! did he wriggle away from ye? why did n't you sing out sooner."

"I think I am getting faint. In Heaven's name go quick to my house and release my wife and tell her all is safe. The fright of these shots will kill her."

Foster Houghton sunk in a swoon even as he spoke, and only the quick arm of Silas Bixby saved him from a fall on the stone steps.

"See here, boys," said he. "If you have got those fellows tied up tight, one of you take 'Squire Houghton and bring him to, and I 'll go over to his house and untie his wife, before I start after that pesky little rascal that has got away. If I had 'a' supposed he would dare to risk the pistol I should have hung on to him myself. Mike, you just keep your revolver cocked, and if either of those men more than winks, shoot him where he lies."

Having thus disposed of his forces, and provided for the guard of the pris-

oners and the restoration of the disabled, the commander was off at a run. Half Elmfield seemed to have been awakened by the shots, and he was met by a half-dozen lightly clad men and boys whom he sent on this errand and that, to open the lock-up under the engine-house, to harness horses for the pursuit, vouchsafing only very curt replies to their eager questions as to what had happened. He was exasperated on arriving at Foster Houghton's dwelling to find the door locked and the windows fastened. So he raised a stentorian shout of, "It 's — all — right — Mrs. — Houghton. Robbers — caught — and — nobody — hurt"; separating his words carefully to insure being understood; and then scud at full speed back toward the bank again. He met half-way an excited, talkative little group, the central figure of which was the cashier of the bank, restored to life, but still white as death, and supported by friendly hands. Assured that Houghton himself was now able to release his wife, Bixby ran on to the green, and in five minutes more was settled in his gig, and urging his cheerful little bay Morgan over the road to Tinborough, mentally putting into form his narrative for the "Trumpet" as he went.

III.

THUS it came about that it was Foster Houghton himself who unloosed his wife's bonds, — bending his gray head, as he did so, to print a kiss of sorrow and sympathy on her wrinkled cheek, and leaving a tear there.

"He has escaped," he said, "and is on the road to the station."

"Will he not be overtaken?"

"I think not. He has a fair start, and knows what is at stake; and the train passes through before daylight."

Then the woman's heart, which had borne her bravely up so far, gave way, and she broke into terrible sobs; and the husband who would comfort her was himself overcome by the common grief, and could not speak a word. Silently they suffered together, pressing hands, until the entering light of dawn reminded them that even this day had duties and perhaps new phases of sorrow. They could hear the quick steps of passers evidently full of excitement over the event of the night, and talking all together. They could not be long left undisturbed. As they dressed, Foster Houghton, — unable or reluctant to describe in any detail the scene at the bank, as his wife was to ask him about it, — suddenly encountered in his pocket the watch, entangled in its chain.

"He gave me this, and a kiss," he said, every word a sob; and Mary Houghton pressed it to her heart. Then, as a quick step sounded on the porch, she hastily thrust it into a drawer.

"What shall we say?" she asked.

"I do not know. Heaven will direct us for the best," he replied.

The step did not pause for ceremony, but came in, and up the stairs as if on some pressing errand. Then the door opened, and Harry Houghton ran in, — his curls wet with the fog of the morning his cheeks rosy as from a rapid ride, his eyes dancing with excitement.

His father and mother stood speechless and bewildered, filled with a new alarm. But the boy was too busy with his own thoughts to observe his reception. Thick and fast came his words, questions waiting for no answers, and narrative never pausing for comment.

"What is this Bixby shouted to me when I met him about robbers? And what is there such a crowd at the bank about? Did I come sooner than you expected me? We had a glorious time, at Tinborough, you know, and when we were through dancing I decided to drive home at once. And a few miles out I met Silas in his gig driving like mad, and he shouted at me till he was out of hearing, but I could not catch one word in a dozen. But before anything else, I want to beg your pardon for my roughness last night. I am old enough to know better, but I was angry when I spoke; and I have been thoroughly ashamed of myself ever

since. You will forgive and forget, father, won't you? — Hallo, I did n't suppose you felt so badly about it, mother darling."

Mary Houghton was clasping her son's neck, crying as she had not cried that night. But the cashier, slower in seeing his way as usual, stood passing his hand across his brows for a moment. Then he spoke: —

"Henry, where is your grandfather's watch?"

"There, did you miss it so quickly? I meant to get it back before you discovered it was gone. I will have it after breakfast. The fact is, I was not myself when I left the house last night, with temper, and Harrison Fry offered me two hundred dollars for it, to be paid next week, and in my temper I let him take it to bind the bargain. I was crazy for money, and I sold him my pistol too. I regretted about the watch before I had fairly quit the village; but he broke his engagement and did not go with us to Tinborough after all, so I have had no chance to get it back again till now."

"Harrison Fry!" exclaimed Foster Houghton; and his hands clasped and his lips moved in thankful prayer.

"But if you don't tell me what is all this excitement in the village, I shall run out and find out for myself," cried the boy, impatiently. "You never would stand here asking me questions about trifles, if the bank had been broken open in the night."

Foster Houghton put his hands on his boy's shoulders and kissed him, as he had not done since his son's childhood. Then he took from its hiding-place the watch and hung it on Harry's neck, his manifest emotion checking the expression of the lad's astonishment.

"There is much to tell you, Harry," he said, "and perhaps you will think I have to ask your forgiveness rather than you mine. But my heart is too full for a word till after prayers. Let us go down."

Then the three went down the stairs, the mother clinging to the boy's hand, which she had never relinquished since her first embrace. Foster Houghton took the massive Bible, as was his daily custom, and read the chapter upon which rested the mark left the morning before; but his voice choked and his eyes filled again when he came to the lines: —

"For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

Silas Bixby galloped into Tinborough two minutes late for the owl train; and the fugitive was too sharp to be caught by the detectives who were put on the watch for him by telegraphic messages. In a few hours all Elmfield had discovered that Harrison Fry was missing, and had made up its mind that he was the escaped confederate in the burglary. The Blue River National Bank offered a reward for him, but he has never yet been found. The zealous constable found compensation for the loss of one prisoner in the discovery that the other two were a couple of the most skilful and slippery of the metropolitan cracksmen, known among other aliases as Gentleman Graves and Toffey Ben. Silas Bixby's courage and discretion received due tribute from counsel, press, and public during the trial that ensued the next month in the Tinborough Court-house; and by some influence it was so managed that Mrs. Houghton was not called to the stand, nor was Foster Houghton closely questioned in regard to the manner in which the third robber had escaped from his custody on the steps of the bank.

Harry Houghton went to Lake George that summer, starting a day after the departure of Grace Chamberlain; but this year they go together, and the programme of the tour includes Niagara and Quebec.

A NIGHT IN A TYPHOON.

PROBABLY no other vessel in the navy has had so eventful, though so short a career, as the Idaho. She was designed, during the later years of the war, as a steam frigate of the first class, to have a speed of fifteen knots an hour; her enthusiastic and confident projectors even guaranteeing to abate a hundred thousand dollars of her price for every knot less than fifteen, provided they should receive an equal sum for every one she might exceed that rate. Alas for human calculations! On her trial trip she was scarcely able to make nine. The well-known patriotism and undoubted integrity of the distinguished citizen who had contracted for her, the world-wide reputation of her builders, and the unrivalled beauty of her hull, determined the government to accept her as she was, and, removing her engines, she became and has ever since remained a sailing-vessel. The war was over, and the immediate need for steamers no longer existed; whence it happened that the problem was never solved, whether engines of a different construction might not have accomplished other results.

The Navy Department had, for some time, been proposing to establish floating hospital and store ships at the head-quarters of the several foreign stations, and the Idaho was deemed a proper vessel with which to make the experiment. She was accordingly fitted out with merely sufficient sail power to carry her to her destination; and on the first day of November, 1867, she left New York for Nagasaki in Japan, where she was "to be permanently stationed, and used in part as hospital and store ship for the Asiatic squadron."

In naval circles she was undoubtedly regarded as a costly failure. Her only appearance upon the ocean had been discreditable. Many even doubted whether she could reach her destination, and the excuse for refusing requests was more than once given that she would certainly be lost, and that there was no use of wasting more money upon her. The officers who joined her went on board with misgivings as to her powers, doing so with that growl of resignation which becomes a habit with men who lead that uncertain career, in which obedience to orders brings often more danger and discomfort than ease and pleasure. Her men superstitiously foreboded evil to her because she commenced her cruise on Friday. Scarcely, however, had she started on her long voyage ere she gave evidence of her extraordinary powers, and nobly did justice to the genius which had modelled her beautiful lines. Soon after leaving New York the wind drew ahead, and hour by hour she logged fourteen and a half knots with her yards braced almost as sharp as they could be. Both crew and officers at once became enraptured with her; and, as if to merit the praises they lavished upon her, she made sixty-five knots (about seventy-five statute miles) in four hours, running down to Rio de Janeiro before the southeast trades, — a rate which she afterwards exceeded, on one occasion, in the South Indian Ocean, when she ran all the line off the reel, marking eighteen and a half knots, before the sand had entirely left the glass, and when she was, in all probability, moving through the water twenty miles an hour. Nautical men, who have not personally inspected her log, need not be blamed for regarding speed so unparalleled as an idle boast or exaggeration. Even one who has stood upon her decks and witnessed how steadily she glided over the sea, cutting the billows noiselessly, leaving no wake of troubled foam, not even bending to the breeze, but standing upright as a steeple, would himself have been incredulous, until he had seen the chip

thereon, and counted ten, twelve, and fifteen, with a recorded force of wind which would have impelled many another noble vessel, with proportionably greater spread of canvas, only six, eight, or nine.

But it was not all a summer day on board the Idaho, nor her march one of triumph only. At two o'clock of the afternoon of November 22d, just as the officers had finished their tiffin, and were lazily occupying themselves after their wont, reading, writing, smoking, or chatting, one of the passengers rushed up from the lower wardroom with uncovered head and blanched face gasping out, "My God, the magazine is on fire!" and thick volumes of black smoke quickly following him showed that it was no false alarm. Immediately the fire-bell rang, and the crew hastened to their several stations, working with that desperate courage which characterizes the disciplined sailor, no matter what the emergency. All on board were conscious of their fearful peril. Trained from their entering into the service to be so careful in handling powder, that even when it is brought on board in securely fastened copper tanks, they extinguish every light and fire, however distant, and do not even go into the magazine with ordinary shoes lest the iron nails might strike a spark, here they saw the flames themselves fiercely playing around thousands of pounds of the dangerous explosive. The demon of fire had entered the very chamber of death, but brave men followed to do him battle, and toiled amid the smoke and the darkness and flame, without a hope of life for themselves, to save the lives of their shipmates on deck, who stood there, many with nothing to do, and all the more wretched therefore, greedily listening to the wild reports that came from below, that the fire was gaining, that the magazine cork could not be started, — that it was all up with us. For ten minutes — hours they seemed — men looked death steadily in the face (later in the cruise we stared at him as many hours in reality), and thought of those dear ones at home whom they were never again to meet, and of the agony they would suffer when they knew how they had been bereaved. Few men, I imagine, who have any one to love them, even at such a time, think of themselves or their own future, but pray for escape only for the sake of others, — dear mother or sister or wife. Gradually the flames subsided, the smoke became denser, and fainting and half-suffocated men, drawn up from below, announced the danger over. One seldom escapes a more imminent peril than this, but it was to be the lot of the Idaho to bear us still nearer the brink of eternity.

Having made the extraordinary run in the Indian Ocean, already stated, the fickle wind, as though content with having given the ship an opportunity of showing her pace, deserted her. A succession of provoking calms and head-winds befell her; and the fastest sailing-vessel afloat in any sea made a passage of two hundred days to Japan, — one of the longest on record. She lingered fifty-three days among the straits and islands which constitute Ombay Passage, twenty of that time being consumed in making only seventeen miles. Her stay at Nagasaki was uneventful. The reports of her speed, and the remonstrances of officers that such a beautiful specimen of our naval architecture should be left to rot on duty for which she was so manifestly unfitted, finally determined the government to recall her, and she was ordered to Yokohama, prior to going to Hong-Kong to discharge her surplus stores, and then sailing for Panama with the invalids of the squadron, and ultimately for San Francisco, there to be repaired and refitted as a cruising vessel.

As anticipated, fifteen months' swinging at the same moorings in the harbor of Nagasaki had so fouled her bottom with sea-weed and barnacles, that she did not exhibit anything of her famous speed on the passage to Yokohama. Her bad luck, however, still attended her, for in a course which led first south-southwest, then southeast, afterwards east, and finally north-northeast,

she invariably experienced an opposing wind, and on the 19th of August encountered a typhoon, which, though it sorely strained her rotten sides, demonstrated her admirable qualities as a sea-boat. Notwithstanding the severity of the hurricane, which, as afterwards discovered, occasioned an immense amount of injury to the shipping at and near Yokohama and in Yeddo, — among other ravages, lifted a building one hundred feet long more than thirty feet into the air, and there blew it to pieces, — the Idaho did not lose a spar, nor scarcely shipped a sea. Seams were opened, bolts drawn, and beams broken, but she behaved nobly, and established her claim to be considered the paragon of sea-goers. Violent as was this hurricane, it was only a moderate gale compared with the ordeal soon to be undergone by the ship, and which it is the purpose of this paper to relate. Three hundred souls, which this gallant vessel bore within the very gates of eternity and brought safely back, have had an experience vouchsafed few men, and hence their story has a claim to be put on record, if only in the interests of science.

Preliminary to the narration of these events, it may be desirable to explain to the non-professional reader something of the nature of typhoons. The term is of Chinese etymology, denoting in the original merely "a very great wind," and is accepted by mariners as expressive of the most violent of that class of hurricanes, generically termed "cyclones," or revolving gales. They occur most frequently among the West India Islands, in the Indian Ocean, and especially in the China Sea. In the latter region the prevailing winds, termed "monsoons," blow from May to September steadily from the southwest, and from October to April from the northeast. The seasons of the changes of the monsoons are especially fruitful of atmospheric disturbances, and particularly the time of the setting in of the northeast monsoon, which, coinciding with the autumnal equinox, is that when the most violent typhoons occur. There is a general tendency in all winds to move in a curvilinear direction, and in the case of hurricanes it becomes completely circular, and the gale, while advancing bodily over the face of the ocean in any one direction, at the same time revolves upon its centre, as the earth rotates upon its axis while speeding along in its orbit, or a cart-wheel turns upon its axle-tree while rolling over the ground.

It is evident, therefore, that while the gale itself may be travelling, say to the northeast, the wind will be blowing from every point of the compass in the several parts of the circumference of the tornado, and of course in its opposite sides or semicircles, as they are technically called, in directly contrary directions. The diameter of a cyclone varies from one to several hundred miles, the velocity and intensity of the wind increasing from the exterior towards the centre, where it abruptly ceases. This centre of calm, or vortex of the whirlwind, may be so small that the wind shifts almost without lull from one direction to the opposite, or, as in the instance about to be narrated, when it was nearly two hours passing over the Idaho, it may have a diameter of twenty miles. The extent of range of a revolving gale is often several thousand miles, over which it advances at a speed of ten to thirty miles an hour, while, independent of this progressive rate of the whole mass, the gyratory or rotatory velocity of the wind in the several planes of the gale itself may have every conceivable force, according to its nearness to or distance from the vortex.

On the 18th of September the Idaho was reported ready for sea, and the 20th was appointed her day for sailing for Hong-Kong. On board ship there was a very general desire to remain only a week longer, for two reasons, — the first, to await the arrival of the mail from home, — that one only real pleasure in the lives of such exiles as ourselves; the other, because by that time the bad weather, which usually attends the equinoctial period everywhere,

and here invariably, would have been over, with the additionally greater prospect of a favorable monsoon to urge us along, which even a week or fortnight at this particular season would have given. Friends afloat and on shore, sailors, naval officers, merchants, and insurance agents, advised and exclaimed against our indiscretion, and pointed out that a large number of merchant vessels, laden and ready for sea, were then detained in port only by the refusal of policies of insurance. But the decision did not rest with ourselves, and when we actually uttered our good-bys, they were responded to with many a "God bless you," and many a prayer that we might escape the dangers there were so many chances of encountering. We sailed on the forenoon of the 20th, our "homeward-bound" pendant gayly streaming hundreds of feet beyond us towards our goal. The premonitions of impending bad weather dated from one o'clock that very morning, the barometer having fallen from 30.05 to 29.96 at eight, soon after which we commenced getting under way. The day was disagreeable, gloomy, and threatening. Some of the old residents and experts in signs of the weather had, even on the previous day, predicted a typhoon, and the event established the correctness of their prescience. We were taken in tow by the Ashuelot, but the ship, as though ashamed of receiving such assistance, with a fresh, fair breeze blowing directly out of the harbor, quickly ran away with the little double-ender and compelled her to cast off her lines. The wind slightly freshened during the day, but held its direction from the northward and eastward. Towards afternoon the sky cleared up and the spirits of those on board rose under the influence of the quick run we were making towards home; but the barometer slowly yet steadily fell. All night long the ship sped merrily along with studding-sails set, never making less than ten knots, and almost inducing us to believe that our forebodings had been groundless.

At daylight of the 21st a drizzling rain set in, and by eight o'clock in the morning the sea had become moderately rough, and the ship began to ride uneasily, though the force of the wind, now from the southward and eastward, had increased but little, and the fall of the barometer was so gradual that at noon the mercury still stood at 29.70. There was, however, no longer any doubt that a gale was approaching, and preparations were made to meet it. At one o'clock the topsails were close-reefed, and the wind freshened so rapidly that the mainsail and mizzen topsail were soon after furled. Two hours later the foresail began to split and was taken in, and by four o'clock the ship was hove to on the port tack, under fore storm-sail and trysail and close-reefed maintopsail, heading southwest by south, a furious gale blowing from southeast, the barometer at 29.50, a fine, drizzling rain falling, and the sea rough and irregular. The ship rode as lightly as though she had been in port.

From this time the mercury fell rapidly, and the wind as rapidly increased in violence, steadily maintaining its direction from southeast, and blowing in terrific gusts, which abated as though only to gather renewed force. The gale had become a hurricane. It was evident that it was quickly nearing us. A few minutes after five o'clock the main-yard, a piece of wood ninety-eight feet long and seven in circumference, was broken into three pieces with a thundering crash; and almost simultaneously with this disaster the maintopsail split with a succession of loud cracks like rapid volleys of musketry, and disappeared to leeward. The maintrysail was soon close-reefed and set, only to be blown into ribbons; and not long after the fore-trysail vanished in a twinkling, followed by the fringes of the storm-staysail. The hurricane had become a tornado; we were wrestling with the great scourge of the sea, the dreaded typhoon. It is a hopeless task to attempt to give an idea of one of these fearful convulsions of nature, even to nautical men, who have not

had the misfortune to experience one. The howling of the wind, which continually varies in tone and force, is like no other noise ever heard on earth, but is such as all the fiends in pandemonium, yelling in discord, might be supposed to make. It pained and deafened the ears and sent strange thrills of horror throughout the frame. The ship lay quietly over on her side, held there by the madly rushing wind, which, at the same time, flattened down the sea, cutting off the tops of the waves and breaking them into fine white spray, which covered the ocean like a thick cloud as high as the topmast-heads. At times the mainmast was invisible from the quarter-deck. It was impossible to elevate the head above the rail or even to look to windward. The eyelids were driven together and the face stung by the fleetly driven salt spray. Men breathed it and became sickened. They crouched about the decks, clinging with all their strength to whatever seemed most secure. One or two had crawled upon the poop, but had to lie down at full length. Orders could not be heard by the man at your elbow; had they been, they could not have been executed. The ship lay almost on her beam-ends, with her helm up, stripped of even the sails, which had been furled upon the yards. Mortal hands could do nothing for her.

By half past six o'clock the fury of the typhoon was indescribably awful. Each gust seemed unsurpassable in intensity, but was succeeded, after a pause that was not a lull, by one of still more terrific violence. The barometer indicated 27.82. Masts and yards came crashing down one after another, though the deafening howling of the wind almost drowned the noise of their fall. The ship began to labor heavily, shipping great seas at every lurch, which swept everything movable off the decks, carrying away boats and bulkheads, cabin, armory, and pantry, skylights and hammock rail, and washing men and officers aft in one confused and helpless crowd. At half past seven the barometer had fallen to 27.62, which of itself will satisfy nautical men — who watch with intense interest the hourly changes of tenths and hundredths of the scale of this little monitor — that the elements were performing one of their grandest tragedies. A tremendous sea now came over the weather bow and gangway, completing the destruction its predecessors had commenced, sweeping the decks clean, and tearing off the battens and tarpaulins which had been placed over the hatches to keep the water from below. The tempest was at its intensest fury. The darkness was impenetrable, save when lighted up by occasional flashes of lurid sheet-lightning, adding fresh horror to the spectacle, at which pallid, awe-stricken men silently and despairingly gazed. The ship quivered in every part, her timbers working and cracking as though she were every moment about to break in two.

Suddenly the mercury rose to 27.90, and with one wild, unearthly, soul-thrilling shriek the wind as suddenly dropped to a calm, and those who had been in these seas before knew that we were in the terrible vortex of the typhoon, the dreaded centre of the whirlwind. The ship had been fast filling with water, and fruitless efforts had been made to work the pumps; but when the wind died away the men jumped joyfully to the brakes, exclaiming, "The gale is broken! we are all safe!" For the officers there was no such feeling of exultation. They knew that if they did not perish in the vortex, they had still to encounter the opposite semicircle of the typhoon, and that with a disabled ship. It was as though a regiment of freshly wounded soldiers had been ordered to meet a new enemy in battle, and that without delay, for the cessation of the wind was not to be a period of rest. Till then the sea had been beaten down by the wind, and only boarded the vessel when she became completely unmanageable; but now the waters, relieved from all restraint, rose in their own might. Ghastly gleams of lightning revealed them piled up on every side in rough pyramidal masses,

mountain high, — the revolving circle of wind which everywhere enclosed them causing them to boil and tumble as though they were being stirred in some mighty caldron. The ship, no longer blown over on her side, rolled and pitched, and was tossed about like a cork. The sea rose, toppled over, and fell with crushing force upon her decks. Once she shipped immense bodies of water over both bows, both quarters, and the starboard gangway, at the same moment. She sank under the enormous load, no one thought ever to rise again, and some making preparations for a few more minutes of life by seizing ladders and chests, by which they might be buoyed up when she should disappear from beneath them. She trembled violently, paused, then slowly, wearily rose, with four feet of water on her spar deck. Her seams opened fore and aft, the water pouring through in broad sheets, and giving to those who were shut down by the closed hatches upon the deck below a feeling of the most wretched hopelessness. For them the situation was even more appalling than for those on deck, since for them there was absolutely no prospect of escape. They saw the water streaming through the opening seams of the deck above, and watched it rising inch by inch in the pump-well, — once fifteen in less than an hour; they witnessed the contortions of the vessel, and looked at huge beams and sturdy knees breaking in half, stanchions fetching away, bolts drawing, butts opening, water-ways gaping, and masses of rotten wood dropping out from places where a smooth surface of paint and varnish had hidden the decay, and they knew that a single plank out of that ship's side would convert her into their coffin. In one place a man thrust his arm through a hole to the very outer planking. Both above and below men were pitched about the decks, and many of them injured. Some, with broken bones and dislocated limbs, crawled to the surgeons, begging assistance.

At twenty minutes before eight o'clock the vessel entered the vortex; at twenty minutes past nine o'clock it had passed and the hurricane returned, blowing with renewed violence from the north, veering to the west.

The once noble ship, the pride not only of our own navy but of the whole craft of ship-builders over all the world, was now only an unmanageable wreck. There was little left for the wind to do but entangle the more the masses of broken spars, torn sails, and parted ropes which were held together by the wire rigging. One curious bundle, about four feet in thickness, of sail and cordage and lightning-rod, so knotted together that the efforts of a dozen men failed to undo it, has been preserved as a trophy of our battle with the winds, and a remarkable example of the mysterious effects they are able to accomplish. An hour or two later the tempest began sensibly to abate, and confidence increased in the ability of the ship to hold together. When daylight dawned the danger was over, and we first became aware of the astonishing amount of damage the ship had incurred in bearing us through the perils of that dreadful night. It was evident that she had sacrificed herself to save us.

All hands were soon hard at work clearing away the wreck, and rigging jury-masts and sails; and ere the sun again set the ship was slowly working back to Yokohama, whence she had sailed but a few hours before in all the trimness of a well-appointed man-of-war. There was something almost funereal about her return, for she was eight days crawling back over the distance she had so gayly sped in one, before she re-entered the harbor and reached the anchorage which she will probably never again leave. There she lies, condemned by the board of survey as unseaworthy, an interesting relic of our naval history, and a noble monument of that immortal genius which enabled man to cope successfully with the elements in one of their grandest contests.

EVEN-SONG.

IT may be, yes, it must be, Time, that brings
An end to mortal things,
That sends the beggar Winter in the train
Of Autumn's burthened wain, —
Time, that is heir of all our earthly state,
And knoweth well to wait
Till sea hath turned to shore and shore to sea,
If so it need must be,
Ere he make good his claim and call his own
Old empires overthrown, —
Time, who can find no heavenly orb too large
To hold its fee in charge,
Nor any motes that fill its beam so small,
But he shall care for all, —
It may be, must be, — yes, he soon shall tire
This hand that holds the lyre.

Then ye who listened in that earlier day
When to my careless lay
I matched its chords and stole their first-born thrill,
With untaught rudest skill
Vexing a treble from the slender strings
Thin as the locust sings
When the shrill-crying child of summer's heat
Pipes from his leafy seat,
The dim pavilion of embowering green
Beneath whose shadowy screen
The small sopranist tries his single note
Against the song-bird's throat,
And all the echoes listen, but in vain;
They hear no answering strain, —
Then ye who listened in that earlier day
Shall sadly turn away,

Saying, "The fire burns low, the hearth is cold
That warmed our blood of old;
Cover its embers and the half-burnt brands,
And let us stretch our hands
Over a brighter and fresh-kindled flame;
Lo, this is not the same,
The joyous singer of our morning time,
Flushed high with lusty rhyme!
Speak kindly, for he bears a human heart, —
But whisper him apart, —
Tell him the woods their autumn robes have shed
And all their birds have fled,

And shouting winds unbuild the naked nests
They warmed with patient breasts;
Tell him the sky is dark, the summer o'er
And bid him sing no more!

Ah, welladay! if words so cruel-kind
A listening ear might find!
But who that hears the music in his soul
Of rhythmic waves that roll
Crested with gleams of fire, and as they flow
Stir all the deeps below
Till the great pearls no calm might ever reach
Leap glistening on the beach,—
Who that has known the passion and the pain,
The rush through heart and brain,
The joy so like a pang his hand is pressed
Hard on his throbbing breast,
When thou, whose smile is life and bliss and fame
Hast set his pulse aflame,
Muse of the lyre! can say farewell to thee?
Alas! and must it be?

In many a clime, in many a stately tongue,
The mighty bards have sung;
To these the immemorial thrones belong
And purple robes of song;
Yet the slight minstrel loves the slender tone
His lips may call his own,
And finds the measure of the verse more sweet
Timed by his pulse's beat,
Than all the hymnings of the laurelled throng.
Say not I do him wrong,
For Nature spoils her warblers,—them she feeds
In lotus-growing meads
And pours them subtle draughts from haunted streams
That fill their souls with dreams.

Full well I know the gracious mother's wiles
And dear delusive smiles!
No callow fledgling of her singing brood
But tastes that witching food,
And hearing overhead the eagle's wing,
And how the thrushes sing,
Vents his exiguous chirp, and from his nest
Flaps forth — we know the rest.
I own the weakness of the tuneful kind,—
Are not old harpers blind?
I sang too early, must I sing too late?
The lengthening shadows wait
The first pale stars of twilight,—yet how sweet
The flattering whisper's cheat,—
"Thou hast the fire no evening chill can tame,
Whose coals outlast its flame!"

Farewell ye carols of the laughing morn,
Of earliest sunshine born!
The sower flings the seed and looks not back
Along his furrowed track;
The reaper leaves the stalks for other hands
To gird with circling bands;
The wind, earth's careless servant, truant-born,
Blows clean the beaten corn
And quits the thresher's floor, and goes his way
To sport with ocean's spray;
The headlong-stumbling rivulet, scrambling down
To wash the sea-girt town,
Still babbling of the green and billowy waste
Whose salt he longs to taste,
Ere his warm wave its chilling clasp may feel
Has twirled the miller's wheel.

The song has done its task that makes us bold
With secrets else untold, —
And mine has run its errand; through the dews
I tracked the flying Muse;
The daughter of the morning touched my lips
With roseate finger-tips;
Whether I would or would not, I must sing
With the new choirs of spring;
Now, as I watch the fading autumn day
And trill my softened lay,
I think of all that listened, and of one
For whom a brighter sun
Dawned at high summer's noon. Ah, comrades dear,
Are not all gathered here?
Our hearts have answered. — Yes! they hear our call;
All gathered here! all! all!

CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKES.

THE migrations of that race which, for want of a better name, we must term Anglo-Saxon have led it to lands that, on the whole, have been remarkably free from earthquake disturbances. The eastern and central regions of North America, the Cape of Good Hope, and Australia, the seat of its most considerable colonies, have never suffered from earthquakes very destructive to life or property. Jamaica, the only colony which has been repeatedly devastated by earthquakes, never held any considerable portion of the race; and New Zealand, an island which there is reason to fear may be as unfortunate in the future as Jamaica has been in the past, has not been long enough settled for us to know how much it has to apprehend. The portions of the earth's surface most liable to earthquakes have been generally held by Latin races, when peopled by civilized men of European stock.

Until within a few years the Anglo-Saxons had not occupied any portion of the continental border of the Pacific Ocean, and thus had escaped contact with the disturbances which are so common all around this great sea. If the reader will glance at any map whereon the volcanoes of the earth are represented, he will see that the great basin of the Pacific is bordered with a line of these mountains. Along the American coast especially he will perceive that these vents of internal force are so crowded together that the products of their eruptions form an almost continuous belt stretching from Cape Horn to the extremity of the Alaskan Peninsula. The connection which exists between earthquake and volcanic action renders it certain that where the latter is found the former may be expected. These products of internal convulsions, forming mountains miles in height, give man fair warning that, if he plants himself at their base, he must be prepared at any time for the visitation of forces against which he will be incompetent to struggle, which may in a moment destroy him and his proudest works.

It is into this volcano-riven region that the most rapid movement of population ever known is tending. The western slope of the Rocky Mountains, a more important region in point of resources of every description than any other geographical area on the continent, is doubtless to bear within a century a greater population than is now held by the whole area of the United States. Every one who feels an intelligent interest in the future of our race must be concerned for the prospects of this region. Soil, climate, mineral resources, relation to other great centres of population, alike promise that our children and children's children shall find here all the conditions of prosperity which these features can afford; but before we can say that the future is altogether bright, we must ascertain whether society can there find a stable footing on a firm-set earth, or whether this portion of our continent is as unfortunate as the similarly situated portion of its southern mate, the coasts of Peru and Chili.

We have only imperfect data concerning the earthquakes of the Californian shore. Although it was occupied at a few points by Jesuit missions and military stations of the Spaniards as early as 1698, there have been no records of earthquake shocks discovered of an earlier date than 1800.* Since that date, and prior to 1850, the imperfect archives mention only two years in which earthquakes occurred; so that, with the exception of three years' disturbances, only one of which was made memorable by its severity, our record embraces only the earthquakes which have happened within the past twenty years. It is not to be conceived that in the period which has elapsed since the first settlement of the country by the Spaniards until 1850, this coast was disturbed by earthquakes during only three years. As we cannot believe that the outbreak of seismic force was in any way brought about by the coming of the "Yankees," we must suppose that the repeated slight shocks which have attracted so much attention from a people born in a land where such movements were rare were entirely overlooked by the Jesuit priest, who, in addition to his characteristic carelessness concerning all natural phenomena, had been long accustomed to such slight movements in Mexico or Peru, whence he came.

The most important shock mentioned in the Jesuit archives occurred during the month of September, 1812, and was of extreme violence. It overthrew the buildings at the missions of San Juan Capistrano in Los Angeles County, and that of Purissima in the county of San-

* The records of the first settlements of California have not been preserved. The earliest archives begin during the year 1769. From this date to 1800 no mention of earthquake action has been found. During the latter year, on the 11th of October, a shock is noticed, and another on the 18th of the same month; two shocks occurred, one at the beginning of the evening and another about 11 P. M. In 1808, from the 21st of June to the 17th of July, twenty-one shocks were noticed at the Presidio of San Francisco.

ta Barbara. The following account is derived from the articles on the Earthquakes of California by Dr. J. B. Trask, to whom we are indebted for most that we know concerning the earthquakes of this region. It is to be remembered that the only source of information was the statements of old inhabitants of the country and foreign traders at that time on the coast: —

"The day was clear and uncommonly warm; it being Sunday, the people had assembled at San Juan Capistrano for evening service. About half an hour after the opening of service, an unusual, loud but distant rushing sound was heard in the atmosphere, to the east and also over the water, which resembled the sound of strong wind; but as it approached no perceptible breeze accompanied it. The sea was smooth and the air was calm. So distant and loud was this atmospheric sound that several left the building, attracted by the noise.

"Immediately following the sound, the first and heaviest shock of the earthquake occurred, which was sufficiently severe to prostrate the Mission Church of San Capistrano almost in a body, burying in its ruins most of those who remained behind after the first indication of its approach was heard.

"The number killed is variously stated at from thirty to forty-five (the largest number of persons agree on the smallest number of deaths given), but in the absence of records such statements should be received with many grains of allowance. A considerable number are reported to have been badly injured."

The church destroyed was a well-built structure; the walls of stone and cement, and not of adobe. There was a short steeple or cupola attached, which also was overturned by the shock, falling upon the roof of the building.

Accounts agree in describing the movement as a vertical uplift, attended by a *rotating* motion. Although we cannot believe that such a movement is possible, it is interesting to notice that it is thought to be perceived only in earthquakes of great violence, where the bodies of the observers are much thrown about by the shocks. The intensity of the shock is also shown by the fact that most of the persons who survived were much affected by dizziness and nausea.

Succeeding the first and most destructive shock, five others were felt during the same day, each accompanied by a loud, deep rumbling; they were all, however, much less violent than the first movement. The shocks, or at least the sounds which preceded them, seemed to come from the south and east.

"In the valley of Santa Inez, to the south and west of Santa Barbara, the church now known as the 'Mission Vieja' (La Purissima) was completely destroyed. At this locality there were also a number of lives lost, but what number is yet very uncertain. The distance between Capistrano and Santa Inez is about one hundred and seventy miles. The shock which destroyed this building occurred about one hour after the former, and the greater portion of the inhabitants had left the building but a few minutes before it fell, service having closed. The first shock felt here prostrated the building, as in the preceding case.

"A Spanish ship, which lay at San Buenaventura, thirty-eight miles from Santa Barbara, was much injured by the shock, and leaked to that extent that it became necessary to beach her and remove most of her cargo."

From a person living in the country at the time we have the following account of the effects of the shocks upon the sea in the bay of Santa Barbara: "The sea was observed to recede from the shore during the continuance of the shocks, and left the latter dry for a considerable distance, when it returned in five or six heavy rollers, which overflowed the plain on which Santa Barbara is built. The inhabitants saw the recession of the sea, and, being aware of the danger on its return, fled to the adjoining hills near the town to escape the threatened deluge."

The damage done to the houses in Santa Barbara was not great, though from the simple character of the structures great devastation could not have been expected.

The destructive shocks above described seem to have been preceded by some very singular disturbances, affecting the southern part of the region which is now the State of California. It seems to be agreed that these shocks began in May, 1812, and continued without interruption for four months and a half. During this time hardly a day passed without a shock, and sometimes thirty occurred during a single day. The severity of the movements and their effect upon the population may be judged by the fact that the people at Santa Barbara fled from their houses and lived in the open air during their continuance.

These events can hardly fail to remind the reader of what occurred during the same year in the region nearly two thousand miles to the eastward, in the valley of the Mississippi.

The New Madrid series of earthquakes began in the month of November, 1811, but the shocks continued for more than two years thereafter. During the months while the Southern Californian region was vibrating in continual movement, the whole basin of the Mississippi, as far west as settlements had then extended, was also receiving frequent shocks, scarcely a day passing without some indication of the disturbing forces within the crust.

It is difficult to conceive how these events, so unexampled in both regions, could have had no other than an accidental connection. If these disturbances were due to the same cause, then it must be supposed that the whole region intervening between California and the Mississippi Valley was affected by this great convulsion. The history of earthquakes in other regions furnishes us with no such example of a region so extensive vibrating for many months under the influence of continuous earthquake shocks.

In 1850 the earthquake records begin again. It is not a little singular that, although since that date no year has passed without bringing from five to twenty shocks, yet during the four preceding years, although a number of stations were occupied by observant United States officers, we have no note of earthquake movements. The following table gives all the important information (sixty-two light shocks occurring at different places having been omitted from the list) known concerning the earthquakes which have been observed from 1850 to 1866. It is to be regretted that the direction of movement is rarely indicated. The whole of this table, with slight exceptions, is taken from the several papers of Dr. Trask on California Earthquakes.

1850.

May 13. San Francisco. Slight eruption of Mauna Loa, San Jose, and shock same day.

August 4. Stockton and Sacramento. Smart shock.

September 14. San Francisco and San Jose. Smart shock.

1851.

May 15. San Francisco. Three severe shocks; a good deal of damage done. Eruption of Mauna Loa, and shock same day.

June 13. San Francisco, San Luis Obispo, and San Fernando. Smart shock.

December 31. Downieville. Smart shock.

1852.

November 26. San Simeon, Los Angeles, and San Gabriel. Eleven strong shocks.

November 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. Continued shocks.

This convulsion disturbed an area of over three hundred miles square, extending east from San Luis Obispo to the Colorado River, and north to San Diego. During these shocks two mud-volcanoes broke out in the region of the Colorado.

December 17. San Luis Obispo. Two smart shocks, fractured adobe walls.

1853.

January 2. Mariposa, San Francisco, Bodega, Shasta City. Moderate.

February 14. San Luis Obispo. Slight.

March 1. San Francisco, San Luis Obispo, and Santa Barbara. Smart shock.

April 24. Humboldt Bay. Light.

April 25. Weaverville, Trinity County. Three light shocks.

June 2. Plains of the San Joaquin. Two smart shocks.

September 3. Salinas and San Joaquin Plains. Four shocks.

1854.

January 3. Mariposa, Shasta. Two smart shocks.

May 3, 5 h. 10 m. Santa Barbara.

Three severe shocks. The first preceded by a loud rumbling; the second, by a sound compared to that made by a high wind. Sea-waves rolled in shortly after the second shock. Not much damage done.

October 26. San Francisco, Benicia. Smart shocks, followed by a sea-wave which caused vessels to sway heavily at their moorings.

1855.

January 13, 18 h. 30 m. San Benito, San Miguel. Smart shock.

January 24, 22 h. Downieville.

Lasted several seconds; severe shock; affected a tract of country having a north-and-south diameter of ninety-four miles, and an east-and-west diameter of thirty miles. Buildings were severely shaken, and large fragments fell from the mountains. A mass of rocks was thrown down from the Downieville Buttes.

June 25, 14 h. Santa Barbara, and north to valley of Santa Maria. Smart shock.

July 10, 20 h. 15 m. Los Angeles. Severe shock. Much damage done.

Four shocks were felt in about twelve seconds; fissures were formed in the earth at many places, some of these two inches wide. Twenty-six buildings in the town were considerably injured. At Point St. Juan two unusually heavy waves rolled in just after the last shock.

October 21, 19 h. 45 m. San Francisco. Smart shock. "Much commotion in the water of the harbor a few minutes preceding the shock."

December 11, 4 h. San Francisco, Mission Dolores. At the latter place quite severe.

1856.

January 2, 10 h. 15 m. San Francisco, from the north. Smart shock. A pendulum indicated a movement of about five and a half inches.

January 21, 16 h. San Francisco. Smart shock. Most severe in southwest part of the city.

January 28, 3 h. Petaluma, Sonoma County. Smart shock.

January 29, 0 h. 45 m. San Francisco, Mission Dolores. Slight. Three distinct movements, apparently from the westward.

February 15, 5 h. 25 m. San Francisco, Monterey, Bodega, Santa Rosa, San Jose, and Stockton. Violent shock.

The region affected by this convulsion had a length from north to south of over one hundred and forty miles and a width of about seventy miles. There were two distinct shocks, the second very much the lightest. The movement seemed to come from the northwest. Many buildings were injured. The fissures formed in their walls had all a direction nearly northwest and southeast. The force seemed to emerge from the earth at a tolerably steep angle and with a considerable velocity. Small articles were thrown three or four feet.

April 6, 23 h. 30 m. Los Angeles, The Monte. Smart shock.

May 10, 21 h. 10 m. San Francisco. Light, with a sound which was mistaken for the sound of a cannon.

May 2, 0 h. 10 m. Los Angeles. Severe shock. Preceded by "two reports like the blasting of rocks" from the northwest.

August 27, 21 h. 15 m. Mission, San Juan, Monterey, Santa Cruz. Moderate shock, twice repeated from the west.

September 6, 3 h. Santa Cruz. Smart shock. People left their beds.

September 20, 23 h. 30 m. San Diego County. Very severe shock.

Ceilings were shaken down at Santa Isabel; "the cattle stampeded, and ran bellowing in all directions, and the Indians seemed equally terrified."

November 12, 4 h. Humboldt Bay. Smart shock.

1857.

January 9. Sacramento, and southward to the southern boundary of California. Powerful shock. "At Santa Barbara water was thrown out of a well in which it stood four feet from the surface."

January 20, 8 h. 30 m. Santa Cruz, Mission, San Juan. Strong shock.

January 21, evening. Mariposa. From the northwest, accompanied with noise like a gun. Smart shock.

July 5, 7 h. San Francisco. Severe. Buildings on *made* ground were much shaken, those on firm earth did not suffer.

March 14, 15 h. Santa Barbara and Montecito. Severe shocks. "Momentary in duration, attended with a loud report."

May 3, 22 h. Los Angeles and The Monte. Smart shock.

May 23. Los Angeles. Slight, severe at Fort Tejon.

June 14. Humboldt Bay. Severe.

August 8, 11 h. Rabbit Creek, Sierra County. Smart shock.

August 29. Tejon Reserve. Severe shock.

September 2, 19 h. 45 m. San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville, Nevada, San Juan, Downieville, and Camptonville. Slight.

October 19, 18 h. 30 m. San Francisco. Severe.

October 20. Three shocks, at 12 h. 8 m., 12 h. 35 m., and 13 h. 15 m. Last quite severe, caused general fright. Felt at San Jose, but not at Oakland.

1858.

February 10. Kanaka Flat, Sierra County. Smart shock.

September 2. Santa Barbara. Smart shock.

September 3, 0 h. 40 m. San Jose, Santa Cruz. Strong shock.

September 12, 19 h. 40 m. San Francisco. Smart shock; two movements from north to south.

Created great alarm, but did little damage. Although of considerable power, this disturbance seems to have been limited to an area not more than twelve miles square.

1859.

January 25, 20 h. 20 m. Trinity and Shasta Counties. Severe shock.

April 4, 13 h. San Jose. Severe, several vibrations from north to south.

August 10, 22 h. 35 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

September 26, 6 h. 10 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

October 5, 13 h. 8 m. San Francisco. Strong shock.

December 1, 0 h. 50 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

December 1, 14 h. 10 m. San Francisco. Many successive shocks, some quite powerful, causing much alarm. No damage done.

1860.

March 15, 11 h. Sacramento, counties of Placer, Nevada, El Dorado, and Plumas. Violent shock. The church-bells tolled in Sacramento and at Iowa Hill.

March 27. Los Angeles and vicinity. Severe.

November 12. Humboldt Bay. Smart shock.

December 21, 6 h. 30 m. Repeated slight vibrations extending over a period of half an hour, noticeable only by the vibrations of the mercury in the barometer.

1861.

July 4, 16 h. 11 m. San Francisco. Severe shock.

Three distinct movements were felt. Fissures opened in the San Ramon valley, and new springs were produced. For several days light shocks were felt in the region about the city.

1862.

September 29, 15 h. 5 m. San Francisco. Strong shock.

December 23, 20 h. 19 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

1863.

January 25, 5 h. 20 m. San Diego. Severe shock; continued five to eight seconds. A series of sharp jars, preceded by a "profound rumbling sound."

February 1, 16 h. 1 m. Mission San Juan, Monterey County. Strong shock.

February 1, 16 h. 15 m. Gilroy's (12 miles east of last-named place). Strong shock. The two last-named shocks were quite local.

June. San Francisco. Smart shock.

July 15, 10 h. 19 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

December 19, 12 h. 38 m. San Francisco. A very smart shock followed by one still more severe. "The first was a sharp, sudden jar, the second undulatory." No damage done.

1864.

February 26, 5 h. 45 m. San Francisco. Smart shock, three distinct vibrations. An electric storm the day previous.

March 5, 8 n. 49 m. San Francisco, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, Stockton, Petaluma, Santa Clara. A shock of considerable violence at all these points, at the last named most violent, where the shock continued about two minutes, causing the church-spires to wave to and fro.

March 10, 14 h. 8 m. San Francisco. A light shock.

March 22, 13 h. Stockton. Smart shock.

May 20, 18 h. 1 m. San Francisco. Slight. At Stockton severe nine minutes later. Napa at 18 h. 57 m. Severe. At Sacramento at 18 h. Very severe.

June 22, 20 h. 53 m. San Francisco. Smart shock. Three distinct movements, with a low rumbling sound. Shocks peculiarly abrupt. Was felt over a region one hundred and thirty-two miles in length.

July 5, 20 h. 3 m. San Francisco. Moderate. Four vibrations, the longest lasting nineteen seconds, the shortest six seconds, separated by intervals of from forty to seventy-five seconds.

July 21, 2 h. 7 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

July 22, 22 h. 40 m. 38 s. San Francisco. Felt also at San Jose, Stockton, and Los Angeles. Strong shock. Two movements from north, 13° E. Pendulum swung eighteen inches.

August 18, 5 h. 18 m. Grass Valley, Nevada. Very strong. Threw down the wall of a well.

September 27, 10 h. 32 m. Mission San Juan, Monterey County. Strong shock.

October 6, 21 h. 9 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

October 14, 1 h. 8 m. Mission San Juan. Two heavy shocks.

October 14, 10 h. 25 m. Mission San Juan. One heavy shock. All these were from west to east.

December 11, 20 h. 52 m. San Francisco, San Jose; the last place one minute later, and more severe.

1865.

January 9, 7 h. Santa Rosa, Sonoma County. Smart shock.

March 7, 23 h. San Francisco. Smart shock.

March 8, 6 h. 20 m. San Francisco. Smart shock.

March 30, 7 h. 28 m. San Francisco. Very smart shock.

April 15, 0 h. 40 m. San Diego. Severe shock. Three movements in quick succession, preceded by a rushing sound.

April 18, 13 h. 31 m. San Francisco, Angel Island, Oakland, San Juan. Light at first three localities; severe at San Juan.

April 27, 15 h. 56 m. San Francisco.

May 24, 3 h. 21 m. San Francisco, San Juan, Santa Cruz. Smart shock. At the first place a single movement; at the second, two waves.

September 22. Yorka. Smart shock.

October 1, 9 h. 15 m. Fort Humboldt. Very smart shock.

October 8, 12 h. 46 m. San Francisco, San Jose, Stockton, Santa Cruz, Sacramento, etc.

Very severe shock. Regarded as the most severe since the annexation of the Territory. No very serious damage was done, and no lives lost. Many buildings were fractured, but most of these were evidently insecure, or built upon the made lands on the city's front. The shock was followed by a condition of continuous vibration, which lasted for about ten hours. At no time during this period did the vibratory movement cease. The shock came from north 50° W.

October 8, 22 h. 1 m. Same places as preceding. Light shock.

October 9, 10 h. 34 m. San Francisco. Another light shock.

October 9, 11 h. 32 m. San Francisco. Light shock. After this shock the earth continued to vibrate for forty-eight hours.

October 13, 2 h. 5 m. San Francisco, Oakland, Santa Clara, Angel Island. Smart shock.

November 24, 3 h. 45 m. Walsonville, Santa Cruz County. Smart shock.

The connection between the California earthquakes and those which occur on the northern portion of the Pacific coast of North America is yet to be traced. It seems likely, however, that the coast is not as uniformly affected by these disturbances as is the western coast of South America. The writer has not succeeded in finding any accounts of Oregon earthquakes which would render a comparison with the California shocks possible. At Vancouver's Island slight shocks frequently occur, a year rarely passing without some disturbance; but none of the

shocks observed there have produced any destructive effects; none have equalled the severer shocks of the California area. Wherever the direction of the shocks has been observed they have been found to come from the west and pass away to the east, having the same direction as most of the severe California shocks have.

The slight evidences of volcanic activity which have been observed in several of the group of gigantic volcanoes at the mouth of the Columbia River have not been attended by shocks such as are usual on the reawakening of a volcanic centre from a period of repose.

Passing still farther to the northward, we come at once upon a region of very intense volcanic activity, and where earthquakes, though local in their character, have exhibited the most extreme violence. The Alaskan seismic area displays a more energetic manifestation of internal forces than any other part of the American continents. Some of the forty or fifty volcanoes, scattered on sea or land between Mount St. Elias and the western extremity of the volcanic chain of islands which unites our continent with Asia, are almost constantly in eruption, and their outbreaks are generally attended with violent earthquake shocks.

The first recorded shock in this region occurred in 1790. A ship then among the Aleutian Islands, near the Alaskan peninsula, received a severe blow, which caused the mariners to think that she had struck. At Uralaska, in 1802, there occurred a shock of extreme violence, which threw down the low huts of the natives, — structures admirably adapted to resist earthquakes. These shocks were repeated constantly at this point from 1795 to 1802, scarcely a month passing without a recurrence of the disturbance. In 1812 the shocks which occurred in the island of Atkha were of such extreme violence that the natives, well accustomed to earthquake action, believed that they must all perish. In 1818 and 1820 local shocks of great severity occurred among the larger islands of the Aleutian archipelago. In 1836 the islands of St. Paul and St. George received shocks of such violence that persons could not keep their feet. Rocks detached themselves in numerous masses from the mountains, making immense accumulations of *débris* at their feet. In 1849, on the 28th of October, there occurred a great shock on the islands of Mednoj and Beringof, which is said to have continued all night. The sea was in a state of continual movement during the night. On the 26th of July, 1856, there occurred in the group of islands just west of the extremity of the Alaskan peninsula a most remarkable convulsion. The only accounts we have come from the captains of some whaleships then passing through the Strait of Onnimah; and one cannot but believe their accounts much exaggerated. On the date above mentioned these navigators found several volcanic cones along the strait in a state of violent eruption. The wind falling, they were left close to the shore, unwilling spectators to a terrible scene. The accumulated cloud of the eruption settled down on the surface of the water, wrapping the ships in total darkness, and pouring upon them a dense shower of ashes, which fell with the rapidity of a fierce snow-storm. The earthquake shocks, which they had felt all the day, became more and more violent. After a time, a breeze removed them from their position of extreme danger, but for over one hundred miles they found the same dense cloud of ashes and suffocating fumes. While on their way to escape the dangers of the eruptions of the existing volcanoes, they encountered one in course of formation. With a deep rumbling sound the waters divided, and an immense volcanic mass lifted itself suddenly above the level of the sea. From this mass, say these veracious whalers, there was poured forth first an immense torrent of water, then a column of flame and smoke, and afterwards lava and pumice-stone, the latter being thrown to a great height and covering the vessels with fragments. Hav-

ing attained the height of its eruption, the new-made volcano sank suddenly again into the sea, dragging the waters into the gulf with the violence of the maelstrom. In their flight from these terrible scenes, the mariners saw this uplifting of the crater and its submergence repeated several times, and heard the continual roar of this struggle of the elements.

It is probably a fortunate thing that the inhospitable and unproductive character of the Alaskan region will prevent any extensive settlements of civilized man in the midst of the terrible convulsions which are there so frequently occurring.

The fear has often been expressed that we may see in California the same deplorable results of earthquake action which have so often been beheld in the South American continuation of this Pacific shore-line. The list of the shocks which occurred during the fifteen years which elapsed between 1850 and 1868 certainly seems to show that this region has beneath it, or beneath the surface of the sea which lies near it, all the conditions necessary to the production of frequent earthquakes; and the character of the convulsion which occurred in 1812, as well as one or two of those of recent date, shows beyond all question that these forces may act with such violence as to prove very destructive. There can be no doubt that the recurrence of such a shock as ruined the churches at Santa Barbara, and that at the Mission San Juan Capistrano, would produce terrible results upon life and property in even the present thinly-peopled condition of the country traversed by that shock. While it cannot be denied that there is something to fear from seismic forces in our Pacific region, it cannot legitimately be concluded, from the history of that region, that the risk is greater than that which is incurred by the inhabitants of the banks of the Mississippi or the shores of Massachusetts Bay. The year of the Santa Barbara earthquake brought an even more intense convulsion to the region along the banks of the great river; and the records of Massachusetts show at least one shock — that of 1755 — which in violence was probably not much exceeded by any Californian earthquake. The repeated warnings of the existence of this destroying force beneath their feet has led the people of the Californian cities to build with somewhat greater care than they might otherwise have done. And when experience has taught them the simple lessons which it is necessary to practise in order to obviate a large portion of the dangers occurring from these convulsions, there is no reason why this region, despite the frequent light shocks to which it is subject, may not enjoy as happy immunity from their worst effects as any portion of the continent now occupied by our people.

To the student of earthquake phenomena, the Californian earthquakes have an interest disproportionate to the magnitude of the results produced by them. There seems little doubt that this portion of the Pacific coast sympathizes with the earthquakes which occur in the Sandwich Islands. On several occasions earthquake shocks at San Francisco have occurred on the same day that shocks have been felt or volcanic eruptions taken place in those islands, more than twenty-five hundred miles away. This is a very great distance for shocks of ordinary violence to cover.

In the number of slight shocks which are constantly occurring this region coincides in character with the western part of South America; it differs from it in having at least a comparative immunity from severer shocks. There are portions of the great chain of the Cordilleras of North and South America of the earthquake character of which we are quite ignorant. Enough is known, however, to warrant the assertion that this great chain, extending from Behring Strait to Cape Horn, is, on the seaward side at least, singularly liable to earthquake movements. Although older than the Himalaya Mountains, this great chain of Andes and

Rocky Mountains seems to be the seat of far more energetic formative action. The almost continual trembling of some portion of the chain, the not infrequent indications of elevation of the coast-line after a severe shock, seem to show that the forces which lift up mountains are still at work beneath this chain. May it not be that they yet will give to our continents the highest as well as the longest mountain-axis of the earth?

IS MARRIAGE HOLY?

MARRIAGE, in its obvious import, is a civic tie, enforced by the magistrate in the interest of public order. I, for example, A B, am a married man, entitled therefore to certain civic rights, such as the right to found a family, or call my children my own; and exposed, on the other hand, to certain civic pains, in case of my conjugal unworthiness, such as the breaking up of my family, or the separation of my wife and children from my care and authority, followed by the alienation of a portion of my worldly goods to their exclusive benefit.

Now let us suppose for a moment that my conjugal peace has been interrupted, but on the other side of the house. That is to say, suppose that my wife, no matter how instigated — whether by outward constraint or by inward guile — should be led to the overt disregard of her marriage vow. I have a clear remedy by the law of course; that is, I am entitled, not indeed to treat her with the least inhumanity or personal indignity, but to be relieved of the burden of her maintenance and association, and of all covenanted obligation to her in case of my ever being disposed to contract marriage anew.

What now will be my action in the premises? Can there be any reasonable doubt on the subject? Ah yes, a very grave doubt indeed. For marriage is not merely a civic, it is also a religious tie. It is, to be sure, very stringently enforced by the magistrate in the interest of the family, that is, of established convention or decency. But it is very much more stringently enforced by the priest also, in the interest of our private manhood or character. Thus we find ourselves compelled to view marriage both as a secular tie instituted in the material interest of mankind, or with a view to protect each from all; and as a religious tie instituted in its spiritual interest, or with a view to protect all from each. As a married man, accordingly, I am subject to this concurrent jurisdiction, — of human authority on the one hand, represented by law; of divine authority on the other, represented by conscience. No practical conflict announces itself between these authorities, so long as my wife and I live together in reciprocal amity. But the moment my civic obligation to my wife ceases by her misconduct, the religious bond, which had been hitherto comparatively inert, or seemed indeed tacitly subservient to the civil contract, exerts a commanding sway; so that whereas yesterday, perhaps, I was ready to condemn this law of marriage for uniting me with a vicious person, I am to-day disposed to justify it as holy, pure, and good. By what spiritual alchemy is this change wrought? The answer is not difficult, and is well worth our study.

The difference between statutory law on the one hand, which has respect to man as a citizen, and what we call "moral law," or conscience, on the other, which has respect to him as a

man, is mainly a difference of scope; the scope of the former being to equip its subject in all conventional righteousness, of the latter to show him what a very sorry figure he cuts as so equipped. The intention of the law is to regulate my outward standing, or the esteem in which I am held by the community. The intention of conscience is to regulate my inward standing, or the esteem in which I am held by myself. Law is, for the most part, positive or mandatory. It prescribes certain duties which I am to do as the condition of my civic protection. Conscience is, for the most part, negative or prohibitory in its operation. It sets before me certain evils to be undone or repented of. Thus law aims to exalt its subject, or make him conventionally righteous; while conscience aims to humiliate him, or make him ashamed of any righteousness which implies his superiority to other men. The animus of law is to guarantee the rights of the individual against public encroachment. It protects me from overt injustice on the part of all other men. The animus of conscience, on the other hand, is to guarantee the public against all private encroachment. It protects the interest of all other men from the invasion of any secret lust or cupidity on my part, whereby the common weal might suffer damage. The law hedges me about with personal sanctity to my own imagination, and forbids the public wantonly to violate my self-respect; and it is only so far forth that I reverence the law. If it did otherwise, — if it in any way exposed me to the cupidity of my kind, — I should of course revolt from its allegiance. Conscience, on the other hand, desecrates me personally to my own imagination, by hedging all other men about with a superior personal sanctity, and binding me under pain of spiritual death to respect that sanctity. And it is only in this aspect that I venerate conscience. If its aim were manifestly to justify me as against other men, or exalt me above the neighbor, I should revolt from its allegiance. In a word, the end of the law is *myself*, is an individual righteousness; while that of conscience is *my neighbor*, or a universal righteousness; the aim of the former being at most to guarantee just relations between man and man, and of the latter to promote among men a spirit of mercy or mutual forgiveness.

This profound difference in the scope respectively of law and conscience (or law human and divine) perfectly accounts for the change operated in my breast between yesterday and to-day. A new relation has come about between my wife and myself, giving me a manifest legal advantage of her; and I no sooner perceive this advantage and dispose myself to pursue it, than the hitherto slumbering voice of conscience arouses itself, and bids me at all events pause before I determine on vindictive action. "Take time," it says; "give the question consideration, at least. This poor wife of yours, whose conduct deserves, of course, the deepest legal reprobation, is yet by that fact entitled to every good man's compassion. Look to it, therefore, that you deal not out to her judgment untempered by mercy, under penalty of forfeiting yourself a merciful regard when your own day of trouble comes." The reader will see, then, that my action in the case supposed between me and my wife will probably be determined by the degree in which I shall have previously harmonized these conflicting interests of law and conscience, or justice and mercy, in my habitual conduct. That is to say, if I have habitually allowed both motives really to concur in my education, my action will be one way, and if I have habitually allowed the lower or obvious interest to rule the higher and hidden one, my action will be directly opposite. In point of fact, then, what will it be? Will I accept the rehabilitation to which the law invites me, at the expense of my guilty wife; or will I persistently reject it? The reader perceives that I study to keep the question in the first person, or take counsel of my own heart exclusively; for my purpose is not to dog-

matize in the least, or lay down any new law of action for men, but only to illustrate by my proper culture a law which is as old as God almighty, and which yet will be always as fresh as any newest-born babe. I repeat, then, how shall I, A B, specifically act in the premises? What practical obligation does my conscience impose upon me with reference to the legal wrong I have sustained? In short, what attitude of mind does a perception of the inward holiness or religious sanctity of marriage enjoin upon those who suffer from any of the offences included in the violation of the outward bond, — a vindictive attitude or a forgiving one?

I cannot hesitate to reply at once, The latter attitude alone. All my culture — that is to say, every instinct of humanity in me — teaches me that whenever any conflict arises between law and conscience, or the interests respectively of my selfish and my social life, harmony is to be had only by subordinating the former interest to the latter. Thus, in the case supposed, I am bound by my culture, or the allegiance I owe primarily to humanity, and only secondarily to myself, to absolve my erring wife in the forum of conscience of the guilt she has contracted in the forum of law. Of course I cannot disguise from myself the odiousness of her conduct. That is palpable, and will not be dissembled. Our conjugal unity has been grossly outraged by her act, and nothing that I can do will avail to make the outrage unfelt. No, my sole debate with myself is, whether I shall make my private grief a matter of public concern, and so condemn my wife to open and notorious shame. And this is what, debate being had, I cannot conscientiously afford to do. For the voice of conscience, I repeat, whenever confronted by that of law, claims a supreme authority; and its fundamental axiom is, that, in all cases of conflict between myself and another, I give that other a preference in my regard, or at all events treat with him on equal terms; so that any pretension on my part to construe my legal right of property in another as an absolute right, or a right underived at every or any moment from that other's free consent or living concurrence, is an outrage to conscience, and entails its just reprobation. Thus, to keep to the case supposed, when the civil magistrate says to me, "Your wife has violated the conjugal bond, and so exposed herself to condign punishment at my hands," I shut my ears to his invitation. I dare not listen to its solicitations. The awful voice of God within forbids me to do so, compels me rather to say to him, *Get thee behind me, Satan!* In other words, my conscience tells me, in letters of living light, that I am here by its supreme appointment expressly to interpose between my faithless wife and the yawning death of infamy which is ready to ingulf her. The marriage covenant comprehends us both alike in its indissoluble bonds, and cannot be legally set aside but by our joint action. If then I, on my side, refuse any vindictive response to the provocation I have received, the law has no right to complain. And a human soul, perhaps, — who knows? — has been rescued from spiritual blight; for I should be extremely sorry to compliment my own magnanimity at the expense of the divine.

But if in its legal aspect marriage is indissoluble save by the joint action or concurrence of the parties to it, in its religious or spiritual aspect it cannot even be violated without such concurrence. I am very sure, for example, that my wife's affection would hardly have wandered from me, if I had been worthy of her affection. She thought me full of worth when she married me, and how little pains have I ever taken perhaps to foster that conviction! Love is not voluntary, but spontaneous. That is to say, I cannot compel myself to love; I cannot even compel myself *not* to love; for I cannot help loving whatsoever is worthy to be loved. Of course, the worth of the object, in every case, will be determined to my own eyes by my own previous character; but that does not affect the truth, that love will

unerringly obey its proper object. Who can say, then, that my behavior in this crisis may not reveal me to the heart of my wife in a new character, and fill her with remorse and anguish that she has so grossly wronged me? But however this may be, it remains wholly indisputable to my own mind that, while my wife is alone guilty before the law for the dishonor done to the letter of marriage, we have been both alike guilty of bringing a much deeper discredit upon it in spirit, inasmuch as we have been content all along to allow the ritual covenant practically to exhaust and supersede, to our imagination, the real or living one. This is the only vital profanation of which marriage is susceptible, that a man and woman should consent to stand in a purely obligatory relation to each other, where human authority alone sanctions their intercourse, and not the supreme homage of affection they owe to infinite goodness and truth; and seeing this to be true, I cannot deal with my wife but in the way I propose. She and I are both very infirm persons, not only by nature and education, but still more by the fact of our position in the midst of a hostile civilization, envenomed by all manner of selfishness and rapacity; and we have neither of us the least equitable right, therefore, to each other's absolute allegiance, but only to each other's unqualified concession and mercy, any law or custom or convention whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding. I see, in fact, that whatever legal defilement towards me my wife may have contracted, I should inevitably contract, myself, a far deeper because spiritual defilement towards God, by holding her to my permanent outward allegiance, when her heart refuses to ratify my claim. Thus as between me and my misguided wife, I dare not cast the first stone at her; for while I perceive well enough that she stands truly condemned by my natural mind, or human law, I at the same time perceive that I myself must outrage my higher or cultivated human instincts, and so incur a far more poignant rebuke of conscience, by consenting to press that condemnation home.

The sum of the matter, then, in my estimation, is, that marriage is not only holy, but holy in a far deeper sense than men commonly imagine. By most persons the sanctity of marriage is thought to be a merely instituted thing, depending upon some arbitrary divine decree. Others, more rational, deem it to inhere in the uses which marriage subserves to the family tie. And this is true, but it is only a part of the truth. For the family tie itself is not a finality. It is only the rude acorn out of which that great tree is predestined to spring, which we call society, and which will one day melt all the warring families of the earth into the impartial unity of its embrace. Thus the true sanctity of marriage inheres at bottom in its social uses. It is the sole nursery of the social sentiment in the human bosom. This indissoluble marriage of man and woman, which constitutes the family bond, steadfastly symbolizes to the imagination of the race, long before the intellect is quickened to discern or even to guess at the spiritual truth itself, the *essential* unity of mankind; or that complete fusion of the public and private interest, of the cosmical and domestic element, in consciousness, which is eventually to constitute human society, and cover the earth with the dew and fragrance of heaven. I beg to be distinctly understood. I say that marriage, though it seems to be fast disowning the merely ritual or symbolic sanctity which has always attached to it as the guaranty of the family bond, is yet putting on a much deeper and more real because spiritual sanctity, that, namely, which belongs to it as the sole actual source and focus of the social sentiment. Let us pause here one moment.

What is the social unit? What the simplest expression to which society is reducible? What, in short, is the original germ-cell which lies at the base of all that we call society? Is it the individual man, or is it the fam-

ily? Clearly the latter alone. The individual man is only the inorganic protoplasm, so to speak, which goes to subsequent cell-formation in the family, the tribe, the city, the nation. The family itself is the primary organized cell out of which society flourishes. For society, it must be remembered, is exclusively a generic or race phenomenon in humanity. It organizes all mankind in indissoluble unity, or gives the race the personality of a man. Hence it exacts as a foundation, not the individual man or woman, who of course are unprolific, but man and woman married, that is, united in the family bond, or with a view to prolification. And what chance of unity would exist in the family, if its offspring had not been legitimated by the previous marriage of the parents; that is, if the father and mother were not *equally* entitled by law to the love and reverence of the children? Not unity, but the most frightful of all discords, namely, domestic discord, would then be the rule of our tenderest human intimacy; in fact, brother would so dominate sister, that the weaker sex would sink into the squalid and helpless servant of the stronger, until at last every vestige and tradition of that divine charm of privacy which now sanctifies woman to man's imagination, and quickens all his spiritual culture, had hopelessly disappeared. This is what woman always represents to the imagination of man, a diviner self than his own; a more private, a more sacred and intimate self than that wherewith nature endows him. And this is the source of that passionate self-surrender he makes in marrying; of that passionate divorce he organizes between himself and his baser nature, when he would call the woman he loves by the sacred name of wife, or make her invincibly his own. Thus if marriage constitute the normal type of the sexual relations in humanity, we may say that the sentiment of sex in man is a strictly social and not a mere sensual or selfish sentiment, and marriage consequently becomes the very cradle of society. The distinctively generic or race element in humanity, unlike that of animality, is moral, not physical; is freedom, not servitude; is rationality, not caprice. And society consequently, regarded as exhibiting the human conscience in universal form, or expressing the race interest in humanity, has to do with man only as a moral or rational being, that is to say, as he is under law to his father and mother, brother and sister, friend and neighbor. Now the family alone, in the absence of society, provides man with this related, or moral and rational, existence; so that marriage, as alone guaranteeing the family integrity, may be said to guarantee implicitly the integrity of the human race as well.

I am by no means satisfied that I have done any too ample justice to my subject; but I think I have at least made it clear to the reader that the sanctity of marriage inheres eminently in its social, and by no means in its selfish, uses; in other words, that its purpose is to educate us out of our animal beginnings into a definitely human consciousness at last. And if this be so, I am sure we have small cause for exultation, when we look around us and contemplate the awful horrors which beset the institution in its present almost exclusively selfish administration. Taking the newspapers for our guide, we should say that marriage as a legal bond had sunk so low in men's esteem as to have become the appanage of the baser classes exclusively; that no one any longer really identifies himself with the outer covenant but some sordid ruffian, steeped in debauchery, whose lust of blood finds an easy victim in his unprotected wife, or some fancied paramour of his wife. The only original inequality known to the human race is that of the sexes, and marriage in annulling this forever sanctifies weakness to the regard of the strong, or makes true manhood to consist no longer in force, but in gentleness. But who, according to our newspapers, are the men that are now most forward to vindicate in their

precious persons the honor of marriage? Are they not for the most part men, notoriously, of profligate antecedents, who are much more disposed to live *upon* society, as things go, than to live for it? And what a stunning farce it is that heaven and earth should be convulsed, every other day, to render to such caitiffs as these what they are pleased to consider justice! What good man, what man who ever felt a breath of true reverence for marriage in his soul, does not abhor to think of its hallowed name being prostituted to such vile issues as these? It revolts all one's instincts of God's goodness to suppose that any *essential* discrepancy can exist between the interests of man and man: as that I, for example, can ever be really harmed by any other person's entire freedom to do as he pleases, or really profited by his partial restraint. For every man who thinks knows that absolutely no conflict of interests exists among men, which does not grow out of some merely instituted or conventional inequality to which they are subject, and which would not instantly disappear by voiding such inequality, or releasing the parties from each other's thraldom. And we may as well, therefore, make up our minds to it at once — for we shall be obliged to do so sooner or later — that any law which makes itself the partisan of men's *divided*, and not exclusively of their *associated*, interests may call itself divine if it pleases, but it has no real claim whatever to the conscientious reverence of mankind. It may put on what solemn airs, and array itself in what tinsel majesty it will, no one is the least deceived by it, or will ever entertain anything but an interested regard for it. Men will make use of it of course to promote their selfish or merely prudential ends; but every upright man will scorn to endue himself in its righteousness. Nothing, I am persuaded, but the active influence and operation of such a law, professing to adjudicate between man and man, and not, as it ought to do, exclusively between every individual man on the one hand, and our infirm traditional civilization on the other, accounts for the beastly lasciviousness, the loathsome adulteries, and bloody revenges which disfigure our existing manners. For no man is wiser than the community of men of which he is an atom; and if the community tolerate a law which distinguishes between the interests of husband and wife, or makes either primarily responsible to the other, and not both alike exclusively responsible to society, then we may depend upon it, every man of simply defective culture, much more every man in whose breast the social sentiment has been precluded by a vicious life, will be sure to take this inhuman communism for his own rule of action and see in the law, whenever his bad occasion arises, not the enemy, but the accomplice of his implacable lusts.

Does any of my readers doubt these things? Is there any intelligent reader of this magazine who can persuade himself that the interests of society, in any just sense of that much-abused word, were involved, for example, in any conceivable issue to the most recent conspicuous divorce suit in New York? It is of absolutely no moment, in fact, to our social well-being, but, on the contrary, a very great prejudice to it, that any particular person should be convicted at any time, or acquitted at any time, upon a charge of lying, theft, adultery, or murder; and our judiciary, regarded as the voucher of society, or of a plenary divine righteousness in the earth, acts, as it seems to me, with sheer impertinence in wasting its strength in these frivolous perquisitions. For what you want, supremely, to do with every man, is to qualify him at last for human society; and how can you do this, save in so far as you gradually exempt him from all allegiance to outward law, or a law with exclusively outward sanctions, — those of hope and fear, — and accustom him instead to the law of his own nature, which acknowledges only the inward sanctions, positive and negative, of his own unforced

self-respect and unaffected self-contempt? Pray tell me then, my reader, what business it is of yours or mine, that any man's wife in the community, or any woman's husband, has either veritably or conjecturally committed adultery, and should be legally convicted or legally absolved of that unrighteousness. What social right has any man or woman to thrust the evidence of a transaction so essentially private, personal, and irremediable upon the light of day? "To assist them," it may be said, "in obtaining justice." Yes, indeed, the demands of justice are absolute; but when did it ever become just that one person should be rendered simply infamous to promote the welfare of another? On the contrary, it would seem almost invariably that what the applicant in these cases craves is, not justice, but revenge pure and simple. In fact, I can see no reason, in my own observation, to doubt that Christ's judgment, recorded in the eighth chapter of John's Gospel, is conclusive on all this class of cases; and this judgment implies that they who thus invoke the public resentment of their private griefs are seldom so sincerely averse to the offence itself as they are to being themselves passively and not actively related to it. For when we really hate evil itself, and not merely the personal inconveniences it entails, nothing is so instinctive to us as compassion for its victims. I cannot imagine, for example, that any man or woman whose own bosom is the abode of chaste love, could ever be tempted by any selfish reward to fasten a stigma of unchastity upon anybody else. The existence of a sentiment so pure in one's own bosom is inconsistent with a defamatory or condemnatory spirit towards another person; must infallibly dispose one to put the mildest interpretation upon any *apparent* criminality in another, to mitigate rather than heighten every evidence of misconduct which to a baser mind would afford a presumption of guilt.

But let my reader settle this point as he may, I insist upon it that the law, regarded as the earthly palladium of divine justice, is fast forfeiting its ancient renown, by too assiduously ministering to these cupidities of a frivolous and malignant self-love. Society, I repeat, has no manner of interest in seeing any of her children justified or made righteous at the cost of any other's permanent defilement. What alone society demands — and this it imperatively demands — is, that lying, theft, adultery, and murder *be effectually done away with*, cease any longer to characterize human intercourse. A true society, or *living* fellowship among men, is incompatible with these hostile and clandestine relations. And exactly what the law, regarded as the carnal symbol of such society or fellowship, logically covenants to do, is no longer to content itself with exalting one man by the abasement of another, but to scourge without mercy every instituted decency upon earth, which, usurping the hallowed name of society, and reaping all its revenues from such usurpation, not only permits, but actually thrives by, the grossest inhumanity of man to man.

I beg my reader will not misunderstand me. What I say is, in effect, this. The duty of the judge who tried the recent case in New York was doubtless to enforce the letter of the law, so far as it had been violated by either party to the prejudice of the other. But this was a subordinate duty. An infinitely more binding duty lay upon him to vindicate the spirit of the law, which was all the while so foully outraged and betrayed by the very trial itself, whatever might be its literal issues. The spirit of a law which on its literal side restrains men from evil-doing is obviously a spirit of the divinest justice among men, or, what is the same thing, of the heartiest mutual love and forbearance. And how openly crucified, mocked, and put to shame was this divine spirit, when the letter of its righteousness was perverted to the ends of the basest selfishness, or even made to echo the foulest spiritual hate and malignity! The husband in

this case, like every man similarly tempted, came before the august tribunal of the law with a bosom of the deadliest animosity towards the person of his wife. He appealed to the traditional sanctity which the law enjoys in men's regard, not with any view to honor its peaceful and loving spirit, but only to avail himself of the power which its pitiless letter gave him, to crush his offending and helpless wife out of men's kindly sympathy and remembrance; thus displaying a spiritual turpitude beside which any probable amount of literal evil-doing seems to me almost white and clean; for at the worst these things never have the effrontery to demand a legal justification. And yet the judge who tried the cause, who sat there only to avouch the honor of the law, had not a word to say in behalf of its prostituted majesty, not a word in rebuke of the flagrant hypocrisy which appealed to its majesty for no other purpose than to glut a base personal lust of vengeance!

Of course no one can harbor any personal ill-will towards the complainant in the case. On the contrary, he is entitled to every man's unfeigned commiseration. He is himself the victim of a vicious system, of an unenlightened public conscience, and has done nothing more than illustrate its habitual venom; nothing more than almost every one else would do under like provocation, who believes as he does in our existing civilization as a finality of God's providence upon the earth, and cultivates the rapacious, libidinous, and vindictive temper it breeds in all its froward children. No; I refer to his case only because it furnishes a fair exemplification of the unsuspected moral dry-rot among us which conceals itself under the sanctions of religion and police, and yet degrades our law-courts on occasion into *foci* of obscene effluence unmatched by any brothels in the land. And I have obviously no interest either in these examples themselves, save as they enforce my general argument, which is that no possible discredit could ever befall the administration of justice among us, if only our magistrates would comprehend the spirit of their great office, which is eminently a social and not a selfish spirit; that is to say, which is never a spirit of petty condemnation towards this, that, or the other man, but of the freest, frankest justification of all mankind. I have not the least intention, of course, to hint that the law has not always been stanch *at bottom* to the interests of human society, as society has been hitherto constituted. All I want to say is, that society is getting to mean, now, something very different from what it has ever before meant. It has all along meant an instituted or conventional order among men, and this order was to be maintained at whatever cost to the individual man; if need be, at the cost of his utmost physical and moral degradation. People no longer put this extravagant estimate upon our civic organization. Our existing civilization seems now very dear at that costly price. Society, in short, is beginning to claim interests essentially repugnant to those of any established order. It utterly refuses to be identified with any mere institutions, however conventionally sacred, and claims to be a plenary divine righteousness in our very nature. The critical moment of destiny seems to be approaching, the day of justice and judgment for which the world has been so long agonizing in prayer, a day big with wrath against every interest of man which is organized upon the principle of his inequality with his brother, and full of peace to every interest established upon their essential fellowship. Every day an increasing number of persons reject our cruel civilization as a finality of God's providence upon earth. Every day burns the conviction deeper in men's bosoms, that there is no life of man on earth so poor and abject, whose purification and sanctification are not an infinitely nearer and dearer object to the heart of God than the welfare of any Paris, any London, any New York extant. And

this rising preponderance of the human sentiment in consciousness over the personal one is precisely what accounts for the growing disrespect into which our legal administration is falling, and precisely what it must try to mould itself upon, if it would recover again the lost ground to which its fidelity to the old ideas is constantly subjecting it.

HOPES OF A SPANISH REPUBLIC.

MADRID, January, 1870.

THE Revolution of September has not made the progress that its sanguine friends had hoped. The victory was so prompt and perfect, from the moment that Admiral Topete ordered his band to strike up the hymn of Riego on the deck of the Zaragoza, in the bay of Cadiz, to the time when the special train from San Sebastian to Bayonne crossed the French frontier with Madame de Bourbon and other light baggage, that the world looked naturally for very rapid and sweeping work in the open path of reform. The world ought to have known better. There were too many generals at the bridge of Alcolea to warrant any one in expecting the political millennium to follow immediately upon the flight of the dishonored dynasty. We must do the generals the justice to say that they left no one long in doubt as to their intentions. Prim had not been a week in Madrid, when he wrote to the editor of the "Gaulois," announcing the purpose of himself and his companions to establish in Spain a constitutional monarchy. The fulfilment of this promise has been thus far pursued with reasonable activity and steadiness. The Provisional Government elected monarchical Cortes and framed a monarchical Constitution. They duly crushed the Republican risings in Cadiz and Catalonia, and promptly judged and shot such impatient patriots as they could find. They have unofficially offered the crown of the Spains to all the unemployed princes within reach of their diplomacy. It is hard to say what more they could have done to establish their monarchy.

Yet the monarchy is no more consolidated than it was when the triumvirs laid their bald heads together at Alcolea and agreed to find another king for Spain. The reforms they have incorporated into the Constitution have not been enough to conciliate the popular spirit, naturally distrustful of half-measures. The government has been forced, partly by its own fault and partly by the fatality of events, into an attitude of tyranny and repression which recalls the worst days of the banished race. The fine words of the Revolution have proved too fine for daily use.

The fullest individual rights are guaranteed by the Constitution. But at the first civil uproar the servile Cortes gave them up to the discretion of the government. Law was to be established as the sole rule and criterion of action. But the most arbitrary and cruel sentences are written on drum-heads still vibrating with the roll of battle. The death-penalty was to be abolished. But the shadow of the gallows and the smoke of the fusillade are spread over half of Spain. The army was to be reduced, and the government has just asked the Cortes for eighty thousand men. The colonies were to be emancipated; and Porto Rico stands in the Cortes vainly begging for reforms, while Cuba seems bent upon destroying with her own hands the hateful wealth and beauty which so long have lured and rewarded her tyrants.

Among the plans and promises of the Revolution was the abolition of slavery; a few rounded periods in condemnation of the system, from the ready pen of the Minister of Ultramar, have recently appeared in the Gazette, and a consultative committee has been appointed, but nothing reported. Liberty of thought and speech was to be guaranteed; but fourteen journals were suppressed during the autumn months, and all the clubs in Spain closed for several weeks. The freedom of the municipality was a favorite and most attractive idea, universally accepted, — an automonic state within the state. But great numbers of *ayuntamientos*, elected by universal suffrage, have been turned out of their town halls, and their places filled by swift servitors of the captain-general of the district.

There was pressing need and much talk of financial reform. But the taxes are greater than ever; the debt is increased, and the deficit wider day by day. If a nation can ever be bankrupt, Spain is rapidly approaching bankruptcy.

Unless the situation changes for the better, the Revolution of September will pass into history merely as a mutiny.

The state of things which now exists is intolerable in its uncertainty, and in the possibility which it offers of sudden and unforeseen solutions. With the tardy restoration of individual guaranties, the political life of the people has begun anew. The Republicans, as usual, form the only party which appeals to a frank and public propaganda. The other factions, having little or no support in the body of the people, resort to their traditional tactics of ruse and combination. The reaction has never been so busy as to-day. Emissaries of the Bourbons are flitting constantly from Paris to Madrid. The old partisans of Isabel II., who have failed to receive the rewards of treason from the new government, are returning to their first allegiance. A leading journal of Madrid supports the Prince of Asturias for the throne, with a Montpensier regency. This is a bait thrown out to the Union Liberals, who are gradually drifting away from the late coalition. Don Carlos is watching on the border for another demonstration in his favor, his young wife's diamonds bartered for powder and lead. All the ravening birds of the reaction are hovering over the agonizing quarry of the commonwealth, waiting for the hour to strike.

Of course, it is not reasonable to expect that evils bred of centuries of misrule can be extirpated at once. But there is a very serious question whether, under the system adopted by the leading men of Spain, they can ever be reformed.

In all nations, the engine which is most dangerous to liberty, most destructive of national prosperity, is the standing army. If it were composed of men and officers exempt from human faults and vices, inaccessible to temptation, and incapable of wrong, it would be at best a collection of stingless drones, consumers that produce nothing, men in the vigor of youth condemned to barren idleness. But the army spirit of Spain is probably the worst in the world. In other countries the army is not much worse than useless. It is distinguished by its mechanical, automatic obedience to the law. It is the boast of the army of France, for instance, that it never makes nor prevents revolutions. It carried out the *coup d'état* of December, but it was not in the conspiracy that planned it. The army received orders regularly issued by the Minister of War, and executed them. In 1848 the army exchanged fraternal salutes with the victorious volunteers; but took no part in or against the *émeute*, except when bidden. But the Spanish army, from general to corporal, is penetrated with the poison of conspiracy. With the exception of the engineers, who still preserve some spirit of discipline, and who call themselves with proud humility "The Lambs," there is not a regiment in the service that can-

not be bought if properly approached by the proper men. The common soldiers are honest enough. If turned loose to-morrow, they would go joyfully to their homes and to profitable work. There are many officers who are the soul of honor. There are many who would willingly die rather than betray their commands. There are many who have died in recent years, because they would not be delivered after they had been sold. But they were considered mad.

This corruption of the army is not confined to any special grade. Of course, it is easier to buy one man than many, so that colonels are oftener approached than their regiments. But in one of General Prim's unsuccessful insurrections, it was the sergeants of the artillery barracks who *pronounced*, and cut the throats of their officers.

It is from causes such as this that the Spanish army has grown to be the most anomalous military establishment in the world. Every successive minister has used it for the purposes of his own personal ambition, and has left in it a swarm of superfluous officers, who owe their grades to personal or political services, more or less illegal. Last year the Spanish army contained eight soldiers to one officer. Now, with the enormous number of promotions the present liberal government has squandered among the supporters of General Prim, the officers have risen to the proportion of one to seven. Some two dozen promotions to the grade of general were gazetted after the suppression of the late Republican insurrection.

This is an evil which goes on continually increasing. Every officer who is passed over becomes a beggar or a conspirator. The fortunate ones may feel a slight impulse of gratitude while their crosses are new and their epaulettes untarnished. But not to advance is to decline, is the soldier's motto everywhere; and if advancement lags, they listen to the voice of the opposition charmer, charm he never so grossly. The government cannot complain. The line of precedents is unbroken. There is scarcely a general in Spain but owes his successive grades to successive treasons.

The government finds it impossible to keep its promises of the reduction of the army and the abolition of the conscription. The policy of repression it has so unfortunately adopted renders necessary the maintenance of considerable garrisons in the principal towns, as long as the question of the monarchy is undecided. The re-enforcement of thirty-five thousand men sent to sustain the barbarous and useless conflict in Cuba has so weakened the regular regiments of the Peninsula, that the sparse recruits obtained by volunteering are utterly inadequate to the demand. So that there hangs now over every peasant family in Spain that shadow of blind terror, — the conscription; and every father is learning to curse the government that promised him peace and liberty, and threatens to steal his boy.

When the government has obtained its army of two hundred thousand men, — for, counting the Gendarmerie, the Carabineers, and the Cuban army, it will amount to that, — it can be used for nothing but diplomatic wars or internal oppression, and the people of Spain have had quite enough of both.

With the provision of union between Church and State which has been incorporated in the new Constitution, the government has loaded itself with needless embarrassments. Instead of following the plain indication of popular sentiment, which demanded a free church in a free state, the coalition, anxious to conciliate the reaction, established the Catholic Church as the religion of the state, assuming the expenses and the government of that complex and cumbrous system. In vain were all the arguments of the best jurists and most sensible men in the Cortes; in vain the living thunders of an oratory such as the world has not known elsewhere in modern times. With the exception of the wild harangue of Suñer y Capdevila, who blindly took God to task for the errors of his pretended ministers, the liberal speakers who op-

posed the unhallowed union of Church and State treated the question with the greatest decency and discretion. Not only did they refrain from attacking religion, they respected also the Church. After the Jesuit Manterola had concluded an elaborate argument, which might have been made by Torquemada, so bitter and wicked and relentless was it in its bigotry, Castelar rose, and in that marvellous improvisation which held the Cortes enchained for three hours, and renewed the bright ideals of antique oratory which our times had come to treat as fables, he did not utter a word which could have wounded the susceptibilities of any liberal-minded Catholic.

The embarrassments and troubles resulting from this anomalous marriage of an absolute church with a democratic government have become evident sooner even than any one anticipated. A large number of bishops, and among these the most prominent, are in open contumacy. They treat the orders of the Minister of Grace and Justice with loud and obstreperous contempt. They fomented and assisted as far as possible the Carlist risings of last summer. A considerable number have left the kingdom, in defiance of the order of the Ministry. The engagement which the government assumed to pay them their salaries is the cause of much of this insolence. The treasury is empty, and the clergy think they should at least have the privilege of despising the government while waiting for their pay.

It is easy to see what the state has lost, it is hard to see what it has gained, by this ill-considered league with the church.

The centralized administration of the government, which took its rise in the early days of the Bourbon domination, and has been growing steadily worse ever since, is fatal to the development of a healthy political life. A vast horde of office-holders is scattered over the kingdom, whose only object is to please their patrons at Madrid. The capital is necessarily filled with a time-serving population. Madrid, like Washington, is a capital and nothing else. It is not to be expected that any vigorous vitality of principle should exist in such a town. But the serious evil is, that all Spain is made tributary to the petty policy of personal interests which rules, for the time being, at the capital. The government being omnipresent in the provinces, public works of the plainest utility are made subordinate to the demands of party. When a leading man in a distant region grows clamorous as to the wants of his province, he is quietly brought to Madrid and provided for. The elections, so far, have been mere mockeries of universal suffrage. The numbers of Republican deputies and town councils is truly wonderful, in view of the constant government interference.

The ill effects of this corrupt and centralized administration is seen in nothing more clearly than in the bad state of the finances. Enormous taxes are yearly imposed; with great inequality and injustice of distribution, it is true, but sufficient in quantity to answer all the demands of the state. But, instead of collecting them, the revenue officers seem to consider them legitimate capital for investment and speculation. The people, knowing this, are worse than indifferent, they are absolutely hostile, to the collection of the imposts. There is a continual selfish strife between them and the tax-gatherers, — the one to avoid paying, the other to fill their own pockets. Hence results the constant deficit, the chronic marasmus, of the treasury. The nation is in a financial phthisis. It is not nourished by its revenues.

These evils, and the bad traditions of centuries of misgovernment, have brought the masses of the Spanish people to the condition of political indifferentism, which Buckle doubtless referred to when he called Spain a "torpid mass." This is a condition most favorable to the easy operation of those schemes of cabinet intrigue and garrison conspiracy which have been for so many years the favorite machinery of

Spanish politicians. But it is a state of things incompatible with that robust public activity to which the spirit of the age now invites all civilized peoples. In the opinion of all those who believe, as we do, in the political progress of the world, it is a situation which should not and cannot endure. It is, therefore, the pressing duty of the hour for the statesmen of Spain to decide upon the best means of reforming it.

Most Americans will agree with those thoughtful liberals of the Peninsula, who hold that this reformation is impossible through the monarchy.

A king, brought in by the existing coalition, would be worse than powerless to abolish these old abuses. He would *need* them all to consolidate his rule on the old iniquitous foundations of force and selfishness. He would not dare dismiss the army nor alienate its officers. He would flatter and buy as of old. He would fall into the hands of the greedy and imperious priesthood, in spite of all possible good intentions. He could not deprive himself of the support these logical partisans of divine right could give him in every city and hamlet of the kingdom. There would be under his reign no chance for decentralization. How could he be expected to strip himself, in the newness and uncertainty of his tenure of power, of this enormous influence and patronage?

There is not enough virtue or integrity of purpose in any of the old parties of Spain to take charge of the monarch and lead him on in the path of patriotic reform. They would be chiefly busied, as they are now, in fighting for the spoils and watching each other. The Moderados are worn out and superannuated. The Union Liberal is a tattered harlequin's coat, — nothing left of the original stuff. The Progresistas have done good and glorious work in the past; their leader, Prim, has often deserved well of the commonwealth; but the party has fallen into complete decadence, under the baleful personality of its captain. He has absorbed, not only his own party, but also the so-called Democratic, fusing the two into one, which, in these last weeks, has begun to be called the Radical party. The Duke of Seville, wittiest of the Bourbons since Henry IV., and an ardent Republican, by the way, said the other day: "The point where all these parties agree is, 'the people is an ass; let us jump on and ride': the point where they differ is the color of the saddle."

So powerful has this mutual jealousy already become, that the members of the Liberal Union have withdrawn from the Cabinet, at the first mention of the name of the Duke of Genoa; unwilling to remain in the government to assist in the enthronement of a king not brought forward by themselves. It needs little sagacity to foresee the swarm of secret intrigues and cabals that would spring into life from the moment when the new and strange monarch took up his abode in that marble fortress of Philip V. The old story would be at once renewed, with daily variations, of barrack-plots, scandals of the back stairs, and treasons of the Camarilla. The questions of national policy would at once sink into the background, and ministers of state would again be seen waiting in the antechambers of grooms and confessors.

That these abuses and this apathetic condition of the public conscience could not coexist with the republic is undeniable. The very name is a declaration of war against the permanent army, the state church, the centralized system of administration. It is for this very reason that so many doubt if it be possible to found the republic in Spain. The system in possession is so formidable, that to most observers it has seemed impregnable. The only question asked in Spain and in the world is, not whether the republic is needed there, but whether it is possible. All liberal people agree that, if it could be attained, it would be a great and beneficent thing.

Some eighty deputies and several hundred thousand voting men in Spain want the republic to-day. They are willing to work and suffer for it, and

many have shown that they counted it a light matter to die for it. A large number of journals preach the republic every day to a vast and constantly widening circle of readers. The Republicans, recently freed from the crushing pressure of the temporary dictatorship, have gone so actively to work, that they seem the only men in Spain who are interested in the situation. The Republican minority in the Cortes is so far superior to any equal number of the majority, in earnestness and energy, that when they retired for a few weeks from the Chamber, on the suspension of individual guaranties, the Chamber seemed struck suddenly by the hand of death. The benches of the government deputies were deserted, the galleries were empty. It was impossible to find a quorum present on any day for the voting of necessary laws. But on the day the Republicans returned every member was in his seat, and the listless Madrileños waited for hours in the street to get standing-room in the galleries. Their bitterest enemies seemed glad to see them back. There was an irresistible attraction in their warm and frank enthusiasm.

To this eager and earnest propaganda the Monarchists seem ready to oppose nothing but the old-school politics of enigma and cabal. They content themselves with saying the republic is impossible. They never combat its principles. After a masterly exposition of the advantages of the republic and the defects of the monarchy to supply the pressing needs of Spain, a minister of the government rises and says the people of Spain do not want a republic, it will be years before a republic can be established in Spain. If driven into an argument, they usually say no more than that, if the republic came, it would not stay, and then they point to Greece and Rome and other transitory republics. It is this feebleness of response which is more convincing than the vigor of the attack. They say a majority of Spaniards are not Republicans. This is probably true. A majority of Spaniards are indifferent, and vote with the government for the time being. But the republic is making a most energetic and serious propaganda. It appears, after wild and useless revolt and bloodshed, to have settled down to a quiet and legal contest in the field of polemic discussion. It is making converts every day, and, by the dynamic power that lies in a live principle, every man is worth as much again as a tepid advocate of the monarchy.

One reason of the enormous advantage which the Republican orators possess in debate is, that the partisans of the monarchy are placed in a false position. They dare not say in public what they say in private, — that Spaniards are too ignorant and too violent for a republic. They shrink instinctively from thus libelling their country and indirectly glorifying the institution they oppose. This is a disadvantage which weighs heavily upon the reactionists all over the world. In the old days, when the dumb people was taxed and worked at pleasure, the supporters of tyranny could afford to argue. Even the wise Quesnay and the virtuous Turgot, sustaining the social hierarchy of the days before 1789, could call the laboring classes non-producers, and say that a bare subsistence was all a workingman had any right to expect. But it is an unconscious admission of the general growth of intelligence in the proletariat, that no man dares say such things to-day. Gracefully or awkwardly, the working classes are always flattered by politicians. And if a statesman says civil things to the people, logic will carry him into the republic.

It is hard to deny that, if the chronic evils which have so long afflicted the life of Spain were once thoroughly eradicated, there are special aptitudes in the Peninsula for a federal republic. The federation is ready made. There is a collection of states, with sufficiently distinct traditions and circumstances to justify a full internal autonomy, and enough common interests to unite them under a federal ad-

ministration. The Spaniards are not unfitted by character for the republican system. They have a certain natural personal dignity which assimilates them to the strongly individualized Northern races, and they possess in a remarkable degree the Latin instinct of association. They are the result of three great immigrations, — the Celtic, the Roman, and the Gothic. The republic would utilize the best traits of all these races.

They ought to be an easy people to govern. They are sober, frugal, industrious, and placable. They can make their dinner of a crust of bread and a bunch of grapes. Their favorite luxuries are fresh air and sunshine; their commonest dissipation is a glass of sweetened water and a guitar. It is not reasonable to say that, if the power was given them, they would use it worse than the epauletted bandits who have held it for a century past.

Comparisons drawn from the republics that have flourished and fallen are not altogether just. The condition of the world has greatly changed. We are nearing the close of the nineteenth century. The whole world, bound together in the solidarity of aspiration and interests by a vast publicity, by telegraphs and railways, is moving forward along all the line of nations to larger and ampler liberty. No junta of prominent gentlemen can come together and amiably arrange a programme for a nation, in opposition to this universal tendency. It is too much for any one to prophesy what will be the final result of this great movement. But it cannot well be checked. The people have the right to govern themselves, even if they do it ill. If the republics of the present and future are to be transient, it is sure that monarchies can make no claim to permanence; and the republics of the past have always been marked by prodigious developments of genius and activity.

It would be idle to ignore the great and serious difficulties in the way of the establishment of the republic in Spain. First and gravest is the opposition of all the men who have so long made merchandise of the government the hysterical denunciators of the alarmed church, the sullen hostility of the leading army officers, the selfish fears of the legion of office-holders. Then there is the apprehension of feuds and dissensions in the Republican ranks. The people who have come so newly into possession of a political existence are not as steady and wise as those who have been voting a century or so. Always impatient and often suspicious, they are too apt to turn to-day on the idols of yesterday and rend them. They are most fortunate in the possession of such leaders as the inspired Castelar, the able and blameless Figueras, Pi y Margall, Garcia Lopez, and others. But there is already a secret and smouldering hostility against these irreproachable statesmen, because they did not take their muskets and go out in the mad and fatal insurrection of October. There is an absurd and fantastic point of honor prevalent in Spain, which seems to influence the government and the opposition in an almost equal degree. It compels an aggrieved party to respond to a real or imagined injury by some means outside of the law. Thus, when the Secretary of Tarragona was trampled to death by a mob, the government, instead of punishing the perpetrators, disarmed the militia of that and several adjacent towns. The militia of Barcelona illegally protested. They were, for this offence, illegally disarmed. They flew to the barricades, refused to parley, and the insurrection burst out over half of Spain. There was not a step taken by either side that was not glaringly in conflict with the law of the land. Yet all this seems perfectly natural to the average Spaniard; and we suppose if the government had availed itself, in the circumstances, of the ample provisions of the law, it would have fallen into contempt among its partisans, much as a gentleman in Arkansas would suffer among his high-toned

friends, if he should prosecute a trespasser instead of shooting him. This destructive fantasy the best Republicans are laboring to eradicate from their party, while they inculcate the most religious obedience to the law. The Republican deputies say, in their manifesto of the 24th of November, a paper full of the purest and most faultless democracy: —

"Let us continue in the committees, at the polls, in the clubs, and everywhere, the education of the people. Let us show them that they have no right to be oppressors, because they have been oppressed; that they have no right to be tyrants, because they have been slaves; that their advent is the ruin of kings and executioners; that the terror preached in the name of the people can only serve the people's enemies; that a drop of blood blots the immortal splendor of our ideas; and that the triumph of the people is the triumph of justice, of equal right for all."

If, as we admit, the establishment of the republic will be attended with very serious embarrassments, it seems, on the other hand, that the foundation of any permanent dynasty in the present situation is little short of impossible. The year and a half that has elapsed since the cry of "*España con Honra*" resounded in the harbor of Cadiz has been wellnigh fatal to monarchy in Spain. The people have been long accustomed to revolutions; it is dangerous to let them learn they can do without kings. If the Duke of Montpensier had been at Alcolea, the army would have acclaimed him king within an hour after the fall of Novaliches. Even later, with moderate haste, he could have joined the army and made his terms with Prim, Serrano, and Topete, parting the vestments of the state among them, and entering Madrid in the blaze of enthusiasm that surrounded the liberating triumvirs. But soon the conflict of interests began. The Republican party was born struggling, and received its double baptism of blood. The sorely perplexed Provisional Government took refuge in procrastination, and the interregnum came in officially. For a year the proudest nation on earth has been begging a king in half the royal antechambers and nurseries of Europe. A Spanish satirist has drawn a caricature of a circle of princely youths standing before a vacant throne over which hangs the sword of Damocles. His Excellency Mr. Olózaga begs them to be seated. But the shy strangers excuse themselves. "It is very pretty, but we don't like the upholstery." The citizen Benito Juarez has taught even the unteachable.

If it were simply the coyness of princes that was to be overcome, the matter would not be so grave. There is no doubt that General Prim's government can at any time command a formal majority in the present Cortes for any one whom he may designate; and princes can always be found who would not require much violence to seat them on the throne of St. Ferdinand. There is always Montpensier, infinitely better than any one else yet named. But the truth is, that a profound impression is becoming manifest in Spain that a king is not needed; that, in fact, there is something grotesque in the idea of a great nation deliberately making itself a king, as a girl makes herself a baby of a rag and a ribbon. A dynasty is a thing of mystery and tradition, glorious and venerable, not for itself, but for its associations and its final connection with a shadowy and worshipful past. It requires a robust faith to accept it in our levelling days with all these adjuncts; but it is too absurd to think of two or three middle-aged gentlemen concocting in cold blood this thing of myth and glamour, under the cruel eyes of the nineteenth century!

Monarchy is dying in Spain, — which is as if one should say that Islamism was dying in Mecca. Nowhere in the world has monarchy sustained so great a *rôle*, and nowhere has it played out its part so completely to the falling of the curtain. The old race of kings,

Gothic, Asturian, and Castilian, made a great nation, in the slow accretion of centuries, out of strange and wavering provinces. In those ages of the conquerors it was natural that full worship and authority should be concentrated upon the person of the king and leader. It was a hard, sterile, and destructive policy that formed the modern kingdom of Spain. Its fierce religious bigotry drove out the Moors, and thus annihilated all scientific and progressive agriculture. The banks of the Guadalquiver avenge every year with fever and pestilence the wrongs of that industrious race who could turn those marshy flats into an Oriental garden. The same spirit expelled the Jews, and deprived the Spanish nation of the glory of the names of Disraeli, Spinoza, and Manin, descendants of those quick-witted exiles.

A worse spirit entered the monarchy with Charles V. and his family. He brought into the Spains the shadow of the Germanic tyranny, where the temporal and spiritual powers were more firmly welded together into an absolute despotism over body and soul. The mind of Spain was paralyzed by the steady contemplation of two awful and unquestionable divinities, — the god of this world, the king for the time being, and the God of the priests, as like the earthly one as possible.

Then came the princes of that family whose mission seems to be to carry to their uttermost result the inherent faults of kingship, and so destroy the prestige of thrones. Philip V., first of the Spanish Bourbons, came down from the Court of Louis XIV. with all the pride and luxury and meanness of *le Roi Soleil*, fully permeated with that absurd maxim of royal fatuity, "*En France, la nation ne fait pas corps. L'État, — c'est le Roi!*" This was the family that finished monarchy in Spain, by making everything subsidiary to the vulgar splendor of the court. It made way with the wealth of the Indies in vast palaces and pleasure-grounds. It corrupted and ruined half the aristocracy in the senseless follies and orgies of the capital. Yet it was not a cheerful or jolly court. The kings were rickety, hypochondriac, epileptic, subject to frightful attacks of gloom and bilious piety. The Church naturally profited by this to extend its material and spiritual domains. It revelled in mortmains and inquisitions.

We must do the Bourbons the justice to say that, when they go seriously to work to destroy a throne, they do it very thoroughly and with reasonable promptness. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Louis managed in their two reigns to overturn the monarchy of Clovis. The Spanish Bourbons, in a century, besides the small thrones they have ruined in Italy, have utterly destroyed the prestige of the crown in Spain. That the phantom of divine right has utterly vanished from this country, where it was once a living reality, seems too evident for discussion. This appears in the daily utterances of the press, in the common speech of men, in the open debates of the Cortes. In the land where once the king's name was not mentioned but with uncovered head and a reverent *Que Dios guarde!* where liberty and property only existed by his gracious sufferance, the Minister of Finance talks of prosecuting the queen for overdrawing her bank account and stealing the jewels of the Crown. The loyal faith and worship, which from the Visigoths to the Bourbons was twelve centuries in growing, has disappeared in a lifetime, driven away by the analytical spirit of the age, aided by the journalism of the period and the eccentricities of Doña Isabel.

The absolute monarchy is clearly impossible; the constitutional monarchy is a compromise with tradition unworthy of the time, and useless in the attitude of free choice where Spain now stands. No decision will bring immediate peace and prosperity to a country so long and systematically misruled. But the only logical solution, and the one which offers most possibilities of safety and permanence, is the Republic.

CAPTAIN BEN'S CHOICE.

AN old red house on a rocky shore, with a fisherman's blue boat rocking on the bay, and two white sails glistening far away over the water. Above, the blue, shining sky; and below, the blue, shining sea.

"It seems clever to have a pleasant day," said Mrs. Davids, sighing.

Mrs. Davids said everything with a sigh, and now she wiped her eyes also on her calico apron. She was a woman with a complexion like faded seaweed, who seemed always pitying herself.

"I tell them," said she, "I have had real hard luck. My husband is buried away off in California, and my son died in the army, and he is buried away down South. Neither one of them is buried together."

Then she sighed again. Twice, this time.

"And so," she continued, taking out a pinch of bayberry snuff, "I am left alone in the world. *Alone*, I say! why, I 've got a daughter, but she is away out West. She is married to an engineerman. And I 've got two grandchildren."

Mrs. Davids took the pinch of bayberry and shook her head, looking as though that was the "hardest luck" of all.

"Well, everybody has to have their pesters, and you 'll have to have yours," rejoined Miss Persis Tame, taking a pinch of snuff — the real Maccaboy — twice as large, with twice as fierce an action. "I don't know what it is to bury children, nor to lose a husband; I s'pose I don't; but I know what it is to be jammed round the world and not have a ruff to stick my head under. I wish I had all the money I ever spent travelling, — and *that* 's twelve dollars," she continued, regretfully.

"Why in the world don't you marry and have a home of your own?" sighed Mrs. Davids.

"Well, I don't *expect* to marry. I don't know as I do at my time of life," responded the spinster. "I rather guess my day for chances is gone by."

"You ain't such a dreadful sight older than I am, though," replied Mrs. Davids, reflectively.

"Not so old by two full years," returned Miss Tame, taking another smart pinch of snuff, as though it touched the empty spot in her heart and did it good. "But *you* ain't looking out for opportunities yet, I suppose."

Mrs. Davids sighed evasively. "We can't tell what is before us. There is more than one man in want of a wife."

As though to point her words, Captain Ben Lundy came in sight on the beach, his head a long way forward and his shambling feet trying in vain to keep up.

"Thirteen months and a half since Lyddy was buried," continued Mrs. Davids, accepting this application to her words, "and there is Captain Ben taking up with just what housekeeper he can get, and *no* housekeeper at all. It would be an excellent home for you, Persis. Captain Ben always had the name of making a kind husband."

She sighed again, whether from regret for the bereaved man, or for the multitude of women bereft of such a husband.

By this time Captain Ben's head was at the door.

"Morning!" said he, while his feet were coming up. "Quite an accident down here below the lighthouse last night. Schooner ran ashore in the blow and broke all up into kindling-wood in less than no time. Captain Tisdale 's been out looking for dead bodies ever since daylight."

"I knowed it!" sighed Mrs. Davids. "I heard a rushing sound some time about the break of day that waked me out of a sound sleep, and I knowed then there was a spirit leaving its body. I heard it the night Davids went, or I

expect I did. It must have been very nearly at that time."

"Well, I guess it was n't a spirit, last night," said Captain Ben; "for as I was going on to say, after searching back and forth, Captain Tisdale came upon the folks, a man and a boy, rolled up in their wet blankets asleep behind the life-boat house. He said he felt like he could shake them for staying out in the wet. Wrecks always make for the lighthouse, so he s'posed those ones were drowned to death, sure enough."

"O, then it could n't have been them I was warned of!" returned Mrs. Davids, looking as though she regretted it. "It was right over my head, and I waked up just as the thing was rushing past. You have n't heard, have you," she continued, "whether or no there was any other damage done by the gale?"

"I don't know whether you would call it *damage* exactly," returned Captain Ben; "but Loizah Mullers got so scared she left me and went home. She said she could n't stay and run the chance of another of our coast blows, and off she trapsed."

Mrs. Davids sighed like November. "So you have some hard luck, as well as myself. I don't suppose you can *get* a housekeeper to keep her long," said she, dismally.

"Abel Grimes tells me it is enough sight easier getting wives than housekeepers, and I 'm some of a mind to try that tack," replied Captain Ben, smiling grimly.

Mrs. Davids put up her hand to feel of her back hair, and smoothed down her apron; while Miss Persis Tame blushed like a withered rose, and turned her eyes modestly out of the window.

"I am *so*. But the difficulty is, who will it be? There are so many to select from it is fairly bothersome," continued Captain Ben, winking fast and looking as though he was made of dry corn-cobs and hay.

Miss Persis Tame turned about abruptly. "The land alive!" she ejaculated with such sudden emphasis that the dishes shook on their shelves and Captain Ben in his chair. "It makes me mad as a March hare to hear men go on as though all they 'd got to do was to throw down their handkerchers to a woman, and, no matter who, she 'd spring and run to pick it up. It is always 'Who will I marry?' and not 'Who will marry me?'"

"Why, there is twice the number of widders that there is of widderers here at the P'int. That was what was in my mind," said Captain Ben, in a tone of meek apology. "There is the Widow Keens, she that was Azubah Muchmore. I don't know but what she would do; Lyddy used to think everything of her, and she is a first-rate of a housekeeper."

"Perhaps so," assented Mrs. Davids, dubiously. "But she is troubled a sight with the head complaint; I suppose you know she is. That is against her."

"Yes," assented Miss Tame. "The Muchmores all have weak heads. And, too, the Widow Keens, she 's had a fall lately. She was up in a chair cleaning her top buttery shelf, and somehow one of the chair legs give way, — it was loose or something, I expect, — and down she went her whole heft. She keeps about, but she goes with two staves."

"I want to know if that is so," said Captain Ben, his honest soul warming with sudden sympathy. "The widder has seen a sight of trouble."

"Yes, she has lived through a good deal, that woman has. I could n't live through so much, 'pears to me; but we don't know what we can live through," rejoined Miss Tame.

Captain Ben did not reply, but his ready feet began to move to and fro restlessly; for his heart, more ready yet, had already gone out toward the unfortunate widow.

"It is so bad for a woman to be alone," said he to himself, shambling along the shingly beach a moment after. "Nobody to mend her chairs or split up her kindlings or do a chore for her; and she lame into the bargain! It is *too* bad."

"He has steered straight for the Widow Keens's, as sure as A is apple-dumpling," remarked Miss Persis, peering after him from the window.

"Well, I must admit I would n't have thought of Captain Ben's being en-a-mored after such a sickly piece of business. But men never know what they want. Won't you just hand me that gum-camphyer bottle, now you are up? It is on that chest of drawers behind you."

"No more they don't," returned Miss Tame, with a plaintive cadence, taking a sniff from the camphor-bottle on the way. "However, I don't begrutch him to her, — I don't know as I do. It will make her a good hum, though, if she concludes to make arrangements."

Meantime, Captain Ben Lundy's head was wellnigh at Mrs. Keens's door, for it was situated only around the first sand-hill. She lived in a little bit of a house that looked as though it had been knocked together for a crockery-crate in the first place, with two windows and a rude door thrown in as afterthoughts. In the rear of this house was another tiny building, something like a grown-up hen-coop; and this was where Mrs. Keens carried on the business bequeathed to her by her deceased husband, along with five small children, and one not so small. But, worse than that, one who was "not altogether there," as the English say.

She was about this business now, dressed in a primitive sort of bloomer, with a wash-tub and clothes-wringer before her, and an army of bathing-suits of every kind and color flapping wildly in the fresh sea air at one side.

From a little farther on, mingling with the sound of the beating surf, came the merry voices of bathers, — boarders at the great hotels on the hill.

"Here you be! Hard at it!" said Captain Ben, puffing around the corner like a portable west-wind. "I 've understood you 've had a hurt. Is that so?"

"O no! Nothing to mention," returned Mrs. Keens, turning about a face bright and cheerful as the full moon; and throwing, as by accident, a red bathing-suit over the two broomsticks that leaned against her tub.

Unlike Mrs. Davids, Mrs. Keens neither pitied herself nor would allow anybody else to do so.

"Sho!" remarked Captain Ben, feeling defrauded. He had counted on sacrificing himself to his sympathies, but he did n't give up yet. "You must see some pretty tough times 'pears to me with such a parcel of little ones, and only yourself to look to," said he, proceeding awkwardly enough to hang the pile of wrung-out clothes upon an empty line.

"I don't complain," returned the widow, bravely. "My children are not *teusome;* and Jack, why you would be surprised to see how many things Jack can do, for all he is n't quite right."

As she spoke thus with affectionate pride, Jack came up wheeling a roughly made cart filled with wet bathing-clothes from the beach. He looked up at sound of his mother's voice with something of the dumb tenderness of an intelligent dog. "Jack helps, Jack good boy," said he, nodding with a happy smile.

"Yes, Jack helps. We don't complain," repeated the mother.

"It would come handy, though, to have a man around to see to things and kind o' provide, would n't it, though?" persisted Captain Ben.

"Some might think so," replied Mrs. Keens, stopping her wringer to reflect a little. "But I have n't any wish to change my situation," she added, decidedly, going on again with her work.

"Sure on 't?" persisted the Captain.

"Certain," replied the widow.

Captain Ben sighed. "I thought ma' be you was having a hard row to hoe, and I thoughts like enough —"

What he never said, excepting by a beseeching glance at the cheerful widow, for just then an interruption came from some people after bathing-suits.

So Captain Ben moved off with a dismal countenance. But before he had gone far it suddenly brightened. "It might not be for the best," quoth he to himself. "Like enough not. I

was very careful not to commit myself, and I am very glad I did n't." He smiled as he reflected on his judicious wariness. "But, however," he continued, "I might as well finish up this business now. There is Rachel Doolittle. Who knows but she 'd make a likely wife? Lyddy sot a good deal by her. She never had a quilting or a sewing bee but what nothing would do but she must give Rachel Doolittle an invite. Yes; I wonder I never decided on her before. She will be glad of a home sure enough, for she haves to live around, as it were, upon her brothers."

Captain Ben's feet quickened themselves at these thoughts, and had almost overtaken his head, when behold! at a sudden turn in the road there stood Miss Rachel Doolittle, picking barberries from a wayside bush. "My sakes! If she ain't right here, like Rachel in the Bible!" ejaculated Captain Ben, taking heart at the omen.

Miss Doolittle looked up from under her tied-down brown hat in surprise at such a salutation. But her surprise was increased by Captain Ben's next remark.

"It just came into my mind," said he, "that you was the right one to take Lyddy's place. You two used to be such great knit-ups that it will seem 'most like having Lyddy back again. No," he continued, after a little reflection, "I don't know of anybody I had rather see sitting in Lyddy's chair and wearing Lyddy's things than yourself."

"Dear me, Captain Lundy, I could n't think of it. Paul's folks expect me to stay with them while the boarder-season lasts, and I 've as good as promised Jacob's wife I 'll spend the winter with her."

"Ain't that a hard life you are laying out for yourself? And then bum by you will get old or sick ma' be, and who is going to want you around then? Every woman needs a husband of her own to take care of her."

"I 'm able to take care of myself as yet, thanks to goodness! And I am not afraid my brothers will see me suffer in case of sickness," returned Miss Doolittle, her cheeks flaming up like a sumach in October.

"But had n't you better take a little time to think it over? Ma' be it come sudden to you," pleaded Captain Ben.

"No, I thank you. Some things don't need thinking over," answered Miss Doolittle, plucking at the barberries more diligently than ever.

"I wish Lyddy was here. She would convince you you are standing in your own light," returned Lyddy's widower in a perplexed tone.

"I don't need one to come from the dead to show me my own mind," retorted Miss Doolittle, firmly.

"Well, like enough you are right," said Captain Ben, mildly, putting a few stems of barberries in her pail; "ma' be 't would n't be best. I don't want to be rash."

And with that he moved off, on the whole congratulating himself he had not decided to marry Miss Doolittle.

"I thought, after she commenced her miserable gift of the gab, that Lyddy used to be free to admit she had a fiery tongue, for all they were such friends. And I 'm all for peace myself. I guess, on the whole, ma' be she ain't the one for me, perhaps, and it is as well to look further. *Why!* what in *the* world! Well, there! what have I been thinking of? There is Mrs. Davids, as neat as a new cent, and the master hand to save. She is always taking on; and she will be glad enough to have somebody to look out for her, — why, sure enough! And there I was right at her house this very day, and never once thought of her! What an old dunce!"

But, fortunately, this not being a sin of *com*mission, it could easily be rectified; and directly Captain Ben had turned about and was trotting again toward the red house on the beach.

"Pound for pound of the best white sugar," he heard Miss Tame say as he neared the door.

"White sugar!" repeated Mrs. Davids, her usual sigh drawn out into a little groan. "*White* sugar for *cran*berries! Who ever heard of such a

thing? I 've always considered I did well when I had plenty of brown."

"Poor creeter!" thought Captain Ben. "How she will enjoy getting into my pantry. Lyddy never complained that she did n't have enough of everything to do *with*."

And in the full ardor of his intended benevolence, he went right in and opened the subject at once. But, to his astonishment, Mrs. Davids refused him. She sighed, but she refused him.

"I 've seen trouble enough a'ready, without my rushing into more with my eyes wide open," sighed she.

"Trouble? Why, that is just what I was meaning to save you!" exclaimed the bewildered widower. "Pump right in the house, and stove e'enamost new. And Lyddy never knew what it was to want for a spoonful of sugar or a pound of flour. And such a *handy* buttery and sink! Lyddy used to say she felt the worst about leaving her buttery of anything."

"Should thought she would," answered Mrs. Davids, forgetting to sigh. "However, I can't say that I feel any hankering after marrying a buttery. I 've got buttery-room enough here, without the trouble of getting set up in a new place."

"Just as you say," returned the rejected. "I ain't sure as you 'd be exactly the one. I *was* a thinking of looking for somebody a little younger."

"Well, here is Persis Tame. Why don't you bespeak her? *She* is younger, and she is in need of a good home. I can recommend her, too, as the first-rate of a cook," remarked Mrs. Davids, benevolently.

Miss Tame had been sitting a little apart by the open window, smiling to herself.

But now she turned about at once. "Hm!" said she, with contempt. "I should rather live under an umbrella tied to a stake, than marry for a *hum*."

So Captain Ben went home without engaging either wife or housekeeper.

And the first thing he saw was Captain Jacob Doolittle's old one-eyed horse eating the apples Loizah Mullers had strung and festooned from nails against the house, to dry.

The next thing he saw was, that, having left a window open, the hens had flown in and gone to housekeeping on their own account. But they were not, like Mrs. Davids, as neat as a new cent, and *not*, also, such master hands to save.

"Shoo! shoo! Get out. Go 'long there with you!" cried Captain Ben, waving the dish-cloth and the poker. "I declare for 't! I most had n't ought to have left that bread out on the table. They 've made a pretty mess of it, and it is every spec there is in the house, too. Well, I must make a do of potatoes for supper, with a bit of pie and a mouthful of cake."

Accordingly he went to work building a fire that would n't burn. Then, forgetting the simple matter of dampers, the potatoes would n't bake. The tea-kettle boiled over and cracked the stove, and after that boiled dry and cracked itself. Finally the potatoes fell to baking with so much ardor they overdid it and burnt up. And, last of all, the cake-jar and pie-cupboard proved to be entirely empty. Loizah had left on the eve of baking-day.

"The old cat! Well, I 'd just as soon live on slapjacks a spell," said Captain Ben, when he made this discovery.

But even slapjacks palled on his palate, especially when he had them always to cook for himself.

"'T ain't no way to live, this ain't," said he at last. "I 'm a good mind to marry as ever I had to eat."

So he put on his hat and walked out. The first person he met was Miss Persis Tame, who turned her back and fell to picking thoroughwort blossoms as he came up.

"Look a here," said he, stopping short, "I 'm dreadful put to 't. I can't get ne'er a wife nor ne'er a housekeeper, and I am e'enamost starved to death. I wish you *would* consent to marry with me, if you feel as if you could bring your mind to it. I am sure it would have been Lyddy's wish."

Miss Tame smelt of the thoroughwort blossoms.

"It comes pretty sudden on me," she replied. "I had n't given the subject any thought. But you *are* to be pitied in your situation."

"Yes. And I 'm dreadful lonesome. I 've always been used to having Lyddy to talk over things with, and I miss her a sight. And I don't know anybody that has her ways more than you have. You are a good deal such a built woman, and you have the same hitch to your shoulders when you walk. You 've got something the same look to your eyes, too; I noticed it last Sunday in meeting-time," continued the widower, anxiously.

"I do feel for you. A man alone is in a deplorable situation," replied Miss Tame. "I 'm sure I 'd do anything in my power to help you."

"Well, marry with me then. That is what I want. We could be real comfortable together. I 'll go for the license this minute, and we 'll be married right away," returned the impatient suitor. "You go up to Elder Crane's, and I 'll meet you there as soon as I can fetch around."

Then he hurried away, "without giving me a chance to say 'no,'" said "she that was" Persis Tame, afterward. "So I *had* to marry with him, as you might say. But I 've never seen cause to regret it. I 've got a first-rate of a hum, and Captain Ben makes a first-rate of a husband. And no hain't he, I hope, found cause to regret it," she added, with a touch of wifely pride; "though I do expect he might have had his pick among all the single women at the Point; but out of them all he chose *me*."

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Across America and Asia. Notes of a Five Years' Journey around the World, and of Residence in Arizona, Japan, and China. By RAPHAEL PUMPELLY. New York: Leypoldt and Holt.

IN the autumn of 1860 Mr. Pumpelly left civilized lands for Arizona, as he tells us, on the front seat of a laboring and heavy-laden stage-coach, his next companion a Missouri ruffian, armed with bowie-knife and revolver. The journey begun under these rather depressing auspices was not destined to be enlivened by cheering or reassuring circumstances. In passing through Northeastern Texas, the passengers were awakened one morning by a party of "regulators," in quest of a man who had just committed a murder at a town a few miles in the rear. "He is a tall fellow, with blue eyes and a red beard," said the spokesman of this band. "So, if you have got him in there, stranger, you need n't tote him any farther, for the branch of a mesquit-tree is strong enough for his neck." Mr. Pumpelly, possessing all the attributes enumerated, naturally did not regard the situation as amusing or consoling. After sixteen days and nights of continuous bumping and jolting, Mr. Pumpelly became delirious from want of sleep, and finally lapsed into unconsciousness. Being awakened by a pistol-shot, he found himself on the floor of a crowded room, where two or three dozen ruffians were quarrelling over their cards.

These little incidents were a foretaste of what was to come, and illustrate, as by the merest hint, the state of social anarchy by which our Southwestern frontier was disgraced ten years ago. Mr. Pumpelly visited Arizona at a time when the restraint exercised by the community over the individual was even more than ordinarily relaxed, on account of the breaking out of the Rebellion, the withdrawal of troops, and the consequent unchecked incursions of the Indians. The state of things which he describes is a state of absolute and ferocious anarchy. Every man's revolver was against every other man. The Apaches, turning out in large numbers, butchered

the whites wherever they could find them, even skulking in the bushes near the mines, and shooting the workmen by the light of the furnace-fires. The Mexican peons, or workmen, frequently arose and massacred their American superintendents, carrying away such ore as they found means of transporting. But the lowest depths of crime seem to have been reserved for the Americans themselves to sound. One desperado, met by Mr. Pumpelly, kept a string of eighteen pairs of ears taken from his victims, which he appears to have gloried in as an Apache would glory in a bundle of scalps. He boasted that he would increase the number to twenty-five; but before he had attained this goal of his ambition the hand of Nemesis overtook him; he was seized by his enraged neighbors and hung over a slow fire.

It is pleasant to turn from this dismal picture of frontier lawlessness to the ancient civilizations of Eastern Asia. From San Francisco Mr. Pumpelly proceeded to Japan, as mining engineer in the service of the Japanese government. At that time the Taikoon was carrying out, with apparent success, the recently adopted policy of admitting foreigners into the empire, and of appropriating European ideas and inventions. All that Mr. Pumpelly tells us of this remarkable country is no less interesting than provoking to our curiosity. The coexistence of the primeval patriarchal feudalism in politics and a wide-spread fetichism in religion, with a notable progress in civilization, both moral and material, offers a new problem to the scientific student of history; and the causes which have preserved into modern times the prehistoric structure of society, both in this empire and its neighbor China, will, when thoroughly understood, go far toward helping us to an adequate theory of social progress. After a pleasant year in Japan, the breaking out of the revolution which has since overturned the authority of the Taikoon obliged Mr. Pumpelly to leave the country. The three succeeding years were spent in investigating the condition of China, and in the homeward journey across Tartary and Siberia to European Russia.

Mr. Pumpelly was enabled during his stay in China to acquire unusually good data for forming an opinion on the perplexing problem of Chinese emigration. After centuries of isolation, that vast population is beginning to relieve itself by flowing over into the islands of the Pacific, into Australia, and into California. Should this emigration continue with as much rapidity as that which has filled our Eastern cities with Germans and Irishmen, we may expect to see ten millions of Chinese settled in our country within twenty years. According to Mr. Pumpelly, there is much to be gained from this immense and sudden immigration, and but little to be feared, provided our legislation is guided by sound knowledge of the character and habits of the Chinese people. Mr. Pumpelly's opinion of the Chinese is removed alike from the ignorant laudation and the indiscriminate censure which have been so freely indulged in by theorizers on history and adventurers in politics, that the whole question has been made a very puzzling one to most persons.

Mr. Pumpelly's narrative is interesting and instructive throughout, though many persons unfamiliar with scientific details will perhaps now and then skip a few pages relating to mining operations and to geological matters. He makes no attempt at eloquence or fine writing, but his book is often eloquent, and is characterized by that best kind of fine writing, which consists in presenting concrete details picturesquely and forcibly, with entire simplicity of statement.

The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition. By FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE. Roberts Brothers: Boston. 1870.

IT is superfluous to praise Dr. Hedge, and we have not the space to enter upon a detailed criticism of his new book, which does not, in point either of sentiment, of thought, or of style, fall behind any of its predecessors. The great merit of Dr. Hedge, as a religious writer, is that he so well reflects the best mental culture of the time. He is very careful never to break absolutely with the chain of sacred tradition; on the contrary, he treats the traditional faiths of the world with tender and scrupulous reverence. But he interprets them by so much larger a light of reason than is usually brought to bear upon them, that the reader can hardly escape feeling his intellect greatly stimulated, if not altogether satisfied. We suppose, in fact, that it is Dr. Hedge's characteristic aim as a writer, to quicken the mind of his readers in the direction of all sane inquiry, rather than to

offer them a fixed solution of our current intellectual problems. This accounts for what we may call the *tentative* air of his books, or the habitually sceptical attitude he maintains towards the dogmatism of faith and the dogmatism of science, both alike.

His present work is composed of twelve chapters, not obviously erudite, and yet instinct with learned culture, in which he deals gracefully and reverently with many of the most striking and urgent problems suggested by the Hebrew cosmology, such as "Creation," "Man an Image of God," "Man in Paradise," "The Deluge," etc. And whosoever, in the absence of ability or opportunity to pursue investigations like these for himself, should yet desire to know what fruits they bring to cultivated and devout thought, may safely be commended to Dr. Hedge's beautiful and dispassionate essays.

The Pope and the Council. By JANUS. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WE cordially recommend this book to all our readers who would understand the relation which the Papacy sustains to modern thought, and the designs which have animated it in summoning the Œcumenical Council. The book is anonymous, but it is understood to represent a party in the Church who are tired of its reactionary tendencies, and who seek, with the aids of a copious erudition and a great force of reasoning, to arouse the faithful to a discernment of the downfall which the Jesuit influence is preparing for the Church by thus reducing it to rational and spiritual idiocy. Protestants chuckle with undissembled joy at the tokens of decrepitude in the Romish hierarchy, and would dislike nothing more than to see the Œcumenical Council seriously pondering the anomaly and contradiction which the Papacy presents to the life of society, or the march of God's providence upon earth, and doing its best to soften them. But what is thus a delight to the Protestant is very grievous to the devout but enlightened Catholic; and it is well worth one's while to read this book, if only to see how a zealous belief in the Church may coexist with an intelligent contempt for the childish superstitions into which it is now plunging. It is really very curious that a book of this searching character should have come out of the Church itself, and should express the views of a considerable party in the Church. "To us," say the writers, "the Catholic Church and the Papacy are by no means convertible terms; and therefore, while in outward communion with them, we are inwardly separated by a great gulf from those whose ideal of the Church is a universal empire spiritually, — and where it is possible physically, — ruled by a single monarch, an empire of force and oppression, where the spiritual authority is aided by the secular arm in summarily suppressing every movement it dislikes." "We are of opinion, *first*, that the Catholic Church, far from assuming a hostile and suspicious attitude towards the principles of political, intellectual, and religious freedom and independence of judgment, in so far as they are capable of a Christian interpretation, or rather are directly derived from the letter and spirit of the gospel, ought, on the contrary, to be in positive accord with them, and to exercise a constant purifying and ennobling influence on their development; *secondly*, that a great and searching reformation of the Church is necessary and inevitable, however long it may be evaded."

The book is divided into three chapters, canvassing severally the three points to which the Council will devote its attention, and which it is designed that it shall confirm, namely, the denunciatory propositions of the Syllabus, and the two new articles of faith to be imposed upon the Church: 1. The assumption of the body of the Virgin into heaven; 2. The infallibility of the Pope. On the dogmatic pretensions of the *Syllabus* the writers have comparatively little to say, except to show that the intention is to crush out all intellectual freedom and freedom of conscience in the Church, by recourse, if possible, to the secular power; and on the bodily assumption of the Virgin, they are contemptuously brief. The main strain of the book accordingly goes to an exposure of the falsity wrapped up in the second new dogma, that of papal infallibility; and no one can read the mass of well-ordered historic information brought to bear upon this topic, without sheer amazement at the infatuation which seems to be driving the leaders of the Church to ecclesiastical suicide. The authors of the book are evidently men of great weight, and what they say must eventually command attention from the Church.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

No. CXLIX. MARCH, 1870.

DICKENS'S NEW STORY.

THE Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that, by special arrangement with Mr. Charles Dickens, his new novel, which promises to be the important literary event of the year, will be first published in America in the pages of EVERY SATURDAY, simultaneously with the appearance of the Story in monthly parts in London, and accompanied with all the ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS. This serial will begin in March.

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANIES are now completed by the publication of the fifth volume, which contains much matter until now uncollected. No other collections of Thackeray's miscellaneous writings approaches the completeness of this. The new English edition omits many of the author's admirable and characteristic papers, which have been gathered from the back numbers of Fraser and Punch to enrich the present series. With this volume the public will have Thackeray's entire works — Novels, Poems, and Miscellanies — in eleven handsomely printed uniform volumes at a price so low as to place the Household Edition of Thackeray within the reach of all.

BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD. — The first volume of William Cullen Bryant's translation of the Iliad of Homer — uniform with the sumptuous edition of Longfellow's "Divine Comedy" published three years since — is now ready. The second and concluding volume will be issued in May. Greek scholars have long looked forward to the completion of Bryant's translation of the Iliad as an event in literature; and the best critics who have examined the work express the opinion that it will stand as the accepted and permanent English rendering of Homer.

A CAPITAL BOOK. — A writer in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, speaking of Swinton's History of the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, State of New York, says: "The most celebrated militia organization of the country is fortunate in having as its historian the accomplished gentleman who has ably recorded the career of the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Swinton is recognized as at once the most brilliant and intelligent writer on military affairs that the late war developed. His account of the campaigns of the great force which, with shifting fortunes and under varied leadership, initiated the four years' struggle on the Union side and brought it to a successful conclusion, as well as his story of the decisive battles, proves that he combines with rare felicity scientific knowledge of his subject and the literary skill essential to its attractive and intelligible presentation to the civilian as well as the soldier. His name on the title-page of this volume would therefore secure for it the attention of many readers, even were the material with which he has worked less ample and interesting. But the name of the Seventh Regiment was a familiar household word in the popular mouth long before the war as it was during and has been since that memorable passage in the national annals. In time of peace the regiment was living and splendid proof of the efficiency to which a purely voluntary organization of troops could be brought. When war supervened, it at once demonstrated the importance of such organization. And now, as then and at all times, it is an impressive example of the wonderful and subtle power of what is included in the term *esprit de corps* in maintaining intact and with unimpaired discipline that organization from generation to generation. Perhaps if the Seventh had done nothing more than serve as such an example, it would have been worth all it has cost. But Mr. Swinton's history fully establishes its claim to recognition for more important services. At one time it was the fashion in some quarters to speak sneeringly of the active duty of the Seventh during the war, but Mr. Swinton's narrative would show the unreasoning injustice of those sneers, had not those who indulged in them long ago acknowledged it. An introductory chapter tells of the origin of the Seventh, which was organized over forty-five years ago, at a meeting of officers of the Eleventh Regiment of Artillery, held in the old Shakespeare Hotel, on the southerly corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets, in the city of New York. The details of the inception and growth of the corps will interest everybody ever directly or indirectly connected with it, and many more beside. From this preliminary sketch Mr. Swinton passes to the outbreak of hostilities in 1861, and thence traces the operations of the Seventh in its well-remembered march from New York to Washington, its stay in the Capitol, its encampment in the District of Columbia and the State of Virginia, its response to the second summons, its service in Fort Federal Hill at Baltimore, its prompt answer to the third call, upon Lee's invasion of the North, its campaign n Maryland, and its final service in the draft riots in New York. All these events are considered with the care for minute details which marks the exact chronicler, and with a vivacity of description that gives spirit and breadth to the history. A Roll of Honor, sketching the services of members of the regiment in the army and navy, is appended to the volume, which is illustrated by Thomas Nast, and has a frontispiece portrait of Colonel Marshall Lefferts."

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP. — A new book by Mr. F. Bret Harte, whose striking contributions to the *Overland Monthly* have won him a place in the front rank of American story-writers, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. Besides the story which gives the book its title, the volume will include "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "The Idyl of Red Gulch," "Tennessee's Partner," "Miggles," and a variety of other stories and sketches, forming together one of the choicest volumes of the season.

AMONG MY BOOKS, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. — The papers comprised in this volume are unquestionably the most important addition that has been recently made to the critical literature of America. There is not an essay in the collection that would not have placed the writer in the front rank of thinkers and critics, if he had stood in need of any such promotion. The subjects treated of by Professor Lowell are "Dryden," "Witchcraft," "Shakespeare Once More," "New England Two Centuries Ago," "Lessing," and "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists."

A NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GATES AJAR." — Among the attractive books now in the press of Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., and to be issued in March, Miss Phelps's new novel, "Hedged In," excites perhaps the liveliest anticipations. "Hedged In" deals with a subject of great difficulty and delicacy, but of the utmost interest to the community. Its story is that of a woman, fallen in the sight of the world, but lifted out of her sad condition and so "hedged in" by kindly influences and earnest friends, that she is restored to a life of honor and usefulness. Miss Phelps has long taken the deepest interest in this subject, and her practical observations among the unfortunate class referred to have qualified her for writing understandingly as well as sympathetically.

GERALD MASSEY'S NEW POEMS. — "Massey's distinguishing characteristic, as indicated in this volume, is spiritual power. He has, indeed, other qualities which would give him a high rank among living poets. His poetry is as full of flowers as a prairie in spring; and they are as fresh, too, and rare in beauty, and unlike the flowers that grow in cultivated gardens. His poetical preface is a bunch of such; of which a single verse, no better than the others, shall serve as sample: —

"'My poem was in the making. These are your
Warmth-needy nurslings, Reader! — mine no more!
The life I gave will no more fill my *breast*
Than the flown birds come back to last year's nest.
And if these live again, 't is you must give
The reflex thrill to them by which they live.'

Despite some false rhymes and imperfect measures, the movement of his verses is musical in a very high if not absolutely the highest degree. He is a man of strong feeling, too, and has the rare capacity of seizing on those shadowy states which, lying on the borders of consciousness, usually escape our apprehension, and of expressing them in forms which cannot fail to wake an echo in many a heart. Who has not known the mystical experience of between dreaming and waking, when the already forgotten dream, which the mind vainly strives to recall, yet leaves by its impress on the mind a singular terror, or yet more singular delight?

"'At times I seemed to waken at a call,
And rose up listening for the next footfall,
Which never came, as though it could not keep
The step with that my spirit caught in sleep;
For I, in waking, must have crossed the line
Bounding the range of spirit-life from mine.
. . . . . .
"'Sometimes I wake with lashes wet and bright
With a strange glory of delicious light,
As though an Angel had shone my shut eyes through,
And filled my soul with heaven, as Dawn the dew:
A fragrance from afar with me would stay
And at my work my heart sang all next day.'

But if he shares these elements of power with other poets, and is even the inferior of some in them, he is, if not without a peer, at least without a superior in the grasp of the unseen, and in the utterance of those experiences which true spiritual insight affords. There is, indeed, no lack of religious poetry in the world of literature. Devotional sentiment appears and reappears in myriads of forms, healthful and morbid. Philanthropy and humanity are so akin to love and chivalry, that it would be strange if they were not often interwoven with other earthlier threads in the poet's loom. Yet these are earthly, too; and it is not for these we award a crown to Gerald Massey, but for this: that to him the unseen is the real, the invisible is the seen; the spirit-world is no far-off dream-land, but a continent close at hand; Christ no poetic figment, the object of a sentimental worship, but a living Christ, close at hand. The key-note of his character and his poetry he may give in his own words, at once brief and beautiful: —

"'This scheme of things, with all the sights you see,
Are only pictures of the things that be.
What you call Matter is but as the sheath
Shaped, even as bubbles are, by spirit-breath.
The mountains are but firmer clouds of earth,
Still changing to the breath that gave them birth,
Spirit aye shapeth Matter into view,
As music wears the forms it passes through.
Spirit is lord of substance, Matter's sole
First cause and forming power and final goal.'

It is with the spirit-world Massey endeavors to bring us face to face in his *Tale of Eternity*. It is quite clear that it is in the spirit-world he best loves to dwell. If his ghost be somewhat ghastly, if his picture of the torments of a lost soul be somewhat fearful, they are at least powerful. The hell he pictures is stripped of those physical aspects which shock the common sense as well as the common feeling, and is the more terrible because carried within the breast. Of his shorter poems the religious lyrics are the best." — *N. Y. Independent.*

MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT. — In this work the Rev. William Mountford makes a notable contribution to the more serious literature of the day. The author has thoughtfully investigated the various perplexing phenomena of "Spiritualism," and the conclusions to which he arrives, as well as the personal experiences he records, are of great value and interest.

WHITTIER'S POEMS IN ENGLAND. — The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which seldom finds anything to praise in illustrated books of American production, prints the following cordial notice of The Ballads of New England: "Ten of Mr. Whittier's ballads are illustrated in this exquisite little volume. It is a gem of American art, charming in design and execution. The poems — and this is saying a great deal — are worthy of the careful labor expended on them, and it is difficult to say which we like most, — the simple ballads of the poet or the pencil poetry by which they are here illustrated. The book is most creditable to every one concerned in its production, and we agree with the poet's own statement, that 'in beauty and delicacy of execution the pictures are all that could be desired.'"

MUSIC-HALL SERMONS. — Under this title Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. will publish early in March a volume embracing the series of discourses which the Rev. W. H. H. Murray is now delivering to immense crowds at the Boston Music Hall. The bold and liberal views expressed in these sermons, as well as the eloquence with which they are pronounced, render Mr. Murray's Sunday evenings at the Music Hall memorable. Though the author's pleasant book of "Adventures in the Adirondacks" has made him widely known outside of his congregation, the "Music-Hall Sermons" cannot but greatly extend his reputation.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S new work, which has been looked for with so much interest during the past few months, is now ready. "Society and Solitude" is the first volume of prose which its author has published for ten years. His previous volume, the "Conduct of Life," appeared in 1860. "Society and Solitude" is almost entirely composed of essays hitherto unpublished. The topics discussed in the new volume are such as will commend themselves to all classes of readers, — "Courage," "Success," "Civilization," "Eloquence," "Art," "Domestic Life," "Clubs," "Farming," "Old Age," and "Books." The work is handsomely printed and bound to match Mr. Emerson's other writings.

MEN AND MYSTERIES OF WALL STREET is the title of a very striking work from the pen of Mr. James K. Medbery, who has devoted much time and patient labor in mastering the ins and outs of the great money-centre of America. In this volume Mr. Medbery lays bare the various methods and machinery of speculation, and explains fully and accurately the mysterious financial strategy of "the street." His narratives of certain celebrated "operations" and his sketches of many of the prominent "operators" are very spirited and entertaining. "Men and Mysteries of Wall Street" is a book that will be likely to attract great attention from "outsiders" as well as "insiders." The illustrations, of which there are several, giving correct views of various famous localities, are from designs made upon the spot by Messrs. Jewett and Bush.

EVERY SATURDAY, ENLARGED AND ILLUSTRATED. — The new series of EVERY SATURDAY, which begun on the first of January, has met with unprecedented favor, each issue adding greatly to its long list of readers. The MONTHLY PART for January, embracing the first five weekly numbers, forms one of the handsomest and most entertaining magazines published.

The *Boston Daily Journal* says: "The Monthly Part of 'Every Saturday' for January, published last week, is one of the most attractive periodicals ever issued, and deserves something more than a passing mention. The literary character of this journal is well known to the many readers who for the past four years have found in its pages the best *résumé* of foreign current literature published. In its new form, 'Every Saturday' loses none of its attractive characteristics, the addition of numerous large illustrations having in no degree reduced the generous quantity of sparkling reading matter given in the old series. How great an attraction is added in the pictorial element is testified by the largely increased circulation of the new volume which commenced on the 1st of January. Each week the letter-press and the superb engravings of the current number have been received with increased admiration. It is, however, the Monthly Part of 'Every Saturday' that at present engages our particular attention. This comprises the five weekly numbers issued during the month of January, and, in its handsomely illuminated cover, is certainly one of the most artistic magazines published in any country.

"The progress made in wood engraving during the present century is very marked. The art has advanced with rapid strides, especially in the last twenty years, until, for the purposes of book illustration, it has almost if not wholly displaced steel engraving. It is now being brought to bear, with remarkable success, upon the reproduction of fine paintings. Such reproduction is one of the leading features of the new English illustrated weekly, *The Graphic*, which furnishes elaborate wood engravings of the best works of the most eminent artists of the English and French schools at a merely nominal cost. By a special arrangement with *The Graphic* Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. receive electrotypes of all the illustrations prepared for the English journal, which they reproduce in 'Every Saturday,' either simultaneously with their appearance in London or in advance. These beautiful engravings render 'Every Saturday,' especially in its monthly shape, a most complete treasury of choice pictures, at a price so moderate as to insure for the magazine the widest sale. The London *Art Journal*, whose chief artistic claims are in its medium-sized steel engravings, sells at $1.50 per number. The Monthly Part of 'Every Saturday,' with five times as many admirable pictures, sells for 50 cents. To realize the full value, as well as the extraordinary low price of this periodical, we have only to turn over the handsomely printed pages of the January issue. Here we find admirable cabinet-sized portraits of Tennyson, Longfellow, Bulwer Lytton, and Lord Derby, and reproductions of paintings by Greuze, Gerome, Boughton, George Thomas, and other famous artists. In addition to these are many first-class engravings of interesting and important subjects, all of which go far toward making 'Every Saturday' the most valuable and entertaining, as it is the cheapest, of pictorial journals."

The *Traveller* says: "The publishers of this attractive weekly may justly felicitate themselves upon the marked success they have already achieved. 'Every Saturday' in its old form had a large constituency of cultivated readers, who admired the good judgment and taste with which the selections were made. In its new form it retains the entertaining and brilliant qualities of the old series and adds the very great attraction of choice illustrations. We have borne testimony to the excellence of each of the five weekly issues, and now when these reappear combined in a Monthly Part, with a remarkably tasteful cover, we take pleasure in commending it to our readers as a rich collection of really artistic pictures. Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. follow the same plan in procuring both pictures and reading, getting the best produced in European periodicals and *paying for them.* In this way they furnish the superb illustrations of *The Graphic* to their American readers as early as the publishers of that sterling art journal place them before their English readers. Pursuing this method, it is easy to foresee that 'Every Saturday' will offer the American public a number and variety of genuinely excellent wood engravings, that no other illustrated paper in the country can rival.

"The Monthly Part for January has twenty or more pictures, nearly all full-page, embracing portraits of Longfellow, Tennyson, Bulwer, and Derby; several heads and scenes reproduced from paintings by distinguished artists, all in the best style of wood engraving, which now seems almost to have reached perfection. Illustrations of such high artistic merit cannot fail to exert a strong and healthy educating influence, developing a taste for better pictures, and enabling all persons of observation to discriminate between pictures of little merit and those worthy of preservation.

"In both its literary and artistic character we welcome 'Every Saturday' as a most attractive addition to our resources of profit and delight, and gladly commend it to the large popular favor it so richly merits."

These two notices are selected from innumerable editorial articles of similar length and tenor, and fairly represent the warmth of the welcome given to "Every Saturday" for 1870.

The Chicago *Post* says: "Each successive issue has been an improvement upon its predecessor, and 'Every Saturday' has already been accepted by connoisseurs in art and literature as the model illustrated paper. Its matter, both engravings and text, is from European

sources, and it does not attempt to illustrate the shootings and smash-ups of the day, nor yet the dinners at Delmonico's, by pictures which must, from the necessity of the case, be not only badly engraved, but have no real historic value. The staple supply of 'Every Saturday's' engravings seems to be: 1st, portraits of eminent authors, statesmen, etc.; 2d, copies of the most admired new paintings in the London galleries; 3d, pictures of life, pathetic and humorous. If we understand rightly, this periodical has special relations to the first-class new illustrated London journal, *The Graphic*, and uses duplicates of its best plates; and also has special facilities for procuring new engravings from other English sources. However this may be, its publishers seem to be succeeding admirably in giving its readers each week some very elegant engravings and some very valuable reading matter. 'Every Saturday' will soon commence the publication of Charles Dickens's new story, with illustrations, the instalments appearing simultaneously with their publication in London."

NEW POETRY. — The additions which Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have lately made to their catalogue of standard poets embraces new volumes by Tennyson, Lowell, and Gerald Massey, — Tennyson's "Holy Grail and other Poems," Lowell's "Cathedral," and Massey's "Tale of Eternity."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS MAGAZINE IN SCHOOLS. — The *National Normal* suggests to teachers that they should make this popular magazine known to all their pupils. "The Scientific articles by Mrs. Agassiz and Mr. Parton," says the writer, "will aid teachers greatly. These are to be continued through the year. Teachers can make better use of them for the purpose of instruction than all the object-lesson stuff that has ever been written. We visited a school in Boston in which the scholars displayed remarkable enthusiasm in scientific investigation. Upon inquiry we found the teacher did not believe in object-lessons, but had taken trouble to interest her scholars in such magazines as Our Young Folks. Being called on to do so, one of the pupils, a girl of fourteen, gave the substance of Mrs. Agassiz's last article in Our Young Folks. We confess that all educational magazines would do well to imitate many features of this excellent monthly."

CHARLES SUMNER'S WORKS. — Messrs. Lee and Shepard have in preparation a complete collection of the works of Mr. Sumner. The *New York Evening Post* says: "Mr. Sumner is one of the most eminent and accomplished of our public men. There is no subject of which he undertakes the discussion on which he does not speak — whether we agree with his conclusions or not — ably and instructively. To the power of presenting his views in a persuasive manner he joins, what we do not always find in our public men, a diligence which explores every source of information relating to his subject, and does not rest till it has gathered whatever can be known concerning it. In this manner he gives those who, perhaps, may vie with him in the ingenious treatment of a subject, but who are greatly below him in the quality of industry, the means of intelligently discussing questions which, without his aid, they would have been unable to handle creditably. There is not a single one of Mr. Sumner's public addresses or letters, or in fact any paper from his pen, which is not the product of careful reflection and inquiry."

The collection will be published in ten crown octavo volumes, two of which — the concluding ones — will contain a life of Mr. Sumner, by the Hon. Charles H. Phelps. The first volume will be issued in the course of the present month.

TROCHES.

In this dull season of the year,
With evenings long and mornings dusky,
I often have a dreadful cold,
And find my voice get very husky.

I mentioned this to Jones one day,
Who answered me in accents solemn,
"Whenever this occurs, my boy,
Just try Browne's Bronchial What-d'-ye-call-'em."

"But what's the name? One could n't go
To Dietrichsen's (the shop with columns),
And tell 'em that you want to buy
A box of Bronchial 'What-d'-ye-call-'ems.'"

Says Jones, "I don't quite comprehend
The name Browne calls 'em, I confess;
But here it 's printed on the lid,
It 's T. R. O. C. H. E. S.

I went into a chemist's shop,
Who clearly thought me cutting jokes,
When I inquired, in accents mild,
If he 'd a box of Bronchial "*trokes*."

I sought another shop, and growled,
"To call the things French names what bosh!"
Alas, my French availed me not
When I demanded Bronchial "*trosh*."

I 've pretty well forgot my Greek,
But doubt if anybody sees
A reason why cough lolipops
Should take the name of light *trochees*.

I asked that charmer, Jones's niece
(With whom I caught my cold at croquet);
But her advice found no response
At druggists' shops. She said, "Try *Troky*."

What does it mean? Browne, you must feel
You 're bound your customers to tell
What in the name of common sense
T. R. O. C. H. E. *does* spell. [*Punch.*

The *Saturday Review*, in a recent summary of prominent American books, writes as follows: "A beautifully printed and neatly illustrated edition of Whittier's New England Ballads — not the least spirited and characteristic of the poet's productions — accompanies a complete edition of his poems in two octavo volumes, of which we need only say that it is the best we have yet seen, and the only one which is altogether worthy of a place in a good library, or altogether pleasant and comfortable to the eyesight of a reader who has passed middle life, and begins to appreciate the merits of large type and the advantages of daylight. In equally good style are new editions of the entire prose works of two of the most eminent of American essayists, — the chief of the New World Transcendentalists, — Emerson and Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Of the former we need not say much. The general character of Mr. Emerson's writings is pretty well known to most cultivated Englishmen, and his English Traits and Representative Men have made for him a popular reputation on this side of the Atlantic. This edition of his prose writings is as good as need to be desired, without being in any way elaborate or expensive."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Iliad of Homer. Translated into English Verse by William Cullen Bryant. In two volumes. Vol. I. now ready. Imperial octavo, uniform with Longfellow's Dante. pp. 398. Tinted paper. Morocco cloth. $5.00.

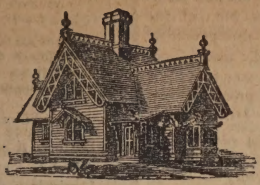
Among my Books. By James Russell Lowell. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 380. Morocco Cloth, $1.50.

Society and Solitude. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 300. Morocco cloth, $2.00.

Complete Novels of George Eliot. *Illustrated Library Edition.* 2 vols. 12mo. Morocco cloth, $3.50; Half Calf, $7.00.

These books can be procured of Booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, Fields, Osgood, & Co., Boston.

PRACTICAL STANDARD PUBLICATIONS



OF

Geo. E. Woodward, 191 Broadway, N. Y.

Harney's Barns, Outbuildings and Fences.

Just published, and containing Designs and Plans of Stables, Farm Barns, Outbuildings, Gates, Gateways, Fences, Stable Fittings and Furniture, fully described, with nearly **200** Illustrations. Royal quarto extra. Post-paid, **$10.**

Woodward's National Architect.

1,000 Designs, Plans and Details for Country, Suburban and Village Houses; with Perspective Views, Front and Side Elevations, Sections, Full Detail Drawings, Specifications and Estimates. Also, detail Drawings to working scale, of Brackets, Cornices, French Roofs, Sectional and Framing Plans of French Roofs, Dormer Windows for French Roofs, Bay Windows, Inside Shutters, French Windows, Balconies, Verandas, Porches, Lattice Work, Stairs, Newels, Balusters, Sliding Doors, Window Casings, Gable Finish, Finials, Crestings, Canopies, Hoods, Observatories, Base, Architraves, Plaster Finish, Cornices, Ceilings, Hard Wood Mantels, and all that is required by a Builder to design, specify, erect, and finish in the most approved style. One superb quarto volume, post-paid, **$12.**

Woodward's Cottages and Farm-Houses.

188 Designs and Plans of low-priced Cottages, Farm-Houses, and Out-Buildings. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Woodward's Suburban & Country Houses.

70 Designs and Plans, and numerous examples of the French Roof. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Woodward's Country Homes.

150 Designs and Plans, with Descriptions of the Manner of Constructing Balloon Frames. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Wheeler's Rural Homes.

Houses suited to Country Life. Post-paid, **$2.**

Wheeler's Homes for the People.

100 Original Designs, with full Descriptions and Constructive and Miscellaneous Details. Post-paid, **$3.**

Jacques' Manual for the House.

How to Build Dwellings, Barns, Stables and Out-buildings of all kinds. **126** Designs & Plans. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Suburban Homes for New Yorkers.

25c.

Rural Church Architecture.

Exemplified in Plans, Elevations, Sections and Details. By Upjohn, Renwick, &c. One folio volume, printed in colors, **45** plates. Post-paid, **$12.**

Jacques' Manual of the Garden, Farm and Barn-Yard.

Embracing the Cultivation of Vegetables, Fruit, Flowers, all Field Crops, Details of Farm Work and Rearing Domestic Animals. New and Revised Edition. One volume. Post-paid, **$2.50.**

Todd's Young Farmer's Manual.

Vol. I. The Farm and the Workshop, with Practical Directions for laying out a Farm, Erecting Buildings, Fences, Farm Gates, Selecting good Farm and Shop Tools, and Performing Farm Operations. Fully Illustrated. Post-paid, **$2.50.**

Todd's Young Farmer's Manual.

Vol. II. How to Make Farming Pay, with Full Details of Farm Management, Character of Soils, Plowing, Management of Grass Lands, Manures, Farm Implements, Stock, Drainage, Planting, Harvesting, etc. Illustrated. Post-paid, **$2.50.**

Elliot's Lawn and Shade Trees.

For Planting Parks, Gardens, Cemeteries, Private Grounds and Avenues. Fully Illustrated and described. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Fuller's Forest Tree Culturist.

The Cultivation of Forest Trees for Shade, for Shelter, for Fuel, for Timber, and for Profit. Illustrated. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Husmann's Grapes and Wine.

The Cultivation of the Native Grape and Manufacture of American Wine. By Geo. Husmann, of Missouri. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Burn's Architectural, Engineering and Mechanical Drawing Book.

A Self-Instructor for the use of Architects, Builders, Students, &c., with upwards of **300** Illustrations. Price **$2.00,** postpaid. This is the best work published on Architectural Drawing.

Burn's Illustrated Drawing Book.

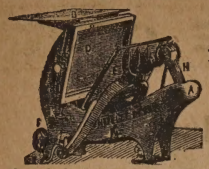
For Schools, Students, and Artizans. With **300** Illustrative Drawings and Diagrams, embracing Pencil Sketching, Perspective and Isometrical Drawing. Price **$2,** post-paid.

Burn's Book of Ornamental Drawing and Architectural Design.

With upwards of **200** examples, giving instructions in Decorative Drawing, and Architectural Plans for Practice. Price **$2,** post-paid.

Woodward's Architecture. New Designs and Hints on Building, with Illustrated Priced Catalogue of all Books on Architecture and Agriculture. Quarterly, **25c.**

Address **GEO. E. WOODWARD, Publisher, 191 Broadway, N. Y.**



DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

WITH A

Novelty Printing Press.

The only low-priced press ever made that will do good work. No greater convenience can be added to any business office, and no more valuable means of advertising can be employed than one of these presses and a few dollars' worth of type. No more useful, entertaining, or instructive present can be made to any boy than one of these presses and a small quantity of printing material. He would find it a never-failing source of instruction, pleasure, and profit.

Price of Presses, $15, $30, $32, $50.

Send for full descriptive illustrated circulars with testimonials from all parts of the country, and specimens of plain and color printing done on the press, and specimen sheets of Types, Borders, Cuts, Rules, &c., to

BENJ. O. WOODS, Proprietor,
351 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

$2000 a Year and Expenses

To agents, to sell the celebrated WILSON SEWING MACHINES. The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* **One Machine without Money.** For further particulars address THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

LADY BYRON VINDICATED.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

$1.50.

"We thank Mrs. Stowe for her faithful discharge of a most painful duty. She has shown a courage few men could have attained. She has told a horrible tale purely, powerfully. No one is fed with false flames on its perusal. It is judicial, ministerial, womanly. She shall not lose her reward. Many are her virtues, great her genius, high her fame; but all these are lost to sight in other forms, and reappear in their highest expression, in this full and faithful defence of a woman, for half a century the victim of her husband's malice, craft, and violence, the centre of public talk, censure, and ribaldry, who, blameless, affectionate, devoted, only left his side when she knew and he knew that he had been guilty of the only crime that legally released her, and which he never dared dispute against her legal defenders, the first lawyers of their time." — *Zion's Herald.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

ROGET'S THESAURUS OF

English Words and Phrases,

So classified and arranged as to facilitate the Expression of Ideas and assist in Literary Composition. By PETER MARK ROGET. Revised and edited, with a List of Foreign Words defined in English, and other additions, by BARNAS SEARS, D. D., late President of Brown University. A *new American* Edition, with ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS. Royal 12mo; Cloth, $ 2.00.

A work of great merit, admirably adapted as a reference-book for schools and colleges, and of high importance to every American scholar. It furnishes, with respect to the English language, a collection of the words it contains, and of the idiomatic combinations peculiar to it, arranged, not in *alphabetical* order, as they are in a dictionary, but according to the *ideas* which they express. The purpose of a dictionary is simply to explain the *meaning of words*, — the word being given, to find its signification, or the idea it is intended to convey. The object aimed at *here* is exactly the converse of this: the idea being given, to find the word or words by which that idea may be most fitly and aptly expressed. The work has become one of standard authority, both in this country and in Great Britain, and is regarded as *indispensable* by those accustomed to write.

☞ Sent per mail on receipt of the price

GOULD & LINCOLN, Publishers, Boston.

THE WIDE WORLD Sent FREE! Best Story & Family Paper in United States. Agents Wanted. WIDE WORLD, Boston.

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, MOLASSES, OR SORGHUM, in Ten Hours, without using drugs. For Circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

THE VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption. As good as ever — as ever the best. Get the genuine. Prices, $1, and 50 cents.

EVERY ONE send stamp for Circular of Tested Receipts to R. G. WILLIAMS, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE

FOR FAMILY USE — *simple, cheap, reliable* — KNITS EVERYTHING. AGENTS WANTED. Circular and sample stocking FREE. Address HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Me., or 176 Broadway, New York.

LAW AND BANKING OFFICE.

PITKIN C. WRIGHT,

DEWITT, CLINTON CO., IOWA.

Money loaned for a term of years on unencumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, net, payable annually. Interest collected when due. *All charges* paid by borrower. Have been in business over seven years. **PARTIES HAVING MONEY TO INVEST, PLEASE NOTICE.**

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE.

My ANNUAL CATALOGUE, containing a list of many novelties, besides all the standard vegetables of the garden (*over* 100 *of which are of my own growing*), with a choice selection of Flower Seed, will be forwarded *gratis* to all. I warrant my seed shall prove as represented. I warrant it shall reach each purchaser. I warrant all money forwarded shall reach me. Send for a Catalogue.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

STAMMERING

Permanently cured by Bates's Patent Scientific Appliances. They received Medals, etc. at the last London and Paris Exhibitions, and are favorably reviewed in the *Illustrated London News* and *Medical Times*. For Pamphlet, and drawings describing the same, address

SIMPSON & CO., Box **5076**, New York.

WILCOX SILVER PLATE CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Finest Quality of Electro-Plate,

For the use of Hotels, Restaurants, Private Families, Churches, and for Wedding and Holiday Presents.

In addition to their usual line of goods they invite attention to their

Patent Porcelain-lined Ice Pitchers,

Porcelain-lined Baking Dishes, with Silver-plated Receivers,

Crockery Baking Dishes, with Silver-plated Receivers,

Glass-lined Dessert Sets, etc., etc.

THE QUALITY OF ALL GOODS BEARING THEIR TRADE-MARK IS GUARANTEED.

Factories at West Meriden, Conn. . . Salesroom, 21 Maiden Lane, New York.

OPALINE
FOR THE
TEETH, GUMS,
AND BREATH.

OPALINE
is reliable, efficient, and convenient.

OPALINE
is sold by Druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Europe.

OPALINE
is recommended by physicians and dentists. Use no other dentifrice.

Inventor and proprietor, **CHAS. K. PEVEY, Dentist, Worcester, Mass.**

G. BUCKINGHAM, JR. *Late with Jay Cooke & Co.* | J. M. BROWN. *Late of A. H. Brown & Co.*

BUCKINGHAM & BROWN,
BANKERS,

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 6 Wall St., New York.

Orders in Stocks, Bonds, and Gold executed on commission. Interest allowed on deposits.

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c. to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

AMERICAN
Newspaper Directory.

PRICE, FIVE DOLLARS.

CONTAINS

A list of the Newspapers and other Periodicals in the United States and Territories, the Dominion of Canada and the British Colonies; arranged alphabetically by towns, giving name, days of issue, politics, or general character, form, size, subscription price per year, date of establishment, editor's and publisher's names, circulation, etc.

A list of Towns and Cities in the United States and Territories, the Dominion of Canada and the British Colonies, in which Newspapers and other Periodicals are published; arranged alphabetically by counties, giving population, location, branch of industry from which it derives its importance, etc.

A list of Newspapers and Periodicals claiming more than 5,000 circulation each issue.

A list of Newspapers and Periodicals claiming more than 10,000 circulation each issue.

A list of Newspapers and Periodicals claiming more than 20,000 circulation each issue, with actual amount of circulation given in each case, according to the best accessible authority.

A list of Religious Newspapers and Periodicals.

A list of Newspapers and Periodicals devoted to Agriculture and Horticulture.

A list of Newspapers and Periodicals devoted to Medicine and Surgery.

A list of Newspapers and Periodicals devoted to Educational matters.

A list of Newspapers and Periodicals devoted to the Amusement and Instruction of Children.

A list of Newspapers and Periodicals devoted to Freemasonry, Odd-Fellowship, and Temperance.

A list of Newspapers and Periodicals devoted to Commerce and Finance, Insurance, Real Estate, Mechanics, Law, Sporting, Music, and Woman's Rights.

A list of Newspapers and Periodicals printed wholly or in part in the German, French, Scandinavian, Spanish, Hollandish, Italian, Welsh, and Bohemian languages.

Forwarded on receipt of price, $ 5.00.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., PUBLISHERS,
No. 40 Park Row, New York.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED AND IN PRESS.

LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

CREDO.

1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.
A NEW EDITION
of this widely circulated work is now ready.

IN PRESS,
A new volume by the author of "Credo" on the

GOD-MAN.

Uniform in style and price with "Credo."

To be published Immediately.
A NEW EDITION,
With new matter brought down to January 1, 1870.

Prison Pictures.

By HON. GIDEON HAYNES,
Warden of the Massachusetts State Prison.
This book has excited, throughout the whole country, a great interest in the condition and management of Prisons and Prisoners. In this edition valuable additions have been made to the statistics.

To be published in February.

BRAKE UP;

Or, The Young Peacemakers.
By OLIVER OPTIC.
Being Vol. 5 of the

LAKE SHORE SERIES.

40 Illustrations. In neat box. Per vol., $1.25.
1. Through by Daylight.
2. Lightning Express.
3. On Time.
4. Switch Off.
5. Brake Up.

To be published shortly.

Musical Juveniles.

In announcing this New Series of Juveniles, written under the direction of Eben Tourjée, Mus. Doc., it is confidently expected a stronger love for
MUSIC AND ITS REFINEMENTS
will be awakened. Each book will be complete in itself, and contain interesting sketches of two famous composers. The series will be called

THE TONE MASTER SERIES.

3 vols. Illustrated.
Vol. 1. Mozart and Mendelssohn.
Vol. 2. Handel and Haydn.
Vol. 3. Beethoven and Bach.
Others to follow.

Now ready,

MOZART AND MENDELSSOHN.

1 vol. Cloth. Illustrated. $1.25.

IN PRESS,

ALASKA
AND ITS RESOURCES.

By W. H. DALL.
With nearly 100 elegant Illustrations, and a NEW and ACCURATE MAP.
This book of Lieut. Dall will be full, complete, reliable, and exhaustive. At once the most recent as well as the most authentic.

Books for Children who Care to Read.

Patty Gray's Journey to the Cotton Islands.

By MRS. C. H. DALL.
3 volumes ready. Illustrated. $1.25 per vol.
1. From Boston to Baltimore.
2. From Baltimore to Washington.
3. Patty at Mount Vernon.

A very Popular Book.

B. O. W. C.

A Book for Boys.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."
Illustrated. $1.50.

Travel and Adventure.
OLIVER OPTIC.

YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD.

6 vols. Illustrated. Per vol., $1.50.
Outward Bound,
Shamrock and Thistle,
Red Cross,
Dikes and Ditches,
Palace and Cottage,
Down the Rhine.

Nearly 100,000 volumes of this incomparable series have been sold, attesting their great popularity.
In view of this fact it is hardly necessary to say that
"OLIVER OPTIC
is the MOST POPULAR AUTHOR of Juvenile Literature living."

JUST READY.
The Question of the Hour.

THE BIBLE IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

By REV. RUFUS W. CLARK, D. D.
1 vol. Cloth, 75 cts. Paper, 40 cts.
This Book will attract universal attention, not only because of the importance of the question discussed, but from the ability of the reverend author. It is emphatically
A Tract for the Times.

NEW EDITION OF

DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS.

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME AMUSEMENT.
By W. ELIOT FETTE, A. M.
Price, $1.50.

IN PRESS.

A SERIES OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE READINGS.

By PROF. LEWIS B. MONROE,
Teacher of Vocal Culture in the Boston Schools.

"A Merry Heart doeth Good."

MIRTHFULNESS
AND ITS EXCITERS;

Or, Rational Laughter and its Promoters.
By REV. B. F. CLARK.
12mo. $1.50.

The success of the season.

PATIENCE.

A series of 30 Games for the Fireside, with Diagrams.
By MRS. E. D. CHENEY.
$1.00.

"Read it and save the trouble of going over the ground yourself."—Mon. Rel. Mag.

THE SUNSET LAND;

Or, The Great Pacific Slope.
By REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.
1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.
The press, all over the country, has given this book by Dr. Todd the warmest praise. It contains, in a small compass, just what every one desires to know of California.

"Emphatically the Best."

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS,
EDITED BY OLIVER OPTIC.
Published Every Week,
AND EVERY MONTH.
$2.50 PER YEAR.
It contains more reading than any other Juvenile Magazine published, and at the price is
THE CHEAPEST.
SOMETHING OF FUN
AND MUCH OF WISDOM
IN EVERY NUMBER.
☞ Specimen copies free.

☞ LEE & SHEPARD'S PUBLICATIONS are for sale by all Booksellers, or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

LEE AND SHEPARD, Boston.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.'S

NEW BOOKS IN PRESS.

HEDGED IN.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Author of "The Gates Ajar." 1 vol. 16mo.
Ready in March.

MUSIC-HALL SERMONS.

By Rev. W. H. H. Murray, Author of "Adirondack Adventures." 1 vol. 16mo.
In March.

MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT.

By Rev. William Mountford. One volume.

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANIES.

Fifth and last volume. Including "Catherine," and miscellaneous papers from *Fraser's Magazine*, *Punch*, and other periodicals. *Household Edition.* Cloth, $1.25; Half Calf, $2.50. *In March.*

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP,

AND OTHER SKETCHES. By F. Bret Harte. One volume.

MEN AND MYSTERIES OF WALL STREET.

By James K. Medbery. One volume. With Illustrations.

HAWTHORNE'S ENGLISH NOTE-BOOK.

2 vols. 16mo. Uniform with Hawthorne's Works.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers,
124 Tremont Street, Boston.

FOR THE FAMILY.

HALFORD

LEICESTERSHIRE

TABLE SAUCE,

Unrivalled by any relish intended for Family use; exactly suited to all tastes and all conditions of people, and approved and recommended by the best Families in the Country.

MAY BE HAD OF EVERY FIRST-CLASS GROCER

IN THE UNITED STATES.

Price only Fifty Cents per Pint Bottle.

Electrotyped and Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XXV. — APRIL, 1870. — NO. CL.

PUBLIC LIBRARY BOSTON

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER IX.

THE train moved slowly along through the straggling and shabby suburbs, increasing its speed as the city melted gradually into the country; and Joseph, after a vain attempt to fix his mind upon one of the volumes he had procured for his slender library at home, leaned back in his seat and took note of his fellow-travellers. Since he began to approach the usual destiny of men, they had a new interest for him. Hitherto he had looked upon strange faces very much as on a strange language, without a thought of interpreting them; but now their hieroglyphics seemed to suggest a meaning. The figures around him were so many sitting, silent histories, so many locked-up records of struggle, loss, gain, and all the other forces which give shape and color to human life. Most of them were strangers to each other, and as reticent (in their railway conventionality) as himself; yet, he reflected, the whole range of passion, pleasure, and suffering was probably illustrated in that collection of existences. His own troublesome individuality grew fainter, so much of it seemed to be merged in the common experience of men.

There was the portly gentleman of fifty, still ruddy and full of unwasted force. The keenness and coolness of his eyes, the few firmly marked lines on his face, and the color and hardness of his lips, proclaimed to everybody: "I am bold, shrewd, successful in business, scrupulous in the performance of my religious duties (on the Sabbath), voting with my party, and not likely to be fooled by any kind of literary nonsense." The thin, not very well-dressed man beside him, with the irregular features and uncertain expression, announced as clearly, to any who could read: "I am weak, like others, but I never consciously did any harm. I just manage to get along in the world, but if I only had a chance, I might make something better of myself." The fresh, healthy fellow, in whose lap a child was sleeping, while his wife nursed a younger one, — the man with ample mouth, large nostrils, and the hands of a mechanic, — also told his story: "On the whole, I find life a

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

comfortable thing. I don't know much about it, but I take it as it comes, and never worry over what I can't understand."

The faces of the younger men, however, were not so easy to decipher. On them life was only beginning its plastic task, and it required an older eye to detect the delicate touches of awakening passions and hopes. But Joseph consoled himself with the thought that his own secret was as little to be discovered as any they might have. If they were still ignorant of the sweet experience of love, he was already their superior; if they were sharers in it, though strangers, they were near to him. Had he not left the foot of the class, after all?

All at once his eye was attracted by a new face, three or four seats from his own. The stranger had shifted his position, so that he was no longer seen in profile. He was, apparently, a few years older than Joseph, but still bright with all the charm of early manhood. His fair complexion was bronzed from exposure, and his hands, graceful without being effeminate, were not those of the idle gentleman. His hair, golden in tint, thrust its short locks as it pleased about a smooth, frank forehead; the eyes were dark gray, and the mouth, partly hidden by a mustache, at once firm and full. He was moderately handsome, yet it was not of that which Joseph thought; he felt that there was more of developed character and a richer past history expressed in those features than in any other face there. He felt sure — and smiled at himself, notwithstanding, for the impression — that at least, some of his own doubts and difficulties had found their solution in the stranger's nature. The more he studied the face, the more he was conscious of its attraction, and his instinct of reliance, though utterly without grounds, justified itself to his mind in some mysterious way.

It was not long before the unknown felt his gaze, and, turning slowly in his seat, answered it. Joseph dropped his eyes in some confusion, but not until he had caught the full, warm, intense expression of those that met them. He fancied that he read in them, in that momentary flash, what he had never before found in the eyes of strangers, — a simple, human interest, above curiosity and above mistrust. The usual reply to such a gaze is an unconscious defiance: the unknown nature is on its guard: but the look which seems to answer, "We are men, let us know each other!" is, alas! too rare in this world.

While Joseph was fighting the irresistible temptation to look again, there was a sudden thud of the car-wheels. Many of the passengers started from their seats, only to be thrown into them again by a quick succession of violent jolts. Joseph saw the stranger springing towards the bell-rope; then he and all others seemed to be whirling over each other; there was a crash, a horrible grinding and splintering sound, and the end of all was a shock, in which his consciousness left him before he could guess its violence.

After a while, out of some blank, haunted by a single lost, wandering sense of existence, he began to awaken slowly to life. Flames were still dancing in his eyeballs, and waters and whirlwinds roaring in his ears; but it was only a passive sensation, without the will to know more. Then he felt himself partly lifted and his head supported, and presently a soft warmth fell upon the region of his heart. There were noises all about him, but he did not listen to them; his effort to regain his consciousness fixed itself on that point alone, and grew stronger as the warmth calmed the confusion of his nerves.

"Dip this in water!" said a voice, and the hand (as he now knew it to be) was removed from his heart.

Something cold came over his forehead, and at the same time warm drops fell upon his cheek.

"Look out for yourself: your head is cut!" exclaimed another voice.

"Only a scratch. Take the handkerchief out of my pocket and tie it up;

but first ask yon gentleman for his flask!"

Joseph opened his eyes, knew the face that bent over his, and then closed them again. Gentle and strong hands raised him, a flask was set to his lips, and he drank mechanically, but a full sense of life followed the draught. He looked wistfully in the stranger's face.

"Wait a moment," said the latter; "I must feel your bones before you try to move. Arms and legs all right, — impossible to tell about the ribs. There! now put your arm around my neck, and lean on me as much as you like, while I lift you."

Joseph did as he was bidden, but he was still weak and giddy, and after a few steps, they both sat down together upon a bank. The splintered car lay near them, upside down; the passengers had been extricated from it, and were now busy in aiding the few who were injured. The train had stopped and was waiting on the track above. Some were very pale and grave, feeling that Death had touched without taking them; but the greater part were concerned only about the delay to the train.

"How did it happen?" asked Joseph: "where was I? how did you find me?"

"The usual story, — a broken rail," said the stranger. "I had just caught the rope when the car went over, and was swung off my feet so luckily that I somehow escaped the hardest shock. I don't think I lost my senses for a moment. When we came to the bottom you were lying just before me; I thought you dead until I felt your heart. It is a severe shock, but I hope nothing more."

"But you, — are you not badly hurt?"

The stranger pushed up the handkerchief which was tied around his head, felt his temple, and said: "It must have been one of the splinters; I knew nothing about it. But there is no harm in a little blood-letting, except" — he added, smiling — "except the spots on your face."

By this time the other injured passengers had been conveyed to the train; the whistle sounded a warning of departure.

"I think we can get up the embankment now," said the stranger. "You must let me take care of you still: I am travelling alone."

When they were seated side by side, and Joseph leaned his head back on the supporting arm, while the train moved away with them, he felt that a new power, a new support, had come to his life. The face upon which he looked was no longer strange; the hand which had rested on his heart was warm with kindred blood. Involuntarily he extended his own; it was taken, and held, and the dark-gray, courageous eyes turned to him with a silent assurance which he felt needed no words.

"It is a rough introduction," he then said: "my name is Philip Held. I was on my way to Oakland Station, but if you are going farther — "

"Why, that is my station also!" Joseph exclaimed, giving his name in return.

"Then we should have probably met, sooner or later, in any case. I am bound for the forge and furnace at Coventry, which is for sale. If the company who employ me decide to buy it, — according to the report I shall make, — the works will be placed in my charge."

"It is but six miles from my farm," said Joseph, "and the road up the valley is the most beautiful in our neighborhood. I hope you can make a favorable report."

"It is only too much to my own interest to do so. I have been mining and geologizing in Nevada and the Rocky Mountains for three or four years, and long for a quiet, ordered life. It is a good omen that I have found a neighbor in advance of my settlement. I have often ridden fifty miles to meet a friend who cared for something else than horse-racing or *monte;* and your six miles, — it is but a step!"

"How much you have seen!" said

Joseph. "I know very little of the world. It must be easy for you to take your own place in life."

A shade passed over Philip Held's face. "It is only easy to a certain class of men," he replied, — "a class to which I should not care to belong. I begin to think that nothing is very valuable, the right to which a man don't earn, — except human love, and that seems to come by the grace of God."

"I am younger than you are, — not yet twenty-three," Joseph remarked. "You will find that I am very ignorant."

"And I am twenty-eight, and just beginning to get my eyes open, like a nine-days' kitten. If I had been frank enough to confess my ignorance, five years ago, as you do now, it would have been better for me. But don't let us measure ourselves or our experience against each other. That is one good thing we learn in Rocky Mountain life; there is no high or low, knowledge or ignorance, except what applies to the needs of men who come together. So there are needs which most men have, and go all their lives hungering for, because they expect them to be supplied in a particular form. There is something," Philip concluded, "deeper than that in human nature."

Joseph longed to open his heart to this man, every one of whose words struck home to something in himself. But the lassitude which the shock left behind gradually overcame him. He suffered his head to be drawn upon Philip Held's shoulder, and slept until the train reached Oakland Station. When the two got upon the platform, they found Dennis waiting for Joseph, with a light country vehicle. The news of the accident had reached the station, and his dismay was great when he saw the two bloody faces. A physician had already been summoned from the neighboring village, but they had little need of his services. A prescription of quiet and sedatives for Joseph, and a strip of plaster for his companion, were speedily furnished, and they set out together for the Asten place.

It is unnecessary to describe Rachel Miller's agitation when the party arrived; or the parting of the two men who had been so swiftly brought near to each other; or Philip Held's farther journey to the forge that evening. He resisted all entreaty to remain at the farm until morning, on the ground of an appointment made with the present proprietor of the forge. After his departure Joseph was sent to bed, where he remained for a day or two, very sore and a little feverish. He had plenty of time for thought, — not precisely of the kind which his aunt suspected, for out of pure, honest interest in his welfare, she took a step which proved to be of doubtful benefit. If he had not been so innocent, — if he had not been quite as unconscious of his inner nature as he was over-conscious of his external self, — he would have perceived that his thoughts dwelt much more on Philip Held than on Julia Blessing. His mind seemed to run through a swift, involuntary chain of reasoning, to account to himself for his feeling towards her, and her inevitable share in his future; but towards Philip his heart sprang with an instinct beyond his control. It was impossible to imagine that the latter, also, would not be shot, like a bright thread, through the web of his coming days.

On the third morning, when he had exchanged the bed for an arm-chair, a letter from the city was brought to him. "Dearest Joseph," it ran, "what a fright and anxiety we have had! When pa brought the paper home, last night, and I read the report of the accident, where it said, '*J. Asten*, severe contusions,' my heart stopped beating for a minute, and I can only write now (as you see) with a trembling hand. My first thought was to go directly to you; but ma said we had better wait for intelligence. Unless our engagement were generally known, it would give rise to remarks, — in short, I need not repeat to you all the *worldly*

reasons with which she opposed me; but, oh, how I longed for *the right* to be at your side, and assure myself that the dreadful, dreadful danger has passed! Pa was quite shaken with the news: he felt hardly able to go to the Custom-House this morning. But he sides with ma about my going, and now, when my time as a daughter with them is growing so short, I dare not disobey. I know you will understand my position, yet, dear and true as you are, you cannot guess the anxiety with which I await a line from your hand, the hand that was so nearly taken from me forever!"

Joseph read the letter twice and was about to commence it for the third time, when a visitor was announced. He had barely time to thrust the scented sheet into his pocket; and the bright eyes and flushed face with which he met the Rev. Mr. Chaffinch convinced both that gentleman and his aunt, as she ushered the latter into the room, that the visit was accepted as an honor and a joy.

On Mr. Chaffinch's face the air of authority which he had been led to believe belonged to his calling had not quite succeeded in impressing itself; but melancholy, the next best thing, was strongly marked. His dark complexion and his white cravat intensified each other; and his eyes, so long uplifted above the concerns of this world, had ceased to vary their expression materially for the sake of any human interest. All this had been expected of him, and he had simply done his best to meet the requirements of the flock over whom he was placed. Any of the latter might have easily been shrewd enough to guess, in advance, very nearly what the pastor would say, upon a given occasion; but each and all of them would have been both disappointed and disturbed if he had not said it.

After appropriate and sympathetic inquiries concerning Joseph's bodily condition, he proceeded to probe him spiritually.

"It was a merciful preservation. I hope you feel that it is a solemn thing to look Death in the face."

"I am not afraid of death," Joseph replied.

"You mean the physical pang. But death includes what comes after it,—judgment. That is a very awful thought."

"It may be to evil men; but I have done nothing to make me fear it."

"You have never made an open profession of faith; yet it may be that grace has reached you," said Mr. Chaffinch. "Have you found your Saviour?"

"I believe in him with all my soul!" Joseph exclaimed; "but you mean something else by 'finding' him. I will be candid with you, Mr. Chaffinch. The last sermon I heard you preach, a month ago, was upon the nullity of all good works, all Christian deeds; you called them 'rags, dust, and ashes,' and declared that man is saved by faith alone. I *have* faith, but I can't accept a doctrine which denies merit to works; and you, unless I accept it, will you admit that I have 'found' Christ?"

"There is but One Truth!" exclaimed Mr. Chaffinch, very severely.

"Yes," Joseph answered, reverently, "and that is only perfectly known to God."

The clergyman was more deeply annoyed than he cared to exhibit. His experience had been confined chiefly to the encouragement of ignorant souls, willing to accept *his* message, if they could only be made to comprehend it, or to the conflict with downright doubt and denial. A nature so seemingly open to the influences of the Spirit, yet inflexibly closed to certain points of doctrine, was something of a problem to him. He belonged to a class now happily becoming scarce, who, having been taught to pace a reasoned theological round, can only efficiently meet those antagonists who voluntarily come inside of their own ring.

His habit of control, however, enabled him to say, with a moderately friendly manner, as he took leave: "We will talk again when you are

stronger. It is my duty to give spiritual help to those who seek it."

To Rachel Miller he said: "I cannot say that he is dark. His mind is cloudy, but we find that the vanities of youth often obscure the true light for a time."

Joseph leaned back in his arm-chair, closed his eyes, and meditated earnestly for half an hour. Rachel Miller, uncertain whether to be hopeful or discouraged by Mr. Chaffinch's words, stole into the room, but went about on tiptoe, supposing him to be asleep. Joseph was fully conscious of all her movements, and at last startled her by the sudden question: —

"Aunt, why do you suppose I went to the city?"

"Goodness, Joseph! I thought you were sound asleep. I suppose to see about the fall prices for grain and cattle."

"No, aunt," said he, speaking with determination, though the foolish blood ran rosily over his face, "I went to get a wife!"

She stood pale and speechless, staring at him. But for the rosy sign on his cheeks and temples she could not have believed his words.

"Miss Blessing?" she finally uttered, almost in a whisper.

Joseph nodded his head. She dropped into the nearest chair, drew two or three long breaths, and in an indescribable tone ejaculated, "Well!"

"I knew you would be surprised," said he; "because it is almost a surprise to myself. But you and she seemed to fall so easily into each other's ways, that I hope — "

"Why, you 're hardly acquainted with her!" Rachel exclaimed. "It is so hasty! And you are so young!"

"No younger than father was when he married mother; and I have learned to know her well in a short time. Is n't it so with you, too, aunt? — you certainly liked her?"

"I 'll not deny that, nor say the reverse now: but a farmer's wife should be a farmer's daughter."

"But suppose, aunt, that the farmer don't happen to love any farmer's daughter, and *does* love a bright, amiable, very intelligent girl, who is delighted with country life, eager and willing to learn, and very fond of the farmer's aunt (who can teach her everything)?"

"Still, it seems to me a risk," said Rachel; but she was evidently relenting.

"There is none to you," he answered, "and I am not afraid of mine. You will be with us, for Julia could n't do without you, if she wished. If she were a farmer's daughter, with different ideas of housekeeping, it might bring trouble to both of us. But now you will have the management in your own hands until you have taught Julia, and afterwards she will carry it on in your way."

She did not reply; but Joseph could see that she was becoming reconciled to the prospect. After a while she came across the room, leaned over him, kissed him upon the forehead, and then silently went away.

CHAPTER X.

Only two months intervened until the time appointed for the marriage, and the days rolled swiftly away. A few lines came to Joseph from Philip Held, announcing that he was satisfied with the forge and furnace, and the sale would doubtless be consummated in a short time. He did not, however, expect to take charge of the works before March, and therefore gave Joseph his address in the city, with the hope that the latter would either visit or write to him.

On the Sunday after the accident Elwood Withers came to the farm. He seemed to have grown older, in the short time which had elapsed since they had last met; after his first hearty rejoicing over Joseph's escape and recovery, he relapsed into a silent but not unfriendly mood. The two young men climbed the long hill behind the house and seated themselves under a noble pin-oak on the height, whence there was a lovely view of the valley for many miles to the southward.

They talked mechanically, for a while, of the season, and the crops, and the other usual subjects which farmers never get to the end of discussing; but both felt the impendence of more important themes, and, nevertheless, were slow to approach them. At last Elwood said: "Your fate is settled by this time, I suppose?"

"It is arranged, at least," Joseph replied. "But I can't yet make clear to myself that I shall be a married man in two months from now."

"Does the time seem long to you?"

"No," Joseph innocently answered; "it is very short."

Elwood turned away his head to conceal a melancholy smile; it was a few minutes before he spoke again.

"Joseph," he then said, "are you sure, quite sure, you love her?"

"I am to marry her."

"I meant nothing unfriendly," Elwood remarked, in a gentle tone. "My thought was this, — if you should ever find a still stronger love growing upon you, — something that would make the warmth you feel now seem like ice compared to it, — how would you be able to fight it? I asked the question of myself for you. I don't think I 'm much different from most soft-hearted men, — except that I keep the softness so well stowed away that few persons know of it, — but if I were in your place, within two months of marriage to the girl I love, I should be miserable!"

Joseph turned towards him with wide, astonished eyes.

"Miserable from hope and fear," Elwood went on; "I should be afraid of fever, fire, murder, thunderbolts! Every hour of the day I should dread lest something might come between us; I should prowl around her house day after day, to be sure that she was alive! I should lengthen out the time into years; and all because I 'm a great, disappointed, soft-hearted fool!"

The sad, yearning expression of his eyes touched Joseph to the heart. "Elwood," he said, "I see that it is not in my power to comfort you; if I give you pain unknowingly, tell me how to avoid it! I meant to ask you to stand beside me when I am married; but now you must consider your own feelings in answering, not mine. Lucy is not likely to be there."

"That would make no difference," Elwood answered. "Do you suppose it is a pain for me to see her, because she seems lost to me? No; I 'm always a little encouraged when I have a chance to measure myself with her, and to guess — sometimes this and sometimes that — what it is that she needs to find in me. Force of will is of no use; as to faithfulness, — why, what it 's worth can't be shown unless something turns up to try it. But you had better not ask me to be your groomsman. Neither Miss Blessing nor her sister would be overly pleased."

"Why so?" Joseph asked; "Julia and you are quite well acquainted, and she was always friendly towards you."

Elwood was silent and embarrassed. Then, reflecting that silence, at that moment, might express even more than speech, he said: "I 've got the notion in my head; maybe it 's foolish, but there it is. I talked a good deal with Miss Blessing, it 's true, and yet I don't feel the least bit acquainted. Her manner to me was very friendly, and yet I don't think she likes me."

"Well!" exclaimed Joseph, forcing a laugh, though he was much annoyed, "I never gave you credit for such a lively imagination. Why not be candid, and admit that the dislike is on your side? I am sorry for it, since Julia will so soon be in the house there as my wife. There is no one else whom I can ask, unless it were Philip Held —"

"Held! To be sure, he took care of you. I was at Coventry the day after, and saw something of him." With these words, Elwood turned towards Joseph and looked him squarely in the face. "He 'll have charge there in a few months, I hear," he then said, "and I reckon it as a piece of good

luck for you. I 've found that there are men, all, maybe, as honest and outspoken as they need be; yet two of 'em will talk at different marks and never fully understand each other, and other two will naturally talk right straight at the same mark and never miss. Now, Held is the sort that can hit the thing in the mind of the man they 're talking to; it 's a gift that comes o' being knocked about the world among all classes of people. What we learn here, always among the same folks, is n't a circumstance."

"Then you think I might ask him?" said Joseph, not fully comprehending all that Elwood meant to express.

"He 's one of those men that you 're safe in asking to do anything. Make him spokesman of a committee to wait on the President, arbitrator in a crooked lawsuit, overseer of a railroad gang, leader in a prayer-meeting (if he 'd consent), or whatever else you choose, and he 'll do the business as if he was used to it! It 's enough for you that I don't know the town ways, and he does; it 's considered worse, I 've heard, to make a blunder in society than to commit a real sin."

He rose, and they loitered down the hill together. The subject was quietly dropped, but the minds of both were none the less busy. They felt the stir and pressure of new experiences, which had come to one through disappointment and to the other through success. Not three months had passed since they rode together through the twilight to Warriner's, and already life was opening to them, — but how differently! Joseph endeavored to make the most kindly allowance for his friend's mood, and to persuade himself that his feelings were unchanged. Elwood, however, knew that a shadow had fallen between them. It was nothing beside the cloud of his greater trouble; he also knew the cost of his own justification to Joseph, and prayed that it might never come.

That evening, on taking leave, he said: "I don't know whether you meant to have the news of your engagement circulated; but I guess Anna Warriner has heard, and that amounts to —"

"To telling it to the whole neighborhood, does n't it?" Joseph answered. "Then the mischief is already done, if it is a mischief. It is well, therefore, that the day is set: the neighborhood will have little time for gossip."

He smiled so frankly and cheerfully, that Elwood seized his hand, and with tears in his eyes, said: "Don't remember anything against me, Joseph. I 've always been honestly your friend, and mean to stay so."

He went that evening to a homestead where he knew he should find Lucy Henderson. She looked pale and fatigued, he thought; possibly his presence had become a restraint. If so, she must bear his unkindness: it was the only sacrifice he could not make, for he felt sure that his intercourse with her must either terminate in hate or love. The one thing of which he was certain was, that there could be no calm, complacent friendship between them.

It was not long before one of the family asked him whether he had heard the news; it seemed that they had already discussed it, and his arrival revived the flow of expression. In spite of his determination, he found it impossible to watch Lucy while he said, as simply as possible, that Joseph Asten seemed very happy over the prospect of the marriage; that he was old enough to take a wife; and if Miss Blessing could adapt herself to country habits, they might get on very well together. But later in the evening he took a chance of saying to her: "In spite of what I said, Lucy, I don't feel quite easy about Joseph's marriage. What do you think of it?"

She smiled faintly, as she replied: "Some say that people are attracted by mutual unlikeness. This seems to me to be a case of the kind; but they are free choosers of their own fates."

"Is there no possible way of persuading him — them — to delay?"

"No!" she exclaimed, with unusual energy; "none whatever!"

Elwood sighed, and yet felt relieved.

Joseph lost no time in writing to Philip Held, announcing his approaching marriage, and begging him — with many apologies for asking such a mark of confidence on so short an acquaintance — to act the part of nearest friend, if there were no other private reasons to prevent him.

Four or five days later the following answer arrived: —

My dear Asten: — Do you remember that curious whirling, falling sensation, when the car pitched over the edge of the embankment? I felt a return of it on reading your letter; for you have surprised me beyond measure. Not by your request, for that is just what I should have expected of you; and as well now, as if we had known each other for twenty years; so the apology is the only thing objectionable — But I am tangling my sentences; I want to say how heartily I return the feeling which prompted you to ask me, and yet how embarrassed I am that I cannot unconditionally say, "Yes, with all my heart!" My great, astounding surprise is, to find you about to be married to Miss Julia Blessing, — a young lady whom I once knew. And the embarrassment is this: I knew her under circumstances (in which she was not personally concerned, however) which might possibly render my presence now, as your groomsman, unwelcome to the family: at least, it is my duty — and yours, if you still desire me to stand beside you — to let Miss Blessing and her family decide the question. The circumstances to which I refer concern them rather than myself. I think your best plan will be simply to inform them of your request and my reply, and add that I am entirely ready to accept whatever course they may prefer.

Pray don't consider that I have treated your first letter to me ungraciously. I am more grieved than you can imagine that it happens so. You will probably come to the city a day before the wedding, and I insist that you shall share my bachelor quarters, in any case.

Always your friend,

Philip Held.

This letter threw Joseph into a new perplexity. Philip a former acquaintance of the Blessings! Formerly, but not now; and what could those mysterious "circumstances" have been, which had so seriously interrupted their intercourse? It was quite useless to conjecture; but he could not resist the feeling that another shadow hung over the aspects of his future. Perhaps he had exaggerated Elwood's unaccountable dislike to Julia, which had only been implied, not spoken; but here was a positive estrangement on the part of the man who was so suddenly near and dear to him. He never thought of suspecting Philip of blame; the candor and cheery warmth of the letter rejoiced his heart. There was evidently nothing better to do than to follow the advice contained in it, and leave the question to the decision of Julia and her parents.

Her reply did not come by the return mail, nor until nearly a week afterwards; during which time he tormented himself by imagining the wildest reasons for her silence. When the letter at last arrived, he had some difficulty in comprehending its import.

"Dearest Joseph," she said, "you must *really* forgive me this long trial of your patience. Your letter was *so* unexpected, — I mean its contents, — and it seems as if ma and pa and Clementina would never agree what was best to be done. For that matter, I cannot say that they agree now; we had *no idea* that you were an intimate friend of Mr. Held, (I can't think how ever you should have become acquainted!) and it seemed to break open old wounds, — none of mine, fortunately, for I have none. As Mr. Held leaves the question in our hands, there is, you will understand, all the more necessity

that we should be careful. Ma thinks he has said nothing to you about the unfortunate occurrence, or you would have expressed an opinion. You never can know how happy your fidelity makes me; but I felt that, the first moment we met.

"Ma says that at *very private* (what pa calls informal) weddings, there need not be bridesmaids or groomsmen. Miss Morrisey was married that way, not long ago; it is true that she is not of our circle, nor strictly a *first* family (this is ma's view, not mine, for I understand the hollowness of society); but we could very well do the same. Pa would be satisfied with a reception afterwards; he wants to ask the Collector, and the Surveyor, and the Appraiser. Clementina won't say anything now, but I know what she thinks, and so does ma; however, Mr. Held has so dropped out of city life that it is not important. I suppose everything must be dim in his memory now; you do not write to me much that he related. How strange that he should be your friend! They say my dress is lovely, but I am sure I should like a plain muslin just as well. I shall only breathe freely when I get back to the quiet of the country, (and your — *our* charming home, and dear, good Aunt Rachel!) and away from all these conventional forms. Ma says if there is one groomsman, there ought to be two; either very simple, or according to custom. In a matter so delicate, perhaps Mr. Held would be as competent to decide as we are; at least, *I* am quite willing to leave it to *his* judgment. But how trifling is all this discussion, compared with the importance of the day to us! It is now drawing very near, but I have no misgivings, for I confide in you wholly and forever!"

After reading the letter with as much coolness as was then possible to him, Joseph inferred three things: that his acquaintance with Philip Held was not entirely agreeable to the Blessing family; that they would prefer the simplest style of a wedding, and this was in consonance with his own tastes; and that Julia clung to him as a deliverer from conditions with which her nature had little sympathy. Her incoherence, he fancied, arose from an agitation which he could very well understand, and his answer was intended to soothe and encourage her. It was difficult to let Philip know that his services would not be required, without implying the existence of an unfriendly feeling towards him; and Joseph, therefore, all the more readily accepted his invitation. He was assured that the mysterious difficulty did not concern Julia; even if it were so, he was not called upon to do violence, without cause, to so welcome a friendship.

The September days sped by, not with the lingering, passionate uncertainty of which Elwood Withers spoke, but almost too swiftly. In the hurry of preparation, Joseph had scarcely time to look beyond the coming event and estimate its consequences. He was too ignorant of himself to doubt: his conscience was too pure and perfect to admit the possibility of changing the course of his destiny. Whatever the gossip of the neighborhood might have been, he heard nothing of it that was not agreeable. His aunt was entirely reconciled to a wife who would not immediately, and probably not for a long time, interfere with her authority; and the shadows raised by the two men whom he loved best seemed, at last, to be accidentally thrown from clouds beyond the horizon of his life. This was the thought to which he clung, in spite of a vague, utterly formless apprehension, which he felt lurking somewhere in the very bottom of his heart.

Philip met him on his arrival in the city, and after taking him to his pleasant quarters, in a house looking on one of the leafy squares, good-naturedly sent him to the Blessing mansion, with a warning to return before the evening was quite spent. The family was in a flutter of preparation, and though he was cordially welcomed, he felt that, to all except Julia, he was subordinate in interest to the men who

came every quarter of an hour, bringing bouquets, and silver spoons with cards attached, and pasteboard boxes containing frosted cakes. Even Julia's society he was only allowed to enjoy by scanty instalments; she was perpetually summoned by her mother, or Clementina, to consult about some indescribable figment of dress. Mr. Blessing was occupied in the basement, with the inspection of various hampers. He came to the drawing-room to greet Joseph, whom he shook by both hands, with such incoherent phrases that Julia presently interposed. "You must not forget, pa," she said, "that the man is waiting: Joseph will excuse you, I know." She followed him to the basement, and he returned no more.

Joseph left early in the evening, cheered by Julia's words: "We can't complain of all this confusion, when it 's for our sakes; but we 'll be happier when it 's over, won't we?"

He gave her an affirmative kiss, and returned to Philip's room. That gentleman was comfortably disposed in an arm-chair, with a book and a cigar. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "you find that a house is more agreeable any evening than that before the wedding?"

"There is one compensation," said Joseph; "it gives me two or three hours with you."

"Then take that other arm-chair, and tell me how this came to pass. You see, I have the curiosity of a neighbor, already."

He listened earnestly while Joseph related the story of his love, occasionally asking a question or making a suggestive remark, but so gently that it seemed to come as an assistance. When all had been told, he rose and commenced walking slowly up and down the room. Joseph longed to ask, in turn, for an explanation of the circumstances mentioned in Philip's letter; but a doubt checked his tongue.

As if in response to his thought, Philip stopped before him and said: "I owe you my story, and you shall have it after a while, when I can tell you more. I was a young fellow of twenty when I knew the Blessings, and I don't attach the slightest importance, now, to anything that happened. Even if I did, Miss Julia had no share in it. I remember her distinctly; she was then about my age, or a year or two older; but hers is a face that would not change in a long while."

Joseph stared at his friend in silence. He recalled the latter's age, and was startled by the involuntary arithmetic which revealed Julia's to him. It was unexpected, unwelcome, yet inevitable.

"Her father had been lucky in some of his 'operations,'" Philip continued, "but I don't think he kept it long. I hardly wonder that she should come to prefer a quiet country life to such ups and downs as the family has known. Generally, a woman don't adapt herself so readily to a change of surroundings as a man: where there is love, however, everything is possible."

"There is! there is!" Joseph exclaimed, certifying the fact to himself as much as to his friend. He rose and stood beside him.

Philip looked at him with grave, tender eyes.

"What can I do?" he said.

"What should you do?" Joseph asked.

"This!" Philip exclaimed, laying his hands on Joseph's shoulders,—"this, Joseph! I can be nearer than a brother. I know that I am in your heart as you are in mine. There is no faith between us that need be limited, there is no truth too secret to be veiled. A man's perfect friendship is rarer than a woman's love, and most hearts are content with one or the other: not so with yours and mine! I read it in your eyes, when you opened them on my knee: I see it in your face now. Don't speak: let us clasp hands."

But Joseph could not speak.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT.

IN 1825 a royal prince of Siam (his birthright wrested from him, and his life imperilled) took refuge in a Buddhist monastery and assumed the yellow garb of a priest. His father, commonly known as Phēn den-Klang, first or supreme king of Siam, had just died, leaving this prince, Chowfa Mongkut, at the age of twenty, lawful heir to the crown; for he was the eldest son of the acknowledged queen, and therefore by courtesy and honored custom, if not by absolute right, the legitimate successor to the throne of the Phra-batts.* But he had an elder half-brother, who, through the intrigues of his mother, had already obtained control of the royal treasury, and now, with the connivance, if not by authority, of the Senabawdee, the Grand Council of the kingdom, proclaimed himself king, under the title of Phra-chow-Phra-sat-thong. He had the grace, however, to promise his plundered brother — such royal promises being a cheap form of propitiation in Siam — to hold the reins of government only until Chowfa Mongkut should be of years and strength and skill to manage them. But, once firmly seated on the throne, the usurper saw in his patient but proud and astute kinsman only a hindrance and a peril in the path of his own cruder and fiercer aspirations. Hence the forewarning and the flight, the cloister and the yellow robes. And so the usurper continued to reign, unchallenged by any claim from the king that should be, until March, 1851, when, a mortal illness having overtaken him, he convoked the Grand Council of princes and nobles around his couch, and proposed his favorite son as his successor. Then the safe asses of the court kicked the dying lion with seven words of sententious scorn, — "The crown has already its rightful owner"; whereupon Phra-chow-Phra-sat-thong literally cursed himself to death; for it was almost in the convulsion of his chagrin and rage that he came to his end, on the 3d of April.

* The Golden-footed.

In Siam there is no such personage as an heir apparent to the throne, in the definite meaning and positive value which attaches to that phrase in Europe, — no prince with an absolute and exclusive title, by birth, adoption, or nomination, to succeed to the crown. And while it is true that the eldest living son of a Siamese sovereign by his queen or queen consort is recognized by all custom, ancient and modern, as the *probable* successor to the high seat of his royal sire, he cannot be said to have a clear and indefeasible right to it, because the question of his accession has yet to be decided by the electing voice of the Senabawdee, the Grand Council of the realm, in whose judgment he may be ineligible, by reason of certain physical, mental, or moral disabilities, — as extreme youth, effeminacy, imbecility, intemperance, profligacy. Nevertheless, the election is popularly expected to result in the choice of the eldest son of the queen, though an interregnum or a regency is a contingency by no means unusual.

It was in view of this jurisdiction of the Senabawdee, exercised in deference to a just and honored custom, that the voice of the oracle fell upon the ear of the dying monarch with a disappointing and offensive significance; for he well knew who was meant by the "rightful owner" of the crown. Hardly had he breathed his last when, in spite of the busy intrigues of his eldest son (whom we find described in the Bangkok Recorder of July 26, 1866, as "most honorable and promising"), in spite of the bitter vexation of his lordship Chow-Phya Sri Surry Wongse, so soon to be premier, the prince Chowfa Mongkut doffed his sa-

cerdotal robes, emerged from his cloister, and was crowned, with the title of Somedtch-Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut.*

For twenty-five years had the true heir to the throne of the Phra-batts, patiently biding his time, lain perdu in his monastery, diligently devoting himself to the study of Sanskrit, Bali, theology, history, geology, chemistry, and especially astronomy. He was a familiar visitor at the houses of the American missionaries, two of whom (Dr. House and Mr. Mattoon) were, throughout his reign and life, gratefully revered by him for that pleasant and profitable converse which helped to unlock to him the secrets of European vigor and advancement, and to make straight and easy the paths of knowledge he had started upon. Not even the essential arrogance of his Siamese nature could prevent him from accepting cordially the happy influences these good and true men inspired; and doubtless he would have gone more than half-way to meet them, but for the dazzle of the golden throne in the distance, which arrested him midway between Christianity and Buddhism, between truth and delusion, between light and darkness, between life and death.

In the Oriental tongues this progressive king was eminently proficient; and toward priests, preachers, and teachers, of all creeds, sects, and sciences, an enlightened exemplar of tolerance. It was likewise his peculiar vanity to pass for an accomplished English scholar, and to this end he maintained in his palace at Bangkok a private printing establishment, with fonts of English type, which, as may be perceived presently, he was at no loss to keep in "copy." Perhaps it was the printing-office which suggested, quite naturally, an English governess for the *élite* of his wives and concubines, and their offspring, — in number amply adequate to the constitution of a royal school, and in material most attractively fresh and romantic. Happy thought! Wherefore, behold me, just after sunset on a pleasant day in April, 1862, on the threshold of the outer court of the Grand Palace, accompanied by my own brave little boy, and escorted by a compatriot.

A flood of light sweeping through the spacious Hall of Audience displayed a throng of noblemen in waiting. None turned a glance, or seemingly a thought, on us, and, my child being tired and hungry, I urged Captain B—— to present us without delay. At once we mounted the marble steps, and entered the brilliant hall unannounced. Ranged on the carpet were many prostrate, mute, and motionless forms, over whose heads to step was a temptation as drolly natural as it was dangerous. His Majesty spied us quickly, and advanced abruptly, petulantly screaming, "Who? who? who?"

Captain B—— (who, by the by, is a titled nobleman of Siam) introduced me as the English governess, engaged for the royal family. The king shook hands with us, and immediately proceeded to march up and down in quick step, putting one foot before the other with mathematical precision, as if under drill. "Forewarned, forearmed," my friend whispered that I should prepare myself for a sharp cross-questioning as to my age, my husband, children, and other strictly personal concerns. Suddenly his Majesty, having cogitated sufficiently in his peculiar manner, with one long final stride halted in front of us, and, pointing straight at me with his forefinger, asked, "How old shall you be?"

Scarcely able to repress a smile at a proceeding so absurd, and with my sex's distaste for so serious a question, I demurely replied, "One hundred and fifty years old."

Had I made myself much younger, he might have ridiculed or assailed me; but now he stood surprised and embarrassed for a few moments, then resumed his quick march, and at last, beginning to perceive the jest, coughed, laughed, coughed again, and then in a high, sharp key asked, "In what year were you borned?"

* Duke, and royal bearer of the great crown.

Instantly I "struck" a mental balance, and answered, as gravely as I could, "In 1788."

At this point the expression of his Majesty's face was indescribably comical. Captain B—— slipped behind a pillar to laugh; but the king only coughed, with a significant emphasis that startled me, and addressed a few words to his prostrate courtiers, who smiled at the carpet, — all except the prime minister, who turned to look at me. But his Majesty was not to be baffled so: again he marched with vigor, and then returned to the attack with *élan*.

"How many years shall you be married?"

"For several years, your Majesty."

He fell into a brown study; then suddenly rushed at me, and demanded triumphantly: —

"Ha! How many grandchildren shall you now have? Ha! ha! How many? How many? Ha! ha! ha!"

Of course we all laughed with him; but the general hilarity admitted of a variety of constructions.

Then suddenly he seized my hand, and dragged me, *nolens volens*, my little Louis holding fast by my skirt, through several sombre passages along which crouched duennas, shrivelled and grotesque, and many youthful women, covering their faces, as if blinded by the splendor of the passing Majesty. At length he stopped before one of the many-curtained recesses, and, drawing aside the hangings, disclosed a lovely, childlike form. He stooped and took her hand (she naïvely hiding her face), and placing it in mine, said: "This is my wife, the Lady T. She desires to be educated in English. She is as renowned for her talents as for her beauty, and it is our pleasure to make her a good English scholar. You shall educate her for me."

I replied that the office would give me much pleasure; for nothing could be more eloquently winning than the modest, timid bearing of that tender young creature in the presence of her lord. She laughed low and pleasantly as he translated my sympathetic words to her, and seemed so enraptured with the graciousness of his act that I took my leave of her with a sentiment of profound pity.

He led me back by the way we had come; and now we met many children, who put my patient boy to much childish torture for the gratification of their startled curiosity.

"I have sixty-seven children," said his Majesty, when we had returned to the Audience Hall. "You shall educate them; and as many of my wives, likewise, as may wish to learn English. And I have much correspondence in which you must assist me. And, moreover, I have much difficulty for reading and translating French letters; for French are fond of using gloomily deceiving terms. You must undertake; and you shall make all their murky sentences and gloomily deceiving propositions clear to me. And, furthermore, I have by every mail many foreign letters whose writing is not easily read by me. You shall copy on round hand, for my readily perusal thereof."

Nil desperandum; but I began by despairing of my ability to accomplish tasks so multifarious. I simply bowed, however, and so dismissed myself for that evening.

When next I "interviewed" the king, I was accompanied by the premier's sister, a fair and pleasant woman, whose whole stock of English was, "Good morning, sir"; and with this somewhat irrelevant greeting, a dozen times in an hour, though the hour were night, she relieved her pent-up feelings, and gave expression to her sympathy and regard for me. We found his Majesty in a less genial mood than at my first reception. He approached us coughing loudly and repeatedly, a sufficiently ominous fashion of announcing himself, which greatly discouraged my darling boy, who clung to me anxiously. He was followed by a numerous "tail" of women and children, who presently prostrated themselves around him. Shaking hands with me coldly, but remarking upon the beauty of the child's hair, half buried in the folds of

my dress, he turned to the premier's sister, and conversed at some length with her, she apparently acquiescing in all that he had to say. He then approached me, and said, in a loud and domineering tone, —

"It is our pleasure that you shall reside within this palace with our family."

I replied that it would be quite impossible for me to do so; that, being as yet unable to speak the language, and the gates being shut every evening, I should feel like an unhappy prisoner in the palace.

"Where do you go every evening?" he demanded.

"Not anywhere, your Majesty. I am a stranger here."

"Then why you shall object to the gates being shut?"

"I do not clearly know," I replied, with a secret shudder at the idea of sleeping within those walls; "but I am afraid I could not do it. I beg your Majesty will remember that in your gracious letter you promised me 'a residence adjoining the royal palace,' not within it."

He turned and looked at me, his face growing almost purple with rage. "I do not know I have promised. I do not know former condition. I do not know anything but you are our servant; and it is our pleasure that you must live in this palace, and *you shall obey*." Those last three words he fairly screamed.

I trembled in every limb, and for some time knew not how to reply. At length I ventured to say: "I am prepared to obey all your Majesty's commands, within the obligation of my duty to your family; but beyond that I can promise no obedience."

"You *shall* live in palace," he roared, —"you shall live in palace. I will give woman slaves to wait on you. You shall commence royal school in this pavilion on Thursday next. That is the best day for such undertaking, in the estimation of our astrologers."

With that, he addressed, in a frantic manner, commands, unintelligible to me, to some of the old women about the pavilion. My boy began to cry; tears filled my own eyes; and the premier's sister, so kind but an hour before, cast fierce glances at us both. I turned and led my child toward the oval brass door. We heard voices behind us crying, "Mam! Mam!" I turned again, and saw the king beckoning and calling to me. I bowed to him profoundly, but passed on through the brass door. The prime minister's sister rushed after us in a distraction of excitement, tugging at my cloak, shaking her finger in my face, and crying, "My di! my di!"* All the way back, in the boat, and on the street, to the very door of my apartments, instead of her jocund "Good morning, sir," I had nothing but *my di.*

But kings who are not mad have their sober second thoughts like other rational people. His Golden-footed Majesty presently repented him of his arbitrary "cantankerousness," and in due time my ultimatum was accepted.

About a year later, when I had been permanently installed in my double office of teacher and scribe, I was one day busy with a letter from his Majesty to the Earl of Clarendon, and finding that any attempt at partial correction would but render his meaning more ambiguous, and impair the striking originality of his style, I had abandoned the effort, and set about copying it with literal exactness, only venturing to alter here and there a word, such as "I hasten with *wilful* pleasure to write in reply to your Lordship's *well-wishing* letter," etc. Whilst I was thus evolving from the depths of my inner consciousness a satisfactory solution to this conundrum in King's English, his Majesty's private secretary lolled in the sunniest corner of the room, stretching his dusky limbs and heavily nodding, in an ecstasy of ease-taking. Poor Phra-Alâck! I never knew him to be otherwise than sleepy, and his sleep was always stolen. For his Majesty was the most capricious of kings as to his working moods, —busy when the average man should

* Bad, bad!

be sleeping, sleeping while letters, papers, despatches, messengers, mail-boats waited. More than once had we been aroused at dead of night by noisy female slaves, and dragged in hot haste and consternation to the Hall of Audience, only to find that his Majesty was, not at his last gasp, as we had feared, but simply bothered to find in Webster's Dictionary some word that was to be found nowhere but in his own fertile brain; or perhaps in excited chase of the classical term for some trifle he was on the point of ordering from London, — and that word was sure to be a stranger to my brain.

Before my arrival in Bangkok it had been his not uncommon practice to send for a missionary at midnight, have him beguiled or abducted from his bed, and conveyed by boat to the palace, some miles up the river, to inquire if it would not be more elegant to write *murky* instead of *obscure*, or *gloomily dark* rather than *not clearly apparent*. And if the wretched man should venture to declare his honest preference for the ordinary over the extraordinary form of expression, he was forthwith dismissed with irony, arrogance, or even insult, and without a word of apology for the rude invasion of his rest.

One night, a little after twelve o'clock, as he was on the point of going to bed like any plain citizen of regular habits, his Majesty fell to thinking how most accurately to render into English the troublesome Siamese word *phi*, which admits of a variety of interpretations.* After puzzling over it for more than an hour, getting himself possessed with the word as with the devil it stands for, and all to no purpose, he ordered one of his lesser state barges to be manned and despatched with all speed for the British consul. That functionary, inspired with lively alarm by so startling a summons, dressed himself with unceremonious celerity, and hurried to the palace, conjecturing on the way all imaginable possibilities of politics and diplomacy, revolution or invasion. To his vexation, not less than his surprise, he found the king seated in dishabille, with a Siamese-English vocabulary, mentally divided between "deuce" and "devil," in the choice of an equivalent. His preposterous Majesty gravely laid the case before the consul, who, though inwardly chafing at what he termed "the confounded coolness" of the situation, had no choice but to decide with grace, and go back to bed with philosophy.

No wonder, then, that Phra-Alâck experienced an access of gratitude for the privilege of napping for two hours in a snuggery of sunshine.

"Mam-Kha,"* he murmured drowsily, "I hope that in the Chat-Nah† I shall be a freed man."

"I hope so sincerely, Phra-Alâck," said I. "I hope you 'll be an Englishman or an American, for then you 'll be sure to be independent."

It was impossible not to pity the poor old man, — stiff with continual stooping to his task, and so subdued! — liable not only to be called at any hour of the day or night, but to be threatened, cuffed, kicked, beaten on the head,‡ every way abused and insulted, and the next moment to be taken into favor, confidence, bosom-friendship, even as his Majesty's mood might veer.

Alack for Phra-Alâck! though usually he bore with equal patience his greater and his lesser ills, there were occasions that sharply tried his meekness, when his weak and goaded nature revolted, and he rushed to a snug little home of his own, about forty yards from the Grand Palace, there to snatch a respite of rest and refreshment in the society of his young and lately wedded wife. Then the king would awake and send for him, whereupon he would be suddenly ill, or not at home, strategically hiding himself under a mountain of bedclothes, and detailing Mrs. Phra-Alâck to reconnoitre and report. He had tried this primitive trick so often that its very staleness infuriated the

* Ghost, spirit, soul, devil, evil angel.

* *Kha*, your slave.

† The next state of existence.

‡ The gravest indignity a Siamese can suffer.

king, who invariably sent officers to seize his trembling accomplice and lock her up in a dismal cell, as a hostage for the scribe's appearance. At dusk the poor fellow would emerge, contrite and terrified, and prostrate himself at the gate of the palace. Then his Majesty (who, having spies posted in every quarter of the town, knew as well as Phra-Alâck himself what the illness or the absence signified) leisurely strolled forth, and, finding the patient on the threshold, flew always into a genuine rage, and prescribed "decapitation on the spot," and "sixty lashes on the bare back," both in the same breath. And while the attendants flew right and left, — one for the blade, another for the thong, — the king, still raging, seized whatever came most handy, and belabored his bosom-friend on the head and shoulders. Having thus summarily relieved his mind, he despatched the royal secretary for his ink-horn and papyrus, and began inditing letters, orders, appointments, before scymitar or lash (which were ever tenderly slow on these occasions) had made its appearance. Perhaps in the very thick of his dictating he would remember the connubial accomplice, and order his people to "release her, and let her go."

Slavery in Siam is the lot of men of a much finer intellectual type than any who have been its victims in modern times, in societies farther west. Phra-Alâck had been his Majesty's slave when they were boys together. Together they had played, studied, and entered the priesthood. At once bondman, comrade, classmate, and confidant, he was the very man to fill the office of private secretary to his royal crony. Virgil made a slave of his a poet, and Horace was the son of an emancipated slave. The Roman leech and chirurgeon were often slaves; so, too, the preceptor and the pedagogue, the reader and the player, the clerk and the amanuensis, the singer, the dancer, the wrestler, and the buffoon, the architect, the smith, the weaver, and the shoemaker; even the armiger or squire was a slave. Educated slaves exercised their talents and pursued their callings for the emolument of their masters; and thus it is to-day in Siam. *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*, Phra-Alâck.

The king's taste for English composition had, by much exercise, developed itself into a passion. In the pursuit of it he was indefatigable, rambling, and petulant. He had "Webster Unabridged" on the brain, — an exasperating form of king's evil. The little dingy slips that emanated freely from the palace press were as indiscriminate as they were quaint. No topic was too sublime or too ignoble for them. All was "copy" that came to those cases, — from the glory of the heavenly bodies to the nuisance of the busybodies, who scolded his Majesty through the columns of the Bangkok Recorder.

I have before me as I write a circular from his pen, and in the type of his private press, which, being without caption or signature, may be supposed to be addressed "to all whom it may concern." The American missionaries had vexed his exact scholarship by their peculiar mode of representing in English letters the name of a native city (*Prippri*, or in Sanskrit *Bajrepuri*). Whence this droll circular, which begins with a dogmatic line: —

"None should write the name of city of Prippri thus — P'et cha poory."

Then comes a scholarly demonstration of the derivation of the name from a compound Sanskrit word, signifying "Diamond City." And the document concludes with a characteristic explosion of impatience, at once critical, royal, and sacerdotal: "Ah! what the Romanization of American system that P'etch' abwry will be! Will whole human learned world become the pupil of their corrupted Siamese teachers? It is very far from correctness, why they did not look in journal of Royal Asiatic Society, where several words of Sanskrit and Pali were published continually? Their Siamese priestly teachers considered all Europeans as very heathen; to them far

from sacred tongue and were glad to have American heathens to become their scholars or pupils; they thought they have taught sacred language to the part of heathen; in fact, they themselves are very far from sacred language, being sunk deeply in corruption of sacred and learned language, for tongue of their former Laos and Cambodian teachers, and very far from knowledge of Hindoostanee, Singhalese, and Royal Asiatic Society's knowledge in Sanskrit, as they are considered by such the Siamese teachers, as heathen; called by them Mit ch'a thi thi, &c., &c., i. e. wrongly seer or spectator, &c., &c."

In another slip, which is manifestly an outburst of the royal petulance, his Majesty demands, in a "displayed" paragraph: —

"Why name of Mr. Knox [Thomas George Knox, Esq., British Consul] was not published thus: Missa Nok or Nawk. If name of Chaw Phya Bhudharabhay is to be thus: P'raya P'oo t'a ra P'ie; and why the London was not published thus: Lundun or Landan, if Bejrepuri is to be published P'etch' abury."

In the same slip with the philological protest the following remarkable paragraphs appear: —

"What has been published in No. 25 of Bangkok Recorder thus: —

"The king of Siam, on reading from some European paper that the Pope had lately suffered the loss of some precious jewels, in consequence of a thief having got possession of his Holiness' keys, exclaimed, 'What a man! professing to keep the keys of Heaven, and cannot even keep his own keys!'"

"The king on perusal thereof denied that it is false. He knows nothing about his Holiness the Pope's sustaining loss of gems, &c., and has said nothing about religious faith."

This is curious, in that it exposes the king's unworthy fear of the French priesthood in Siam. The fact is that he did make the rather smart remark, in precisely these words: "Ah! what a man! professing to keep the keys of Heaven, and not able to guard those of his own bureau!" and he was quite proud of his hit. But when it appeared in the Recorder, he thought it prudent to bar it with a formal denial. Hence the politic little item, which he sent to all the foreigners in Bangkok, and especially to the French priests.

His Majesty's mode of dealing with newspaper strictures (not always just) and suggestions (not always pertinent) aimed at his administration of public affairs, or the constitution and discipline of his household, was characteristic. He snubbed them with sententious arrogance, leavened with sarcasm.

When the Recorder recommended to the king the expediency of dispersing his Solomonic harem, and abolishing polygamy in the royal family, his Majesty retorted with a verbal message to the editor, to the purport that "when the Recorder shall have dissuaded princes and noblemen from offering their daughters to the king as concubines, the king will cease to receive contributions of women in that capacity."

In August, 1865, an angry altercation occurred in the Royal Court of Equity (sometimes styled the International Court) between a French priest and Phya Wiset, a Siamese nobleman, of venerable years, but positive spirit and energy. The priest gave Phya Wiset the lie, and Phya Wiset gave it back to the priest, whereupon the priest became noisy. Afterward he reported the affair to his consul at Bangkok, with the embellishing statement that not only himself, but his religion had been grossly insulted. The consul, one Monsieur Aubaret, a peppery and pugnacious Frenchman, immediately made a demand upon his Majesty for the removal of Phya Wiset from office.

This despatch was sent late in the evening by the hand of Monsieur Lamarche, commanding the troops at the royal palace; and that officer had the consul's order to present it summarily. Lamarche managed to procure admittance to the penetralia, and presented the note at two o'clock in the morning,

in violation of reason and courtesy as well as of rules, excusing himself on the ground that the despatch was important and his orders peremptory. His Majesty then read the despatch, and remarked that the matter should be disposed of "to-morrow." Lamarche replied, very presumptuously, that the affair required no investigation, as *he* had heard the offensive language of Phya Wiset, and that person must be deposed without ceremony. Whereupon his Majesty ordered the offensive foreigner to leave the palace.

Lamarche repaired forthwith to the consul, and reported that the king had spoken disrespectfully, not only of his Imperial Majesty's consul, but of the Emperor himself, besides outrageously insulting a French messenger. Then the fire-eating functionary addressed another despatch to his Majesty, the purport of which was, that in expelling Lamarche from the palace, the king of Siam had been guilty of a political misdemeanor, and had rudely disturbed the friendly relations existing between France and Siam; that he should leave Bangkok for Paris, and in six weeks lay his grievance before the Emperor; but should first proceed to Saigon, and engage the French admiral there to attend to any emergency that might arise in Bangkok.

His Majesty, who knew how to confront the uproar of vulgarity and folly with the repose of wisdom and dignity, sent his own cousin, the Prince Mom Rachoday, Chief Judge of the Royal Court of Equity, to M. Aubaret, to disabuse his mind, and impart to him all the truth of the case. But the "furious Frank" seized the imposing magnate by the hair, drove him from his door, and flung his betel-box after him,—a reckless impulse of outrage as monstrous as the most ingenious and deliberate brutality could have devised. Rudely to seize a Siamese by the hair is an indignity as grave as to spit in the face of a European; and the betel-box, beside being a royal present, was an essential part of the insignia of the prince's judicial office.

On a later occasion this same Aubaret seized the opportunity a royal procession afforded to provoke the king to an ill-timed discussion of politics, and to prefer an intemperate complaint against the Kalahome, or Prime Minister. This characteristic flourish of ill temper and bad manners, from the representative of the politest of nations, naturally excited lively indignation and disgust among all respectable dwellers, native or foreign, near the court, and a serious disturbance was imminent. But a single dose of the King's English sufficed to soothe the spasmodic official, and reduce him to "a sense of his situation."

"To the Hon. the Monsieur Aubaret, *the Consul for H. I. M.*

"Sir:—The verbal insult or bad words without any step more over from lower or lowest person is considered very slight & inconsiderable.

"The person standing on the surface of the ground or floor Cannot injure the heavenly bodies or any highly hanging Lamp or glope by ejecting his spit from his mouth upward it will only injure his own face without attempting of Heavenly bodies—&c.

"The Siamese are knowing of being lower than heaven do not endeavor to injure heavenly bodies with their spit from mouth.

"A person who is known to be powerless by every one as they who have no arms or legs to move oppose or injure or deaf or blind &c. &c. Cannot be considered and said that they are our enemies even for their madness in vain—it might be considered as easily agitation or uneasiness.

"Persons under strong desires without any limit or acting under illimited anger sometimes cannot be believed at once without testimony or witness if they stated against any one verbally from such the statements of the most desirous or persons most illimitedly angry hesitation and mild enquiry is very prudent from persons of considerable rank."

No signature.

Never were simplicity with shrewdness, and unconscious humor with pathos, and candor with irony, and political economy with the sense of an awful bore, more quaintly blended than in the following extraordinary hint, written and printed by his Majesty, and freely distributed for the snubbing of visionary or speculative adventurers: —

"NOTICE.

"When the general rumor was and is spread out from Siam, circulated among the foreigners to Siam, chiefly Europeans, Chinese, &c, in three points: —

"1. That Siam is under quite absolute Monarchy. Whatever her Supreme Sovereign commanded, allowed &c, all cannot be resisted by any one of his Subjects.

"2. The Treasury of the Sovereign of Siam, was full for money, like a mountain of gold and silver; Her Sovereign most wealthy.

"3. The present reigning Monarch of Siam is shallow minded and admirer of almost everything of curiosity, and most admirer of European usages, customs, sciences, arts and literature &c, without limit. He is fond of flattering term and ambitious of honor, so that there are now many opportunities and operations to be embraced for drawing great money from Royal Treasury of Siam, &c.

"The most many foreigners being under belief of such general rumour, were endeavoring to draw money from him in various operations, as aluring him with valuable curiosities and expectations of interest, and flattering him, to be glad of them, and deceiving him in various ways; almost on every opportunity of Steamer Coming to Siam, various foreigners partly known to him and acquainted with him, and generally unknown to him, boldly wrote to him in such the term of various application and treatment, so that he can conclude that the chief object of all letters written to him, is generally to draw money from him, even unreasonable. Several instances and testimonies can be shown for being example on this subject — the foreigners letters addressed to him, come by every one steamer of Siam, and of foreign steamers visiting Siam; 10 and 12 at least and 40 at highest number, urging him in various ways; so he concluded that foreigners must consider him only as a mad king of a wild land!

"He now states that he cannot be so mad more, as he knows and observes the consideration of the foreigners towards him. Also he now became of old age,* and was very sorry to lose his principal members of his family namely, his two Queens, twice, and his younger brother the late Second King, and his late second son and beloved daughter, and moreover now he fear of sickness of his eldest son, he is now unhappy and must solicit his friends in correspondence and others who please to write for the foresaid purpose, that they should know suitable reason in writing to him, and shall not urge him as they would urge a madman! And the general rumours forementioned are some exaggerated and some entirely false; they shall not believe such the rumours, deeply and ascertainedly.

"ROYAL RESIDENCE GRAND PALACE
BANGKOK 2nd July 1867."

And now observe with what gracious ease this most astute and discriminating prince could fit his tone to the sense of those who, familiar with his opinions, and reconciled to his temper and his ways, however peculiar, could reciprocate the catholicity of his sympathies, and appreciate his enlightened efforts to fling off that tenacious old-man-of-the-sea custom, and extricate himself from the predicament of conflicting responsibilities. To these, on the Christian New Year's day of 1867, he addressed this kindly greeting: —

"S. P. P. M. MONGKUT:

"Called in Siamese 'Phra-Chomklau chao-yuhua,' In Magadhi or language of Pali 'Siamikanam Maha Rajah,'

* He was sixty-two at this time.

In Latin 'Rex Siamensium,' In French 'Le Roi de Siam,' In English 'The King of Siam,' and in Malayan 'Rajah Maha Pasah' &c.

"Begs to present his respectful and regardful compliments and congratulations in happy lives during immediately last year, and wishes the continuing thereof during the commencing New Year, and ensuing and succeeding many years, to his foreign friends, both now in Siam namely, the functionary and acting Consuls and consular officers of various distinguished nations in Treaty Power with Siam and certain foreign persons under our salary, in service in any manner here, and several Gentlemen and Ladies who are resident in Siam in various stations: namely, the Priests, preachers of religion, Masters and Mistresses of Schools, Workmen and Merchants, &c, and now abroad in various foreign countries and ports, who are our noble and common friends, acquainted either by ever having had correspondences mutually with us some time, at any where and remaining in our friendly remembrance or mutual remembrance, and whosoever are in service to us as our Consuls, vice consuls and consular assistants, in various foreign ports. Let them know our remembrance and good wishes toward them all.

. . . . .

"Though we are not Christians, the forenamed King was glad to arrive this day in his valued life, as being the 22,720th day of his age, during which he was aged sixty-two years and three months, and being the 5,711th day of his reign, during which he reigned upon his kingdom 15 years and 8 months up to the current month.

"In like manner he was very glad to see & know and hope for all his Royal Family, kindred and friends of both native and foreign, living near and far to him had arrived to this very remarkable anniversary of the commencement of Solar Year in Anno Christi 1867.

"In their all being healthy and well living like himself, he begs to express his royal congratulation and respect and graceful regards to all his kindred and friends both native and foreign, and hopes to receive such the congratulation and expression of good wishes toward him and members of his family in very like manner, as he trusts that the amity and grace to one another of every of human beings who are innocent, is a great merit, and is righteous and praiseworthy in religious system of all civil religion, and best civilized laws and morality, &c.

"Given at the Royal Audience Hall, 'Anant Samagome,' Grand Palace, Bangkok," etc., etc.

His Majesty usually passed his mornings in study or in dictating or writing English letters and despatches. His breakfast, though a repast sufficiently frugal for Oriental royalty, was served with awesome forms. In an antechamber adjoining a noble hall, rich in grotesque carvings and gildings, a throng of females waited, while his Majesty sat at a long table, near which knelt twelve women before great silver trays laden with twelve varieties of viands, — soups, meats, game, poultry, fish, vegetables, cakes, jellies, preserves, sauces, fruits, and teas. Each tray, in its order, was passed by three ladies to the head wife or concubine, who removed the silver covers, and at least seemed to taste the contents of each dish; and then, advancing on her knees, she set them on the long table before the king.

But his Majesty was notably temperate in his diet, and by no means a gastronome. In his long seclusion in a Buddhist cloister he had acquired habits of severe simplicity and frugality, as a preparation for the exercise of those powers of mental concentration for which he was remarkable. At these morning repasts it was his custom to detain me in conversation, relating to some topic of interest derived from his studies, or in reading or translating. He was more systematically educated, and a more capacious devourer of books and news, than perhaps any man of equal rank in our day. But much

learning had made him morally mad; his extensive reading had engendered in his mind an extreme scepticism concerning all existing religious systems. In inborn integrity and steadfast principle he had no faith whatever. He sincerely believed that every man strove to compass his own ends, *per fas et nefas*. The *mens sibi conscia recti* was to him an hallucination, for which he entertained profound contempt; and he honestly pitied the delusion that pinned its faith on human truth and virtue. He was a provoking *mélange* of antiquarian attainments and modern scepticism. When, sometimes, I ventured to disabuse his mind of his darling scorn for motive and responsibility, I had the mortification to discover that I had but helped him to an argument against myself: it was simply "my peculiar interest to do so." Money, money, money! that could procure anything.

But aside from the too manifest bias of his early education and experience, it is due to his memory to say that his practice was less faithless than his profession, toward those persons and principles to which he was attracted by a just regard. In many grave considerations he displayed soundness of understanding and clearness of judgment, — a genuine nobility of mind, established upon universal ethics and philosophic reason, — where his passions were not dominant; but when these broke in, between the man and the majesty, they effectually barred his advance in the direction of true greatness; beyond them he could not or would not make way.

Ah! if this man could but have cast off the cramping yoke of his intellectual egotism, and been loyal to the free government of his own true heart, what a demigod might he not have been, among the lower animals of Asiatic royalty!

When the darling of his old age, the sweet, bright little princess, Somdetch Chowfa Chandrmondol (who was so dear to me by her pet name of Fâ-ying), was seized with cholera on the night of the 13th of May, 1863, his Majesty wrote to me: —

"My dear Mam:

"Our well-beloved daughter, your favorite pupil, is attacked with cholera, and has earnest desire to see you, and is heard much to make frequent repetition of your name. I beg that you will favor her wish. I fear her illness is mortal, as there has been three deaths since morning. She is best beloved of my children.

"I am your afflicted friend,

"S. P. P. Maha Mongkut."

In a moment I was in my boat. I entreated, I flattered, I scolded, the rowers. How slow they were! how strong the opposing current! And when we did reach those heavy gates, how slowly they moved, with what suspicious caution they admitted me! I was fierce with impatience. And when at last I stood panting at the door of my Fâ-ying's chamber — too late! even Dr. Campbell (the surgeon of the British consulate) had come too late.

There was no need to prolong that anxious wail in the ear of the deaf child, "Phra-Arahang! Phra-Arahang!"* She would not forget her way; she would nevermore lose herself on the road to Heaven. Beyond, above the Phra-Arahang, she had soared into the eternal, tender arms of the Phra-Jesus, of whom she was wont to say in her infantine wonder and eagerness, *Mam châ, chân râk Phra-Jesus mâk* ("Mam dear, I love your holy Jesus")!

As I stooped to imprint a parting kiss on the little face that had been so dear to me, her kindred and slaves exchanged their appealing "Phra-Arahang" for a sudden burst of heart-rending cries.

An attendant hurried me to the king, who, reading the heavy tidings in my silence, covered his face with his hands and wept passionately. Strange and terrible were the tears of such a man,

* One of the most sacred of the many titles of Buddha, repeated by the nearest relative in the ear of the dying, till life is quite extinct.

welling up from a heart from which all natural affections had seemed to be expelled, to make room for his own exacting, engrossing conceit of self.

Bitterly he bewailed his darling, calling her by such tender, touching epithets as the lips of loving Christian mothers use. What could I say? What could I do but weep with him; and then steal quietly away, and leave the king to the father?

"The moreover very sad & mournful Circular* from His Gracious Majesty Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, the reigning Supreme King of Siam, intimating the recent death of Her Celestial Royal Highness, Princess Somdetch Chaufa Chandrmondol Sobhon Baghiawati, who was His Majesty's most affectionate & well beloved 9th Royal daughter or 16th offspring, and the second Royal child by His Majesty's late Queen consort Rambery Bhamarabhiramy who deceased in the year 1861. Both mother and daughter have been known to many foreign friends of His Majesty.

"To all the foreign friends of His Majesty, residing or trading in Siam, or in Singapore, Malacca, Pinang, Ceylon, Batavia, Saigon, Macao, Hongkong, & various regions in China, Europe, America, &c. . . . .

"Her Celestial Royal Highness, having been born on the 24th April 1855, grew up in happy condition of her royal valued life, under the care of her Royal parents, as well as her elder and younger three full brothers, and on the demise of her royal mother on the forementioned date, she was almost always with her Royal father everywhere day & night. All things which belonged to her late mother suitable for female use, were transferred to her as the most lawful inheritor of her late royal mother; She grew up to the age of 8 years & 20 days. On the ceremony of the funeral service of her elder late royal half brother forenamed, She accompanied her royal esteemed father & her royal brothers and sisters in customary service, cheerfully during three days of the ceremony, from the 11th to 13th May. On the night of the latter day, when she was returning from the royal funeral place to the royal residence in the same sedan with her Royal father at 10 'clock P. M. she yet appeared happy, but alasj, on her arrival at the royal residence, she was attacked by most violent & awful cholera, and sunk rapidly before the arrival of the physicians who were called on that night for treatment. Her disease or illness of cholera increased so strong that it did not give way to the treatment of any one, or even to the Chlorodine administered to her by Doctor James Campbell the Surgeon of the British Consulate. She expired at 4 o'clock P. M. on the 14th May, when her elder royal half brother's remains were burning at the funeral hall outside of the royal palace, according to the determined time for the assembling of the great congregation of the whole of the royalty & nobility, and native & foreign friends, before the occurrence of the unforeseen sudden misfortune or mournful event. . . . .

"The sudden death of the said most affectionate and lamented royal daughter has caused greater regret and sorrow to her Royal father than several losses sustained by him before, as this beloved Royal amiable daughter was brought up almost by the hands of His Majesty himself, since she was aged only 4 to 5 months, His Majesty has carried her to and fro by his hand and on the lap and placed her by his side in every one of the Royal seats, where ever he went; whatever could be done in the way of nursing His Majesty has done himself, by feeding her with milk obtained from her nurse, and sometimes with the milk of the cow, goat &c. poured in a teacup from which His Majesty fed her by means of a spoon, so this Royal daughter was as familiar with her father in her infancy, as with her nurses.

"On her being only aged six months, his Majesty took this Princess with him and went to Ayudia on affairs there, after that time when she became grown up His Majesty had the princess

* From the pen of the king.

seated on his lap when he was in his chair at the breakfast, dinner & supper table, and fed her at the same time of breakfast &c, almost every day, except when she became sick of colds &c. until the last days of her life she always eat at same table with her father, where ever His Majesty went, this princess always accompanied her father upon the same, sedan, carriage, Royal boat, yacht &c. and on her being grown up she became more prudent than other children of the same age, she paid very affectionate attention to her affectionate and esteemed father in every thing where her ability allowed; she was well educated in the vernacular Siamese literature which she commenced to study when she was 3 years old, and in last year she commenced to study in the English School where the schoolmistress, Lady L—— has observed that she was more skillful than the other royal Children, she pronounced & spoke English in articulate & clever manner which pleased the schoolmistress exceedingly so that the schoolmistress on the loss of this her beloved pupil, was in great sorrow and wept much.

". . . . . But alas! her life was very short. She was only aged 8 years & 20 days, reckoning from her birth day & hour, she lived in this world 2942 days & 18 hours. But it is known that the nature of human lives is like the flames of candles lighted in open air without any protection above & every side, so it is certain that this path ought to be followed by every one of human beings in a short or long while which cannot be ascertained by prediction, Alas!

"Dated Royal Grand Palace, Bangkok, 16th May, Anno Christi, 1863."

The remoter provinces of Siam constitute a source of continual anxiety and much expense to the government; and to his Majesty (who, very conscious of power, was proud to be able to say that the Malayan territories and rajahs — Cambodia, with her marvellous cities, palaces, and temples, once the stronghold of Siam's most formidable and implacable foes, the Laos country, with its warlike princes and chiefs — were alike dependencies and tributaries of his crown) it was intolerably irritating to find Cambodia rebellious. So long as his government could successfully maintain its supremacy there, that country formed a sort of neutral ground between his people and the Cochin-Chinese; a geographical condition which was not without its political advantages. But now the unscrupulous French had strutted upon the scene, and with a flourish of diplomacy and a stroke of the pen appropriated to themselves the fairest portion of that most fertile province. His Majesty, though secretly longing for the intervention and protection of England, was deterred by his almost superstitious fear of the French from complaining openly. But whenever he was more than commonly annoyed by the pretensions and aggressive epistles of his Imperial Majesty's consul, he sent for me, — thinking, like all Orientals, that, being English, my sympathy for him, and my hatred of the French, were jointly a foregone conclusion. When I would have assured him that I was utterly powerless to help him, he cut me short with a wise whisper to "consult Mr. Thomas George Knox"; and when I protested that that gentleman was too honorable to engage in a secret intrigue against a colleague, even for the protection of British interests in Siam, he would rave at my indifference, the cupidity of the French, the apathy of the English, and the fatuity of all geographers in "setting down" the form of government in Siam as an "absolute monarchy."

"*I* an absolute monarch! For I have no power over French. Siam is like a mouse before an elephant! Am I an absolute monarch? What shall *you* consider me?"

Now as I considered him a particularly absolute and despotic king, that was a trying question; so I discreetly held my peace, fearing less to be classed with those obnoxious savans who compile geographies than to provoke him afresh.

"I have no power," he scolded; "I am not absolute! If I point the end of my walking-stick at a man whom, being my enemy, I wish to die, he does not die, but lives on, in spite of my 'absolute' will to the contrary. What does Geographies mean? How can I be an absolute monarchy?"

Such a conversation we were having one day as he "assisted" at the founding of a temple; and while he reproached his fate that he was powerless to "point the end of his walking-stick" with absolute power at the peppery and presumptuous Monsieur Aubaret, he vacantly flung gold and silver coins among the work-women.

In another moment he forgot all French encroachments, and the imbecility of geographers in general, as his glance chanced to fall upon a young woman of fresh and striking beauty, and delightful piquancy of ways and expression, who with a clumsy club was pounding fragments of pottery — urns, vases, and goglets — for the foundation of the *wat*. Very artless and happy she seemed, and free as she was lovely; but the instant she perceived she had attracted the notice of the king, she sank down and hid her face in the earth, forgetting or disregarding the falling vessels that threatened to crush or wound her. But the king merely diverted himself with inquiring her name and parentage, which some one answered for her, and turned away.

Almost to the latest hour of his life his Majesty suffered, in his morbid egotism, various and keen annoyance by reason of his sensitiveness to the opinions of foreigners, the encroachments of foreign officials, and the strictures of the foreign press. He was agitated by a restless craving for their sympathy on the one hand, and by a futile resentment of their criticisms or their claims on the other.

An article in a Singapore paper had administered moral correction to his Majesty on the strength of a rumor that "the king has his eye upon another princess of the highest rank, with a view to constituting her a queen consort." And the Bangkok Recorder had said: "Now, considering that he is full threescore and three years of age, that he has already scores of concubines and about fourscore sons and daughters, with several Chowfas among them, and hence eligible to the highest posts of honor in the kingdom, this rumor seems too monstrous to be credited. But the truth is, there is scarcely anything too monstrous for the royal polygamy of Siam to bring forth." By the light of this explanation the meaning of the following extract from the postscript of a letter which the king wrote in April, 1866, will be clear to the reader, who, at the same time, in justice to me, will remember that by the death of his Majesty, on the 1st of October, 1868, the seal of secrecy was broken.

"Very Private Post Script.

"There is a newspaper of Singapore entitled Daily News just published after last arrival of the steamer Chowphya in Singapore, in which paper, a correspondence from an Individual resident at Bangkok dated 16th March 1866 was shown. but I have none of that paper in my possession. . . . . I did not noticed its number & date to state to you now, but I trust such the paper must be in hand of several foreigners in Bangkok, may you have read it perhaps — other wise you can obtain the same from any one or by order to obtain from Singapore after perusal thereof you will not be able to deny my statement forementioned more over as general people both native & foreigners here seem to have less pleasure on me & my descendant, than their pleasure and hope on other amiable family to them until the present day.

"What was said there in for a princess considered by the Speaker or Writer as proper or suitable to be head on my *harem* (a room or part for confinement of Women of Eastern monarch *) there is no least intention oc-

* A parenthetical drollery inspired by the dictionary.

curred to me even once or in my dream indeed! I think if I do so, I will die soon perhaps!

. . . . . .

"This my hand writing or content hereof shall be kept secretly.

"I beg to remain

"Your faithful & well-wisher

"S. P. P. M. MONGKUT R. S.

"on 5441th day of reign.

"the writer here of beg to place his confidence on you alway."

As a true friend to his Majesty, I deplore the weakness which betrayed him into so transparent a sham of virtuous indignation. The "princess of the highest rank," whom the writer of the article plainly meant, was the Princess of Hhiengmai (or Chiengmai); but from lack of accurate information he was misled into confounding her with the Princess Tui Duany Prabha, his Majesty's niece. The king could honestly deny any such intention on his part with regard to his niece; but, at the same time, he well knew that the writer erred only as to the individual, and not as to the main fact of the case.

Much more agreeable is it — to the reader, I doubt not, not less than to the writer — to turn from the king, in the exercise of his slavish function of training honest words to play the hypocrite for ignoble thoughts, to the gentleman, the friend, the father, giving his heart a holiday in the relaxations of simple kindness and free affection; as in the following note: —

"Dated RANCHAUPURY
34th February 1865.

"TO LADY L—— & HER SON LUISE,
Bangkok.

"We having very pleasant journey . . . . to be here which is a township called as above named by men of republick affairs in Siam, & called by common people as 'Parkphrieck' where we have our stay a few days. & will take our departure from hence at dawn of next day. We thinking of you both regardfully & beg to send here with some wild aples & barries which are delicate for tasting & some tobacco which were and are principal product of this region for your kind acceptance hoping this wild present will be acceptable to you both.

"We will be arrived at our home Bangkok on early part of March.

"We beg to remain

"Your faithful

"S. P. P. M. MONGKUT R. S.

"in 5035th day of reign.

"And your affectionate pupils

YING YUALACKS. SOMDETCH CHOWFA CHULALONKORN.* PRABHASSOR. MANEABHAAAHORN. KRITAHINIHAR. SOMAWATI."

* The present king.

THE ADVENT PREACHER.

"THE time draws near!"
The wayside mowers gathering in the hay,
Surprised an unfamiliar voice to hear,
Looked up. A man, with restless eyes and gray,
Long beard, was standing just without the fence.
"The time draws near!" he cried. "Depart from hence!"
"What time?" said they.
"What time? The end of time; God's judgment-day.

"You cut the grass, —
Erelong you 'll be the harvest in your turn;
The reaping angels through the world will pass,
To gather souls to garner or to burn;

Before the last load from your fields you bear,
The Lord will come with shouting through the air!
Amen! Amen!
Let saints rejoice, though sinners perish there.

"Short time to rest
Have the cold sleepers in yon burying-ground;
You will not see the sunlight in the west
Fade seven times, ere Gabriel's trump shall sound,
And all the dead, both small and great, shall rise,
To see, slow mounting through the shaken skies,
A moon of blood;
And fire shall cover earth as with a flood.

"How will they look,
Your lands and houses, through those hot, fierce flames,
By whose red light, from out his open book,
The Lord will read the blood-recorded names
Of those, his Son's elect, the chosen few,
Who 've kept their robes white? Ah, poor souls! will you
Find your names there?
Put by your useless toil; short space have you for prayer!

"The time draws near!
I 've warned you to repent; if you delay,
You are my witnesses; my skirts are clear."
The prophet shook his head, and went his way
Along the road, and, as he went, he cried,
"Come quickly, Lord! Amen!" On every side,
From wood and glen,
The echoes made reply: "Amen! amen!"

THROUGH THE WOODS TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

AMONG other advantages claimed for the Minnesota climate is the obliging disposition of the rain, which is said to pay its tribute most frequently in the night. By day it exercises a thoughtful forbearance towards the out-door tasks of the farmer, and treats with respect even an excursion party; then with the darkness falls the welcome shower. Not that it can always time its visitations thus to suit man's convenience; for accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. This morning, for example (August 10th), the weather has certainly forgotten itself at a most unfortunate time for us, since Fort Snelling and Minnehaha were in our programme for to-day.

10 *o'clock.* — The rain, after pouring all the morning, holds up just in season to save its reputation. Our carriages are at the door. We look up at the breaking clouds, and boldly order the covers thrown back. Up the left bank of the river from St. Paul, along the slope of the receding hills (far off on one of which the very ground seems crawling: phenomenon produced by a

little flock of sheep, — only a few thousands, we are told), and here we are at last descending the steep road (warily, driver!) to the ferry under the bluff. Opposite rises, confronting us, a white-breasted, rock-shouldered, green-bearded cliff, its thighs laved by the Mississippi on one side, and on the other muffled in the luxuriant verdure of the banks of the Minnesota. Its forehead "the likeness of a kingly crown has on"; this is the fort which we are going to visit.

The ferry is a strong flatboat, capable of taking over four carriages at a time; the ferryman is the Father of Waters himself. The boat is set diagonally in the current, by means of ropes and pulley-blocks running on a line stretched from shore to shore; and the strong stream, putting shoulder to us, carries us quickly across. Then comes the steep ascent by a road winding up the crooked arms, so to speak, and over the rocky shoulders, to the broad green back of the fort-crowned cliff.

We pass the spot where Little Nix and Walking Lightning, Sioux chiefs, were hung for bloody work in the late Indian outbreak. Walking Lightning (what splendor of terrors in that name! you can almost see the zigzag legs and dazzling tomahawk), — Walking Lightning, I say, just before the ground was snatched from under him, and there was no more walking for him to do, made a speech, which one who heard it describes to us here and now, not without emotion. "A brave man, he uttered no complaint. Chief of a great tribe, owning once the very ground on which his scaffold stood, he saw his race disappearing before the white man; he made one last fight for the old hunting-grounds; he had failed; now he was ready to die."

Entering the fort, we find the usual display of glaring whitewashed barracks and angular grass-plats, and the beautiful ensign of our country flying from its tall flagstaff over all. The noteworthy thing about Fort Snelling is its situation. Its most attractive point is the wooden tower on the verge of the cliff, overlooking the confluence of the two rivers, — the Minnesota, with the broad low green island at its mouth, and the long, dreamy vista of its charming valley; the Mississippi, with its precipitous bluffs, its sweeping flood (streaked with chips and sawdust from the Minneapolis mills), and the ferry-boat (so far below us) crossing the dark, slow eddies. The tower is roofed, but its sides are left open to the sweet air and surrounding beauty; and its floor affords, to the officers and their wives and friends, ample space for the cotillon and the waltz, on moonlit summer nights.

From the fort we keep the summit of the bluff, or rather plateau, up the bank of the Mississippi, on the edge of a fine farming country, — past yellow grain-fields, which the great reapers are fast converting into stubble-lands, — till our driver, who has the lead, reins up at the gate of what seems a rustic wayside inn and picnic-ground. Entering, we pass a brown arbor about which are woven, in green and white embroidery, the delicate vines of the wild cucumber, all in blossom. Near by, seated on benches or on the ground, is a family group, with open baskets and a suggestive bottle or two, and a well-garnished white cloth spread on the turf. Farther on is a pleasant grove, from the depths of which breathes the subdued, thunderous bass of a waterfall. We hasten along well-worn paths, guided at first by the roar, then by a pale ghost of mist seen rising amid the shadowy boughs, until we stand on the brink of a wooded chasm, into which pours a curved sheet of foam over a broad, projecting ledge. This is Minnehaha.

We find a goodly volume of water (thanks to the morning's rain we thought so ill of), and are thus more fortunate than some of our party were last year, who, visiting the spot, deemed it unworthy its poetic fame, there being scarcely water enough to make a fall. "Then we could step across the brink above without wetting our feet," says Mrs. F——, whose account seems to-

day scarcely credible, in the face of the plunging, snowy cataract.

Minnehaha ("Curved Water," not "Laughing Water," if you please) is embosomed in scenery which adds greatly to its charms. The steep sides of the gorge are formed of broken and mossy rocks, clasped here and there by the crooked talons of overbrooding trees. It is enclosed, at the upper end, by a curved wall of water-worn, beetling rocks, over an open space in the centre of which shoots the cascade, having a perpendicular fall of about forty-five feet. The wide brink beyond, on each side, is overgrown with trees and bushes, and the face of the projecting ledge is tinted with mosses and festooned by drooping vines. Below the fall the shattered and broken water gushes away over its stony bed in a foaming and tumbling torrent.

Some of our party descend the side of the cool, shadowy gorge by a rugged footpath along its ribs. Others, from a coigne of vantage half-way down, watch the rest scattered about the banks of the stream, resting on the pretty foot-bridge below, or passing along the wet shelf of rock which affords a pathway beneath the jutting ledge and the veil of the cascade. Does not the presence of human figures add to such a scene even more than it takes away? The solemn spell that reigns over primeval solitudes is broken; but in its stead we have the feeling of companionship in enjoyment, and fresh hints of delight to ear and eye, when we hear the silvery laugh ring out above the noise of the waters, and watch the bright bits of color which gay costumes and fair faces scatter among the brown and green and snowy tints of rock and foliage and foam.

We all in turn pass under the descending sheet, and look out upon pictures of the gorge-sides through its gusty fringes. Some cross quite over to the opposite bank, and repass the stream on the foot-bridge below. Two of us attempt to follow its course thence to the point where it falls into the Mississippi, which we judge to be not far off; but having got pretty thoroughly drenched in making our way through bushes still dripping from the morning's rain, and having come to a small mill-pond in the opening bottom-land, where a tall fisherman on the dam informs us that he "hain't seen no Mis'sippi," we retrace our steps, and rejoin our waiting companions at the carriages. Then to Minneapolis and dinner, and home by way of St. Anthony and the left bank.

August 11th. — An excursion up the Minnesota valley, by invitation from officers of the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad. A beautiful country of flat and rolling prairie, with occasional groves and woody undergrowths interspersed. The low shores of the Minnesota River present an almost tropical luxuriance of trees and vines. Hillsides gay with flowers. A region of small farms, and one of the oldest settled portions of the State.

Eighty-five miles from St. Paul, in a southwesterly direction, we reach, at Mankato, the end of the railroad, which is pushing its way forward, however, towards Sioux City, on the Missouri. We are received by a delegation of citizens, with a variety of vehicles for conveying us where we wish to go. "To the hotel," say some. "To the prairies," to see the great wheat farms, still five or six miles away, is the choice of the most of us. Three or four loaded wagons start off, and after considerable delay half a dozen more; all (as we suppose) with the prairies in view. Second division of vehicles loses sight of first division; drivers take us out two or three miles, to banks of Blue Earth River; there we stop to look at railroad bridge building, and inspect lager-beer brewery (very critically, with glasses); after which, a little circuit, and lo, here we are back at Mankato! Where are the prairies, the wheat lands? Too late now to drive out to them, we are told. Are we victims of a blunder? No, of a neat little stratagem. Mankato meant well by us, and honestly placed the teams at our disposal; but the proprietor of those of

the second division, being himself leading driver thereof, and a merciful man withal, bethinketh him that it is trying weather for horseflesh (it is indeed sultry), and so, after the slight diversion of the beer and the bridge, we are whisked back, ignorant and deceived, to the village.

Nor is Mankato the liveliest place in the world for a crowd of disappointed visitors waiting for absent friends and dinner. A pleasantly situated valley town, on the right bank of the Minnesota, its streets have a tediously wooden and commonplace look to eyes prepared to gaze on great prairies and waving grain-fields. Our coming creates a sort of holiday in the village; and only a few fire-crackers let off in the street before the hotel, and now and then a pistol-shot round the corner, are wanting to make it seem an old-fashioned rural Fourth of July, of superior dulness. The bar-room is well patronized; indeed, too well, if we may judge of the efforts a most dignified citizen (not of Mankato) is making to maintain an upright position in his chair. He seems aware that he has already given and accepted too many invitations to stand — or lean, as the case may be — with friends at the bar; and he has just moral strength enough to decline joining them when they go up at last under a mild pretence of beer. "No!" he declares emphatically, with a heavy lurching nod, and a downward inflection. "Nô," with a circumflex, after a moment's thought, his resolution beginning to waver, like his voice. "I won't take any *beer*," with renewed firmness. But he adds immediately, staggering to his feet, with a compromise designed to bridge over the difference between refusal and compliance, "I won't take anything but a square drink of whiskey, by ——!" And he takes it, without feeling that he has jeopardized his reputation for consistency.

Mankato has stirring reminiscences of the late Indian atrocities, and shows with satisfaction the public square in which on one occasion thirty-eight Sioux braves were hung in a row, amid a fence of bristling bayonets, to the great edification of a community outraged by their unchristian method of carrying on war. Lithographic prints of the tragic scene are generously offered us, as interesting mementos of our visit; and respectable citizens take pleasure in displaying gold-headed canes made of wood from the scaffold. I do not carry away one of the prints; nor do I regard the canes as very sacred relics. Neither do I here, or elsewhere in the State, attempt to reason with our good friends touching the violence of feeling I find almost universally entertained against the red man. I do not cherish any very sentimental notions regarding the "noble savage," of whose squalor and treachery and ill deeds I have seen and know enough. I have witnessed his feeble attempts at the cultivation of the soil after the white man's fashion, on Indian reservations; I have heard him in his wooden meeting-house sing dissonant psalms through his nose; and I do not declare him capable of being either civilized or Christianized. He had his place in the wild forests and in the unploughed prairies, — hunter, fisher, warrior, — with his squaw, his medicine-man, and his manitou, in the America of the past; and I would he might have been left in undisturbed enjoyment of that free life. But the Maker of this continent had, it seems, a better use for it; and in the America of the future I see not anywhere an inch of room for our lank-cheeked, straight-haired brother. Let him pass. Yet it is well to consider that he did but act after his kind, in trespassing against us, even as does the white settler who occupies his land, the trader or agent who cheats him, and the Christian community that hangs him. And for our own sakes, if not for his, let us, O excellent friends! cease to view him through that mist of blood that hideth mercy even from the eyes of the gentle-hearted.

After dinner, a smart young tradesman, who has his buggy at the tavern

door, proposes to take me to ride; and I am shown the pleasant sights of the town in general, and the paces of his mare in particular. The roads are not quite so smooth as billiard-tables; and I modestly inquire, after a little unpleasant jolting, if we are not travelling unnecessarily fast. "O, this is nothing to what she can do!" says he, and gives the nag a touch. But my young tradesman, though well grounded in arithmetic, as appears from a clear statement of the profits derived from his business, is not nearly so well versed in natural philosophy; and when, as we are passing the new Normal Schoolhouse (a very fine building, by the way, suggesting youthful studies), I venture to hint that, should our vehicle have its centre of gravity at any moment thrown beyond its base, it would be subject to the laws that govern leaning bodies, and very probably upset, I get from him only a smile for myself, and another crack of the whip for the mare. When, moreover, even in very plain language, I remind him that the momentum of objects moving about a circle tends to throw them off in a straight line, he seems wonderfully dull to the fact, and to use less precaution than his beast; for does not she, in turning a sharp corner, instinctively lean her whole body towards it, in a manner to convert the attraction of gravitation into a centripetal force counterbalancing the centrifugal? But he must have a still more forcible illustration of the law, and he gets it at the next corner, when, fortunately for my neck and his education, he happens to be on the outside; we are turning swiftly; he does not lean as I and the mare do; and, presto! all of a sudden, there is no driver on the seat beside me, but he is flying off at a tangent, — in short, tumbling down, reins in hand, between the wheels. Luckily, one leg lodges in the buggy, and I find it of signal assistance, when I "seize the descending man," and drag him by his skirts, muddied and bruised, with torn raiment and a very white face, back into the vehicle, still in rapid motion. After which trifling incident he appears disgusted with experiments in natural philosophy; and I am willingly driven to the depot.

Returning St. Paul-ward by the train, a young Bostonian proposes to me a new sensation in the way of locomotion, — as if I had not had enough of that sort of thing for one day. Ever since we left Philadelphia, riding on the locomotive has been a favorite pastime with our party; ladies and gentlemen mounting the black steed together, and enjoying in that advanced position novel and surprising views of scenery, and the sense of speed and adventure, to be had in no other part of the train. And my young friend once, finding the places in the locomotive cab occupied, did rashly mount the top, — a place of peril and anguish as it proved, the road being rough, the speed great, and the locomotive light, so that, to avoid being shaken off, he was obliged to flatten himself on the rounded roof, and hold on for dear life with tooth and nail. The only upright object within reach was the steam-whistle; but it uttered a howl and shot a deluge of hot steam over his head when he touched the lever of the valve, and burned his hand when he grasped the whistle itself. At the end of his fearful ride, which seemed interminable, — for he durst not relax the grip of fingers and chin on the roof-edge, in order to get down, until the next watering-place was reached, — the fun of the thing was shown by the toes of his boots and the knees of his trousers worn through.

What he now proposes is a seat on the cow-catcher. I accept, and we mount that formidable plough. An enterprising reporter from St. Paul begs leave to accompany us, which we grant, not without a grimly humorous surmise that, in his heroic devotion to the interests of his sheet, he thus freely risks his own neck and limbs for the chance of seeing ours become the subject of an item.

I take a position between my two companions, with the point of the tremendous wedge betwixt my knees and

my feet on its slant sides; attitude erect, arms folded, monarch of all I survey. The bell rings behind us, and we move. Presently the locomotive begins to rock and jounce, and I find it advisable to unlock my complacent arms and place my hands on the cold iron for support, sacrificing dignity to security. Thunder — skip! — and now I am bent forwards, bracing myself with might and main against the rising tempest. Swifter, swifter, swifter; and with hats strained over our foreheads, hair flying behind, and chins thrust out before, cleaving the air which smites us almost with the force of a solid body, holding on ludicrously the while with hands and feet, we are in a position to have very surprising photographs of ourselves taken for such friends as have known us only in the serious walks of life.

Now we are tossed through whizzing space on the iron horn of a ponderous, mad, howling monster, that would seem hardly to touch the ground but for this constant clanging and jolting. Presently this fancy changes to the dizzy delusion that we are not moving at all, and that it is the world speeding under us, like the iron-banded wheel of some stupendous machinery.

Meanwhile, something strikes our faces stingingly like fine shot; and once I am hit in the breast by what seems a bullet. This is only a butterfly, in its quiet afternoon sail in the summer air hit by our rushing thunderbolt. The shot are hovering swarms of flies.

Up starts a flock of quails from the track before us. They attempt to fly away, but appear to be flying sidewise and backwards *towards* us, — such is the impotence of slight wings overtaken by the fury of speed. It were not pleasant to be struck in the face by one of these feathered missiles! The most escape, but two or three, sucked in as it were by the whirlwind, dash their breasts against the locomotive, and drop down. Suddenly the whistle shrieks alarm; there is a drove of cattle on the track! We remember that the use of the cow-catcher is to pick up such estrays; — what if it pick them up with us on its snout, going on a "down grade" at the rate of fifty miles an hour? "We should never know what beef-ell us!" screams one, in the ears of his companions, — for thus small follies lead to greater, and from recklessness in riding comes recklessness in punning. We prepare to retreat from our post of peril, back over the sides of the locomotive, when our speed slackens, — the brakemen are screwing us down; and there is an exciting race, the cattle galloping along the track before us, until we can almost take the hindmost by the tails. At last they plunge down the embankment, and we pass on. It is such obstacles as these, especially on the unfenced prairie pastures, and the chance there always is of running off the track, or running into something on it, that makes the cow-catcher a dangerous seat; and to the travelling family-man (it is n't so much matter about bachelors) I would not over-warmly recommend it; although, as a friend on the train remarks, when afterwards we are charged with temerity, "It makes little difference which end of a streak of lightning you ride on, as far as danger is concerned."

Returning to St. Paul, we fall in with travellers who have fearful tales to tell of the route through the woods to Lake Superior, the next thing in our programme; — coaches mired and upset, limbs dislocated, passengers forced to walk over the worst parts of the road, with mud to their knees, belated in the forest, and devoured by mosquitoes. "Ladies in your party? it is madness! you will never get them through!" We meet others who, after attempting the passage from the other side, abandoned it, and returned down the lake, reaching St. Paul after a long detour by water and by rail. There is only the old Military Road, as it is called, cut through the wilderness for government purposes twenty years ago, and traversed now by a tri-weekly stage. The wet season has converted it into

one interminable slough, or mud canal; and it is too closely shut in by overshadowing trees to be dried much by the sun in the brief intervals betwixt the constantly recurring rains.

We rely, however, upon the experience and forethought of our friends of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad, whose management of our excursion thus far inspires unbounded faith in their future plans for us. From St. Paul to Fond du Lac we shall be travelling over their own ground; making the first fifty miles of the journey on rails newly laid, and the rest in wagons, already provided and sent on ahead with our camp equipage.

Thursday morning, 12th. — We are off. From the depot below the town our train speeds away, winding in among the broken bluffs, rising to higher and higher ground, — over bush prairies and oak barrens, — to White Bear Lake (St. Paul's favorite picnic spot), ten miles away.

Here preparations have been made for opening an Indian mound for us. A short walk from the station through pleasant, echoing woods brings us to one of those beautiful sheets of water which mottle Minnesota all over, and give it the appropriate name of the Lake State. White Bear is six miles in length, winding among wooded shores and islands. There are inviting sail-boats on the beach, which almost make me, an old water-bird, forget the object of our visit, until I am reminded of it by the shouts of my companions climbing the mound.

It is in the woods by the lake shore, — a broad, conical heap of earth, itself overgrown by forest trees. To save time for us, an opening at the top has been made by a gang of laborers from the railroad embankments; but, alas! although a pit ten or twelve feet in depth has been dug, nothing has been cast out but the black surface soil of the country, clear of even a pebble, and it is not deemed expedient to wait for further excavations. So we stand there a little while, between the whisper of the woods and the murmur of waves upon the shore, which tell us nothing of the secret, long buried in that tomb of the past; then return to the waiting train.

On the way back, question is raised as to the origin of the name of "White Bear Lake"; and one relates a legend, how, when all this country was covered by the sea, a white bear floated down from his boreal home on an enormous iceberg which stranded here, on the subsidence of the waters. The iceberg, sinking into the earth, made the bed of the lake, and afterwards melting, filled it; while the bear roamed its shores. It is strongly suspected, however, that the story is an invention of the teller, and is, like many another legend, the offspring, not the parent, of the name.

The next station is Forest Lake, where there is a still more extensive body of water and a beautiful town site on its banks. The railroad has been fortunate in its choice of sites for way-stations, as we observe all along the route. Few obstacles stood in the way of such a choice. Flanked, a greater part of the way, by its own magnificent land grant of more than a million and a half of acres, it had, moreover, from the first, the co-operation of a land company, securing in its interest such desirable tracts as lay beyond its domain. We pass through a rolling country of oak openings, and occasional native meadows, once the beds of lakes, converted by time and vegetable decay into grass-lands of exceeding fertility. A few scanty settlements lie scattered along or near this part of the route.

At Rushseba, fifty miles from St. Paul, we come to an end of the completed track, and, we might almost say, of civilization. Northward hence, the wilderness! Here we find an unfinished depot building, in a little clearing of the woods; Rush Creek, flowing eastward towards the St. Croix River, which divides, not far off, Minnesota from Wisconsin; a lounging Indian or two; a white woman with four children, one in arms, standing near a wood-pile; and, what is of most importance to us, our wagon-train in waiting.

While caterers are preparing dinner for our party, increased, by accessions from St. Paul, to more than fifty souls (or perhaps I should say stomachs), and while a photographer is getting his apparatus ready for a group, I make acquaintance with the woman at the wood-pile. She lives, she tells me, three miles hence, on Rush Lake, where she settled ten years ago with her husband, both young then, and made a homestead in the woods. When I ask if she is contented there, she praises the country, — thirty-five bushels of winter wheat to the acre! That speaks well for the soil, but does it keep her always from being lonesome? "Lonesome?" she replies with a luminous smile; "I have my husband and little ones and enough to do, and why should I be lonesome?" She rejoices greatly in the railroad, not because it will carry civilization to them, but because it will carry their grain to market. Is she now going on a journey? "O no! I am just waiting here. My children had never seen railroad cars, and so I took a little walk over here with them, for curiosity."

After dinner (served on rough board tables under the depot roof), we form a group, with the woods and the wagons in the background, and an Indian in the foreground, for the sake of the contrast, his hat on a stick, and the black icicles of his straight, lank hair dripping down his cheeks, and give the photographer a few shots at us. Then the start. It is like getting an army in motion. We climb to seats in the strong, canvas-covered Concord coaches, the tinkling of horse-bells resounds pleasantly in the woods, one after another the wagons take the road, and we go rolling and plunging into the forest.

A few farm-clearings and bark-roofed log-houses we pass, and now and then the poles of a dismantled wigwam; heavily timbered tracts of hard wood, shining growths of silver-limbed poplars and birches (many of the latter stripped of their bark, which has gone to kindle the red man's fires, or roof his huts, or build his canoes), high cranberries and raspberries, and swamps of rank wild grass. Here and there is a burnt district; and I notice a forest of tamaracks all upturned by the roots, and thrown into tangled heaps, by undermining fires in the peat.

Late in the afternoon we reach our first camping-ground, at Chengwatana, where there are a few wooden houses and huts of half-breeds, besides a saw-mill, on the east shore of Cross Lake. While our tents are pitching on the stumpy shore, and our supper preparing at the stage-house, we embark on the lake in a barge manned by laborers from the railroad, and steer out into the fiery eye of the sunset burning in sky and wave.

The lake is four miles in length from north to south. It is quite narrow, however, and Snake River, flowing through it from east to west, forms a watery *cross*, that gives the name. The Chengwatana dam has flooded thousands of acres above, and drowned the timber; and fires have destroyed much that the water spared. The western shores, peopled by melancholy hosts of dead trees, standing mournfully in the water, or charred and dark on the banks, lifting their blasted trunks and skeleton arms against the sky, give to the scene, by this light, a most unearthly aspect.

Rowing up the river we pass Indian burial-places on the north shore, — rude wooden crosses visible among the dead tree-trunks, — and a deserted village of skeleton wigwams, whose bare poles will be reclothed with skin of birch-bark, when the red nomads return to catch fish in these waters and hunt deer and bear in these woods. A week ago there were three hundred Ojibways on this camping-ground. Now we see but a few brown squaws on the bank, and half a dozen frightened Indian children paddling away from us in a canoe.

Chengwatana should have had the railroad depot, but it made the common mistake of setting too high a price on what it deemed indispensable to the

company, which, accordingly, stuck to its own land, and put the track the other side of the lake. So grand an enterprise uniting our greatest river with our greatest lake, and forming one of the arteries of a new civilization, can well afford to be independent of a petty way-station. It is the railroad that makes towns, not towns that make the railroad. We row over to the solid stone piers of the unfinished bridge, and the high embankment, and the village of board-shanties about which ruddy Swiss laborers are washing their rough hands and bearded faces, their day's work done; then return in the twilight to Chengwatana and supper.

Our tents are pitched on the stumpy shore. A mist is rising from the lake. Camp-fires are early kindled, making ruddy halos in the foggy dark, and lighting us to bed. A bundle of straw and a blanket, — what more does man require? With the ground beneath, and the sloping canvas over us, we are well couched. There 's no danger of robbers under one's bed. Mosquitoes swarm, covering the lake shore with their fine, formidable hum; but against their encroachments smudge-fires without the tents and cigar-smoke within are found effectual; then the increasing chill of the night protects us. There is much talk about the fires; and presently, in a neighboring tent, resounds a lusty snore, heard throughout the camp. Sweeter sounds rise on the foggy, firelit shore, when our colored attendants transform themselves into a band of musicians, and they who catered to the palate cater more delightfully to the ear, striking up pleasant tunes, to which the strangeness of the scene lends enchantment. Then we three in our tent, lying, looking up at the flashes of firelight flickering in, recite a pslam or two, and talk of those sweet and solemn things which are eternally near, and which seem now the only real presences, looking serenely down and making this, our night encampment, and the wilderness itself, no more to us than the scenery and incident of a dream.

Friday, 13*th*. — A cold, wet morning. A little cow-bunting visits the camp, hopping about on the blankets, close to our feet, and even on our feet, in the friendliest manner, but coquettishly refusing to be caught.

The lake is both basin and mirror to us, making our toilets. Some, however, seek the little, dark washroom of the stage-house, and perform their ablutions there. Is not the tooth-brush a test of civilization? Mr. F—— lays his down on the sink, and afterwards, turning to look for it, finds a rough fellow endeavoring to disentangle his locks with it, having taken it for the public hair-brush. He seems to think it ridiculously small for his purpose; "Confound the little fool of a thing!" and flinging it down in disgust, he makes a comb of his fingers.

The stage-house table has its limits, and we breakfast by relays. After which I take to the road, walking on alone in the cool of the morning, to enjoy the solitude of the woods and the sweetness of the air. Young aspens twinkle in the early sunshine. Upon a thicket of dead birches a crop of wild buckwheat hangs its festoons of blossoming vines. Here a grove of white poplars and birches gives to the woods the aspect of snow scenery. Waving brakes, raspberry-bushes, alders, wild honeysuckles, wild sunflowers, and wild cucumbers fringe the wayside. Not a bird, not a living creature, not even a tapping woodpecker or cawing crow, appears on this lonely road. I outwalk the wagons, for they must move cautiously through mud-holes which I avoid. After getting a mile or two the start of them, I sit down on a log to wait, and hark for the tinkling bells of the leading teams coming through the woods.

Dinner at Grindstone, — a log-house and stable in a burnt clearing on Grindstone River. One half our party more than fills the little table-room, and the rest of us receive our dinners on plates, passed over many heads and out at the windows; making the sky our dining-hall, and the first barrel-head or hen-

coop, or the ground itself, a table. Then a dessert of berries in the burnt woods.

Supper at Kettle River, thirty miles from Chengwatana. A terrible day's work for the teams. Never were worse roads. We who walked on before, at any time in the afternoon, could hear the horses plashing through water far off behind us, and then see the high-covered wagons come rolling and pitching through the hub-deep holes, threatening at one moment to upset, and at another to keel over upon the horses. On one occasion a smoking driver, hurled from his seat by a sudden lurch, turned a somerset, and alighted on his back in the mud, without, however, losing the pipe from his mouth, — a feat to be proud of. Riding was neither so safe nor so agreeable as walking. Dripping wayside bushes pulled down by whiffletrees and wheels were constantly flying back, whipping and bespattering the wagons. Neither man nor beast did we meet in all this day's journey.

Kettle River comes sweeping down through the forest, between magnificent masses of foliage, combining the varied forms and tints of pine, balsam, maple, iron-wood, and tamarack, and rushes whirling under beetling ledges at the road-crossing. Its glossy eddies shine with a strange wild lustre, in the evening light. The water is about the hue of maple sirup, being discolored, like all the streams in this part of the State, by the roots of trees.

On the banks of the river are some Ojibway wigwams, before one of which a squalid squaw, of great age and unspeakable hideousness, is cutting up a hedgehog which an Indian lad has just killed, and throwing pieces of the meat into a pot hung from a pole over a smoky fire. The hut is of poles, covered by strips of birch-bark coarsely stitched together: a blanket in place of a door. Looking in, we perceive dirty mats spread about the household fire, kindled on the ground, its smoke — a part of it, at least — going out through a hole in the low bark roof. On the mats sit a very old Indian and a young squaw with her pappoose, looking desolate and miserable enough. No romance of wild savage life discernible here! Near the wigwam are three graves. One is that of a child. It is marked by a wooden monument,— a sort of box, resembling a dog-kennel. Over the other two are built little narrow pens of rough poles, perhaps eight feet long and two feet high and broad. I have seen few more pitiful sights. Between these rude attempts of a wretched race to commemorate its dead and the poet's *In Memoriam* what infinite distance!

A dismal evening: with the darkness a drizzling rain begins to fall. Last night we had straw; but now the forest boughs must be our bed. We cut young pines in the woods, drag them to camp, and there by the light of the fires trim them, covering the ground beneath the tents with odorous wet twigs. Blankets and shawls are in demand; and many a desperate shift is made for pillows. Mrs. K—— has one of india-rubber, but there is a treacherous leak in it, and every ten minutes throughout the night she must awake and blow it up afresh. I resort to my valise. But it is too high when shut, so I open it, and lay my head in it. There is a storm in the night; a deluging rain falls, and many a trickling stream steals in through the tents upon the sleepers. To save my packed linen from a soaking, I am obliged to shut my pillow, — taking my head out, of course! In a neighboring tent a devoted husband sits up and holds a spread umbrella over his spouse, who sleeps in spite of thunder. The rain quenches the fires, the wind shakes the tents, the welkin cracks overhead. What a scene it is when, in the middle of the night, I look out from the door of our frail shelter, and see the camp, in the midst of roaring woods, instantaneously illumined by quick cross-lightnings playing in the forest-tops!

In the morning, he who is discovered with rueful countenance emptying water from his boots is accused of having set them out to be blacked.

August 14th. — Weather cold and drizzling. Roads this day worse than ever, though worse had seemed impossible. Every little while a wagon sticks in the mud. Now a whiffletree breaks, now a king-bolt; now a baggage-wagon upsets, or a horse is down; and now we must wait for a gulf of mud to be bridged with logs and brush. At every accident the whole train comes to a halt. We get through only by keeping together and helping each other. The shouts of the drivers, the calls for help, the running forwards, the hurrying back, the beckoning signals, the prying up of mired wheels, the replacing of broken bolts, make ever a picturesque and animated scene. Blueberries by the wayside are abundant, on which we regale ourselves while the wagons are halted.

Dinner at Moose Lake, eighteen miles from Kettle River. A little rest, a little drying of our soaked boots and wet clothes, and in the middle of the afternoon we set off again for Twin Lakes, still eighteen miles farther. It is dark when we reach Black Hoof, and only two thirds of the distance is made, and we are all weary enough. Two ladies quite unable to go on. But supper is ordered at Twin Lakes, and cannot be had here; and the Black Hoof landlord, perhaps offended because his house was overlooked in our programme, sternly declares, as he sits tipped back against the logs in his glowing room (how cheery it looks to us out in the rain!) that he has not a bed nor a floor for one of us. Fortunately we are the bearers of a message and a present to his wife. She last year anointed the swollen, inflamed hands and face of a mosquito-bitten banker of Philadelphia, who had been fishing in these woods, and cured his hurts; in acknowledgment of which motherly kindness he has sent her a new gown. It is delivered with a flattering speech from his partner; the good woman is delighted; even the husband's heart is softened; and our weary ones are taken in.

Then, six miles farther for the rest of us! We come to abrupt hills with terrible gullies in their sides. The night is dark, and it is perilous getting on by the light of lanterns. When we strike a piece of smooth road, we bowl briskly along the yielding sand; while the flashing gleams from the forward wagons, illuminating the boughs and opening vistas of the forest-sides, create for us behind a constant illusion of castles and villas, which vanish ever as we arrive at their gates. Are they prophetic glimpses of the time when these arched and pillared woods shall be transformed to abodes of cultivated man?

It is near midnight, and it is rainy and very cold, when we tumble from the coaches, weary and hungry and chilled, at Twin Lakes. Two log-cottages receive us, and furnish us most welcome excellent suppers; and we all sleep under roofs this night, some on floors, some on hay in the barns, and a few in beds. Next morning (Sunday, 15th) finds us rested and hilarious. I look about me, and am interested to observe with what cheerfulness men and women accustomed to the luxuries of life accept the discomforts and endure the hardships of days and nights like these. Even he whose shrunken boots, his only pair, resist all attempts at coaxing or coercion, and, at the end of an hour's straining and pushing, steadily refuse to go on the excruciated feet, yields with decency to fate, and appears happy as a king in a pair of stout brogans purchased of the hostler.

The lakes (as we see by daylight in the morning) are mere ponds, one of them full of leeches, which we dip up with the water in pail or basin, when we go to the shore to wash ourselves.

The cottages boast, and justly, of the butter and cream with which they treat their guests. The landlady of one of them tells me her two cows gave her one hundred and six pounds of butter in the month of June last, "and I kept a stopping-place besides, which takes milk and cream." We measure a spear of timothy pulled up by chance in the dooryard, and find it

five and a half feet in length; and clover is thick at its roots. Winter wheat, she avers, is a sure crop, yielding from twenty to twenty-five bushels to the acre. These are among the many evidences we have met with all along the route, showing that this vast forest-covered region is one of the richest of the State. Its mighty growths of timber possess an incalculable value for the fuel and lumber with which they will supply rising cities on rivers and lakes, and settlements on the great prairies; and the soil, shorn of its forests, will equal the best in Minnesota, for pasturage, root crops, and wheat.

Three miles beyond Twin Lakes we branch off from the old road leading to Superior, and take a new track cut through the woods to Fond du Lac. Our route on this, the fourth, morning lies through a region of pines, some of enormous size. The fragrance of their breath, the grandeur of the forest scenery, and even the terrible roots and hills and hollows over which we go rocking and tilting, all combine to fill old and young with childlike exhilaration. The country grows almost mountainous as we advance; we cross high ridges, and wind along the sides of deep gorges, and at noon come out upon heights that overlook the gleaming sinuosities and far-winding valley of the St. Louis.

Where the river rushes out from between wooded bluffs and the valley opens, there is Fond du Lac, a little cluster of old wooden houses, making the most westerly point of that immense system of lake and river and canal navigation whose seaward opening gate is the mouth of the St. Lawrence, — an interesting fact, viewed in the light of our fresh memories of St. Anthony, where a few days since we stood at the head of navigation on the Mississippi. One who has made this grand portage cannot help comparing the two places. From St. Anthony the river flows southward two thousand two hundred miles to the Gulf of Mexico, winding through fifteen degrees of latitude. A chip cast upon these more northern waters will float many more miles, through nearly thirty degrees of longitude, before it tosses on the waves of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Here, too, we are at the foot of extensive falls, creating a rival water-power, ordained to make lumber of these tremendous forests, and flour of the wheat from limitless grain-fields. Neither St. Anthony nor Fond du Lac is approachable, however, by any but small-sized craft; and as the real head of navigation for Mississippi steamers is at St. Paul, so that of lake vessels is at Duluth, twenty miles hence, down the St. Louis.

We have made this grand portage laboriously in wagons (for the most part), and we have been three days and more about it. The railroad completed, it will be made comfortably in a few hours. This terrible mud-canal navigation through the wilderness will soon be obsolete, and a thing to be wondered at when the new avenue of trade and travel shall be established, with civilization brightly crystallizing in its course.

We have kept within two or three miles of the railroad grade ever since leaving Rushseba; and here once more it meets us, having crossed the river somewhere above, and throwing up now its fresh embankments on the opposite bank. There, too, moored by the marshy shore, lie two little steamers, which hospitable citizens, friends of the railroad and of its builders, have sent up for us from Duluth. We gleefully set out to cross to them, leaving our wagon-train on the south bank.

I embark with half a dozen others in a skiff, furnished with rudder and sail, and assist in getting it off. It is in the charge of a young man from Duluth, who, surmising that I have seen a gaff before to-day, asks, can I manage the sail? I think I am equal to that, and it is accordingly hoisted. I have the helm and sheet, and try the starboard tack, and wonder why we don't head up stream, and edge away from those villanous rocks below there. By heavens! we are drifting straight

down upon them, spite of wind and helm, swept by a powerful current and twisted about on the black eddies which I (a mere landlubber, after all, used only to plain sailing) did not calculate upon sufficiently. I port the helm just in time to run inside the rocks; conclude that the boat has no keel; "down sail," and resort ingloriously to the oars.

Crossing over, we are followed by a barge, picturesquely laden with the rest of our party, and swinging in the current from a long line, at the other end of which an insignificant row-boat is irregularly pulling. We embark, some on a little tug which a steamer of any size could put into its side-pocket (if steamers had side-pockets), the rest on a crank side-wheeler of somewhat larger dimensions; and are soon on our winding way, among the islands and curves of the low green shores of the river, to Duluth and the lake.

CHARLESTOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY

COURAGE.

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine.
Grateful I take his slightest gift, no fears,
Nor any doubts, are mine.

Dark skies must clear; and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year.
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness, — me
The powers of light befriend.

A LUMBERWOMAN.

HAZAEL was shut up in the house. This may seem to you an unimportant fact, but it was not so to me, being Hazael's wife, and it was very important to him, being a man.

Is sickness a kindly means of discipline? Neither Lamb (see his "Essay on Convalescence") nor Hazael viewed it as such; both grumbled, and one wrote; the likeness to the known must make clear to you the unknown; and Hazael was no happier than Lamb.

I read to him every word that Jeremy Taylor says on "The Practice of the Grace of Patience in Sickness," but as fast as I put him into patience something else put him out of it. I read George Herbert's "Content," — at least three verses of it, and was going on with the fourth, —

> "Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
> Complies and suits with all estates";

but he stopped me with, —

"*Dun-dee!*"

This was Hazael's only and (he said) strictly orthodox oath. It was n't very resigned in him, and was so unsatisfactory to me that I "gave him up," and Herbert too. Things would n't have been so bad if his business had been all in one place; or if he had been a doctor, and could have killed off his patients instead of having a doctor kill him off; or a jeweller instead of only the jewel he was; or, as he more concisely and feelingly expressed it, "been anything in the world but what he was, or had anything in the world but what he had." Now Hazael was a lumber-merchant, and had a bad cold; so you will see this was only his way of looking at it. Perhaps he was excusable; for in all the seven years I had been with him he had never been shut up in the house before. Still, it cannot be denied that he had a "way," indeed, a peculiar way, of looking at most things.

In seven years he had made a small fortune; but "he had been a perfect slave! and it was only a care to him!" He had rather a large income for two people, which would generally be regarded as a happy state of affairs; but "he was sure he did n't know how to invest it, and 'blessed be nothing'!" which change I 'm afraid I never very heartily joined in desiring.

Hazael thought the world was n't at all worth while; and that everybody was "dead set" against him. For instance, when he came to town every man had his own drag. Instead of borrowing one of these, he had one made when he built his house. It was a little stouter than the others, and so the next man who built a stone-wall came to borrow it; and the next, and the next, till it was worn out. Whether the neighbors had used their old ones for kindling, or the boys had stolen them for bonfires, it is a fact that when Hazael wanted one himself, two years after, he had to make a new one.

The dragging work of the town must have been dragging on for two years, for the new one was as great a favorite as the old, and the process was repeated; and thereupon Hazael declared that he supplied the town with all the tools it ever used, and never had any to use himself; this instance is *e pluribus unum*.

So we will not wonder that the abused, good-natured man felt himself aggrieved when this cold was added to the sorrows of his lifetime. At this crisis I had been with Hazael seven years, as I have said.

I was an invalid when he took me, — for he took me more than I, by active will, went, — and nothing seemed so fitting as that I should keep out in the air with him.

In the mill or under the mill, perched on piers or swinging on booms, while he chose logs as they were wanted, — Norways and pines for the ship-builders, spruces for house-timber, and logs

clear of knots for the planers; stowed away on some teetering board of a lumber-pile, while he measured deal for New York, scoots for a fence, or refuse for a pigsty, — for no one could do anything just right but Hazael (so Hazael thought); up river, on skates in winter, on a big log in summer, to the Port, three miles away as many times a day, where all the vessels were loaded and all the captains swore, where all the storekeepers got used to me sitting round on the empty tobacco-boxes made into easy-chairs; where the sailors all learned to know me, and to use a quarter less tobacco to the half-day when I was about, which greatly diminished my supply of stools; and whereunto the road was the very worst road in the county, so Hazael said; — in short, any and every where that Hazael went I was sure to go, by which means three things were accomplished:

I got health, some knowledge of the lumber business, and disposed of seven years, which last is a great gain for a (married) woman.

So when Hazael was ill I alone was thought competent to bring reports. And I *did* bring report from his mill, from his store, from his vessels, letters from his captains and commission merchants; and it was strange how everything was reported wrong.

There were too many saws in the gang, and they were set wrong, and were sawing the wrong stuff. The wrong men had left the mill, and wronger men had come in their places.

The wrong amount of lumber had gone to the wrong vessels; not even the captains even remembered how many thousand their vessels would carry: nobody but Hazael ever knew.

The bills of lading had been made out to the wrong commission merchant, the wrong captain had been paid for freight he never brought. The wrong goods had been ordered of the wrong firm at the wrong time of year; and a wronger establishment could n't have been found than Hazael's.

Hazael was in despair, as who would not have been, if a lumber-merchant with a cold?

I did my best to comfort him. I let his dog stay in my room. I read him John Brown and Montaigne and "Water Babies" (Jeremy Taylor and Herbert having failed), and magazines of every nature.

Hazael would not be comforted. I brought him great ledgers that made my arms ache; packages of accounts of sales and receipts, day-books and survey-books; turned my library into a counting-room and myself to an accountant; neglected my books and my horse, to add up long columns of hated figures: still Hazael was fast growing worse than Rachel weeping for her children. He *would not* be comforted.

Everything was wrong, both intrinsically and as related to him.

He never could be made to see, with Sir Thomas Browne, that "we carry with us the wonders we seek without us; there is all Africa and her prodigies in us."

By reporting so much I became by one and the same means so useful and so tiresome to Hazael, that when I reported myself one noon as having been in the counting-room answering neglected letters, making out neglected bills, and giving neglected directions generally, he actually refrained from calling that wrong; which was a great sacrifice for Hazael.

I determined to repeat the experiment next day; so, after arranging him for the morning, I betook myself to walk as far as he was concerned, and to work as far as I was concerned, and you see there is really so little difference in the sound that the means justified the end, and went to the counting-room.

I believe it was because he had an inherent fear of fire or sudden death that he had instructed me, and only me, in the mysteries of that safe-lock in the counting-room. By an effort of memory I got it unlocked that day, but it was a great while after this before I was able to perform the operation with the rapidity and the slight degree of

attention that would make a philosopher wonder if it were purely mechanical.

Before going into the details of this business, I wish it to be clearly understood here that I was *not* "woman's rights."

I have never been inside of a woman's convention, nor argued on the affirmative of the woman question; neither have I *felt* that I had any disputed claims to advance and prove.

Of course, I always did as I pleased; I drove fast horses of my own, and have in the course of my life sent back some forty "women's horses" to some forty livery-stables; I have had my own library and locked my doors, and refused to see callers till four, when I pleased (which was generally when I was n't sitting on the aforementioned booms and tobacco-boxes, waiting for Hazael).

I never wore a bonnet in my life; knew perfectly well how to use a plane, a level, a spokeshave, and a saw; also I always carried a foot-rule and a knife as regularly as a pencil, a note-book, and my thimble; also in some way Hazael had discovered that when he, the husband, commanded, Calistel the wife did just as her common sense bade her, but I never upheld or spoke of any of these things, and I was not and am not "woman's rights."

Why in the world women should spend their valuable time and take up the columns of invaluable newspapers in arguing and deciding that they should and shall do as they please, and then never please to do anything that women have n't done many times before, I do not see.

Why the best of them should hold that business is open to women, and then go about lecturing or devote themselves to book-keeping, which any boy with common (mathematical) sense might do, or to a milliner's shop, or to taking a trip round the world alone, instead of going into the hardware, or boot and shoe, or hat, cap, and fur business, or out-of-doors photography (or in-doors either); why lady agents and doctors should be in ever-increasing demand, and the real bread-and-butter businesses left for slack-brained women to prove to the male portion of the world that they (the male portion) alone are able to conduct "business affairs," I cannot see clearly, which is a slight (and unpardonable?) digression, as I was only to tell you what I did see, — and I saw a great deal.

The day of my trial was Friday, (unlucky chance, if I had been superstitious!) and the last Friday in the month; so I knew that the next day the millmen would all expect the month's wages. Connected with Hazael's establishment was a store where the married men got their family supplies and the more fortunate single individuals their pipes and tobacco, and said counting-room was in said store; so I had a great many accounts to look over and balance, and no peace and quiet to do it in.

When I had got my safe fairly unlocked, books out, and all ready to go to work, another ill omen greeted me.

In coming in, I had with difficulty made my way round or over an open scuttle, which but for unseen guiding hands might as well have furnished me with my death as with a story, except perhaps for the additional fact that the story was foreordained.

The scuttle was three feet from the outer door, and the cellar eight feet from the scuttle.

The person who came in after me, judging from the short time I saw him, was about six feet and two inches high (if he had not impressed me so much like a ship-mast I should say tall), and apparently all bones.

As he opened the door he shouted to the clerk, —

"I say, there!"

What he would have said "there" I have no reliable means of knowing.

What he said eight feet below there I heard through the open scuttle distinctly.

"D—n it! It ought to 'a' kilt me, an' I ha'n't hurt a bit!"

So instinctively do men philosophize!

I am sure that a woman, under the circumstances, would have died whether it "kilt" her or not.

I felt at once a loss of spirits, and I think they must have gone down to him, for he came up (the stairs, not the scuttle) hilarious, and I had no more that day.

For the sake of science, I asked him what he thought in that quick descent.

"Wondered if my watch 'd knock off into the pork-barrel and spile."

I almost wished that he had broken his arm, that Hazael might see that there were other things in the world as bad as a cold.

Notwithstanding my disappointment and loss of spirits, I was determined to look over accounts that forenoon; so at day-book I went, comparing each sum total with its constituent items, till I should have been glad if I might reasonably hope never to hear of molasses, saleratus, pork, or any of the necessities of life again. Some of my gossiping neighbors — I will call no names — would have given a new dress to see, as I saw that day, *just* how much flour, eggs, and butter some of *their* dear gossiping neighbors had used in the last month; but we traders keep these little confidences strictly.

It was dreary enough to remember a library and locked doors that day and stand at a desk, the only thing besides the safe enclosed within those four white, close walls. Visions of Coleridge and Lamb, De Quincey and Shelley, came before me like triumphant friends. John Brown coaxingly invited me to "Spare Hours," as if I had any hope of such! I think I felt more pity for the "laboring class" that day than ever before or since; before their sorrows were imaginary (with me), and since pity has given place to sympathy and fellow-feeling.

I got through the accounts of twenty men that forenoon, however, and went home to dinner, glad to relieve Hazael by this surprise; for I knew they had troubled him more than I had any reason to think they had troubled the debtors.

"Well, Calistel, where *have* you been?"

"Well, Hazael, what *do* you suppose I have been doing?"

"Whatever you pleased, as usual."

Now, however logical a conclusion that may have been to draw from my past history, it wounded my feelings very much to hear the statement then and there; but men have no intuitions, and how should he know that I had once in my life made a sacrifice? One must make a great many before the face will tell it.

So I answered, "No, Hazael," with a mixture of brag and grief.

"Been doing mission, then?"

By this Hazael meant had I been visiting the poor and afflicted, healing hearts and converting souls; he always expressed it thus concisely, and always persisted that I "did mission" from duty, not from love of it.

"Yes, Hazael, mission for you and mission for the mill-men." Then I told him of the twenty accounts looked over, and of the jarring the cellar had had from the man of six feet and two inches.

To this day I 'm afraid Hazael looks for the man with six feet who cost him so much in repairing the underpinning of that store; to this day he thinks he was an escaped curiosity of Barnum's.

"Are you going to keep at it?" Hazael asked.

"Yes."

"What are you going to do to-morrow when the men come to be paid?"

"Pay them, I guess."

"But they 'll cheat you."

"Very well, if they can."

"Well," and Hazael sighed. (You remember the occasions that are so often taken, according to Mrs. Browning, for sighing.)

"You mean to do it, Calistel? They 're dreadfully rough when I pay them; fifty of them, you know, all at once."

Calistel quite meant to do it. In the course of the afternoon and next day, the other thirty accounts were cast and recast and balanced.

Saturday came, and five o'clock

came, and I heard the mills stop; at least I did n't hear them go, and concluded they had stopped.

Tramps and scuffles and double-shuffles out on the platform suggested to me that the men might possibly be there.

Up went my shutter, and I called through the loophole, "John Low!"

John Low, having heard a voice come through that loophole on other Saturday nights, knew of what interest it was to him to hear it this Saturday night; therefore John Low stopped on the half-shuffle and came up.

John Low saw me; John Low stared; John Low turned round and communicated to the crowd the specific intelligence, —

"*By George, it's her!*"

Whereupon forty-nine of the fifty heads appeared in direct line with my loophole, and there came such a jamming and pushing and quarrelling as can be seen only among mill-men on pay-night. Whether it was an unusually rough time because it was "her" I did not know, but I was determined that she would make it smoother.

My shutter went down, my door went open, myself went out among them. "If you will come up one by one as I call you, I will pay you all to-night. If I see any more of this pushing and scuffling, I shall stop at once."

I went in, I shut my door, I pulled up my shutter.

"John Low!"

Again John Low came up; this time alone.

"The balance due you is twelve dollars; the month's wages thirty-two, the things taken up in the store twenty."

John Low growled out something about an extravagant wife, wrote his name under the squared account, and left.

Eight other men went off very quietly, with greater or less funds in their pockets.

The tenth man came, heard my statement of his finances and disputed it.

"I ha'n't had but half them things!" The spirit of cheat spread rapidly, and those who had gone off content before came back to "git a little suffin more out of her."

My shutter went down, my door went open, myself went out among them.

"I have no time to dispute claims with you; you can take your money or leave it. Monday morning, if you care to come and look over the items of account you may. I have looked them over carefully, and know them to be correct. Let me hear no more of this to-night."

I went in, I shut my door, I pulled up my shutter, paid off the rest, heard no more grumbling, and went home moderately happy (for a married woman whose husband was sick at home with a cold).

This was in the fall, — November, I think; and before Hazael got out, it was time for the men to go into the woods.

Such an amount of talking to be done between Hazael and the loggers!

I judge of the number of men I sent to him every day only by the state of my carpet every night; no amount of force applied to brooms has ever been enough to get those carpets free from mud. If ever Hazael has a cold again, I sincerely hope it may not be in spring or fall.

If the talking fell to Hazael this time, by the same convulsion of nature the work fell to me. Of course there was a clerk to put everything up as called for, but how could he undertake to do that, and keep account of everything that went to the woods in that week of fitting out teams?

You would never believe if I were to tell you the average amount of food that went to every man.

"Wanted enough to last six weeks," they said. Ten barrels of flour, three barrels of pork, and no end of molasses and spices, black pepper enough to have set the whole region round about into a fit of sneezing; but first and foremost beans and tea and tobacco.

In spite of this practical, sickening part of it, there was something very fascinating in the idea of being off in the woods and snow, away from everything and everybody for four whole months; at least I thought so till I made them a visit in the course of the winter.

But it was not at all fascinating to get those teams ready to go; yet the week came to an end, as all weeks except one, coming some time, will, and every day of it found me busy and left me tired, but quite glad to be doing something active and business-like, though the visions of dear friends at home, bound in leather, calf, and muslin, according to desert, were not less constant and enticing than at first.

Hazael was pleased and relieved and fast growing better, and he found the world so much more worth while than when he had everything to do himself, that it was really quite comfortable living with him, comparatively.

Hazael was out before November was, and soon quite well and strong; but from some reason he never told me, nothing was said about my going back to my old place. Instead of being an appurtenance of the establishment, I was a part of the thing itself.

Hazael taught me the real art of book-keeping, and I kept his books. He taught me business-letter writing, which is quite a science, if you do it well; and I wrote his letters, keeping a copy of every one. He taught me how to make out drafts, write receipts, and half a thousand other little things that have to be done about a counting-room.

But with all this I began now to have some time for reading; so my half of the desk was about equally filled with essays, poetry, and account-books.

Here is a page of my note-book written at that time.

"The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool. The truest heroism is to resist the doubt, and the profoundest wisdom to know when it ought to be resisted and when to be obeyed." — HAWTHORNE.

Make out a draft on G. Callum & Co., payable to order of Obed Lingum, Jr. Amt. $335. Due, Jan'y 7, promptly.

"Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach."
POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

Perhaps both resemble certain characters the world calls shallow, only because the world has nothing with which to probe deep.

Don't forget to pay Hazael's doctor's bill this month.

"But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!"
COLERIDGE'S *Christabel.*

"'T is an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own."
ROBERT BROWNING.

Dean Small's lumber bill, $42.47
Joshua Reynold's bill, 74.75
Collect both within three weeks.

A. J. Wardwell's store account, $264.87.

Capt. Babcock wants timber sent to his master-builder next Saturday, the 5th.

Send draft for last bill of dry goods.

"Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others." — SYDNEY SMITH'S *definition of the hardness of character.*

"Clay model, Life.
Plaster cast, Death.
Sculptured marble, Resurrection."
THORWALDSEN.

We got through the winter with little excitement, and not a great deal to do except on the days when three or four men came out of the woods, which were generally Saturdays, that they might spend Sunday at home.

River-driving came on, and the beautiful, restless spring days together, when it seemed a sin and a shame to have to think of river-driving or any other practical thing; and I thought I had never seen such suggestive weather as came that spring. Fifteen days of sun and shower and gray cloud, till you

dread not so much a stormy day, which in itself considered might not be undesirable, as the change from this to that; and yet you half want it.

There was just enough of the fascination of uncertainty about those days to make them seem delightful before all others. They almost cheat one into the notion that, even after a new birth, a moody creature has some divine authority for remaining a moody creature still, which notion, to be sure, the steadier beauty of the later months would hardly justify.

When the storm came at last, the decision of it was almost heart-breaking, it was so inexorable, so certain after the puzzling days that would break out, no one knew where; which of course has nothing to do with a lumber story, only as all changes of weather affect the rivers on which lumbermen are so dependent.

With river-driving came on the running of the mill again, and all the regular summer business; and by the time the logs were all driven down, everything was going on in the usual methodical manner.

First came log-driving affairs to be settled; for however willing men may be to wait for the pay for the winter's work in the woods, they cannot rest quietly twenty-four hours after log-driving is over, till they have their money. They generally get in sight a little before the last log.

So I made up my mind to a series of pay-days, which began at once.

The head man of the river-driving crew had handed me a paper stating how many days each man had worked, and the price agreed upon in payment therefor, which went on somewhat in this way: —

Duncan Wall, 17½ days' works @ $22 a month.

Jerry Heath, 18 days' works @ $20 a month.

The list was twenty names long, perhaps.

It was really pitiful to see, as Jerry Heath and the rest came to be paid, that nearly every one held out a cut or a bruised hand; some had a finger or a thumb gone, some half a hand lost in this or other year's work; some came limping in with a mangled foot, "hurt in the great jam on the rips," perhaps, "or chopped off a toe or two the last month of logging." This year one boy was drowned, — only eighteen. He fell in and got frightened, they said, and would n't swim.

Scarcely one came that had not some bruise to show, and laugh or growl over, according to disposition.

And the accounts they would give of the way they had been living!

"I say, Sam, you got any more flannel as good as that I bought jus' afore we went in?"

"Don't remember anything particular about that; we 've got some good flannel now, though."

"By George, that was the best stuff I ever wore. I had two shirts made of it; one of 'em I put on when I went in and never had off again till I come out, and the other one I wore all through log-driving, till it 's jist rotting off."

"Clean way you have of living up there," I heard the clerk suggest.

Whereupon a general shout was set up by the rest of the crowd.

"By George! we ha'n't had but two towels in with us this winter," said one.

"Makes your face cold to wash it 'fore you go out in the morning," chimed in another.

"You bet we don't want no soap an' water up there," echoed a third.

In the course of a few days they were all paid, and scattered off for the summer; some to the mill and the rest to their farms, if they happened to have them, or to sea, or to loaf about till logging next year.

The hurry of the busy season seemed to come all at once with us; there was a good deal of driving about to do, which perhaps was all that saved me from wearing out with the confinement the rest of the day; but on the whole I was better than when I was doing nothing. This I mention here, not because in my conceit I think it will be

of any personal interest to you, but because so much is said about women being "too delicately organized" to go into hard work; this is my testimony. I would give it on oath in court.

There were a great many spring talks between Hazael and the captains about carrying lumber, and the rates of freight for the coming season; there were a great many vessels to load as the result of them; there was a great deal of lumber to look after as the result of that.

All of Hazael's lumber was carried to his vessels by rafts. A sluice ran from under the mill down to the river, and by the side of the sluice the lumber was piled in long, high piles. One man stood on top of the pile and surveyed it (by which I don't mean that we kept him there to look at it, but to measure it), stick by stick, as two other men turned it off into the sluice with pickaxes.

Another man was at the other end of the sluice to take the sticks as they came down. This he did with a pick-axe that he struck into the stick as it came rushing out of the sluice, and dragged it just where he wanted it; he had only to guide it, it got so much motion in coming.

The rafts were made on a wooden platform at low tide, and slipped off and taken to the vessels when the tide was full. It was miserable work sometimes going down the crooked narrow river in the dead of night, dark and stormy perhaps; but they must go when the tide was in, whether that was at morning, noon, or midnight; and the men were often six hours getting down with them.

It was the slowest, dreariest, most lonesome work, they said, that they ever had to do about the whole concern.

I cannot truthfully say that I ever did it myself, but this is their report.

When the lumber got to the vessel and got in, some one must make out the bills of lading; that made a ride for me generally to the Port to get the captain to sign them.

When that was done, somebody must send one of them and the bill of lumber to whichever commission merchant Hazael had consigned it to. First the bill had to be made out, which the surveyor and I did together; then it had to be copied to the account of sales-book; then sent off.

Besides all this regular business, there was a good deal of outside business in supplying all the region round with lumber, — the ship-builders and the house-builders and all kinds of builders who were building anything; and this part of the work was the most fussy of all. Every stick must be of just such a length, breadth, and thickness, as it was wanted for a particular purpose.

Whoever wanted the lumber usually brought a paper with the dimensions he wanted written on it. Then some one must go all over the millpond hunting up the logs that would best saw into those sticks.

I had n't as much time to sit round on the piers and booms as I used to have when Hazael did it, but I did n't so much mind that, because I found that he took occasional trips on the banks after squirrels now that he had some one to help him and more time; I found, too, that he was getting into the way of stopping an hour or so when he went to the Port to talk to his fellow-merchants.

Two make lighter work than one, and I hope that the happy time will come some day when wives and husbands will have one interest in one business; they may be situated so that they can very often, as we were.

Don't think you can do nothing in your husband's business, unless he happens to have a fancy store. Is n't it "ladylike" to go into a hard business? Stay at home, then, and take care of your children, and sew and make over your old dresses to save, and help your husband get through the year, and be as ladylike as you please. But if there is nothing in the business itself that your husband as a gentleman does not find defiling, there must be some part

of it that you could take, that would not entirely forbid your being a lady.

Has n't the world got up to that yet? How will it get up, if no one pushes it along?

Would it distress your husband very much to see you work?

My dear friend, I am not talking to you. I am talking to some one whose husband is letting the growth of sense push out the refuse of chivalry and romance.

But more than that, I am talking to some one who has not now, but may some time have, a husband; and through all this begging and beseeching her to be careful of his romance.

As for Hazael and me, he is content, and I was a lady before, and have n't felt any decided change since.

I received a salary for my labor from the business, which was a company business, and not wholly Hazael's. I will not say how much it was, but quite enough to have supported me comfortably if I had had no other income, which, having Hazael, I had.

Two make lighter work of a thing than one, as I said; so we got through the summer with great peace and comfort, and through the fall with bliss.

Winter is on us now, with its lighter work (or I should not have time to tell you about it), and finds me hoping that, until my hair is gray and I retire from business "in a full age," I may not be one of the happy feminine band whose watchword as they meet is, —

"What *do* you find to do?"

Did so much grow from the single fact that Hazael was shut up in the house?

REVIVING VIRGINIA.

BEAUTIFUL Virginia, it seems, is to become at last what nature meant it for, — a Northern State, one of the empire States of the Union. There was a time when the whole coast, from Florida to Canada, was called Virginia. The men who afterward named the *northern* half of it New England had not the prophetic gift; for New England never was a new England. The true new England of North America was Old Virginia, with its landed aristocracy, its ignorant and helpless laboring class, its established, intolerant church.

Our pride in belonging to the lordly human race is apt to be taken down a little when we discover how powerfully and how long the destinies of even the most advanced nations have been influenced by individuals strikingly inferior. There was a man living in London, two hundred and sixty years ago, who was, in his person, a lumpish clown, with a rolling eye, a slobbery mouth, and a shambling gait; who had the air and demeanor of a conceited, ill-grown boy; who was sensual, profuse, mean, and cruel; who was credulous, whimsical, and prejudiced; whom almost any impudent knave could govern, and no worthy man influence. He was not a native of England. If he had been cast upon the streets of London, poor and friendless, he would have passed his days, perhaps, as clerk of a poorhouse or beadle to a charity school. The boys would have laughed at him as he aped the dignity of the schoolmaster, or the paupers would have pitied him as a Scotch body who was weak in his upper story, poor man.

But it would be hard to name a person who has lived in the British empire for the last three centuries whose residence there has had consequences so important and so enduring as that of James Stuart of Scotland. What

struggles it cost all that was noblest in England to keep him in check, and get rid of his mean posterity! We feel him here in America to this day. One of our most beautiful rivers bears his name, and the two capes that invite the commerce of the world, open-armed, to enter Chesapeake Bay are called by the names of his sons. No one can study the map of the United States without perceiving that Chesapeake Bay is naturally the chief highway into the heart of the continent on the Atlantic side, and that somewhere on its shores, or on the banks of one of its tributary streams, would naturally have grown the chief commercial city of the New World. A navigable bay nearly two hundred miles long, from three to twenty miles wide, and deep enough almost everywhere to float the Great Eastern; with such rivers emptying into it as the Potomac, the James, the Rappahannock, and the Susquehanna, from the head-waters of which is the shortest cut to the Ohio and the great river system of the interior; with not merely *a* harbor, or a dozen harbors, but with hundreds of square miles of harbor; and with a country behind these waters of unequalled fertility and convenience, — who would not point to this portion of the map and say, "There is the natural seat of empire! There should be the London of America!" And so perhaps it might have been, but for this poor man, James Stuart, and another poor man, a garrulous, credulous Spanish doctor, named Nicholas Menardes.

As to Stuart, he cut off one of the best heads in his dominions, — that of the father of Virginia, its proprietor and colonizer, who first of all men made the remark just quoted with regard to the seat of empire. It was Ralegh who kept telling his captains not to flounder about among the sands of the Carolina coast, and not to go so far north as to encounter ice and cold, but to fix his projected city of Ralegh on the safe, deep waters of the Chesapeake. Those who look into Ralegh's generous attempts to colonize Virginia will observe that he was a man who could be taught by his own mistakes. He, if any man, would have learned how to plant a colony; but James Stuart locked him in the Tower, and caused him to spend the best years of his life in writing a book instead of founding (to use his own words) "a new England in America." When, at length, after twenty-nine years of failure, a little band of men were lodged in Virginia who stayed there, it was the despotic charter and unwise rules drawn up, in part, by the king himself, that rendered the first years of the Colony's history a catalogue of disasters and mistakes. But that was not the worst. There was a time in the early day of the Colony (Captain Newport coming home every summer to England, bringing pretty good news, and some cedar and sassafras, worth then £312 per ton in London) when the great body of Puritans, oppressed by King James and Archbishop Bancroft, cast their eyes toward Virginia as a place of refuge. If the king had merely winked at their departure and permitted the free exercise of their religion, a thousand Puritan families would have been settled upon the James while the timbers of the Mayflower were still growing in the forest. The emigration was prevented, the Church of England was established, and Virginia remained a penal settlement until the timbers of the Mayflower were rotten,* — much more than a penal settlement, it is true; for the ancestors of Washington settled there when the Colony was only fifty years old; but still a penal settlement.

The Puritans are not altogether lovely in modern eyes; but they had in them the stuff of which empires are made. They would have sent those eighty women packing. They might have saved beautiful Virginia from the pollution of tobacco. They might have rendered the Chesapeake region the

* "1692, *November 17th, Thursday.* — A ship lay at Leith going for Virginia, on board which the magistrates had ordered fifty lewd women out of the houses of prostitution, and 30 other who walked the streets after 10 at night." — LUTTRELL'S *Brief Historical Relation*, Vol. II. p. 617.

seat of empire in America, and kept it such forever.

Tobacco, however, might have proved too much even for the Puritans; and tobacco involved slavery. A colony must have something to send abroad which can be converted into money. New England, from the beginning, had codfish, mackerel, and whales; and soon had staves, boats, schooners, and rum. But Virginia, after a weak attempt at silk-worms, having exhausted the sassafras, could hit upon nothing so convenient for bringing in a little money as tobacco; which gave her a hundred and fifty years of wealth and pride, paid for by a hundred years of decline, decay, and humiliation, now nearly spent. What other choice had she? Wheat was out of the question, from the scarcity of labor and the length of the voyage. Indian-corn is not relished in Europe to this day. The good fishing-grounds are far to the north. The indomitable Puritans might have found or made something that would have answered the purpose, in the absence of the rage for tobacco; but the Puritans were not there, and all Europe was beginning to smoke its pipe.

Civilized man escaped the despotism of tobacco for nearly a century after Columbus first saw the Bahama Indians twisting up brown leaves into a roll, putting one end into their mouths and lighting the other. Tobacco-seed was soon taken to Spain; and it was a fashionable thing, about 1550, to have a few of the dark green, luxuriant tobacco-plants in the gardens of grandees and princes. The weed was not much used in Europe, before one Doctor Menardes of Seville came home from America, about 1564, and wrote his once famous book entitled "Joyful News from the New-found World." Curious readers may find in some of our old libraries John Frampton's English translation of the same, published in London, in 1578, the very year in which Ralegh began to work toward planting a colony in America. In those days men still believed in "taking physic," with childlike faith; and the joyful news which the worthy Doctor Menardes brought from the new-found world was, that it produced a marvellous variety of precious drugs, odorous gums, medicinal oils, roots, and herbs, seventy of which he describes. Upon sarsaparilla, liquid amber, "Benjamin," radix China, and, indeed, upon most of his seventy topics, he discourses with brevity and moderation; but when he comes to speak of "tabaco and his virtues," and of sassafras, — that fragrant root just discovered by "our Spaniards" in Florida, — he expands and grows extravagant. It was evidently Menardes's eulogium upon sassafras which, for many years, made it so popular a medicine in Europe that it paid the cost of several important voyages. This harmless root really plays a part in the history of the colonization of North America.

But it was his discourse upon tobacco that gave to Doctor Menardes's work its chief historical importance, its immense and lasting influence. Virginia was forty years, counting from Ralegh's first attempt to colonize, in getting ready to raise tobacco; and during the whole of that period Menardes's book was circulating in Spain, France, and England, exciting curiosity and wonder respecting the plant, and spreading abroad the most absurd notions of its value and power. The Indians, he says, used tobacco in healing the wounds received in battle, and took a decoction of it as a medicine for the diseases to which they were subject. "The hearbe tabaco," as we learn from Frampton's translation, "hath particular vertue to heale griefes of the head," when the leaves are "layde hotte to the griefe." "In griefes of the brest," too, "it worketh a marvellous effect," and "in griefes of windes," also. "In one thing, the women that dwel in the Indias doe celebrate this hearbe, that is, in the euill breathing at y^e^ mouth of children, when they are ouerfilled with meate, and also of olde people, anoynting their bellies with lampe oyl, and laying some of those leaues, in ashes hotte to their bellies,

& also to theyr shoulders, for it doeth take away the naughty breathing." Toothache, chilblains, rheumatism, "griefe of the jointes," the bites of venomous snakes, carbuncles, old sores, new cuts, all were cured by this wonder-working plant.

But even its healing virtues were not so remarkable as its mysterious effects upon the soul. "The Indians, for their pastime, doe take the smoke of the *Tabaco*, to make themselves drunke withall, and to see the visions, and thinges that represent vnto them that wherein they doe delight: and other times they take it to knowe their businesse, and successe, because conformable to that, which they have seene beyng drunke therewith, euen so they iudge of their businesse. And as the Deuil is a deceauer, & hath the knowledge of the vertue of hearbes, so he did shew the vertue of this Hearb, that by the meanes thereof, they might see their imaginations, and visions, that he hath represented to them, and by that meanes deceiue them." It served them, also, for drink, for food, and for *rest*, when they travelled in desert places. "They take a little ball of leaves, and put it betweene the lower lippe and the teeth, and goe chewing it all the time that they trauell, and that which they chewe, they swallowe downe, and in this sort they iourney, three or foure dayes, without hauing neede of meate, or drinke, for they feele no hunger, drieth, nor weakenesse, nor their trauell doth trouble them."

Nor was it Indians alone who had experienced the healing power and soothing charm of "the tabaco." A great lady in Portugal had been cured of a cancer by applications of the leaves; and one of "the cookes" of Lord Nicot, French ambassador in Portugal, who had "almost cutte off his thombe with a greate chopping knyfe," was speedily healed by the same means. "Lord Nicot" made known the virtues of tobacco in France, which was the cause of the French naming the plant nicotine.

Who could believe such extravagance? Who? Everybody in 1580! Sir Walter Ralegh read this book of Menardes's before Ralph Lane brought him home from Virginia the pipes and tobacco with which he amused Queen Elizabeth, and set the fashion of smoking at court. Ralegh, doubtless, believed the substance of Menardes's statements, and attached something of that virtue to the healing herbs employed by savages which people now do who run after an "Indian doctor." The common pill-advertisements of the present hour are believed by half of the human race, because half the human race is as ignorant of the human system as the whole race was in 1580. The volume ran through edition after edition in England, and was the immediate cause of luring Virginia into the culture of tobacco and the employment of slaves.

As long as the virgin soil lasted near the navigable waters, Virginia throve, kept her coach and six, gave royal banquets, had "a hundred and twenty" servants about the house and stables, and sent her sons to Eton and Oxford. But it was a baseless prosperity: no towns, no manufactures, no accumulations, no middle class; nothing to fall back upon when the soil was worn out and negroes rose in price. And then, when the tide of emigration set in, Virginia repelled the new brain and blood that would have re-created her. Emigrants could find no room between those vast, encumbered estates; and if they could have found room, they would have shrunk from contact and competition with slaves. The reviving tide swept by, and sought the dense wildernesses and treeless plains of the West. To this hour there are in Virginia, for every cultivated acre of land, two acres and a half that have never been ploughed. Nearly twenty-eight millions of acres wholly unimproved!

Readers who went to the war from homes in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and marched, weeks at a time, through the inviting valleys of Virginia, must often have felt how unnaturally the

population of the country has been distributed. Human beings coming to a new continent would not, except for some strong, overruling reason, avoid a fertile region and agreeable climate near at hand, and deliberately plant themselves in districts remote and difficult of access, where the winters are long, tempestuous, and severe, and the summers short and uncertain. An American family going to live in Europe would not naturally choose Norway, if they could just as well have a villa in the south of France; but they might, naturally enough, hesitate to place themselves in the power of a perjured usurper, and so prefer honest Norway after all. Virginia, with its Mediterranean Chesapeake, is the France of our map; and yet for many a year the arriving multitude and the migrating Yankee passed it by.

But all that is over. Primogeniture and the Established Church were abolished by Jefferson and his friends ninety years ago; the war set free the slaves; the peace put the great estates into the market, "in quantities to suit purchasers"; and tobacco is an unpopular crop. Half of Virginia is for sale. All round the Chesapeake the land is coming into garden tillage, and the Northern cities, as we all know, are daily supplied with vegetables and fruit from the garden farms of the Old Dominion. Formerly, landlords used to engage to supply their tables with everything "the season affords"; but now fruits and vegetables have all seasons for their own, and no man can tell what month of the year he is living in by what he sees on his table. We learn from a late report of Mr. Horace Capron, Commissioner of Agriculture, that so trifling an article as peanuts has much importance in the reviving Virginia of to-day. "The greater part of Eastern Virginia," he tells us, "was by turns occupied by both of the contending armies; and, as every farmer raised peanuts enough for his family and some to spare, their merits became extensively known among the soldiers; so that when the armies were disbanded a knowledge of them was carried to every part of the country. So rapid has been its extension that the crop of each successive year has been threefold greater than that of the year preceding, and at prices fully maintained. The crop of 1868 in Virginia is estimated to have aggregated about three hundred thousand bushels, the average price of which was about $2.75 per bushel." It was probably twice as great in 1869; for when farmers find they can get a hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of peanuts, — by no means such an unfamiliar luxury in any part of the country as Mr. Capron seems to think, — with easy work, from an acre of land, and only sixty dollars' worth of tobacco, by very hard work, they are likely to try a few more acres of peanuts the next year. This sudden extension of the peanut culture is a curious illustration of the incidental benefits that come sometimes from so desolating an evil as civil war.

Virginia, then, ceases to repel. It becomes an interesting question, whether the population of the country, hitherto unnaturally distributed, hitherto repelled from the regions most inviting, will redistribute itself in a natural manner, now that the repulsive system has ceased to exist. In a word, will Virginia resume that rank among the States of the Union, and keep it, which tobacco and cheap negroes gave her a hundred years ago? She was first in 1770. She is sixth in 1870. What will she be in 1970? We need not venture a prediction. It suffices now to know that Virginia revives, progresses, and looks with growing confidence to the future. Whether first, or second, or tenth, in a hundred years, there are solid reasons for the conviction that Virginia will then be a far more flourishing, happy, and powerful Commonwealth than she was in what some of her citizens still regard as the day of her glory, the good old time of mismanagement and profusion, when such a farmer as General Washington could put down in his Diary that he pos-

sessed one hundred and one cows, and yet had to buy butter for his table, and when a planter of good habits, working three thousand acres and five hundred slaves, could hardly make both ends meet.

The cheering sign at present is, that new men are seeking homes, and new capital is seeking investment, in Virginia. Without an infusion of new blood and money, the progress of the State would, for a long time, be slow; because it is not merely by better farming and more various crops that a State can rise to imperial rank. As the Erie Canal made New York the Empire State, so we find that every one of the leading States of the Union received the impulse toward greatness from some one scheme of what we style "internal improvement." Some post-road, some canal, some railroad, the improved navigation of some river, or an improved mode of navigating all rivers, gave the impulse of every State noted for the rapidity of its rise. Indeed, the whole history of human progress is summed up in the one word, Intercommunication. Isolation is poverty, barbaric pride, lethargy, and death. The supreme effort of the race now is to put every man on earth within easy reach of every other man.

If Virginia is the last of the great Northern States to create a highway between the Atlantic Ocean and the Western waters, it has not been from want of desire and effort. From the head of ship navigation on the James River — namely, Richmond — to the nearest navigable point of the nearest navigable branch of the Ohio, it is only three hundred and forty-three miles. It is the shortest cut of all, — twelve miles shorter than from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, — and yet it terminates at a point on the Ohio two hundred and fifty-two miles nearer Cincinnati than Pittsburg, and far below the worst shallows and sand-bars of the Ohio River. The mere shortness of the distance early called attention to this as the natural and proper pathway to the Western country. The desirableness of avoiding the precarious, tortuous navigation of the Upper Ohio was another strong point in its favor; and it was afterwards ascertained that the curves and grades along this short cut averaged more favorably for a highway than any other line that can be drawn between the waters of the ocean and those of the river system of the West. These three facts — shortest cut, easiest grades, and the two hundred and fifty worst miles of the Ohio avoided — have had their due effect upon the more enterprising minds of Virginia. We need not tell any one acquainted with the Richmond of other days, that the object most fervently desired there, and most frequently the topic of conversation among men of business, was the construction of a public work that should render those three great facts available for the advancement of Virginia. If warm desire and eloquent talk could tunnel mountains and buy T rails, Virginia would long ago have had both a canal and a railroad from the James to the Ohio.

The father of our American system of internal improvement was George Washington, planter, of Virginia. The splendor of his fame as patriot, warrior, and statesman obscures in some degree the homelier merits of the citizen and the pioneer. His public life, however, was only incidental; it was forced upon him, not sought; endured, not enjoyed. At the head-quarters of the army, and still more at the seat of government, he led a glorious life, it is true, but a constrained, unnatural one, ever anxious, to use his own admirable and touching words, "to *collect* his duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected." This noble solicitude made him seem, to the slighter men around him, slow and over-cautious. He who would know the man aright, the true George Washington, must see him on one of his own excellent horses, following up, with a party of hunters and half-breeds, the head-waters of the James or the Potomac, piercing the Alleghanies, and

roaming the wilderness beyond in search of branches of the Ohio, by which the commerce of the Western rivers and lakes could find its way to the rivers of Virginia. Here he was at home. Here his glance was bold and free. Here he appeared, what he really was, a leader of his generation, and showed that his pre-eminence in Virginia was not due merely to the accident of his possessing a great fortune, but to the cast and breadth of his mind, which was truly continental. He, first of all men, was fully possessed of that American spirit which has just brought the two oceans within a hundred and fifty hours of one another. He was the forerunner of De Witt Clinton, as of the men who have since created Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco.

The broad Potomac which swept by his own front door he had personally traced to its sources in the Alleghanies, examined its falls and obstructions, and sought out the branch of the Ohio nearest Lake Erie; musing, meanwhile, upon the best modes of creating, out of these materials, the great national highway between the ocean and the waters of the West. How intent he was upon this scheme, how clearly he saw its advantages, we discover in the length and particularity of his correspondence on the subject with Jefferson and other Virginia friends. For that day, however, it was too much for Virginia to attempt, and Washington fixed upon the improvement of the navigation of the James as the nearest approach to a realization of his plan then possible. A canal seven miles long round the falls at Richmond adds two hundred and twenty miles to the barge navigation of the river, and makes a water highway to the mountains. Companies were formed at Richmond for the improvement of both rivers, and a grateful legislature presented to General Washington, as the originator of both schemes, fifty hundred-pound shares in the Potomac Company, and a hundred hundred-dollar shares in the James River Company. He declined both gifts, of course; but in his will he distinctly claims to have "suggested the vast advantages which would derive from the extension of its inland navigation under legislative patronage."

He not only suggested the scheme, but he felt for it the warm affection which men cherish for the children of their brain. To bring the commerce of the Western country to the ocean by the shortest cut and easiest grades, — namely, across Virginia to the waters of the Chesapeake, — this was Washington's conception; and it was the first American scheme of the kind of which we have any knowledge. On various errands in furtherance of the general plan Washington crossed the mountains as many as five times.

There are readers of this magazine who have heard the late venerable Albert Gallatin describe the interview which, when a young man, he chanced to witness in the heart of the Alleghanies. General Washington and a number of trappers and pioneers had met with the purpose of ascertaining the best practicable gap in the mountains for the road between the two water systems. The idea of tunnelling the mountains, and lifting a canal-boat two thousand feet into the air, and letting it softly down on the Ohio slope, had not yet entered the most daring mind. Washington took for granted the necessity of a "carrying place," and he desired to discover the happy medium between the shortest and the easiest. Old woodsman as he was, he knew that the deer and the buffalo are the first explorers of the wilderness, and that it is the hunter who first becomes acquainted with the Reports of those four-footed engineers. So he invited the hunters and settlers to meet him at a log-hut in the mountains, a "land-office" consisting of one room fourteen feet square, containing a bed, a small pine table, and a wooden bench. The General, upon his arrival with his nephew, took his seat at the table, and the hunters crowded into the cabin and stood around the table, a few finding

an advantageous place upon the land agent's bed. Young Gallatin was in the front of the leather-stockinged group, near the central figure. Pen in hand, the Father of his Country questioned each pioneer in turn, and recorded the substance of his replies. When all had spoken, the young gentleman from Switzerland fancied he saw the path of which the General was in search. Washington still hesitating, Gallatin broke in with rash and reckless words: "O, it is plain enough; *that* is evidently the most practicable place." All the company stared, astonished at so gross a breach of politeness in a youth toward the most illustrious of living men. The General laid down his pen, and cast a reproachful look at the culprit; but, resuming his inquiries, he soon made up his mind, and turning to the intruder said, as he again put down his pen, "You are right, sir." Thus was established the road through the Alleghanies, which has been used ever since as a highway, and will be used forever. "It was always so," Mr. Gallatin would say, "with General Washington: he was slow in forming an opinion, and never decided till he knew he was right." That night the General slept upon the bed; while his nephew, the agent, and Gallatin lay upon the floor wrapped in buffalo-skins.

General Washington did not live to see his project executed; nor has it yet been executed. Not a bushel of corn from the Western country reaches the ocean by way of Virginia; and if a ton of coal from the head-waters of the Kanawha occasionally gets to Richmond, it is carried down the Kanawha to the Ohio ninety miles, down the Ohio and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, and so round by the ocean to the James River, — a circuit of four thousand miles. All this swoop of travel, because Washington's scheme wants the finishing touch, the last hundred miles or so of easy road-making!

And yet, from the day when the General had his conference with the hunters to the present hour, Virginia has been trying to accomplish it, — trying hard, too, and spending money more freely than could have been expected. The old James River Company, founded by Washington, made that seven-mile canal round the falls near Richmond, and cleared the river of obstructions as far back as Buchanan, in Botecourt County, where the Blue Ridge interposes a barrier. It was a long stride toward the Kanawha (the nearest navigable branch of the Ohio), and it was a priceless good to Virginia. Then, in 1823, a second James River Company, succeeding to the rights of the first, improved all that the first had done, and added several important works of its own. First, it constructed a canal through the mountains, seven miles and a half long, which enabled boats to get as far west as Covington, which is two hundred and five miles from Richmond. Next, it made a pretty good turnpike road from Covington to the Ohio, at the point where the Big Sandy enters it, a distance of two hundred and eighty miles. Lastly, it improved the navigation of the Kanawha by dams and sluices, so that steamboats could more easily ascend it, and bring passengers sixty miles nearer Covington before taking to the road. This was more than a boon to Virginia; it was a national good; it was an approximation to Washington's idea. Henry Clay, when he was getting into the vale of years, found this way of travelling to Washington much more agreeable than a six weeks' horseback ride, with the chance of drowning at the swollen fords of so many mountain streams. They still point out, along the line of the Covington Turnpike, the houses where he and his merry party used to halt for the night, and spend a long evening at whist.

But the age of turnpikes passed. In 1835, when the Erie Canal was pouring the wealth of the great West into New York, Virginia, always believing that she possessed the true pathway, prepared for a supreme effort. The James River and Kanawha Company was

chartered, — the State being the chief stockholder, — and Virginia set about constructing a canal between the two rivers, the plan of which included a nine-mile tunnel through the Alleghanies at an elevation of seventeen hundred feet. Upon this work Virginia has been fitfully toiling ever since. Eleven millions of dollars have been spent upon it, and it will cost forty millions more to complete it. It could be finished in four years, *if* the forty millions were forthcoming; but there is no immediate prospect of Virginia's having such a sum at her disposal.

Did the State overestimate her resources, then? Probably the means could have been found for the execution of the project, if, in its infancy, a new mode of transportation had not been introduced, which proved more attractive to capital. Within a year after the formation of the Canal Company the State began to push a railroad westward, — that is to say, a railroad company was formed, and the State, according to its ancient custom, subscribed for three fifths of the stock. Forty-four years having elapsed, we find that it is the railroad, not the canal, that will realize Washington's dream; for the railroad has overcome its worst obstacles, and is going on to speedy completion. By various companies, under different charters, the State had constructed a railroad from Richmond to the mountains, nearly two hundred miles, and expended three millions and a quarter in preparing for the laying of the rails beyond the mountains, when the war broke out, compelling us all to devote our energies and our means to the work of destruction. The Alleghanies had been tunnelled at eight places. One tunnel a mile long, and seven shorter tunnels, had been finished, or nearly finished. The heavy embankments and deep excavations requisite in the mountain region were either done or were in an advanced stage of forwardness, and trains were running to a station within ten miles of Covington. Then all constructive works were brought to a stand-still, while we fought to undo the mistakes of men who died two hundred years before any of us were born.

When the war ended, Virginia was so torn, impoverished, and desolate, that if this road could have been finished by waving a wand over the incomplete parts, she could scarcely have lifted an arm for the purpose. In 1866 the two companies which had executed the work so far — one the part east of the mountains, and the other the part west — were consolidated into the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company. But three fifths of the stock of these companies had been the property of Virginia, and the Virginia which had subscribed so liberally had ceased to exist. There were two Virginias in 1866, each having rights in these works, but neither able to complete them. Both legislatures, however, comprehended the situation. Both knew that, unassisted, they could not finish the road, and that its prompt completion was the supreme interest of both. Hence, they agreed to surrender their rights to the new company, on condition that it should go forward and perform the work. In other words, they said to Wall Street: "Here you see two hundred miles of war-worn, battered railroad-track; likewise, a dozen tunnels, finished and unfinished; also, a great many miles of embankment and excavation, unharmed by war and weather; and a large number of bridges, more or less sound: take all this property, on the simple condition of converting and completing it into a substantial railroad, that shall connect the James with the Ohio, and open a new highway between the ocean and the great West."

It was a difficult task to undertake in the second year of peace, with a Pacific Railroad clamoring for money in every county, and the debt system still in debate. Nevertheless, Wall Street, after due hesitation, accepted the offer. The Empire State of the nineteenth century joined hands with the Empire State of the eighteenth.

It is really a pleasure to read over the list of officers of this Chesapeake and Ohio Company, and observe how the two States are blended in its counsels: President, C. P. Huntington of *New York;* Vice-President, Williams C. Wickham of *Virginia;* Treasurer and Secretary, James J. Tracy of *New York;* Counsellors, John B. Baldwin of *Virginia*, and James H. Storrs of *New York;* Chief Engineer, H. D. Whitcomb of the Universe. Then, in the board of directors we find such New-Yorkers as William H. Aspinwall, David Stewart, William B. Hatch, A. A. Low, and Jonas G. Clark; and such representative Virginians as John Echols of Staunton, Joseph R. Anderson of Richmond, and H. Chester Parsons of West Virginia. Philadelphia is represented by Pliny Fisk. This is as it should be, each State contributing of its best; the Old Dominion giving to the work ancient lineage, hereditary character, and a proportion of capital, while the New Dominion offers gilt-edged names, business experience, and millions.

During the four years which have passed since the formation of the company the old track has been placed and kept in good order; the road has been carried through the mountains to Covington, and, recently, to the White Sulphur Springs. There is now a good railroad from Richmond to the boundary line between Virginia and West Virginia, a distance of two hundred and twenty-seven miles. Between that point and the head of navigation on the Kanawha the distance is one hundred and seventeen miles. The company intend, however, to fix their principal terminus on the Ohio itself, at or near its junction with the Big Sandy, which is two hundred miles west of the White Sulphur Springs. Upon this last and easiest stretch much expensive work has been done; all the surveys have been made; and it is designed to push on the work more rapidly than has been possible during the last four years. There is less pressure upon capital now than there has lately been, and the hour is favorable for inviting its co-operation. Ten millions of dollars will carry out the scheme of Washington, and the work can be executed in time for his birthday in February, 1872.

We feel more than a sentimental interest in the completion of this road. It would be a gratification, of course, merely to see the dream of Washington and the hope of Virginia realized, after eighty-seven years of effort, expenditure, and disappointment. It is reassuring, also, to see New York and Virginia uniting in a public work after a period of estrangement and contention. It would gratify every well-constituted person to know that the best portions of the two Virginias, made accessible by this road, were filling up with a virtuous and energetic population. But the reasons which justify our calling attention to the project are of a more general and more national character.

The country wants the *power* which nature has deposited in the wonderful valley of the Kanawha. This branch of the Ohio resembles the Monongahela, and is a tranquil stream, nearly a hundred miles long, flowing between lofty banks. Half-way up these lofty banks there are seams of coal, from three to fifteen feet in thickness. The Kanawha coal is of three kinds, bituminous, cannel, and splint; and of all three the deposits are immense. In speaking of coal, we always feel the need of a national survey of the mineral products of the country; for when a man finds a piece of something black lying about his farm, he is in danger of being seized with a mania that causes him to regard his farm as the centre of the finest coal deposit in the world. The Kanawha really appears to merit that description; for it not only contains more coal than the Monongahela, but it furnishes some exceedingly valuable kinds which the Monongahela does not. The cannel or candle coal (so called because it will give a steady, candle-like flame) is brought round by sea to the Atlantic cities, where it is

sold at fifteen and twenty dollars a ton. It costs at the Kanawha mines two dollars a ton. When the Chesapeake and Ohio Road is opened it can be sold in New York for eleven dollars, and we can all have a blazing lump of it in our grates, and do without the three hundred thousand tons of similar coal now brought from England and Nova Scotia. Our gas can be cheaper, and our workers in iron will have a new and apparently inexhaustible source of coal supply. The splint coal of the Kanawha has a particular value for the smelters of iron, since it is free from sulphur. Of this kind of coal the quantity is very great; "fifty thousand tons of coal to the acre, in a belt of country ten miles wide." The same authority — a respectable engineer — adds the following: "The coal of the Kanawha is regularly stratified, the strata nearly horizontal, and situated above the water-level with from four to seven seams, one above the other, ranging in thickness from five to twelve feet of the best cannel, splint, and bituminous coals."

The country must have this coal. The river cities of the West want a source of supply less precarious than that of the Monongahela, communication with which is sometimes suspended by ice or by drouth when the need of coal is most pressing. The Atlantic cities want it, that one of the necessaries of life may be cheaper, and that one of the elements of power may be surer.

As in the region of Monongahela, so also in the valley of the Kanawha, nature has so placed iron and coal that they can be easily brought together; and, consequently, we may see rising somewhere in that valley another Wheeling, another Pittsburg, the iron landed at the front door and the coal coming in at the back. Nature having repeated herself in the creation of these two most remarkable streams, man may follow her example. If so, the swarthy inhabitants of the town will not lack food, for this is one of those regions of the Ohio valley where men point to fields and say, "They have yielded fifty, sixty, eighty successive crops of corn without manure." The three States of Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia meet at the angle formed by the junction of the Ohio with the Big Sandy; and that point is the centre of a region which for natural fertility, as well as for the value of its mineral products, is probably unequalled in North America.

There is a weightier reason for the opening of this road. Any one who, after moving about a few weeks in New England, comes upon one of the great lines that connect the East with the West, must have been struck with the contrast between the quiet, small, toy-like trains of the local roads and the thundering immensity of those going West. In travelling southward, too, we are surprised to find the trains dwindling from a dozen cars to three, and even to one, before we have gone much past Richmond, and the speed diminishing from thirty miles an hour sure to fifteen miles uncertain. The vital currents of the human body do not more necessarily flow up and down than the tide of travel and transportation in the United States moves east and west. Away up in Northern Vermont near the Canada line we have seen twelve steaming car-loads of miserable Mormons on their way through Canada toward Utah; and on such roads as the Erie, New York Central, Pennsylvania Central, and Baltimore and Ohio, the number and length of the trains are a constant wonder.

To be able to get and send across the continent easily, swiftly, cheaply, safely, at any point from the Isthmus of Darien to Quebec, is now, and will ever be, the fundamental condition of American development and prosperity. Roads running north and south are branches and feeders. Roads running east and west are trunk.

Of late years the West has been constructing railroads faster than the East, on such easy terms do those prairies lend themselves to the transit of the iron horse. We stick at our five high-

ways between the ocean and the Western roads, — Grand Trunk, New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania Central, and Baltimore and Ohio, — and these are not enough. If they were all managed in the best manner, by honest men intelligent enough to know that the public interest and their own interest are one and the same, still they would be insufficient. At present, a traveller does not have to go west of the Mississippi before he reaches regions where it pays a farmer better to thrust his magnificent long yellow ears of corn into his stove and burn them for fuel than sell them at the nearest station for transportation East. As fast as his capital allows he converts his corn into pork, and in that shape it pays him to send it to us. But go a few hundred miles farther west, and you find yourself beyond the line from which even a barrel of pork can be sent to the ocean at a profit to the farmer. Wheat is more compact than corn, but the line is soon reached where the farmer finds it better to let the rats devour it and the rust destroy it than sell it at the railroad station. What is the question of to-day in Western minds? It is this: "How shall those three lines — the corn line, the wheat line, the pork line — be moved back a thousand miles?"

It can be done only by cheaper transportation. Reducing the cost of transporting a bushel of corn one cent per hundred miles adds many millions of acres of corn-land to our sources of supply. For many years the favorite scheme in the West for cheapening transportation was a system of ship-canals so connected that a steamship could enter the continent by the Hudson River and leave it by the Mississippi, steaming all the way. Of late years the canal project has apparently declined in public favor, and a grand railroad scheme seems taking its place, — a four-track railroad, as straight as it can be made, from New York to the Mississippi River, for freight only, upon which trains shall start every fifteen minutes, and run ten miles an hour. The friends of both these schemes rely upon Congress to furnish capital or credit, which Congress will be slow to grant. In due time, however, both these plans may be executed; because within a century we shall require not merely additional highways across the continent, but *every one* which nature favors and man can execute. What has hitherto been done in the way of making the continent accessible is the merest nothing to what will be done; for freedom, ease, safety, and cheapness of intercommunication is, we repeat, the first necessity of this republic.

We have in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad one more outlet to the productions of the West, and one more inlet to the productions of the East. It supersedes nothing, is the rival of nothing; it merely adds to our present means of communication that highway which nature most plainly suggests to the intelligence of man, and which nature did suggest to the intelligence of man before one of the existing lines had been thought of.

We need on the Atlantic coast another great seaport, deep enough for all vessels, and accessible at all seasons. If New York must remain our London, — which is far from certain, — there may rise at a terminus of this road, where there is as yet no more than a landing-place, the Liverpool of the New World. Liverpool was of small account in the year 1800. It is one of the numerous offspring of the cotton-gin. An advantage that seems trifling — a few miles of distance the less, fifty cents on a bale of cotton or ten cents on a barrel of flour saved, three feet deeper water — suffices to turn a great current of trade into a new channel, and change a seaside village into a commercial mart. What has occurred before may occur again. The West is associated in all minds with rapid growth and startling changes; but perhaps the East may take its turn and give the world something of the kind to wonder at.

If the city of New York had a government strong, intelligent, and pure,

which could comprehend and improve the city's opportunity, — a government which could raise a hundred millions of dollars within the next ten years, and invest it wisely in making the island cheaply and swiftly traversable in every direction, in widening it by half a dozen bridges or tunnels, in lengthening it by taking in Governor's Island and filling up the Harlem River, — if New York had such a government, or a reasonable hope of it, then we should say it would remain forever the chief seaport town of the Western continent. But it has no such government or reasonable hope of one. It seems the helpless prey of the spoiler, who plunders and blunders on, regardless of the avenging lamp-post. The city is crammed and packed and heaped with people, because a belt of fever and ague twenty miles wide hems the city in, and it takes two hours to get on the healthy side of that belt. So crowded and obstructed are the wharves, so bad are the pavements, that it costs as much to get a bale of cotton across the city from river to river as it does to bring it a thousand miles by sea or five hundred miles by land. What must be the condition of the town when its native citizens, whose estates and homes are there, are heard to express the fervent wish that it may sink into the mere landing-place and dumping-ground of the continent, while some inland city, like great Chicago or fair St. Louis, may expand into the metropolitan city of the Republic!

All this favors the growth of another seaport town, provided Nature has done her part toward the creation of one, by protecting and rendering always accessible a sufficient harbor. On the James and near its mouth there are half a dozen places better adapted by nature for a great commercial city than the ground on which London stands.

THE LAUSON TRAGEDY.

I.

CUPID and Psyche! The young man and the young woman who are in love with each other! The couple which is constantly vanishing and constantly reappearing; which has filled millions of various situations, and yet is always the same; symbolizing, and one might almost say embodying, the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; acting a drama of endless repetitions, with innumerable spectators!

What would the story-reading world — yes, and what would the great world of humanity — do without these two figures? They are more lasting, they are more important, and they are more fascinating than even the crowned and laurelled images of heroes and sages. When men shall have forgotten Alexander and Socrates, Napoleon and Humboldt, they will still gather around this imperishable group, the youth and the girl who are in love. Without them our kind would cease to be; at one time or another we are all of us identified with them in spirit; thus both reason and sympathy cause us to be interested in their million-fold repeated story.

We have the two before us. The girl, dark and dark-eyed, with Oriental features, and an expression which one is tempted to describe by some such epithet as imperial, is Bessie Barron, the orphan granddaughter of Squire Thomas Lauson of Barham, in Massachusetts. The youth, pale, chestnut-haired, and gray-eyed, with a tall and large and muscular build, is Henry Foster, not more than twenty-seven years old, yet already a professor in the scientific department of the university of Hampstead. They are standing on

the edge of a rocky precipice, some seventy feet in depth, from the foot of which a long series of grassy slopes descends into a wide, irregular valley, surrounded by hills that almost deserve the name of mountains. In the distance there are villages, the nearest fully visible even to its most insignificant buildings, others showing only a few white gleams through the openings of their elms, and others still distinguishable by merely a spire.

There has been talk such as affianced couples indulge in; we must mention this for the sake of truth, and we must omit it in mercy. "Lovers," declares a critic who has weight with us, "are habitually insipid, at least to us married people." It was a man who said that; no woman, it is believed, could utter such a condemnation of her own heart: no woman ever quite loses her interest in the drama of love-making. But out of regard to such males as have drowned their sentimentality in marriage we will, for the present, pass over the words of tenderness and devotion, and only listen when Professor Foster becomes philosophical.

"What if I should throw myself down here?" said Bessie Barron, after a long look over the precipice, meanwhile holding fast to a guardian arm.

"You would commit suicide," was the reply of a man whom we must admit to have been accurately informed concerning the nature of actions like the one specified.

Slightly disappointed at not hearing the appeal, "O my darling, don't think of such a thing!" Bessie remained silent a moment, wondering if she were silly or he cold-hearted. Did she catch a glimmering of the fact that men do not crave small sensations as women do, and that the man before her was a specially rational being because he had been trained in the sublime logic of the laws of nature? Doubtful: the two sexes are profoundly unlike in mental action; they must study each other long before they can fully understand each other.

"I suppose I should be dreadfully punished for it," she went on, her thoughts turning to the world beyond death, that world which trembling faith sees, and which is, therefore, visible to woman.

"I am not sure," boldly admitted the Professor, who had been educated in Germany.

In order to learn something of the character of this young man, we must permit him to jabber his nondescript ideas for a little, even though we are thereby stumbled and wearied.

"Not sure?" queried Bessie. "How do you mean? Don't you think suicide sinful? Don't you think sin will be punished?"

She spoke with eagerness, dreading to find her lover not orthodox, — a woful stigma in Barham on lovers, and indeed on all men whatever.

"Admitting thus much, I don't know how far you would be a free agent in the act," lectured the philosopher. "I don't know where free agency begins or ends. Indeed, I am so puzzled by this question as to doubt whether there is such a condition as free agency."

"No such thing as free agency?" wondered Bessie. "Then what?"

"See here. Out of thirty-eight millions of Frenchmen a fixed number commit suicide every year. Every year just so many Frenchmen out of a million kill themselves. Does that look like free agency, or does it look like some unknown influence, some general rule of depression, some law of nature, which affects Frenchmen, and which they cannot resist? The individual seems to be free, at every moment of his life, to do as he chooses. But what leads him to choose? Born instincts, conditions of health, surroundings, circumstances. Do not the circumstances so govern his choice that he cannot choose differently? Moreover, is he really an individual? Or is he only a fraction of a great unity, the human race, and directed by its current? We speak of a drop of water as if it were an individuality; but it cannot swim against the stream to which it belongs; it is not free. Is not the

individual man in the same condition? There are questions there which I cannot answer; and until I can answer them I cannot answer your question."

We have not repeated without cause these bold and crude speculations. It is necessary to show that Foster was what was called in Barham a free-thinker, in order to account for efforts which were made to thwart his marriage with Bessie Barron, and for prejudices which aided to work a stern drama into his life.

The girl listened and pondered. She tried to follow her lover over the seas of thought upon which he walked; but the venture was beyond her powers, and she returned to the pleasant firm land of a subject nearer her heart.

"Are you thinking of me?" she asked in a low tone, and with an appealing smile.

"No," he smiled back. "I must own that I was not. But I ought to have been. I do think of you a great deal."

"More than I deserve?" she queried, still suspicious that she was not sufficiently prized to satisfy her longings for affection.

He laughed outright. "No, not more than you deserve; not as much as you deserve; you deserve a great deal. How many times are you going to ask me these questions?"

"Every day. A hundred times a day. Shall you get tired of them?"

"Of course not. But what does it mean? Do you doubt me?"

"No. But I want to hear you say that you think of me, over and over again. It gives me such pleasure to hear you say it! It is such a great happiness that it seems as if it were my only happiness."

Before Bessie had fallen in love with Foster, and especially before her engagement to him, there had been a time when she had talked more to the satisfaction of the male critic. But now her whole soul was absorbed in the work of loving. She had no thought for any other subject; none, at least, while with *him*. Her whole appearance and demeanor shows how completely she is occupied by this master passion of woman. A smile seems to exhale constantly from her face; if it is not visible on her lips, nor, indeed, anywhere, still you perceive it; if it is no more to be seen than the perfume of a flower, still you are conscious of it. It is no figurative exaggeration to say that there is within her soul an incessant music, like that of waltzes, and of all sweet, tender, joyous melodies. If you will watch her carefully, and if you have the delicate senses of sympathy, you also will hear it.

Are we wrong in declaring that the old, old story of clinging hearts is more fascinating from age to age, as human thoughts become purer and human feelings more delicate? We believe that love, like all other things earthly, is subject to the progresses of the law of evolution, and grows with the centuries to be a more various and exquisite source of happiness. This girl is more in love than her grandmother, who made butter and otherwise wrought laboriously with her own hands, had ever found it possible to be. An organization refined by the manifold touch of high civilization, an organization brought to the keenest sensitiveness by poetry and fiction and the spiritualized social breath of our times, an organization in which muscle is lacking and nerve overabundant, she is capable of an affection which has the wings of imagination, which can soar above the ordinary plane of belief, which is more than was once human.

Consider for an instant what an elaboration of culture the passion of love may have reached in this child. She can invest the man whom she has accepted as monarch of her soul with the perfections of the heroes of history and of fiction. She can prophesy for him a future which a hundred years since was not realizable upon this continent. Out of her own mind she can draw shining raiment of success for him which shall be visible across oceans, and crowns of fame which shall not be dimmed by centuries. She can love him for super-

human loveliness which she has power to impute to him, and for victories which she is magician enough to strew in anticipation beneath his feet. It is not extravagance, it is even nothing but the simplest and most obvious truth, to say that there have been periods in the world's history, without going back to the cycles of the troglodyte and the lake-dweller, when such love would have been beyond the capabilities of humanity.

It must be understood, by the way, that Bessie was not bred amid the sparse, hard-worked, and scantily cultured population of Barham, and that, until the death of her parents, two years before the opening of this story, she had been a plant of the stimulating, hotbed life of a city. Into this bucolic land she had brought susceptibilities which do not often exist there, and a craving for excitements of sentiment which does not often find gratification there. Consequently the first youth who in any wise resembled the ideal of manhood which she had set up in her soul found her ready to fall into his grasp, to believe in him as in a deity, and to look to him for miracles of love and happiness.

Well, these two interesting idiots, as the unsympathizing observer might call them, have turned their backs on the precipice and are walking toward the girl's home. They had not gone far before Bessie uttered a speech which excited Harry's profound amazement, and which will probably astonish every young man who has not as yet made his conquests. After looking at him long and steadfastly, she said: "How is it possible that you can care for me? I don't see what you find in me to make me worthy of your admiration."

How often such sentiments have been felt, and how often also they have been spoken, by beings whose hearts have been bowed by the humility of strong affection! Perhaps women are less likely to give them speech than men; but it is only because they are more trammelled by an education of reserve, and by inborn delicacy and timidity; it is not because they feel them less. This girl, however, was so frank in nature, and so earnest and eager in her feelings, that she could not but give forth the aroma of loving meekness that was in her soul.

"What do you mean?" asked Foster, in his innocent surprise. "See nothing to admire in *you!*"

"O, you are so much wiser than I, and so much nobler!" she replied. "It is just because you are good, because you have the best heart that ever was, that you care for me. You found me lonely and unhappy, and so you pitied me and took charge of me."

"O no!" he began; but we will not repeat his protestations; we will just say that he, too, was properly humble.

"Have you really been lonely and sad?" he went on, curious to know every item of her life, every beat of her heart.

"Does that old house look like a paradise to you?" she asked, pointing to the dwelling of Squire Lauson.

"It is n't very old, and it does n't look very horrible," he replied, a little anxious as he thought of his future housekeeping. "Perhaps ours will not be so fine a one."

"I was not thinking of that," declared Bessie. "*Our* house will be charming, even if it has but one story, and that underground. But *this* one! You don't see it with my eyes; you have n't lived in it."

"Is it haunted?" inquired Foster, of whom we must say that he did not believe in ghosts, and in fact scorned them with all the scorn of a philosopher.

"Yes, and by people who are not yet buried, — people who call themselves alive."

The subject was a delicate one probably, for Bessie said no more concerning it, and Foster considerately refrained from further questions. There was one thing on which this youth especially prided himself, and that was on being a gentleman in every sense possible to a republican. Because his father had been a judge, and his grand-

father and great-grandfather clergymen, he conceived that he belonged to a patrician class, similar to that which Englishmen style "the untitled nobility," and that he was bound to exhibit as many chivalrous virtues as if his veins throbbed with the blood of the Black Prince. Although not combative, and not naturally reckless of pain and death, he would have faced Heenan and Morrissey together in fight, if convinced that his duty as a gentleman demanded it. Similarly he felt himself obliged "to do the handsome thing" in money matters; to accept, for instance, without haggling, such a salary as was usual in his profession; to be as generous to waiters as if he were a millionnaire. Furthermore, he must be magnanimous to all that great multitude who were his inferiors, and particularly must he be fastidiously decorous and tender in his treatment of women. All these things he did or refrained from doing, not only out of good instincts towards others, but out of respect for himself.

On the whole, he was a worthy and even admirable specimen of the genus young man. No doubt he was conceited; he often offended people by his bumptiousness of opinion and hauteur of manner; he rather depressed the human race by the severity with which he classed this one and that one as "no gentleman," because of slight defects in etiquette; he considerably amused older and wearier minds by the confidence with which he settled vexed questions of several thousand years' standing: but with all these faults, he was a better and wiser and more agreeable fellow than one often meets at his age; he was a youth whom man could respect and woman adore. To noble souls it must be agreeable, I think, to see him at the present moment, anxious to know precisely what sorrows had clouded the life of his betrothed in the old house before him, and yet refraining from questioning her on the alluring subject, "because he was a gentleman."

The house itself kept its secret admirably. It had not a signature of character about it; it was as non-committal as an available candidate for the Presidency; it exhibited the plain, unornamental, unpoetic reserve of a Yankee Puritan. Whether it were a stage for comedy or tragedy, whether it were a palace for happy souls or a prison for afflicted ones, it gave not even a darkling hint.

A sufficiently spacious edifice, but low of stature and with a long slope of back roof, it reminded one of a stocky and round-shouldered old farmer, like those who daily trudged by it to and from the market of Hampstead, hawing and geeing their fat cattle with lean, hard voices. A front door, sheltered by a small portico, opened into a hall which led straight through the building, with a parlor and bedroom on one side, and a dining-room and kitchen on the other. In the rear was a low wing serving as wash-house, lumber-room, and woodshed. The white clapboards and green blinds were neither freshly painted nor rusty, but just sedately weather-worn. The grounds, the long woodpiles, the barn and its adjuncts, were all in that state of decent slovenliness which prevails amid the more rustic farming population of New England. On the whole, the place looked like the abode of one who had made a fair fortune by half a century or more of laborious and economical though not enlightened agriculture.

"I must leave you now," said Foster, when the two reached the gate of the "front-yard"; "I must get back to my work in Hampstead."

"And you won't come in for a minute?" pleaded Bessie.

"You know that I would be glad to come in and stay in for ever and ever. It seems now as if life were made for nothing but talking to you. But my fellow-men no doubt think differently. There are such things as lectures, and I must prepare a few of them. I really have pressing work to do."

What he furthermore had in his mind was, "I am bound as a gentleman to do it"; but he refrained from

saying that: he was conscious that he sometimes said it too much; little by little he was learning that he was bumptious, and that he ought not to be.

"And you will come to-morrow?" still urged Bessie, grasping at the next best thing to to-day.

"Yes, I shall walk out. This driving every day won't answer, on a professor's salary," he added, swelling his chest over this grand confession of poverty. "Besides, I need the exercise."

"How good of you to walk so far merely to see me!" exclaimed the humble little beauty.

Until he came again she brooded over the joys of being his betrothed, and over the future, the far greater joy of being his wife. Was not this high hope in love, this confidence in the promises of marriage, out of place in Bessie? She has daily before her, in the mutual sayings and doings of her grandfather and his spouse, a woful instance of the jarring way in which the chariot-wheels of wedlock may run. Squire Tom Lauson does not get on angelically with his second wife. It is reported that she finds existence with him the greatest burden that she has ever yet borne, and that she testifies to her disgust with it in a fashion which is at times startlingly dramatic. If we arrive at the Lauson house on the day following the dialogue which has been reported, we shall witness one of her most effective exhibitions.

It is raining violently; an old-fashioned blue-light Puritan thunder-storm is raging over the Barham hills; the blinding flashes are instantaneously followed by the deafening peals; the air is full of sublime terror and danger. But to Mrs. Squire Lawson the tempest is so far from horrible that it is even welcome, friendly, and alluring, compared with her daily showers of conjugal misery. She has just finished one of those frequent contests with her husband, which her sickly petulance perpetually forces her to seek, and which nevertheless drive her frantic. In her wild, yet weak rage and misery, death seems a desirable refuge. Out of the open front door she rushes, out into the driving rain and blinding lightning, lifts her hands passionately toward Heaven, and prays for a flash to strike her dead.

After twice shrieking this horrible supplication, she dropped her arms with a gesture of sullen despair, and stalked slowly, reeking wet, into the house. In the hall, looking out upon this scene of demoniacal possession, sat Bessie Lauson and her maiden aunt, Miss Mercy Lauson, while behind them, coming from an inner room, appeared the burly figure of the old Squire. As Mrs. Lauson passed the two women, they drew a little aside with a sort of shrinking which arose partly from a desire to avoid her dripping garments, and partly from that awe with which most of us regard ungovernable passion. The Squire, on the contrary, met his wife with a sarcastic twinkle of his grim gray eyes, and a scoff which had the humor discoverable in the contrast between total indifference and furious emotion.

"Closed your camp-meeting early, Mrs. Lauson," said the old man; "can't expect a streak of lightning for such a short service."

A tormentor who wears a smile inflicts a double agony. Mrs. Lauson wrung her hands, and broke out in a cry of rage and anguish: "O Lord, let it strike me! O Lord, let it strike me!"

Squire Lauson took a chair, crossed his thick, muscular legs, glanced at his wife, glanced at the levin-seamed sky, and remarked with a chuckle, "I 'm waiting to see this thing out."

"Father, I say it 's perfectly awful," remonstrated Miss Mercy Lauson. "Mother, ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Miss Mercy was an old maid of the grave, sad, sickly New England type. She pronounced her reproof in a high, thin, passionless monotone, without a gesture or a flash of expression, with-

out glancing at the persons whom she addressed, looking straight before her at the wall. She seemed to speak without emotion, and merely from a stony sense of duty. It was as if a message had been delivered by the mouth of an automaton.

Both the Squire and his wife made some response, but a prolonged crash of thunder drowned the feeble blasphemy of their voices, and the moving of their lips was like a mockery of life, as if the lips of corpses had been stirred by galvanism. Then, as if impatient of hearing both man and God, Mrs. Lauson clasped her hands over her ears, and fled away to some inner room of the shaking old house, seeking perhaps the little pity that there is for the wretched in solitude. The Squire remained seated, his gray and horny fingers drumming on the arms of the chair, and his faded lips murmuring some inaudible conversation.

For the wretchedness of Mrs. Lauson there was partial cause in the disposition and ways of her husband. Very odd was the old Squire; violently combative could he be in case of provocation; and to those who resisted what he called his rightful authority he was a tyrant.

Having lost the wife whom he had ruled for so many years, and having enjoyed the serene but lonely empire of widowhood for eighteen months, he felt the need of some one for some purpose, — perhaps to govern. Once resolved on a fresh spouse, he set about searching for one in a clear-headed and business-like manner, as if it had been a question of getting a family horse.

The woman whom he finally received into his flinty bosom was a maiden of forty-five, who had known in her youth the uneasy joys of many flirtations, and who had marched through various successes (the triumphs of a small university town) to sit down at last in a life-long disappointment. Regretting her past, dissatisfied with every present, demanding improbabilities of the future, eager still to be flattered and worshipped and obeyed, she was wofully unfitted for marriage with an old man of plain habits and retired life, who was quite as egoistic as herself and far more combative and domineering. It was soon a horrible thing to remember the young lovers who had gone long ago, but who, it seemed to her, still adored her, and to compare them with this unsympathizing master, who gave her no courtship nor tender reverence, and who spoke but to demand submission.

"In a general way," says a devout old lady of my acquaintance, "Divine Providence blesses second marriages."

With no experience of my own in this line, and with not a large observation of the experience of others, I am nevertheless inclined to admit that my friend has the right of it. Conceding the fact that second marriages are usually happy, one naturally asks, Why is it? Is it because a man knows better how to select a second wife? or because he knows better how to treat her? Well disposed toward both these suppositions, I attach the most importance to the latter.

No doubt Benedict chooses more thoughtfully when he chooses a second time; no doubt he is governed more by judgment than in his first courtship, and less by blind impulse; no doubt he has learned some love-making wisdom from experience. A woman who will be patient with him, a woman who will care well for his household affairs and for his children, a woman who will run steadily rather than showily in the domestic harness, — that is what he usually wants when he goes sparking at forty or fifty.

But this is not all and not even the half of the explanation. He has acquired a knowledge of what woman is, and a knowledge of what may fairly be required of her. He has learned to put himself in her place; to grant her the sympathy which her sensitive heart needs; to estimate the sufferings which arise from her variable health; in short, he has learned to be thoughtful and patient and merciful. Moreover, he is apt to select some one who, like himself, has learned command of temper

and moderation of expectation from the lessons of life. As he knows that a glorified wife is impossible here below, so she makes no strenuous demand for an angel husband.

But Squire Thomas Lauson had married an old maid who had not yet given up the struggle to be a girl, and who, in consequence of a long and silly bellehood, could not put up with any form of existence which was not a continual courtship. Furthermore, he himself was not a persimmon; he had not gathered sweetness from the years which frosted his brow. An interestingly obdurate block of the Puritan granite of New England, he was almost as self-opinionated, domineering, pugnacious, and sarcastic as he had been at fifteen. He still had overmuch of the unripe spirit which plagues little boys, scoffs at girls, stones frogs, drowns kittens, and mutters domestic defiances. If Mrs. Lauson was skittish and fractious, he was her full match as a wife-breaker.

In short, the Squire had not chosen wisely; he was not fitted to win a woman's heart by sympathy and justice; and thus Providence had not blessed his second marriage.

We must return now to Miss Mercy Lauson and her niece Bessie. They are alone once more, for Squire Lauson has finished his sarcastic mutterings, and has stumped away to some other dungeon of the unhappy old house.

"You *see*, Bessie!" said Miss Mercy, after a pinching of her thin lips which was like the biting of forceps, — "you *see* how married people can live with each other. Bickerings an' strife! bickerings an' strife! But for all that you mean to marry Henry Foster."

We must warn the reader not to expect vastness of thought or eloquence of speech from Miss Mercy. Her narrow-shouldered, hollow-chested soul could not grasp ideas of much moment, nor handle such as she was able to grasp with any vigor or grace.

"I should like to know," returned Bessie with spirit, "if I am not likely to have my share of bickerings and strife, if I stay here and don't get married."

"That depends upon how far you control your temper, Elizabeth."

"And so it does in marriage, I suppose."

Miss Mercy found herself involved in an argument, when she had simply intended to play the part of a preacher in his pulpit, warning and reproving without being answered. She accepted the challenge in a tone of iced pugnacity, which indicated in part a certain imperfect habit of self-control, and in part the unrestrainable peevishness of a chronic invalid.

"I don't say folks will necessarily be unhappy in merridge," she went on. "Merridge is a Divine ord'nance, an' I 'm obleeged to respect it as such. I do, I suppose, respect it more 'n some who 've entered into it. But merridge, to obtain the Divine blessing, must not be a yoking with unbelievers. There 's the trouble with father's wife; she ain't a professor. There, too, 's the trouble with Henry Foster; he 's not one of those who 've chosen the better part. I want you to think it all over in soberness of sperrit, Elizabeth."

"It is the only thing you know against him," replied the girl, flushing with the anger of outraged affection.

"No, it ain't. He 's brung home strange ways from abroad. He smokes an' drinks beer an' plays cards; an' his form seldom darkens the threshold of the sanctuary. Elizabeth, I must be plain with you on this vital subject. I 'm going to be as plain with you as your own conscience ought to be. I see it 's no use talking to you 'bout duty an' the life to come. I must — there 's no sort of doubt about it — I *must* bring the things of this world to bear on you. You know I 've made my will: I 've left every cent of my property to you, — twenty thousand dollars! Well, if you enter into merridge with that young man, I shall alter it. I ain't going to have my money, — the money that my poor God-fearing aunt left me, — I ain't going to have it fooled away on card-players an' scorners. Now there it is, Elizabeth.

There 's what my duty tells me to do, an' what I shall do. Ponder it well, an' take your choice."

"I don't care," burst forth Bessie, springing to her feet. "I shall tell *him*, and if it makes no difference to *him*, it will make none to *me*."

Here a creak in the floor caught her ear, and turning quickly she discovered Henry Foster. Entering the house by a side door, and coming through a short lateral passage to the front hall, he had reached it in time to hear the close of the conversation and catch its entire drift. You could see in his face that he had heard thus much, for healthy, generous, kindly, and cheerful as the face usually was, it wore now a confused and pained expression.

"I beg pardon for disturbing you," he said. "I was pelted into the house to get out of the shower, and I took the shortest cut."

Bessie's Oriental visage flushed to a splendid crimson, and a whiter ashiness stole into the sallow cheek of Aunt Mercy. The girl, quick and adroit as most women are in leaping out of embarrassments, rushed into a strain of light conversation. How wet Professor Foster was, and would n't he go and dry himself? What a storm it had been, and what wonderful, dreadful thunder and lightning; and how glad she was that he had come, for it seemed as if he were some protection.

"There 's only One who can protect us," murmured Aunt Mercy, "either in such seasons or any others."

"His natural laws are our proper recourse," respectfully replied Foster, who was religious too, in his scientific fashion.

Bessie cringed with alarm; here was an insinuated attack on her aunt's favorite dogma of special providences; the subject must be pitched overboard at once.

"What is the news in Hampstead?" she asked. "Has the town gone to sleep, as Barham has? You ought to wake us up with something amusing."

"Jennie Brown is engaged," said Foster. "Is n't that satisfactory?"

"O dear! how many times does that make?" laughed Bessie. "Is it a student again?"

"Yes, it is a student."

"You ought to make it a college offence for students to engage themselves," continued Bessie. "You know that they can hardly ever marry, and generally break the girls' hearts."

"Have they broken Jennie Brown's? She does n't believe it, nor her present young man either. I 've no doubt he thinks her as good as new."

"I dare say. But such things hurt girls in general, and you professors ought to see to it, and I want to know why you don't. But is that all the news? That 's such a small matter! such an old sort of thing! If I had come from Hampstead, I would have brought more than that."

So Bessie rattled on, partly because she loved to talk to this admirable Professor, but mainly to put off the crisis which she saw was coming.

But it was vain to hope for clemency, or even for much delay, from Aunt Mercy. Grim, unhappy, peevish as many invalids are, and impelled by a remorseless conscience, she was not to be diverted from finishing with Foster the horrid bone which she had commenced to pick with Bessie. You could see in her face what kind of thoughts and purposes were in her heart. She was used to quarrelling; or, to speak more strictly, she was used to entertaining hard feelings towards others; but she had never learned to express her bitter sentiments frankly. Unable to destroy them, she had felt herself bound in general not to utter them, and this non-utterance had grown to be one of her despotic and distressing "duties." Nothing could break through her shyness, her reserve, her habit of silence, but an emotion which amounted to passion; and such an emotion she was not only unable to conceal, but she was also unable to exhibit it either nobly or gracefully: it shone all through her, and it made her seem spiteful.

As she was about to speak, however, a glance at Bessie's anxious face

checked her. After her painful, severe fashion, she really loved the girl, and she did not want to load her with any more sorrow than was strictly necessary. Moreover, the surely worthy thought occurred to her that Heaven might favor one last effort to convert this wrong-minded young man into one who could be safely intrusted with the welfare of her niece and the management of her money. Hailing the suggestion, in accordance with her usual exaltation of faith, as an indication from the sublimest of all authority, she entered upon her task with such power as nature had given her and such sweetness as a shattered nervous system had left her.

"Mr. Foster, there 's one thing I greatly desire to see," she began in a hurried, tremulous tone. "I want you to come out from among the indifferent, an' join yourself to *us*. Why don't you do it? Why don't you become a professor?"

Foster was even more surprised and dismayed than most men are when thus addressed. Here was an appeal such as all of us must listen to with respect, not only because it represents the opinions of a vast and justly revered portion of civilized humanity, but because it concerns the highest mysteries and possibilities of which humanity is cognizant. As one who valued himself on being both a philosopher and a gentleman, he would have felt bound to treat any one courteously who thus approached him. But there was more; this appeal evidently alluded to his intentions of marriage; it was connected with the threat of disinheritance which he had overheard on entering the house. If he would promise to "join the church," if he would even only appear to take the step into favorable consideration, he could remove the objections of this earnest woman to his betrothal, and secure her property to his future wife. But Foster could not do what policy demanded; he had his "honest doubts," and he could not remove them by an exercise of will; moreover, he was too self-respectful and honorable to be a hypocrite. After pondering Aunt Mercy's question for a moment, he answered with a dignity of soul which was not appreciated: —

"I should have no objection to what you propose, if it would not be misunderstood. If it would only mean that I believe in God, and that I worship his power and goodness, I would oblige you. But it would be received as meaning more, — as meaning that I accept doctrines which I am still examining, — as meaning that I take upon myself obligations which I do not yet hold binding."

"Don't you believe in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob?" demanded Miss Mercy, striking home with telling directness.

"I believe in a Deity who views his whole universe with equal love. I believe in a Deity greater than I always hear preached."

Miss Mercy was puzzled; for while this confession of faith did not quite tally with what she was accustomed to receive from pulpits, there was about it a largeness of religious perception which slightly excited her awe. Nevertheless, it showed a dangerous vagueness, and she decided to demand something more explicit.

"What are your opinions on the inspiration of the Scriptures?" she asked.

He had been reading Colenso's work on Genesis; and, so far as he could judge the Bishop's premises, he agreed with his conclusions. At the same time he was aware that such an exegesis would seem simple heresy to Miss Mercy, and that whoever held it would be condemned by her as a heathen and an infidel. After a moment of hesitation, he responded bravely and honestly, though with a placating smile.

"Miss Lauson, there are some subjects, indeed there are many subjects, on which I have no fixed opinions. I used to have opinions on almost everything; but I found them very troublesome, I had to change them so often! I have decided not to declare any more positive opinions, but only

to entertain suppositions to the effect that this or that may be the case; meantime holding myself ready to change my hypotheses on further evidence."

Although he seemed to her guilty of shuffling away from her question, yet she, in the main, comprehended his reply distinctly enough. He did not believe in plenary inspiration; that was clear, and so also was her duty clear; she must not let him have her niece nor her money.

Now there was a something in her face like the forming of columns for an assault, or rather like the irrational, ungovernable gathering of clouds for a storm. Her staid, melancholy soul — a soul which usually lay in chains and solitary — climbed writhing to her lips and eyes, and made angry gestures before it spoke. Bessie stared at her in alarm; she tried, in a spirit of youthful energy, to look her down; but the struggle of prevention was useless; the hostile words came.

"Mr. Foster, I can't willingly give my niece to such an one as you," she said in a tremulous but desperate monotone. "I s'pose, though, it's no use forbidding you to go with her. I s'pose you would n't mind that. But I expect you *will* care for one thing, — for her good. My will is made now in her favor. But if she marries you, I shall change it. I sha' n't leave her a cent."

Here her sickly strength broke down; such plain utterance of feeling and purpose was too much for her nerves; she burst into honest, bitter tears, and, rushing to her room, locked herself up; no doubt, too, she prayed there long, and read solemnly in the Scriptures.

What was the result of this conscientious but no doubt unwise remonstrance? After a shock of disagreeable surprise, the two lovers did what all true lovers would have done; they entered into a solemn engagement that no considerations of fortune should prevent their marriage. They shut their eyes on the future, braved all the adverse chances of life, and almost prayed for trials in order that each might show the other greater devotion. The feeling was natural and ungovernable, and I claim also that it was beautiful and noble.

"Do you know all?" asked Bessie. "Grandfather has never proposed to leave me anything, he hated my father so! It was always understood that Aunt Mercy was to take care of me."

"I want nothing with you," said Foster. "I will slave myself to death for you. I will rejoice to do it."

"O, I knew it would be so," replied the girl, almost faint with joy and love. "I knew you would be true to me. I knew how grand you were."

When they looked out upon the earth, after this scene, during which they had been conscious of nothing but each other, the storm had fled beyond verdant hills, and a rainbow spanned all the visible landscape, seeming to them indeed a bow of promise.

"O, we can surely be happy in such a world as this," said Bessie, her face colored and illuminated by youth, hope, and love.

"We will find a cloud castle somewhere," responded the young man, pointing to the western sky, piled with purple and crimson.

Bessie was about to accompany him to the gate on his departure, as was her simple and affectionate custom, when a voice called her up stairs.

"O dear!" she exclaimed, pettishly. "It seems as if I could n't have a moment's peace. Good by, my darling."

During the close of that day, at the hour which in Barham was known as "early candle-lighting," the Lauson tragedy began to take form. The mysterious shadow which vaguely announced its on-coming was the disappearance from the family ken of that lighthouse of regularity, that fast-rooted monument of strict habit, Aunt Mercy. The kerosene lamp which had so long beamed upon her darnings and mendings, or upon her more æsthetic labors in behalf of the Barham sewing society, or upon the open yellow pages of her Scott's Commentary and Bax-

ter's Saints' Rest, now flared distractedly about the sitting-room, as if in amazement at her absence. Nowhere was seen her tall, thin, hard form, the truthful outward expression of her lean, and sickly soul; nowhere was heard the afflicted squeak of her broad calf-skin shoes, symbolical of the worryings of her fretful conscience. The doors which she habitually shut to keep out the night-draughts remained free to swing, and, if they could find an aiding hand or breeze, to bang, in celebration of their independence. The dog might wag his tail in wonder through the parlor, and the cat might profane the sofa with his stretchings and slumbers.

At first the absence of Aunt Mercy merely excited such pleasant considerations as these. The fact was accepted as a relief from burdens; it tended towards liberty and jocoseness of spirit. The honest and well-meaning and devout woman had been the censor of the family, and, next after the iron-headed Squire, its dictator. Bessie might dance alone about the sober rooms, and play operatic airs and waltzes upon her much-neglected piano, without being called upon to assume sackcloth and ashes for her levity. The cheerful life which seemed to enter the house because Aunt Mercy had left it was a severe commentary on the sombre and unlovely character which her diseased sense of duty had driven her to give to her unquestionably sincere religious sentiment. It hinted that, if she should be taken altogether away from the family, her loss would awaken little mourning, and would soon be forgotten.

Presently, however, this persistent absence of one whose very nature it was to be present excited surprise, and eventually a mysterious uneasiness. Search was made about the house; no one was discovered up stairs but Mrs. Lauson, brooding alone; then a neighbor or two was visited by Bessie; still no Aunt Mercy. The solemn truth was, although no sanguinary sign as yet revealed it, that the Lauson tragedy had an hour since been consummated.

RIGHT AND LEFT.

IT is claimed by mathematicians that their ancient science underlies all others. No doubt they are correct; for theirs is, essentially, the science of space and of time, without reference to which we can neither think nor act upon this earth. It may be doubted how far a practical acquaintance with the ways and means of any other than the simplest mathematics is required in the every-day life of the ordinary business or professional man; but it is certain that the three characteristic signs, o, +, — (zero, plus, minus), may be taken to represent the three successive stages of human thought upon most questions, great or small, in the other, even the least kindred, branches of knowledge.

At first we know nothing. Zero is the full extent of our information.

Then follows an accumulation of facts and development of ideas, which sooner or later crystallize into theories, broad and sweeping, and so eminently satisfactory, that no further inquiry seems necessary; and this stage, which appears to be complete or to be susceptible only of addition, is fitly represented by the sign plus.

The third stage may be long deferred, but is sure to come. It is when exceptions are found to the supposed universal rules; when new facts are discovered, and old ones prove capable of a different interpretation, so that each year takes something from the accepted theories, which finally are seen

to be either wholly false, or true only so far as is compatible with some more comprehensive law now brought to light.

Chaos became a broad, unbroken ocean, but afterward the dry land appeared. Too little is followed by too much, and the happy mean comes later.

Vacuity is succeeded by the ideal, which in turn must give place to the real.

Fancy fills a great void in the mind, but must yield, in part at least, to fact.

Ignorance is the parent of conceit, and this, by grace of God, may give birth to humility, — to the humble acknowledgment of the truth.

Paganism, and the denial of a true God, gave way to Romanism; and this is now everywhere breaking down before the slow but sure advance of liberal Christianity.

Let us now inquire how far this succession of states may be detected in the history of a single question in science.

There has doubtless been a time when men saw not, or if they saw, appreciated not, that dual composition of the most beautiful objects of nature, — the human face and the whole human form, certain regular crystals and many leaves, — which has since been so universally recognized, and which, under the name of symmetrical beauty, has been a standing law in art of every kind; so that the highest results of painting and of architecture — the ideal face and the Greek temple and Gothic church — are or are intended to be composed of two equal and identical halves upon opposite sides of a mesial plane.

But although this idea of perfect symmetry has been thus adopted as a rule in art, admitted in theory and followed in practice as a first and indispensable step toward pre-eminence, it by no means follows that it is true to nature; and it behooves us, whether as artists or as naturalists, to examine carefully all the facts, and see whether they justify a continuance of our belief in the law of perfect symmetry, or of absolute identity between two halves of anything.

If not, then we may be ready to enter upon the third stage of the subject, and are bound to examine each statement, whether new or old, in the light of a possible reversal of previous opinions.

Having done this with all the information at my command, conclusions have been reached which may be briefly expressed by the following six proposition: —

I. That many of the most beautiful and useful objects in nature and art are symmetrical; that is, composed of two similar halves separated by a common mesial plane.

II. That these two similar halves, when carefully examined, are never found to be identical either in form or function.

III. That many objects in nature are manifestly composed of two unequal halves.

IV. That in all cases of marked departure from symmetry in the adult, a less deviation exists at an earlier period of life.

V. That deviations from symmetry ought eventually to be divided into three classes, which may be called Abnormal, Teleological, and Normal.

VI. That there are principles, natural, human, and Divine, which require that the more perfect and highly organized forms should consist of two similar halves separated by a mesial plane, but which at the same time forbid that these two similar halves should ever be absolutely identical.

If it is objected that the *halves* of anything cannot be *unequal*, and that some other term — as part or moiety or portion — ought to be used, I ask the critic to suspend judgment until the end of this article; by which time he may be convinced that, although in the dictionary, in many scientific works, and in nearly all popular ones, *halves* are defined as equal and identical portions, yet in all probability neither equality nor identity can exist in nature.

I.

Our first proposition is, that many of the most beautiful and useful objects in nature and in art are symmetrical, that is, composed of two similar halves separated by a mesial plane.

As this is the generally accepted doctrine upon the subject, and the very one we wish to qualify, we are not called upon to offer any facts in its support; but as the glory of a victory is great in proportion to the real or apparent strength of the enemy, it is well to state briefly the grounds upon which this common belief is based.

A glance in the mirror offers the most accessible series of facts; there is a right and a left eye, a right and a left nostril, a right and a left ear, the members of each pair being evidently similar; the two corners of the mouth, the two temples, the two cheeks, and the two sides of the forehead closely resemble each other in shape and in position.

It will be noticed that there are two groups of features; the nose and mouth and chin and forehead are all *upon* the middle line, and their right and left halves are to be compared together; they are called single or median organs, and are *symmetrical in themselves:* but the eyes, the nostrils, the ears, the cheeks, are in pairs, one on each side of the middle line; they are thus symmetrical with each other, but not in themselves; that is, the outer half of the right eye corresponds, not to the inner half of the same eye, but to the outer half of the left eye; and so with the inner halves of the two eyes, so with the inner and outer halves of each nostril. And the same is true of all organs in the body: some being median, single, and symmetrical in themselves; others, lateral and in pairs, so as to be symmetrical, not in themselves, but with each other.

We have two hands and two feet, two arms and two legs, and the entire right side of the body is the reversed repetition of the left. There is a right and a left lung too, a right and a left kidney, right and left ribs, muscles, nerves, and blood-vessels, which certainly correspond quite closely with each other.

The same is true concerning our common animals, the birds, the reptiles, the fish, and the insects. The symmetrical form of common leaves is so obvious that no one hesitates to say that they consist of two equal halves joined by a midrib. Seeds, like eggs, are often round or oval, and are then regarded as equal upon the two sides; and no one who admits the regularity of crystals and the identity of any two specimens, is likely to deny the still more absolute identity which is supposed to exist between their two halves.

And so we might enumerate all the symmetrically beautiful objects in nature. Many cases are known of inflammation attacking at the same time and in the same way the two elbows or the two knees or the two sides of the pelvis. Occasionally, too, a wound or burn upon one hand or arm or leg will produce pain upon the other, in what is said to be the very same spot; but, as will be seen further on, "to seem is not always to be." And we ought to exact the most rigid tests from those who claim *absolute identity* between similar parts on the two sides of the body.

What was so prominent in nature could not fail to be imitated in art; and the portraits, the temples, and the columns of all ages attest the faithfulness of genius to what was thought to be the true ideal of beauty.

The same necessity for symmetry which we observe in birds and in most fishes exists in all bodies which are to be supported by a fluid medium, as the air and the water; and the impression made by a long life spent upon a vessel has sometimes led to an absurd retention of the symmetrical arrangement there required, where no such call for it existed. An old sea-captain, having retired to private life upon the shore, built himself a house of which the door was exactly in the middle, with

an equal number of windows upon each side; the same extent of ground to the right and the left, and the same trees and bushes and flowers in the ground; but when he found it necessary to have a well, and the land would not admit of placing it in the rear, he consented to its being dug upon one side of the house, only upon the condition that a curb and well-sweep and bucket should be placed upon the other, in order that to appearance, at least, his dwelling should be all trim and "ship-shape."

That the ideal standard of the sea-captain and the artist is truly an *ideal* and not an *actual* one will be seen in what follows under our second proposition.

II.

That the two similar halves of the so-called symmetrical object, when carefully studied, are never found to be identical in form, position, or function.

This, the reverse of what most people would take to be the signification of the first proposition, is most readily established by prolonging the glance at yourself in the mirror into a careful scrutiny of each feature, and comparing it closely with its fellow of the opposite side.

To begin with the eyes: a very slight examination will show that one is a little more open than the other, or that the upper lid droops at the outer or the inner corner more in one than in the other; one eyebrow, too, is raised a little higher than the other; neither lids nor brows, it is true, are any part of the eye itself, but they are the chief agents in whatever expression it has: while the not infrequent occurrence of strabismus in its various forms, and even of different colors of the eyes themselves, indicate the possible existence of unsuspected differences between the two organs, which need only more careful looking for to be seen. Everybody knows, too, that the right eye does not see an object just as the left does; and the immense demand for stereoscopic views, though it proves nothing new, tends to confirm the truth of the proposition.

It is not easy to compare the two ears together during life, and their form is so apt to change after death that not much is to be said of them.

But the nose, being the most prominent feature, likewise best exhibits this want of perfect symmetry in its two halves. This usually consists in a greater or less deviation to one side, which is often so great as to give it quite a different outline, as seen from the right or the left side; either with or without this bending of the nose itself, the bony and cartilaginous partition between the two cavities may vary from the perpendicular so as to approach and even touch the outer wall of one nostril, which is thereby obstructed, either constantly or temporarily, as when there is any inflammation of the mucous membrane. And when no deviation from symmetry is observable in the body of the nose, the nostrils, even in what are called perfect and regular features, differ in size and shape; and generally the wing of one nostril is elevated a little more than the other.

The mouth participates in the irregularities of the nose, and one angle is always a little more drawn than the other; the same is to be seen in the cheeks, especially of thin, strong-featured people, so that one entire side of the face appears, and really is, shorter than the other.

It is not easy, either, to see or to describe variations of the chin; but in the beard, its hairy appendage, there is almost always a difference of the two sides, which persists during life, in spite of all cultivation of the deficient portion.

Deviations from symmetry are extremely common in the bones of the head, and it is doubtful whether any skull is equal upon the two sides. Seldom if ever are the wrinkles of the skin of the forehead equal in number or shape or direction upon the two sides.

All these are illustrations of *anatomical* or *structural* deviations from ideal symmetry; but the functional

manifestations, though more transient and less often noticed, are none the less significant. Homœopathic practitioners lay great stress upon the predominance of symptoms upon one or the other side of the face or body, and certain it is that even in health a difference may be recognized. There are cases of what is called unilateral sweating of the head; and the blushing of one cheek, with partial or complete paleness of the other, is very common. There is in some cases a very marked alternation of pulse upon the two sides, as if one beat of the heart sent the blood more forcibly to the right, the next to the left side of the body; this is most easily perceived when one or the other side is inflamed, when, of course, the pulse of that side is exaggerated; but I have myself felt it in the ordinary pulse at the wrist, and doubt not that the proper examination will demonstrate its universal existence.

There are many other facts in disease which must be due to a difference in either the heart's action or in the blood-vessels of the organs themselves; as, for instance, the greater frequency of tubercles in the left lung, and of pneumonia in the right, as if the right were the more vigorous or sthenic half of the body, with the internal organs as well as with the limbs where it is more generally recognized; and the remarkable tendency of rheumatism to attack, now one, now the other side of the body was doubtless the foundation for the comical answer of a physician when asked concerning a patient treated in common by himself and a fellow-practitioner. "Well," said he, "at last accounts *my* half was doing finely, but Dr. B——'s half was worse than usual."

Those who wear closely fitting gloves and boots are well aware, though the people who make them seem to ignore the fact, that, as a rule, the right hand and the right foot are larger than the left; and if it be said that this difference was not natural, but is caused by the greater or the different use of one hand and foot, then I ask, What causes all men, with few exceptions, to employ the right hand for striking and the left for holding and supporting, the right foot for kicking and for taking the more vigorous part in propelling the body, while the left supports the body in the one case, and is advanced to be ready to receive its weight in the other? No doubt imitation of others and long-continued habit go far toward perfecting the ready use of the right hand and the right foot, but something else must have originated the habit and the custom. It is found, too, that the left hand is more sensible to changes of temperature than the right, while, as every one knows, it is with the right that we most readily detect variations of shape.

Professor Wyman has found by careful measurements that "in ten human skeletons the bones of the forearms were of equal length in only one," and even in that a still more minute comparison would probably have shown a difference. He has also compared the concentric rows of papillæ upon the thumbs or the fingers of the two hands, by making an impression of them on paper slightly coated with black, and found in most individuals a very close *approach* to absolute symmetry, but in others remarkable departures from it, even the entire pattern being changed. Now, slight as this difference seems, it alone is sufficient to establish our point, that an absolute and entire identity has not been found between the two halves of the body.

It is surely something more than habit which causes us to look through a microscope or telescope with one eye rather than with the other, and there have even been perceived by the two eyes two different shades of color from the same flame when viewed through either alone.

It may, too, be something more than mere habit which determines the manner of putting on our clothes: the majority of people putting the right arm first into a coat-sleeve and the right leg into its proper garments. There is, too, — though possibly the garment itself may be responsible for it, — a dif-

ference in the way the two legs are raised, the right being elevated and bent in the same plane which it generally occupies, while the left is turned outward and goes through a more extensive series of motions; but my readers can see all this better than I can describe it.

We are told that the cow and the other ruminating animals chew first with one side and then with the other, so that the direction of the lateral motion of the jaw is reversed at regular intervals; but in human beings, though less freedom is allowed for a sidewise motion, the muscles work in such a way that the teeth of one side touch before those of the other, and the whole jaw is worked obliquely from right to left or from left to right; this may be partly custom, but the habit is formed unconsciously, and usually persists through life.

A few words upon imperfect symmetry in what are generally considered regular leaves. In the hop-hornbeam (*Ostrya Virginica*), the casual observer sees no difference between the two halves of each leaf; but if the plant be examined more carefully it will be found that the veins branch off from the midrib, not in pairs, but alternately, so that on one side they begin lower down than upon the other; and now if several leaves be compared together, about half of them will prove to be larger and to have the veins beginning lower down upon the *one* side, and the rest upon the other side; and if a pair of leaves upon the stem be contrasted, you will see that in each it is the outer half which is the larger, and the inner which is the smaller. These leaves, then, are not symmetrical in themselves, but with each other, the outer half of one corresponding to the outer half of the other, and the two inner halves in the same way; and they are therefore right and left, just like the two eyes.

The leaves of elm-trees show this difference still more strikingly, but here it is the *inner* halves which are the larger and in which the veins commence lower down; and in many other leaves the difference between the two sides is so great that every one notices them. Our object, however, is to show that the differences may exist even in those where it is not apparent to ordinary observation; but the facts just given lead naturally to a consideration of our third proposition.

The lack of symmetry which we believe to exist in even the most perfect works of art cannot be described particularly, except by taking up any single picture or edifice, and comparing one side with the other. But when we reflect that so many elements enter into the composition of each work, and that all these, material, color, shape, weight, and position, are so many *variables*, and that each half must be, by human hands, constructed separately, so that all the variable elements of human action must have a place in our calculation, it is self-evident that, however closely the two sides of a portrait or the two halves of a church or other building may repeat each other, it is absolutely impossible that they should be identical in every respect.

III.

That many objects in nature are manifestly composed of two unequal halves.

Let us begin, as before, with the human body. Marked differences between the two sides of the face are not very rare, but they are generally called deformities, — such as an excessive twist of the nose, an extreme squint or decided strabismus, — but the infinite gradation in all these, and the varied impressions they make upon observers, render it difficult, if not impossible, to draw a distinction between these decided cases and those only to be detected by careful scrutiny. Distortions of the limbs are sometimes alike upon the two sides, but are often different; for instance, out of 703 cases of club-feet, in only 320 were both feet similarly affected; in 182 the right foot was distorted, in 138 the left foot, and in 20 cases one foot was turned *outward* and the other *inward*.

Supernumerary teeth occur generally upon only one side of the jaw; in the 152 cases of sexdigitism lately tabulated by me, the 34 individuals who had an extra digit upon two limbs had, except in two cases, two extra thumbs, or two extra little fingers, two great or little toes; but although the *same digit* is here repeated upon the two sides, *there is always a difference between the two extra ones.* The same is true with what are called muscular and nervous and vascular anomalies; for when these organs are found to vary from the normal condition upon one side of the body only, they of course differ from their fellows of the opposite side; and even when both vary, they never do so in precisely the same way or to the same extent. But it is among the internal organs of man that the most striking differences exist between the two sides. Even in the brain whose two halves are commonly supposed by anatomists as well as by others to be perfectly equal, the left lobe is generally a little larger than the other; and in some cases this amounts to a real deformity, though no such discrepancy may have been suspected during the life of the individual; curiously enough, Bichat, a celebrated anatomist, who during life upheld the theory that insanity was due to a disproportion in size of the two halves of the brain, was found himself to be one of the most marked cases of this kind, one lobe of the cerebrum being nearly an inch shorter than the other. It is not often that a man is able after death to correct the very errors he made during his life.

Similar and even more striking differences have been observed in the other parts of the brain. The number, extent, and direction of the convolutions or foldings of the surface of the cerebrum are never the same upon the two hemispheres, and no practical anatomist expects to find the size and the arrangement of the nerves and of their branches precisely alike upon the two sides of the face, or any other part of the body.

Descending into the chest, the heart is found to be more upon the left side, and the right lung to be a little more capacious than the left; but in consequence of the upward pressure of the liver, it is shorter and has only two lobes, while the left lung is longer and has three lobes. The difference in power of the two sides of the heart is well known, but there is, in addition, a difference in the mode of branching of the great arteries as they leave it to go to the head and the arms of the two sides.

In the abdomen, no one thinks of looking for symmetry, for the stomach and pancreas lie on the left, the liver on the right; while the intestines are coiled up in a very irregular way. Even the two kidneys, as they appear, always differ a little in form and in position, the right being shorter and thicker and lower down than the left. The great artery of the body, the aorta, passes down on the left of the backbone, and the vena-cava ascends upon the right, which produces a difference in the length of all their branches.

Turning now to the lower animals, the same or similar facts meet us wherever we examine with reference to this point. The reason so few facts are on record is that anatomists generally have taken for granted that the two sides were alike, and have made one half do for the whole; but in view of what is known on this point we have no more right to judge one half from the other than to judge a whole species from a single specimen.

The size of some of the common animals, the hairy coat of most, and the rounded outline of all, render it very difficult to compare the two sides together; but we cannot fail to note great differences in the smaller and more definitely shaped appendages: as the ears, the horns of cattle and of goats, and the antlers of deer, the spurs of cocks, and the curious appendage hanging from the corner of the lower jaw, in Normandy pigs, which sometimes even exists only on one side.

The narwhal, a kind of whale, is

called Monodon, because the male has a long conical tooth projecting from the *left* side only of the upper jaw, and nearly all of the cetacea present an exaggerated degree of the one-sidedness which we noted in the human nose; for the bony nostrils are never quite vertical, and the partition is always crowded toward the right, so as in some cases wholly to obliterate the nostril of that side. All our domesticated animals, too, are liable, like man, to a deficiency or redundancy of fingers and toes, and never to the same extent upon the two sides. The same is the case among birds, whose beaks also, especially when large, as in ducks, etc., are generally a little out of the straight line. In the curious crossbills, the lower beak curves strongly to one side, while the upper one curves as far to the other.

Among reptiles and fishes, the same things are found whenever they are looked for, but we have space for only a few striking examples. Cuvier has noticed that in salamanders the bones of the pelvis are sometimes attached to the backbone by the process of one vertebra on the one side and by that of a different one on the other, so that a slight obliquity is produced; and I am informed by Professor Agassiz, who has kindly supplied me with many facts and suggestions upon this subject, that a slight inequality often exists between the two sides of the lower shell or plastron of turtles. I do not know that any imperfections of symmetry have been observed with the ordinary fishes, whose mode of life certainly requires a most accurate balancing of the two sides of the body; but many of the selachians, whose bodies tend toward a flattened and outspread form, present quite striking differences of color, form, and structure between the two sides.

The sunfish, too (not the jelly-fish, which is a radiate), swims wholly upon one *side*, which is white or light colored, while the other and upper side is dark. But it is among the flounders and their allies that the most extraordinary differences exist between the right and the left side. They, like the sunfish, swim always upon one side, which is in some species the right and in others the left; but not only are the *colors* of these different, but the whole head is twisted so as to bring as much as possible upon the top; and, most wonderful of all, the eye of the lower side actually looks out of the upper side close by its fellow, which properly belongs there; — the nature of this extraordinary transmigration will be referred to under the next proposition.

As would be expected from their mode of locomotion, most of the internal organs of birds are more symmetrical than those of the mammalia; their liver, for instance, instead of lying wholly upon the right side, consists of two nearly equal portions, one upon each side of the backbone; but in some species the right lobe is decidedly the longer; the lower larnyx, the true vocal organ of birds, lies not in the throat, but behind the end of the breast-bone; it is generally divided into two apparently equal halves, but in the swans and geese, etc., one side is very much larger than the other.

The lungs of all reptiles, when inflated, are seen to be quite different on the two sides; and in the serpents one half is a mere rudiment, while the other is enormously developed, reaching a great distance along the cavity of the body.

For obvious reasons, it is much easier to detect imperfections of symmetry in the articulates than in the vertebrates. The markings of butterfly wings always present some slight difference upon the two sides. I am not aware that any observations have been made upon the size and length of the legs or antennæ, but it would be well worth while to make them, in view of what those organs exhibit among the next group, the crustacea. In very many genera of crabs (Lithodus, Cardesonia, and the little fiddler crabs of the Southern marshes), one biting-claw is much larger than the other; the same is true

of the lobster (Astacus), and of some other genera (Gelasimus, etc.), while in Bopyrus, one entire side of the body is larger than the other.

Among the mollusks even an approach to symmetry is the exception, as in the cuttle-fishes, while the ordinary bivalve shells, even when quite symmetrical, always have the hinge-joint unequally divided between the two valves; in the common oyster one valve is deeper than the other, and in a curious genus (Radiolites) the difference is so great as to suggest what happens to one valve among the so-called univalve shells, — its reduction to a mere flat plate to close the mouth of its now immensely enlarged and coiled fellow.

This is a pretty formidable array of instances of manifest departure from exact symmetry in the three types of the animal kingdom in which the body is composed of two halves, and we may now inquire into the direct means by which these deviations from symmetry are produced.

IV.

That in all cases of marked departure from symmetry in adult animals, a less deviation exists at an earlier period of development.

Professor Wyman has seen a young lobster, nearly three inches in length, in which the right and left anterior claws were still symmetrical, although this is one of the species in which, at a greater age, one claw is very much larger than the other. The same thing is true of the other crustacea and of the mollusks, and even, incredible as it may seem, of the extraordinary cases among the vertebrates. In the young narwhal the right and left upper teeth were of equal size, but the former remains stationary and imbedded in its socket, while the left grows very fast and finally attains a length of several feet.

The very young flounder is as symmetrical and well balanced as any other fish; but as it grows it swims more and more upon one side, and the lower surface remains light colored and the upper becomes dark; all its internal organs, even its brain, partake of the steadily increasing twist, and the eye of the lower side, according to the observation of Steenstrup, actually sinks inward, and gradually works its way through the softer parts, and passes through a place where there is no bone, and at last makes its appearance upon the other and upper surface of the head, not far from its mate; but it always has an irregular, somewhat foreign look and position, so as to be easily distinguished from the original eye of that side. I know nothing of the differences between the embryonic limbs of animals as compared with the differences already alluded to as existing in the adult, but will repeat my belief that in all cases these differences were only less, not totally absent.

The changes which occur during development among the internal organs of most mammals, including man, are not less extensive and wonderful than those observed in the flounder. Without entering into details, it is enough to say, that all those organs, as the heart, the stomach, the liver, and the spleen, which in the adult lie more upon one than upon the other side of the middle line, and are irregular and unsymmetrical in shape, were in the embryo not only regular and symmetrical, but placed each upon the middle line of the body; they were then sometimes smaller, sometimes proportionally larger, than at a later period, but the chief changes are in shape and position. The long and tortuous intestine was once a short, straight, and simple canal, the lungs were much less different, and the kidneys were more nearly symmetrical in form and position.

Even if the most careful embryologists had not become convinced of the above facts by the various stages as to form and position of the several viscera, as seen in embryos at different periods of development, there are certain other and more easily observed facts which would alone indicate that at some early stage the organs had a different aspect from that in the adult.

Occasionally a man's heart is found to be upon the middle line and directly beneath the breast-bone; while cases are by no means rare of a reversed arrangement of organs, the heart lying upon and pointing toward the right side, the right lung being the longer and narrower, while the left is shorter, being pushed up by the liver, which has changed places with the stomach; the latter, with the spleen and pancreas, lying in the right side of the abdomen.

V.

That deviations from symmetry ought eventually to be divided into three classes, which may be called Abnormal, Teleological, and Normal.

The first will include those exaggerated and exceptional differences between right and left sides which are produced by disordered action, and which result in disease or deformity.

The second, those more or less apparent deviations from symmetry which are connected with certain special needs of the organism in which they occur.

The third will include all other cases of imperfect symmetry which we cannot account for upon grounds of special adaptation or malformation, and which, we must believe, are due to the action of still higher laws, and to necessities above and beyond those now generally recognized.

I do not feel prepared to state my own belief as to the way in which all the facts above given are to be divided among these three classes; but I am fully convinced that the distinctions ought to be drawn. That they are true to nature is more evident when we contrast striking examples of each together. The production of a club-foot upon one leg, or of a supernumerary finger upon one hand, or of a single cross-eye, is surely not normal, nor is it to be accounted for as conducive in any way to the comfort or well-being of the individual: on the other hand, the displacement of the abdominal viscera is evidently for convenience of packing in the smallest possible space; the greater size of one claw enables the lobster to use it for offence and for crushing larger bodies, and the other as an organ for carrying food to the mouth. Under the same category ought, probably, to be placed those structural distinctions between the right and the left hands which enable us without reflection to use the one for one purpose and the other for another; since, as Sir Charles Bell has remarked, delay would often be dangerous and sometimes fatal. All these and some other cases may clearly be regarded as wise provisions of the Creator for the sake of the individual; and this conclusion is, perhaps, not incompatible with occasional reversions of the usual arrangements; as in left-handed people, in those whose viscera are transposed, and in flat-fish, which are dark upon the right side, while the larger number of their species are dark upon the left.

But the third, and by far the most numerous class of cases, we are, at present at least, utterly unable to account for in either of the above ways. There are slight and almost imperceptible differences between the right and left sides of even the most regular faces, which certainly are not deformities, and which we have no reason to believe are especially adapted to the mere physical necessities of the individual; the same is to be said of the differences in the markings of animals, of butterflies, and of beetles; and of all the other deviations from perfect and ideal symmetry, whether in nature or in art, which the superficial artist or naturalist may overlook, which the arrogant and self-willed may ignore, but which the true lover of the beautiful humbly admits to exist, even though they seem to baffle his highest endeavors and to render imperfect the works of God himself.

VI.

That there are principles, natural, human, and Divine, which require that the more perfect and highly organized

forms should consist of two similar halves separated by a mesial plane, but which at the same time forbid that these two similar halves should ever be absolutely identical.

Thus far all our argument has been inductive in its character; and no conclusions have been drawn without a tolerable support of undeniable facts. Perhaps the easier way of concluding the subject would be to express the above proposition as an individual opinion, the truth of which is made probable by the facts already presented. But while this is so, and while on merely natural grounds the proposition might be provisionally accepted, yet with even more reason might its validity be questioned, since it is impossible to demonstrate it upon all the objects of nature. But in addition to the evidence, partial as it is, afforded by the few observed facts in support of the universal operation of natural laws toward the production of duality in animals and their organs and in the leaves of plants, we may cite the opinions of philosophers who certainly derived a part of their inspiration from nature itself.

Oken, the greatest and most profound naturalist of his time, of whom Agassiz writes that he will never be forgotten so long as thinking is connected with investigation, says, "Every single thing is a duplicity," and "all motion has resulted from a duplicity." * And were it necessary, whole pages of quotations could be given from the highest authorities, expressing their belief in the existence of symmetry and of natural laws which tend to produce it.

In evidence of the imperfection of this symmetry, I quote from a single author; for although most writers on anatomy recognize the facts, they seldom express an opinion concerning more than what is then being described.

The great Swedish philosopher, who was a most learned man of science, and fully recognized as such long before the publication of those theological works which have since induced disbelievers therein to look with suspicion upon his purely scientific labors, expresses himself in the following manner: "No society can exist among absolute peers or equals; the founding of society involves a perpetual diversity of members." He here refers directly to entire individuals, but the same idea is elsewhere expressed in treating of halves of a single individual. "In order that all things may flow to and fro in a constant circle, and that each may be emulous of perpetuity and describe forms that shall perpetuate the motions of life, the viscera, cavities, and septa of the organic frame [of man] are not precisely equilibrated and sustained by each other in the manner of a well-poised balance; they are not symmetrical, nor of equal force and weight on the right and left sides of the body." *

So much for natural laws. That there are also spiritual laws and principles which correspond to and act by means of them is certainly not demonstrable upon natural grounds. But no such demonstration is needed by those who believe that all natural objects and laws and processes are merely the visible results and representatives of corresponding spiritual objects and laws and processes; who believe that the outer corporeal man is only the clothing of the inner and spiritual man, yet that the former is so fully and completely adapted to the latter that the constitution and function of the one may be surely concluded from the other; who feel assured that the spirit of man has eyes and ears and the power of speech equally with the body; that it has arms and hands and legs and feet and all

* Physiophilosophy, Parag. 78 and 81.

* Animal Kingdom, Par. 464, note O, and Par. 455.

To the above it may be added from Aristotle, that harmony is not a single quality, but "the union of contrary principles having a ratio to each other." And the old Roman definition of Beauty was, "multitude (or variety) in unity"; while a modern poet declares it is produced by a "multiplicity of symmetrical parts, uniting in a consistent whole."

And in conclusion the artists admit two kinds of beauty, — the symmetrical and the picturesque, according as the unity or the variety predominates; if they admit the impossibility of *absolute* unity, we may accept their ideas.

things belonging to them; that it has what corresponds to the heart, to the lungs, to the stomach, and to the brain, yes, and to each and every part and organ of the brain; and that finally, since the human body is composed of two halves, similar, yet not identical in structure, either consentaneous or independent in action, and thus mutually aiding each other and acting as one for all higher purposes of life, — as when we look with two eyes into the face of our friend, when we leap for joy to meet him, when not one but both hands clasp his, when our two arms meet around the beloved form, — therefore at the same time, and even when the bodily actions are impossible, do the parts of the soul look and hasten and grasp and hold what they can perceive in the unseen world. The soul also consists of two similar, yet not identical halves: the one, the will, including all affections and desires and loves of every kind; the other, the understanding, including all thoughts and ideas and knowledges; for each desire upon the one side there is upon the other a corresponding faculty of thought in order to accomplish it; for everything we know there is a counterpart of affection to use that knowledge; but affection is not thought, neither is desire the same as knowledge, or love the same as wisdom; they correspond, they are similar, and, in one sense, equal, but never identical.

All this and more is expressly taught in the religious doctrines revealed through Swedenborg; and as we have already quoted from his scientific works in support of the natural laws of symmetry, let us now see what his theological writings say concerning the corresponding spiritual laws: —

"The right of the body and of the brain relates to the good of love, whence comes the truth of wisdom; and the left to the truth of wisdom from the good of love. And as the conjunction of good and truth is reciprocal, and that conjunction makes, as it were, a one, hence those pains act together and conjointly in their functions, motions, and senses." *

"The left part of the brain corresponds to things rational or intellectual, but the right to affections or things voluntary." †

And now, if all this is true, — and by a large and constantly increasing circle of readers it is fully believed, — then, since man was made in the image and likeness of God, in him too, or rather in his works and in the operations of his providence, we ought to seek for similar indications of a dual nature: the one perfect love, wishing the highest possible good to all men; the other perfect wisdom, by means of which love acts to produce the effects it desires. Through men these two qualities flow down into the corresponding regions of their minds; through nature they come to us as the heat and light of the sun; which, like them, are similar, yet distinct, may act together or independently, and may be either one in excess, but never in nature absolutely alone.

There are, of course, many questions connected with this subject which readily occur to the reader, but which are not so easily solved; for most of them either require the most minute and careful search for slight anatomical differences between the two sides of the body, or involve an immense amount of statistical information upon the habits of men and animals, with a careful discrimination between those which are merely acquired, and thus exist in any given number of individuals in pretty equal proportions, and those which, being universal or nearly so, must be regarded as connected with some structural peculiarities, even when they cannot be detected in any other way.

The six propositions already advanced may not appear demonstrated, and perhaps the writer ought only to hope that the facts and ideas here given may incite others to further investigations upon this interesting topic.

* Divine Love and Wisdom, Parag. 384.
† Arcana Cœlestia, Par. 3883, 4652.

MY TRIUMPH.

THE autumn-time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear!

And present gratitude
Insures the future's good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be;

That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases:
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted:
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor;
An equal-handed labor;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving

THE GODS OF WO LEE.

WO LEE has many gods, and, after a strange fashion, his life is largely a life of worship. Some of his gods are creatures of wrath and hot blood and vindictiveness; for these he makes great show of respect, and to them he offers much incense and many prayers. Others are noted for their love and mercy and kindness; with these he gets along easily, and they readily forgive or overlook his worst misdeeds and saddest shortcomings. The good spirits don't like to harm a man; and, therefore, if worship is inconvenient or burdensome, one may somewhat omit or neglect his service to them: the bad spirits are looking out for chances against men; and therefore, and at whatever of cost or hazard, they must be supplicated and kept in good humor by presents and attentions. This, in brief, is about the sum of what one hears in San Francisco as to the religion of the Chinese. That Lee is devout in his way, that he spends much time in the ceremonies of worship, that his religion curiously enters into the warp and woof of his daily life, — this is soon seen by every careful observer. I am not certain that the American mind can either apprehend or comprehend Chinese religion or Chinese theology. The more I inquired into their religious system, — if indeed they have a system, — the more I found it full of riddles and intricacies and contradictions. The traveller may write of forms and ceremonies from the outside, but we shall know little of their meaning and significance till some one writes of them fully from the inside.

Kwan Tae is the god of war, and his images are numerous in the Chinese Quarter of every city or town on the Pacific slope. One of the puzzles of the Chinaman is, that though peaceable and inoffensive to a remarkable degree, he dearly loves the show and noise and bustle of conflict. The banners and implements of war abound in his temples, and the principal feature of the plays at his theatres is a terrific contest in which actors are wounded and slaughtered by wholesale. Looked at in one light, it did not seem strange to find Kwan Tae so popular among Wo Lee and his kinsfolk; the laws of California do not recognize their rights, and if I were a Chinaman I think I should assiduously cultivate the favor and protection of this mighty god of war. He is the first of the Chinese gods with whom most Eastern visitors to the Golden Gate make personal acquaintance. He is the patron of Ning Yung, one of the Six Companies, and has a temple on Broadway wholly to himself. This is easy of access from any of the hotels, and is the Joss-house to which strangers are generally taken or directed.

On one of my visits there I had for company a very intelligent Chinese gentleman, and during the afternoon he told me the story of this divinity. Kwan Tae lived about sixteen hundred years ago. In the early part of his life he was a soldier, and won high renown for vigor in the field and success in battle. Other men frequently had bad luck, but he mostly had good luck; other men sometimes suffered defeat, but he generally gained victories. He was a person of great individual prowess, and not "Go!" but "Come!" was his usual word of command. He was, withal, kind and merciful, as well as valorous, and overcame enemies by deeds of manly love no less than by deeds of martial might. The wars being over, he resigned his position in the army. The Emperor counted him among his friends and relatives, and offered him some honorable station in the civil service; but Kwan Tae declined this,

joined the order of Devoted Brothers, and gave himself to works of religious benevolence. The qualities of mind and heart that had made him so notable a figure in the army soon advanced him to a leader's place in the charitable Brotherhood, and for many years he was one of the foremost men in the empire in labors for the relief of the sick and needy and suffering. But war came again, and with it a long train of disasters to the reigning sovereign. Kwan Tae kept aloof for many months, but finally, moved alike by duty and desire, offered his services, and was put in command of a large army. His old luck still prevailed, and where he went there also went victory, so that he became everywhere known and respected as a great soldier and chieftain. It was his fortune at length to meet the forces directly under the head of the rebellious movement, and him he routed as he had before routed inferior officers and smaller armies. War once more ended, Kwan Tae retired to his home to resume the badge of the Brotherhood and live out his days in quiet and honor. There came to him one day a man ragged and wounded, and in the last extremity of illness and distress. He did not know the Brother, but was recognized by him as the leader of the late revolt, for whom the police of the Emperor were in anxious search. Kwan Tae was at first minded to seize and surrender him, but chose rather to take him in and feed him, and clothe him, and nurse him, and bind up his wounds, and set him on his feet, and secrete money in his purse, and send him on his way rejoicing. Then he put his house in order, presented himself to the Emperor, told the story of what he had done, adjudged himself guilty of treason, and cheerfully submitted to instant death. And for more than a thousand years he has been the Chinese god of war. Seen at the Broadway temple, he sits on a high dais, under a silken and golden canopy, with scymitar and battle-axe near, and has a red face, great black eyes, high forehead, and long black mustache, — on the whole, not a bad looking god, as Chinese gods average.

The gods are numerous as the wants of man. In my inquiries I heard of these: the god of general defence; the god of water; the god of fire; the god of wealth; the god of trouble; the god of rain; the god of the evil eye; the god of the earth; the god of wisdom; the god of the forests; the god of long life; the god of the bad heart; the god of medicine; sixty gods for the sixty years of the grand cycle; the goddess of child-bearing; the goddess of navigation; the goddess of mercy, who is also the goddess of children, and sometimes has the form of a man; the queen of heaven; and the queen of the underworld, who seems to be one with the god of the bad heart. Probably there are many other gods and goddesses, but this list was quite as large as I could well manage in one tour of investigation.

Each of the gods has a history, though I heard of no other one so interesting as that of Kwan Tae. The god of medicine is Kwa Toi: he was a great scholar, two thousand years ago, who had a marvellous art of healing, and went about among the poorer classes. On one occasion a sick peasant, to whom he had given the wrong remedy, died of his treatment; whereupon Kwa Toi, as an act of expiation, and to teach other doctors carefulness, said his prayers and then killed himself. Kwan Yin is the goddess of mercy: she was a nice young woman who ran away from home to avoid a disagreeable marriage, took refuge in the house of a religious sisterhood, was there nursed and protected, and had such efficacy in prayer that everybody escaped when the building was burned by her enraged father. Raised after her death to the dignity of a goddess, she was, when I saw her, a damsel with bare feet, a pensive face, and a babe in her arms. My Chinese friend said that she is carried in processions at the feast of All-souls, and looks after spirits in the other world who are neglect-

ed by friends in this. The earthly lives of several other gods were given me, but the stories of their conflicts and victories do not appear to be worth repeating.

The Chinese in California have no regular day for religious services. Our Sabbath they observe as a general holiday: then the barbers and the market-men and the opium-dealers and the eating-houses do a driving business; and if the day be fair, the stranger in the Quarter will have a view of joyous and careless and exuberant life that he cannot soon forget. There are festivals for one or another of the gods on nearly a third of the days in the year, but only a few of them require universal observance on the part of the people. The temples are open continually, and can be engaged for the day or the hour by any one wishing service. There are no priests or public teachers, but the gods are severally waited on by a number of attendants.

The decorations of the temples are unique and not easy to describe. The image is generally in a niche or recess, on a platform about four feet high. The altar is like a large and heavy table; over it is the sacred fire, — a lamp kept forever burning; on it are tall, slender candlesticks, with copper vessels in which incense and offerings are burned. On each side of the room is the row of "eight holy emblems," — staves six or seven feet long, with a fan or an axe or a knife at the upper end. In one of the rear corners is a bell or a gong, with which the attention of the god may be attracted. There are numerous tablets fastened to the walls and ceilings, made of wood, four or five feet long by fifteen or twenty inches wide, mostly red or yellow in color, covered with Chinese letters which may be sentences of thanks or praise, or lines from some of the classics. In one temple is a stove, wherein are burned pictures of whatever one would like to send to the dead. Banners of strange device greatly abound. There are rich vases for flowers; bronze lions or dragons to watch by the god; mats for kneeling worshippers; rolls of prayers printed on yellow paper; chandeliers glittering with cut glass; canopies and curtains of gorgeous silk; the god's great seal of authority; cloths with fantastic birds worked in gold thread; slabs of bronze, with hundreds of small human figures in bass-relief; carvings of wood that no white man can understand; scrolls with notices and injunctions to visitors; cups in which divining-slips are kept; bundles of incense-sticks like pipe-stems for size; fragrant sandal-wood tapers, and through the room a languid odor of foreign lands. The worshipper brings in his offering of rice or fruits or dressed chicken, places it on the altar, lights the tapers and his incense of some strongly scented mixture, and then drops on his knees and inaudibly recites his prayers while the attendant strikes half a dozen blows on the bell or gong. As he did so at my first visit, I thought of Elijah and the prophets of Baal: "Cry aloud; either he is talking, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked."

Wo Lee worships in his own way and at his own pleasure such of the gods as he chooses to adore. If he is in bad luck, he goes to the temple and prays for good luck; if his business prospers, he goes there and renders thanks; he asks for guidance in new undertakings; he makes prayers for the recovery of friends from illness; he brings offerings for a safe journey to his old home; he puts up a tablet of praise when he arrives from shipboard; he burns incense on the death of his children; he seeks counsel from the gods when he is in distress; he presents wine and fruits after escape from calamity; he bows down and implores help against his enemies; he beats his head on the floor before Kwan Tae when the courts refuse him protection. He ascribes frowns and favors, troubles and blessings, joys and sorrows, to the higher powers; and his whole round of yearly life is interfused with the forms and dignities and ceremonials of religion. His faith may

be cold to our hearts, and his pomps frivolous or blasphemous in our eyes; but in such light as he has he walks, with ready and sincere acknowledgment of human dependence on superhuman aid and mercy. His precepts are moral and kindly precepts; the adornment of his house is a salutation of good-will; he respects old age, and keeps green the memory of the wise fathers; the lessons of his youth taught him to look upward, and in his mature years he does not forget this teaching. Such we shall find him to be when we really begin the work of trying to Christianize him, — a man of great faith in superior intelligence, but almost immovable in devotion to many gods whereto he can give visible form and body; of high reverence for powers and abilities greater than those of earth, but materialistic in all his conceptions, and blind to our ideas of Christ and the Father.

He is a great believer in spirits, particularly in those with an evil disposition. His upper-world is peopled by gods, and his under-world by multitudes of devils. Numbers of his kinsfolk are professional devil-killers, and their services are often in demand to rid houses of these unwelcome visitors. During my stay in California a dwelling at Sacramento became infested, and thereby ensued a high commotion in the Chinese Quarter. The exorcist or devil-killer was summoned, and four or five hours of hard work slew or drove out the evil spirits. He burned incense before the family or household god, and fervently repeated many and diverse prayers; he mouthed numerous curses, wrote them with red ink on yellow paper, burned them on a porcelain plate, and stirred the ashes into a cup of water. He filled his mouth with this holy water, took a stout sword in one hand, and in the other held an engraved bit of wood weighty with virtue for the overthrow of demons. Then he stamped up and down the rooms in a vigorous manner, thrusting and brandishing his sword, holding aloft his magic wand, spurting water from his mouth in every direction, commanding the devils in his loudest voice to depart, yelling and howling and cursing and fighting, till the police hustled through the awed and excited crowd, swooped down on the magician, decided straightway that the devils were all in him, and so carried him, panting and exhausted, to the watch-house, there to meditate on the ways of the 'Melican man, and renew himself for further fearful encounters with the evil spirits that vex the good Chinaman's peace and happiness.

My Oriental friend's religion has a considerable element of superstition. His almanac is filled with lucky and unlucky days. He sees signs and omens in everything. The gods give him a convenient excuse whenever he wants to break an engagement or evade a disagreeable duty. He has ivory pieces and silver rings and sandalwood blocks for charms. He carries coins and bones in his pockets or tied by a string round his neck as guards against evil influences. He finds token of bad luck or good luck in the most common occurrences of every-day life. He is frightened at the appearance of certain birds, and rejoiced by an easterly wind on one particular day and a southerly breeze on another particular day. There is disaster in clouds of a peculiar form and color, and promise of good in the crackling of a fire or the flaming of a lamp. Calamity is hidden on every hand, and the gods or devils must continually be propitiated.

Events are forecast by lottery, and decided by divination. In the temple of Kwan Tae one afternoon I was anxious to know my chance for a safe journey homeward over the Pacific Railroad. I took up the cup of spiritual sticks, shook it well, and then drew out one of them; it was numbered, and the attendant turned to the corresponding number in his big yellow-leaved book of fortune and gave me this answer: "The gods prosper the man of upright ways." It was impossible to evade my fate, and I came home without accident of any kind. Sun King said I

could have my life mapped out for a year by going to one of the fortune-tellers and passing in the date of my birth and a lock of my hair. There was a cellar down in Jackson Street where a fee of five dollars would give me an interview with the shade of Miles Standish or Cotton Mather; and three doors nearer to Dupont Street was a man who could write me a correct history of my doings ten years backward or twenty years forward, and in commiseration for my inferiority of race would do it for nothing too! I saw an astrologer of long beard and sinister face, for whom it was vouched that he could compel the stars to tell the date of any coming event; and my friend said that before deciding on the proposal to go into partnership with me as a dealer in tea and rice, he must consult the gods on three successive days.

One of my miscellaneous acquaintances was a doctor, Kim Woon by name, office in Sacramento Street. He was a neatly built fellow, forty or forty-five years of age, who looked as if he could, if he would, a tale unfold of hidden and mysterious things. He invited me into his office one pleasant morning, and the room was so dingy and sombre and sepulchral that all the joy and delight of life at once went out of my heart. It was hard work to keep from being sick on the spot. The den was eight or ten feet square, with a shelf of a dozen books in one corner, a table and two or three stools, a collection of drugs and leaves and grasses on an upturned box, and a faded window-curtain that shut out three fourths of the sweet sunlight. If I were a Chinaman and had come for consultation, he said, he would feel of my several pulses, look at my tongue, retire to his inner room, locate my disease, give me medicine, and regulate my diet. I learned, on further inquiry, that he had a remedy for every possible ailment, that his specialty was diseases of the head, that in many cases he sought advice from the gods, that for the benefit of liberal customers he sometimes made offerings at the temple, that the duration of sickness often depended upon the will and power of evil spirits, that he could occasionally conjure away a symptom not to be reached by medicine, and that a man has need to be careful how he offends the gods, because diseases are frequently the result of their vengeance. After this statement of the peril in which we ever live, I found it more agreeable to talk with Kim Woon in front of his office on the sidewalk.

He and his fellow-doctors don't know much about medicine as a science. Of anatomy they have little knowledge, and of the circulation of the blood they are wholly ignorant. If one of them were to treat me for a felon, he would probably give me one thing to act on the swollen finger, and another to drive the first down through my arm to the seat of disease. They use many herbs and roots and grasses and metallic preparations, and all in such quantities that one wonders how a man can live long after coming into the physician's hands. Some of their remedies are as unique as their methods of practice. Such things as bugs, snails, worms, snakes, dog's blood, crushed bones, ashes of burned teeth, the claws of cats, the hoofs of horses, hair from a cow's tail, entrails of various animals, skin from the feet of fowls, parings of the toe-nails, and a hundred others that could hardly be named here, are in constant demand and thought to be of great virtue. The doctors have a theory that, while some diseases must be driven out, others may better be coaxed out. They curiously mix religion and medicine, talk about good luck and bad luck, speak of the ill-will of the gods and the influence of wicked spirits, and for the most part seemed to me to hold their places by practising on the credulity or superstition of their patients. The intelligent and cultivated class of Chinese discard their own doctors entirely, and in case of serious illness invariably call an American physician.

When a Chinaman dies, his body is

at once placed on the ground or floor, so that his several distinct souls may have an opportunity to withdraw and enter upon their new stage of transmigration. It is then covered with a white cloth, — white, and not black, being the Chinese color of mourning, — and large quantities of provisions are set near for the refreshment of the dead man's spirit and other spirits supposed to be waiting to conduct it away. The undertaker told me that the cries and howls of the real and hired mourners at this stage of the burial ceremonies are most doleful; he had been present on many occasions, but even yet felt some nervousness when brought into the mourning-room. One thing a Chinaman must have if possible, — a strong and elegant coffin. Frequently at the funerals there is a great beating of gongs and shooting of fire-crackers; this is to keep off bad spirits, and remind the gods that another soul has departed, and will need attention in the upper-world. Scraps of paper representing money are scattered about the house and along the road to the cemetery: these are propitiatory offerings to the gods of evil disposition for permission to bury the dead in peace and safety. Clothing of various kinds is put into the coffin, as are also at times cups or small baskets of rice and fruits for the soul's long journey. At the grave there are further supplies of food and drink, and things which it is supposed the spirit may want are burned in flames kindled with holy fire from the temple.

The officers of the Six Companies report that about eleven thousand of their countrymen have died in the United States, and that over six thousand bodies have already been sent back to China for final burial, while many more would be forwarded this winter and spring, prior to the great feast for the dead. Two of us had some talk with an educated Chinaman about this custom of sending home the remains of those who die here. It appears to rest on the belief that spirits constantly need earthly care and attention; that they love the body and forever remain near it; and are likely to be forgotten or overlooked if that is left in a strange land, among people not holding the Chinese view of the relation between the dead and the living. The Chinaman wishes, therefore, to be buried among his friends and ancestors, and religion and sentiment alike lead him to make provision for his body after death as well as before death. It is not necessary that the fleshy integument shall mingle with the soil of home, and, as a fact, in most cases only the bones of persons are removed to the ancestral grounds. Many men enter into arrangements with their Company or associates as soon as they arrive here for the return of their bodies, and obligations of this kind are held to be as sacred as any that one can assume. In the earlier days of the immigration, provision for final burial at home was made by everybody; but a change of doctrine is taking place, and now one finds a considerable number of persons who are content to have their bodies and those of their relatives rest in America forever. The work of removal will go on for years, but the belief in its religious necessity is likely to disappear when our laws and customs permit the Chinaman to establish his permanent home under the stars and stripes.

The great religious festival of the Chinese year is that of Feeding the Dead. It is a movable feast, but always occurs in the spring, and generally near the end of our month of March. On that day the whole Chinese population of the Pacific slope suspends work. Then, as Wo Lee devoutly believes, the gates of the other world are set wide open, so that spirits of every age and condition may revisit the earth and enjoy the society of friends still in the body. Then the incense of thanksgiving is burned, and flowers tenderly and profusely laid upon every grave. Then tapers are lit at the tombs with fire from the temples, prayers of joy and penitence are offered to all the gods, while flame and

smoke pass over to the spirits great quantities of things thought essential to perfect happiness in other spheres. Then the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco is temporarily transferred to the hills of the suburbs, and all classes go to the cemeteries with baskets and boxes and carts and wagons full of meats and fruits and wines. The observance of the day has its comic side, to be sure, as many other strange customs have; but Americans capable of looking at the ceremonies in a catholic spirit speak of them as being extremely touching and beautiful.

The social festivals are numerous, but, so far as I learned, not more than four or five of them are universally observed. These are New-Year's, the harvest moon, All-souls-day, the feast of lanterns, and the winter solstice. New-Year's is the great festival. It occurs near the end of our month of January, — this year on the 30th, and last year on the 10th of February. Then all business matters are adjusted, all accounts settled, quarrels reconciled, feuds healed; as far as possible the old must be finished ere the new is begun. Prayers are made in private and at the temples, offerings of food and drink are presented to the gods, incense is burned before the shrines of the dead, fire-crackers are exploded by the wagon-load, the red of joy is everywhere displayed, and tea and wines and fruits and sweetmeats are set out in profusion for all visitors. The feast of the harvest moon is more generally kept in the country and the villages than in San Francisco; it lasts two or three days, brings business to the astrologers, much gathering of persons out of doors, many civilities to strangers, thank-offerings to the gods, great slaughter of pigs and chickens, and is in some respects not unlike our Thanksgiving day. The feast of All-souls is for the special benefit of spirits who have no living friends, and were not, therefore, provided for in the grand religious festival of March or April. It usually falls in the month of August. There is a procession in which images of certain gods are carried, and a generous display in the streets and on the balconies of houses of food and clothing and such other things as are either left at graves or burned in cemeteries at the annual Feeding of the Dead. On this as well as on all other occasions when meats are offered, what is not eaten by the gods or spirits may be put into the family larder for home consumption. It is useless trying to corner a Chinaman by asking if he believes that the spirits can eat and drink: he answers that there is more in the leg of a fowl than human eyes can see or human palates taste, and that his duty is at least done in cooking and presenting the best of what he has for the support of existence.

When Wo Lee comes to dwell with us, we shall have to consider his religious views and his festal customs, but his desire for amusement will hardly give us either trouble or serious inconvenience. After a quaint fashion he greatly enjoys his holidays, but he is altogether too grave a man for anything like national sport. His ear for the concord of sweet sounds is so utterly unlike ours, that we may properly doubt if he has any ear at all. There are singing women in his gambling-shops, but he rarely concerns himself with the question whether their warbling is good or bad. He drops into his theatre occasionally, sits patiently through the long play, and then walks off with the air of one who has killed time rather than found delight. He is a social fellow, and somewhat given to going in crowds, but mostly chooses the mild excitement of a quiet chat over a pot of weak tea, or with a good pipe and plenty of tobacco. If he opens a place of amusement in Boston or New York, we may visit it sometimes to see his neat and curious jugglery, but if those at San Francisco are to be taken as a model, two or three evenings a year of his regular theatrical performances will be about as much as any of us can endure.

He is a tireless and an inveterate gambler; and when he comes Eastward

the gambling-shop and its sphinx-faced manager will also come. A white man finds it difficult to get into the San Francisco establishments. One is much like all the others, — a small entry on the street, in which sits the watchman, a door from that into a hall, and another door from the hall into the house. This is a room with bare floor and low ceiling, a narrow counter at the rear for the manager or book-keeper, and behind him a bit of a platform whereon lounge the two or three women who furnish the music of the evening or afternoon. Whenever I stopped at the street door as if about to enter, the guard came forward with forbidding gestures, and "Go way-ee; you not come-ee here; go way-ee." I tried it a dozen times, and always with the same result; he would not allow me to even look into the hall, fearing, as I afterward discovered, that I might be a spy from police head-quarters. I went where I pleased while in the interior towns, and finally accomplished my desire in San Francisco by persuading a well-known Chinese gentleman to introduce me and vouch for my character. Wo Lee bets often, but not high; he stakes his last piece of money on the chance of doubling it or going supperless; he often consults the fortune-tellers for luck, and even goes to the temple and tries to find out the winning numbers by aid of the spiritual slips.

Chinese gambling has about as much interest for a looker-on as the odd-or-even game of school-boys; in fact, it is little more than a variation of that famous game of our childhood. The gamblers sit or stand around a table covered with matting or oil-cloth, on which a black square is plainly marked. In one or two houses there was a small sheet of lead or zinc in place of this painted square. The banker sits behind the table, with gold and silver in a drawer, and on the matting a heap of *cash*, — a brassy coin of small value, in size like our twenty-five cent piece, having a square hole in the centre. From this heap the banker takes a handful, lays it on the square, and partly or wholly covers it with a brass or pewter bowl. The players simply bet whether this pile under the bowl will count out odd or even on fours. One lays his money down on whichever side of the square he chooses, and the dealer, with a pointed stick, eighteen or twenty inches long, rapidly counts the *cash*, drawing toward himself four coins, then four more, and so on until the last four have been drawn out. If the count is even, each player receives four times the amount of his stakes; if three coins remain, the one whose money lies on the third side of the square gets three times his bet, and the bank takes what lies on the other three sides; and if two only remain, the second side wins double and the others lose, — the winner always paying the bank a small percentage of what he has gained by way of commission. This is all there is of the game, and I heard of no other game played by the Chinese in any of the shops.

That the Chinese are much given to the smoking of opium everybody well understands. In the stores of the Quarter at San Francisco and elsewhere, jars of opium are displayed as jars of snuff are in the stores of the Southern States. There are smoking-dens just as there are gambling-dens and barbers' shops, though my efforts to get into one were not successful. The Chinese of San Francisco pay duty on near thirty thousand pounds of the drug yearly, and probably manage to smuggle in half as much more without paying the duty. The shrewdness of the custom-house officials is taxed to the utmost to detect the tricks of smugglers, and some of those that have been exposed showed a wonderful knack for disguising the precious commodity. Thus in one case a box of common medicinal roots proved to be worth thousands of dollars; it was opium, drawn or moulded into roots or fibres, then dried and colored and scented. I asked a young man who did me many services if he had ever smoked opium; he resented the inquiry as a

well-bred American lad would resent the question whether he was in the habit of getting drunk. He and many other Chinamen told me that opium-smoking was disreputable; that it was not pleasant to the gods; and that habitual or intemperate smokers are not admitted into the best circles of their people. Numbers of leading merchants seemed anxious to impress this fact upon my attention, that the custom does not prevail among the refined classes, but is deplored and condemned as strongly by them as by Americans.

This is something fine to say of a nation, — every man can read and write his own language. And of the Chinese on our Western shore this can almost be said. Yet they are heathens and we are Christians! It will not hurt us to recall this fact, when we feel overmuch inclined to boast of our superior civilization. The Chinese have nearly made education universal: we have not. "Learn, learn, — learn all you can," said Lee Kan, in a little speech to some Sunday-school children; "knowledge and virtue go together, and no people can have too much of either." These are the words of one who appreciates the day and generation in which he lives; and they speak the sentiment of his people, too. The Chinese children of San Francisco are all instructed in private schools: education is regarded as a solemn religious obligation, for "the gods will not smile upon a people that neglects its children." Have we anything of doctrine higher than that?

The Chinese Sunday schools are not specially schools of religious instruction. The largest one in San Francisco has been in operation something over a year, and has on its books the names of about one hundred and fifty teachers and six hundred pupils. It could not be kept up a month if the Bible and the catechism were put forward as books for study. The lessons taught are in reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and such other branches as are common to ordinary week-day schools. The Chinese do not take kindly to our religious views, and the children would at once be withdrawn if we declined offering them instruction in anything else. The practical bearing of the Sermon on the Mount they understand and appreciate; but as for our theology, it is a riddle they do not care to unravel. At one of the schools I heard the familiar song "We 'll gather at the River," and at another the old hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." These schools are doing a good work, undoubtedly, but their Christianizing influence is only of an indirect character.

It is idle to fancy that the immigration from China is to result in the immediate conversion of many. The present generation will stick to its own faith, and so will the greater part of the next generation. The Chinese religion was old long ere Christ came, and we have not yet done much to commend his Gospel to this serious, reflective, high-spirited people. They judge us, and have a right to judge us, by what their experience on the Pacific has taught them; and it will take many years of patient work to disabuse them of the impressions they have formed in their struggle there. It will be an advantage if we fully comprehend this before they plant their feet on these Eastern shores.

And that they are coming here I do not in the least doubt. I cannot clearly see, as I have already said, what change in the national mind led to the emigration to California; but having conquered the right to live there, I am sure that neither the mountains nor the wide plains will stay them from coming hither. They are quiet and patient, but they are also very persistent and remarkably self-poised. The Governor of California may recommend measures to prevent their immigration, and his Legislature may gravely discuss propositions to tax them out of existence, and the inhabitants of that State and its neighbors may treat them never so shamefully: all this is as futile and foolish as an anathema against the wind or the sunshine. They are not going

back to China; on the contrary, they will bring their wives and children and household gods and strange customs to the Golden Gate, — there, and through California, and over the Sierras, and across the desert, and along the railway, to our farms and workshops and manufactories. Seeing this, as every thoughtful man spending two months in California will see it, I have deemed it well to indicate certain of their chief habits and peculiarities wherewith we ourselves shall be called upon to deal at a time not many years distant.

The article in this magazine for December, 1869, sufficiently proved their capacity for varied labor. Three fourths or more of those now in our country are of the so-called peasant class. In many trades requiring delicate and careful workmanship they are superior; in every branch of what is properly called handicraft they easily take position in the foremost ranks. If they lack swiftness, they have large perseverance. If they want knowledge, they have aptness in learning. If they show little creative or inventive power, they are a daily study and wonder of imitativeness. Make it clear to them how you want a thing done, and your thing is done in that way till you teach them another. Of the powers and capacities of the refined and educated classes we have not yet had any great means for judging. The few in California are liberal and catholic and upright and public-spirited. They have talent for organization and business enterprise, and the promise of what they have done is one of hopefulness and encouragement.

I do not fully share the current notion that Mr. Wo Lee is the Perfect Servant for whose appearance our households have prayed with such fervency. Remembering Bridget's tyranny and worthlessness, I made many inquiries as to his fitness for her kingdom. He is no more a natural cook than he is a natural gold-digger. He is willing to work in any station, and therefore accommodates himself to the service of the kitchen and dining-room. He can readily do almost anything that may be done with an intelligent use of the hand, and in a comparatively short time, under good instruction, make a skilful cook. He is rarely insolent or domineering, never imagines himself the owner of the house in which he is engaged, and applies himself steadily and faithfully to the business of the hour. He is generally neat enough in his person, but not always so in his surroundings, and has an unsavory habit of mixing truth and falsehood. He is attentive to his duties and careful with crockery and furniture, but his ideas of *mine* and *thine* with respect to small things are not quite so clear as they should be in a servant. He is easily seduced from his allegiance by an offer of higher wages, and somewhat subject to sudden and unexpected conclusions that service at the other end of town is preferable. He does not hold high and secret carousal in the basement, but he is a night-bird, and must often go out in the evening to see his friends. He is neither quarrelsome nor prone to anger, but when once inflamed his passion is malicious and destructive. He neither storms nor threatens, but at times his ways are far from being ways of pleasantness. The worst trait he has yet developed is that of inability to recognize the binding force of a contract. Unless special reasons exist for attachment to the family, there is never any certainty that he will remain till the great party or dinner is over. And when he gets ready to go he goes. The mistress may complain or remonstrate as she will; he listens in silence, proffers no apology or explanation, and then walks away, serene and immovable, with little regard for his bargain or her convenience. He is much better "help" than Bridget ever was, but even he is not the Perfect Servant.

This peasant class adapts itself with cheerful facility to our methods of labor; on that head their presence will bring us no difficulty but such as patience and firmness can overcome. It will work for less wages than we now pay whites, and its expense for food

and clothing will be considerably smaller. It has trades' unions of its own, but has never yet indulged in strikes or combinations against capital. Whether it will develop anything of creative power is to be determined; but, as already indicated, it has surpassing tact and skill in every kind of handicraft.

The higher class is quite a force in the business circles of San Francisco. The value of goods brought to that port last year from China and Japan was three and a quarter millions of dollars, and the records of the Custom-House show that at least two thirds of the duties on this importation were paid by Chinese merchants. The rice import was thirty million pounds, and nearly the whole of it was on their orders. The tea import was two million three hundred thousand pounds, and they paid the duties on but little less than half of it. One of the largest business branches of business in the city is that of making cigars; it is mostly managed and carried on by Chinese, and gives employment to about three thousand persons. The internal revenue officers told me that they have little trouble in collecting taxes from this class; they are generally honest in making returns and prompt in paying their dues. On 'Change, the word of nearly all the Chinese mercantile houses is as good as that of American houses; and I was assured, indeed, by a number of authorities, that the commercial honor of the Quarter is really very high.

The Quarter, quick to fall in with our ways of work, is slow to accept our beliefs and ways of thought. To our aggression it opposes passiveness like fate in its fixedness. On questions of morality the upper class is with us, even when the lower class is somewhat against us in practice; but as soon as we leave mere morals and touch religion, the whole body of the people is in the opposition. Coming over here they will bring Joss and his temple, Kwan Tae, and Kwa Toi, and Kwan Yin, and the other gods and goddesses, and all the religious and semi-religious festal days. I have purposely given much space to a statement of their peculiar views and customs. We shall have to accept the Chinese, and with them these customs; there is no such thing as avoiding this conclusion.

But this strange people will bring us something, too, that is very good and wholesome. They are tender to the aged and infirm; they look upon home as a sacred institution; they inculcate the highest regard for parents; they are courteous by instinct as well as by teaching; they venerate the wise and upright among their ancestors; they respect law and order and authority at all times; they abstain from intoxicating liquors, and lead lives of quietness and thoughtfulness; and from their sentiment toward the dead grow sweet flowers in the heart. We are prodigal and wasteful; they are frugal and economical. We nurture a genius for quick results, and pay the penalty of many failures; they have learned to strive for sure results, and success rarely escapes their grasp. We are eager and changeful; they are steady and well balanced. We continually reach out for the new and strange; they abide by the old, and are cheerful in routine. We aspire, and are nervous with longings; they are not ashamed to do well whatever they find to do. They honor good government; they believe that integrity alone is worthy of station; they hold that promotion should rest on capacity and faithfulness; they have swift methods of dealing with official rascals and peculators; they are not impatient of the slow processes of the years, but know how to labor in faith and wait in contentment; if they are not progressive, they have at least conquered the secret of national and individual steadfastness.

THE BLUE-JAY FAMILY.

IN an intellectual point of view, the whole family to which our common and familiar Blue Jay belongs are unsurpassed by any of the feathered tribe. The study of their habits is full of interest, and affords evidences of sagacity, forethought, and a conformity to circumstances wonderfully like the results of reason rather than the blind promptings of a mere instinct. These peculiarities are confined to no one species, but are common to the entire family, so far as they have fallen under the observation of naturalists. The habits of our own Blue Jay and those of the common Jay of Europe — the two best known of any of the race — are so nearly identical, that, except in their places of residence, the history of the one might almost serve for that of the other. When first observed in wild and unexplored sections of this country, the Jay is shy and suspicious of man. Yet, curious to a remarkable degree, he follows the intruder on his privacy, watches his movements, and hovers about his steps with great pertinacity, keeping at a respectful distance, even before he can have had occasion to dread weapons of destruction. This has been noticed in regard to all our American Jays, of which there are eleven varieties. Upon their first introduction to man their cautious study of the stranger has been described as something quite remarkable. Afterwards, on becoming better acquainted, the Jay conforms his conduct to the treatment he receives. Here in New England, where he is hunted in wanton sport, sought for on account of his brilliant plumage, and persecuted generally because of his bad reputation, he is shy and wary, and avoids as much as possible all human society. In the Western States, where he is comparatively exempt from persecution, as well as in certain other portions of the country where he is unmolested, we find the Jay as confiding and familiar even as the common Robin. Mr. J. A. Allen recently found these birds "common in the groves of Iowa, and nearly as unsuspicious as the Black-capped Titmouse." Afterwards, in Illinois, he found the Jay "very abundant and half domestic." This result is due, at least in part, to "the kind treatment it receives from the farmers, who not only do not molest it, but are pleased with its presence." In Indiana the same remarkable familiarity was noticed. The Jays were abundant, and so unsuspicious that the nest of a pair was noticed in a bunch of lilacs under a window, on one of the principal streets of Richmond. And the writer remembers to have seen the nest of the Blue Jay filled with young birds on the grounds of the late Mr. Audubon, within the limits of New York City, in July, 1843; and at another time to have found a nest in the borough of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, a few feet from a public street. So great is the difference of habit, induced by persecution on the one hand and kind treatment on the other, in the Jays of Massachusetts and those of the West! No two species could well be more unlike.

The Jay is arboreal in its habits, — more so than any bird of the same order. It prefers the shelter and security of thick covers to more open ground. It is omnivorous, eating either animal or vegetable food, though not without an apparent preference for the former, feeding upon insects, their eggs and larvæ, and worms wherever procurable, and laying up large stores of acorns and beech-mast for winter provisions, when insects are no longer procurable. All our writers agree in charging the Blue Jay with a strong propensity to destroy the eggs and young of the smaller birds, and declare that it even pursues, kills, and devours the full-grown birds. While we are not

able to verify these charges from our own observations, they seem to be too generally conceded for us to dispute their correctness. Admitting, then, their justice, they are the chief if not the only ground of complaint which exists against the Jays. Their depredations upon the garden and the cornfields are too trivial to be mentioned.

Their destruction of other birds, and their alleged misdeeds in this connection, have given the Jays a bad name, and have made them objects of dislike and persecution both with man and with the more courageous of the feathered tribes, especially the Kingbirds, the Wrens, and the Robins. Their noisy, loquacious habits are often very annoying to the sportsman, whom they follow in his excursions, warning off his game. They are therefore no favorites with the hunter, and generally receive no mercy at his hands.

The Jay is one of our most conspicuous musicians, exhibiting a variety in his notes, and occasionally a beauty and a harmony in his song, for which very few give him due credit. Wilson, generally a very accurate observer, compares his position among our feathered songsters to that of the trumpeter in a band. His notes he varies at will to an almost infinite extent, now screaming with all his might, now singing and warbling with the softness of tone and modulation of the Bluebird, and at another time imparting to his voice the grating harshness of a wheel creaking on an ungreased axle.

His power of mimicry is hardly surpassed by that of the Mocking-bird itself. In those parts of the country where the Sparrow-hawk is abundant the Jay delights to imitate its cry, which it does to perfection. At other times the cries of the Red-shouldered and the Red-tailed Hawks are given with such exactness that the smaller birds fly to a covert and the inmates of the poultry-yard are in the greatest alarm. Other sounds the Jay will imitate with equal success, even to the continuous song of a bird. The European Jay has been known to imitate the neighing of a horse so perfectly as to deceive the most practised ear.

When reared from the nest the Jay becomes very tame, and is perfectly reconciled to confinement. It very soon grows into an amusing pet, learning to imitate the human voice, and almost any other sound it hears. There are several well-attested instances on record in which both our own Blue Jay and the common Jay of Europe have been taught to articulate several words. They have also learned to imitate the bleating of lambs, the mewing of a cat, the hooting of owls, and various other sounds, even to the crowing of a cock and the barking and cries of a house-dog. Wilson gives an account of one that had been brought up in the family of a gentleman in South Carolina, and that had all the loquacity of a parrot. He seemed to delight in pilfering everything he could conveniently carry off, for no other apparent purpose than to hide it. This bird could utter some words with great distinctness, and whenever called would answer to his name with great sociability.

But however interesting the habits of the Blue Jay may appear when examined, however bright and attractive its plumage, however remarkable its sagacity and intelligence, or however entertaining its peculiarities, both in a wild and in a partially domesticated state, this bird does not seem to have been held in very high favor by our ornithological writers. They all dwell, with what appears to us an unfair and unjust emphasis, upon his faults, and refer but very slightly and only incidentally to the good deeds which he is ever performing, but for which he receives so little credit. Recent investigations into the history of the European Jay demonstrate that during the winter months he feeds very largely upon the larvæ and the eggs of the caterpillars, which, when unchecked, commit such fearful ravages among the forests of Europe; and that the value of the property which each year this species aids to save from destruction

may be estimated at millions of dollars. The services rendered by our common Blue Jay, though not generally known, are also of the highest value. Mr. J. A. Allen, in his list of the birds found near Springfield, Massachusetts, mentions finding the eggs of the tent caterpillar in the stomachs of the Blue Jays which he killed during the winter months. Mr. Allen was the first, so far as we are aware, among our writers, to make public this very important fact. Its significance can hardly be overestimated. It shows that our own species have the same highly valuable habits and taste in these respects as the European species, and that there can be no doubt that these birds are constantly rendering very similar services to our own North American forests, for which they receive little or no credit.

Fortunately, however, besides this corroborative testimony of Mr. Allen, we are in possession of evidence of the most conclusive character, furnished us by the ripe experience and the careful observations of one of our best ornithologists, than whom we can desire no better and no higher authority. The venerable Jared P. Kirtland of Cleveland, Ohio, who has enjoyed peculiarly favorable opportunities for studying the habits of our Jays, and who has also well improved them, has furnished us with the most satisfactory and perfectly conclusive evidence that these birds, where they are protected and encouraged, are not only the most available means we have of removing that great pest of the orchard, the tent caterpillar, but that so complete and sweeping can be their extirpation of this nuisance that for miles around a given district not so much as an individual shall be left. What a pregnant commentary do the facts communicated by Dr. Kirtland suggest upon the recent empirical and short-sighted legislation of Massachusetts, where the Blue Jays, in common with the Owls and the Crows, — probably, without any exception, the three most valuable classes of birds to be found within the limit of the State, — are specially denied protection and virtually outlawed! We shall permit our venerable friend to tell the interesting story of his pets in his own words. The letter from which these extracts are taken is dated "East Rockport, near Cleveland, January 1, 1869."

"'The Mission of Birds' has been a favorite study of mine nearly seventy years, and loses none of its interest with the advancement of age. Before I knew anything of ornithology as a science, or had access to the first edition of Wilson in 1813–14, I had become familiar with the common names and habits of very many of the birds of Connecticut, and the summer and autumn of 1810, spent in Northern Ohio, furnished me with a starting-point to note the wonderful changes in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, incidental to the conversion of this State from a wilderness into a land of cities, villages, and cultivated farms, — changes as great and numerous as those which mark the transition of one period into another in geological history.

"In the year 1840 I located on my farm bordering on Lake Erie, five miles west of Cleveland. Every apple and wild-cherry tree in the vicinity was then extensively impaired, disfigured, and denuded of its leaves, by the bag-worm (called in New England the tent caterpillar, *Clisiocampa Americana* of Harris), which annually appeared in numerous colonies. The evil was so extensive that even the most thorough farmers ceased, in despair, to attempt its counteraction. At that period I began to set out evergreen-trees of many species extensively, both for the shelter and the ornament of my grounds, — an example soon followed by several of my neighbors. Favorable soil and cultivation rapidly developed stately growths, forest-like, in dense clumps.

"While these were progressing extensive ranges of native hemlocks and pines, bordering the precipitous banks of Rocky River, were as rapidly falling before the axe and cultivation. These

ranges are from two to seven miles west from my locality, and had long been a favorite resort of the Jay, as well as numerous other birds, not to mention quadrupeds and reptiles.

"When my Norway spruces had attained to the height of some ten or twelve feet, I was pleased to find them occupied, one spring, by colonies of these Jays, apparently migrating from the perishing evergreen forests along the river, and during the ensuing winter the new tenants, augmented in numbers, made these incipient forests their places of abode. Each successive year found them still more numerous and exempt from the interruption of their enemies, the red squirrel, blue racer, and idle gunners, all of whom were abundant and destructive in their former resorts. They soon became so familiar as to feed about our yards and corn-cribs.

"At the dawn of every pleasant day, throughout the year, the nesting season excepted, a stranger in my house might well suppose that all the axles in the county were screeching aloud for lubrication, hearing the harsh and discordant utterances of these birds. During the day the poultry might be frequently seen running into their hiding-places, and the gobbler with his upturned eye searching the heavens for the enemy, all excited and alarmed by the mimic utterances of the adept ventriloquists, the Jays simulating the cries of the Red-shouldered and the Red-tailed Hawks.

"The domestic circle of the barn-yard evidently never gained any insight into the deception by experience; for, though the trick was repeated every few hours, the excitement would always be re-enacted.

"During the period of incubation silence reigned, not a note or utterance was heard; and it required close scrutiny to discover the numerous individual Jays concealed in the dense clumps of limbs and foliage. If, however, a stranger, a dog, cat, hawk, or owl, chanced to invade these evergreen groups, the scene rapidly changed. Such screaming, screeching, and opprobrious scoldings ensued as would lead one to consider Xantippe amiable and reticent in comparison with these birds.

"With my person they became so familiar that I could closely approach them and sit for hours under the shade of these trees, without exciting their fears. A family cemetery occupies a place beneath the evergreens. On one occasion a lady, pensively bent over the grave of a departed friend, strewing flowers, received a smart blow on the head. Alarmed, she arose, expecting to discover some evil-disposed person in the vicinity. Her eye could not ascertain the source of the blow, and she resumed her occupation, when the blow was renewed, and she soon saw her assailant perched on a limb just overhead, threatening to renew the contest. Near by was a female bird, brooding over a nest of young, and angrily watching the intruder.

"The late Dr. Esteep of Canton, Ohio, an experienced bird-fancier, while examining my *Jayery*, — if you will excuse this coinage, — some years since, informed me that he had pet Jays, and that he found them more ingenious, cunning, and teachable than any other species of birds he had ever attempted to instruct. My own observations, derived from watching my colony for many years, convince me of the correctness of his conclusions.

"Although I rarely read fiction, yet I recollect the long period of time it took Cooper, in 'The Pioneers,' to get his heroine from the top of the hill, which disclosed the view of Templeton, to her father's residence in the village. After the lapse of a period nearly as long, we have at length arrived at the subject-matter of my communication, to wit, *The Insectivorous Habits of the Blue Jay*.

"Soon after they had emigrated to my evergreens, I one day noticed one of the birds engaged in tearing open a nest of the bag-worm on an apple-tree. Thinking the act was a mere destructive impulse, I was about walking away,

when the bird, with its bill apparently filled with several living and contorting larvæ, changed its position to a tree close by where I was standing. After several nervous and angry bows of the head and flirts of the wings, it eyed me sternly and seemed to say, 'You are inquisitive and meddling with that which is none of your business. We are like our secesh friends, wishing to be let alone.' Its next removal was to an adjacent black-spruce-tree, where I could plainly see it distributing the captive bag-worms to sundry open and uplifted mouths.

"From this hint I was led closely to watch the further proceedings of the community. Before the young birds had passed from the care of the parents, most of the worm's nests had been broken into, many were torn into threads, and the number of occupants evidently diminished. Two or three years afterwards not a worm was to be seen in that neighborhood, and more recently I have searched for it in vain, in order to rear some cabinet specimens of the moth. In several adjacent townships it is said to be still common.

"Early in the month of April, two years since, my attention was awakened by a commotion among the birds in my evergreens. It involved not only Jays and Crow Blackbirds, but Robins and Bluebirds. Combatants seemed to have gathered from the whole country around. At times half a dozen of these several species would engage in a contest, screaming, biting, and pulling out feathers; and at length, in many instances, the birds, lost in rage, would actually fall to the ground. For two days this fight continued. At length the Jays disappeared, and I have not seen half a dozen individuals on my farm since that period. A numerous colony of Crow Blackbirds have reared their young there during the two past seasons, and have been equally assiduous in collecting worms of different species. Whether the abandoning of the locality by the Jays was owing exclusively to the intrusion of the Blackbirds, or in part to the scarcity of their favorite bag-worms, I cannot well determine."

We can add nothing which will impart greater force or weight to testimony so full and conclusive. The vexatious and annoying nature of the mischief wrought in orchards throughout the country by these caterpillars is too familiar to every one to require comment on the value of the services rendered by the Jay in their extirpation. The extermination of the measure-worms in New York by the European Sparrow has not been more complete and satisfactory. Shall such facts as these continue to be dumb to us? Shall we of New England continue to persecute a bird which Providence designed for our benefactor and friend, and our committees on agriculture at the State House report bills, and our legislature re-enact laws, branding them as outlaws and inviting their destruction?

Before we leave the subject, it may not be amiss to refer to a few recent well-attested instances in which the services rendered by various birds have been positive and efficient.

Early in the fall of 1868 the complaint was loud and general throughout the Southern seaboard, that the crop of Sea Island cotton was in great danger of being destroyed through the ravages of the cotton-worm. This pest had appeared, over a wide extent of territory, in such numbers that it was impossible by human agency to arrest its progress. Yet it was arrested promptly, effectually, and completely. Our well-known Bobolinks — the Reed-bird of Pennsylvania and the Rice-bird of the Carolinas — chanced to make their appearance in their Southern migrations, and just in the nick of time. Instead of attacking the rice-fields the new-comers went into the cotton-fields and accomplished in a few hours what man had despaired of doing. They devoured the worms and saved the cotton crop. The birds were worth thousands of dollars to the Southern planters. Will these remember their services, and for the future protect their

valuable lives from the murderous gun of the epicure and his purveyors ?

In the spring of 1867 the grasshoppers had deposited their eggs by the million throughout the cultivated fields of Kansas, threatening the general destruction of the crops. Just as they were beginning to hatch out large flocks of the Yellow-headed Blackbirds (*Xanthocephalus icterocephalus*, Baird) appeared in their Northern migrations. They soon discovered the grasshoppers and devoured them, making clean work. Wherever a flock alighted upon the fields, the rear birds kept flying to the front, from time to time, as the grasshoppers disappeared. The farmers of Kansas owe to these birds the salvation of their wheat crop, and probably thousands, if not millions, in a money value.

The Republican or Cliff Swallow (*Hirundo lunifrons*) is another bird that has been ascertained to fulfil a useful and important mission in behalf of the pomologist. Dr. Kirtland writes us, that, from his earliest acquaintance with Cleveland and its vicinity, the pear and the cherry trees have been much injured by the slug. In recent years, colonies of these Swallows have taken up their summer abode in various parts of the surrounding country; wherever these colonies make their annual visitations the slugs entirely disappear from the neighborhood, the parent fly of the slug being caught by the swallows.

"No bird," the same accurate observer writes us, "fulfils its mission more beneficially and effectually than the diminutive House-Wren. The bee-moth, it is well known, has been for more than half a century a great obstacle to success in bee-culture in the United States. Some years since I observed this wren daily prying into my hives, capturing every worm which had been expelled therefrom and digging out with its bill the chrysalids concealed in various cracks, nooks, and corners about the hive. From this discovery I was encouraged to patronize this bird. Empty oyster-cans, cattle's skulls, boxes, and holes bored into the cornices, were all devoted to it for breeding-places. War was openly declared against all cats, and waged to extermination by aid of a terrier dog. With these auxiliaries, the Wrens, the spiders, an ichneumon insect, and Longstroth's movable comb-hives, the bee-moth has lost all its terrors, and is no longer any detriment to the apiarist."

We might go on and multiply similar instances, covering all orders and genera of our birds, not omitting even the Gulls, which have been also of such signal service to the pioneers of Utah, Colorado, and Nevada, and saved them from starvation by destroying the locusts and grasshoppers. But we have already opened the question sufficiently, and we trust that it will not be again closed until wiser laws, a healthier public opinion, and more correct information shall have become the result of the fullest investigations and the most careful scrutiny of the habits of birds.

The present law of Massachusetts, nominally for the preservation and protection of birds, is discreditable to the State, for its incoherency, its incompleteness, and its inconsistencies. It should be radically changed. Except for the occasional purposes of scientific studies, no birds should be permitted to be molested in the breeding-season. The nests, eggs, and young of all birds should be protected and their wanton molestation punished. No birds should be permitted to be hunted during the season of reproduction, or from February until September. During the other seven months of the year, only those birds that are serviceable to man for purposes of food should be suffered to be hunted, and in their case no exterminating mode of warfare should be permitted. These simple and general principles require but a brief and consistent enactment, which, once passed, the rapidly improving public sentiment in favor of the birds will not fail to see faithfully observed and enforced.

PETER PITCHLYNN, CHIEF OF THE CHOCTAWS.

WHEN Mr. Charles Dickens first visited this country, he met upon a steamboat on the Ohio River a noted Choctaw chief, with whom he had the pleasure of a long conversation. In the "American Notes" we find an agreeable account of this interview, in which the Indian is described as a remarkably handsome man, and, with his black hair, aquiline nose, broad cheek-bones, sunburnt complexion, and bright, dark, and piercing eye, as stately and complete a gentleman of Nature's making as the author ever beheld. That man was Peter P. Pitchlynn. Of all the Indian tribes which acknowledge the protecting care of the American government, there are none that command more respect than the Choctaws, and among their leading men there is not one more deserving of notice by the public at large than the subject of this paper. Merely as a romantic story, the leading incidents of his life cannot but be read with interest, and as a contribution to American history, obtained from the man himself, they are worthy of being recorded.

His father was a white man of a fighting stock, noted for his bravery and forest exploits, and an interpreter under commission from General Washington, while his mother was a Choctaw. He was born in the Indian town of Hush-ook-wa, now Noxabee County, in the State of Mississippi, January 30, 1806. The first duties he performed were those of a cow-boy, but when old enough to bend a bow or hold a rifle to his shoulder, he became a hunter. In the councils of his nation he sometimes made his appearance as a looker-on, and once, when a member of the tribe who had been partially educated in New England was seen to write a letter to President Monroe, Pitchlynn resolved that he would himself become a scholar. The school nearest to his father's log-cabin was at that time two hundred miles off, among the hills of Tennessee, and to that he was despatched after the usual manner of such important undertakings. As the only Indian-boy in this school, he was talked about and laughed at, and within the first week of his admission he found it necessary to give the "bully" of the school a severe thrashing. At the end of the first quarter he returned to his home in Mississippi, where he found his people negotiating a treaty with the general government; on which occasion he made himself notorious by refusing to shake the hand of Andrew Jackson, the negotiator, because in his boyish wisdom he considered the treaty an imposition upon the Choctaws. Nor did he ever change his opinion on that score. His second step in the path of education was taken at the Academy of Columbia, in Tennessee, and he graduated at the University of Nashville. Of this institution General Jackson was a trustee, and on recognizing young Pitchlynn, during an official visit to the college, he remembered the demonstration which the boy had made on their first meeting, and by treating him with kindness changed the old feeling of animosity to one of warm personal friendship, which lasted until the death of the famous Tennesseean.

On his return to Mississippi our hero settled upon a prairie to which his name was afterwards given, and became a farmer, but amused himself by an occasional hunt for the black bear. He erected a comfortable log-cabin, and, having won a faithful heart, he caused his marriage ceremony to be performed in public, and according to the teachings of Christianity, the Rev. C. Kingsbury being the officiating missionary, — a man long endeared to the Southern Indians, and known as "Father Kings-

bury." As Pitchlynn was the first man among his people to set so worthy an example, we must award to him the credit of having given to polygamy its death-blow in the Choctaw nation, where it had existed from the earliest times.

Another reform which young Pitchlynn had the privilege and sagacity to promote among his people was that of temperance, which had for some years been advocated by an Indian named David Folsom. In a treaty made in 1820, an article had been introduced by the Choctaws themselves prohibiting the sale, by red men as well as white men, of spirituous liquors within their borders, but up to 1824 it remained a dead letter. During that year the Council of the Nation passed a law organizing a corps of light horse, to whom was assigned the duty of closing all the dram-shops that could be found carrying on their miserable traffic contrary to treaty stipulations. The command of this band was assigned to young Pitchlynn, who was thereafter recognized by the title of Captain. In one year from the time he undertook the difficult task of exterminating the traffic in liquor he had successfully accomplished it. As a reward for his services he was elected a member of the National Council, being the only young man ever thus honored. His first proposition, as a member of the Council, was for the establishment of a school; and, that the students might become familiar with the customs of the whites, it was decided that it should be located somewhere in their country. The Choctaw Academy, thus founded near Georgetown, Kentucky, and supported by the funds of the nation, was for many years a monument of their advancing civilization.

One of the most important and romantic incidents in Pitchlynn's career grew out of the policy, on the part of the general government, for removing the Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creeks from their old hunting-grounds to a new location west of the Mississippi River. At the request and expense of the United States, a delegation of Indians was appointed in 1828 to go upon an exploring and peace-making expedition into the Osage country, and of this party Pitchlynn was appointed the leader. He succeeded in making a lasting peace with the Osages, who had been the enemies of the Choctaws from time immemorial.

The delegation consisting of six persons, — two from each of the three tribes interested, — was absent from home about six months. The first town at which they stopped was Memphis; their next halt was at St. Louis, where they were supplied with necessaries by the Indian superintendent; and their last was Independence, which was then a place of a dozen log-cabins, and here the party received special civilities from a son of Daniel Boone. On leaving Independence the members of the delegation, all well mounted, were joined by an Indian agent, and their first camp on the broad prairie-land was pitched in the vicinity of a Shawnee village. This tribe had never come in conflict with the Choctaws (though the former took the side of Great Britain in the war of 1812), and, according to custom, a council was convened and pledges of friendship were renewed by an exchange of wampum and the delivery of speeches.

After these ceremonies, a grand feast took place at a neighboring village on the following day; and then the expedition continued its march towards the Osage country. For a time their course lay along the famous Santa Fé trail, and then, turning to the southwest, they journeyed over a beautiful country of rolling prairies skirted with timber, until they came to an Osage village, on a bluff of the Osage River. The delegation came to a halt within a short distance of the village, but for several days the Osages showed signs of their original enmity, and refused to meet the strangers in council; and as it was well known that several Osages had recently been killed by a wandering band of Choctaws, the probability of hostilities and an attempted surprise

was quite apparent. The delegation, however, proposed a treaty of peace, and after a long delay the Osages agreed to meet them in general council; when Captain Pitchlynn stated that he and his party, the first Choctaws who had ever met the Osages with peaceful intentions, had travelled over two thousand miles by the advice of the United States government, in order to propose to the Osages a treaty of perpetual peace.

To this an orator of the Osages made a defiant and unfriendly reply, and the delegation at a second council changed their tone.

Captain Pitchlynn, as before, was their only speaker. After casting a defiant look upon *Bel Oiseau*, the Osage orator, as well as upon the other Osages present, he proceeded in these words: "After what the Osage warrior said to us yesterday, we find it very hard to restrain our ancient animosity. You inform us that by your laws it is your duty to strike down all who are not Osage Indians. We have no such law. But we have a law which tells us that we must always strike down an *Osage* when we meet him. I know not what war-paths you may have followed west of the Big River, but I very well know that the smoke of our council-fires you have never seen, and we live on the other side of the Big River. Our soil has never been tracked by an Osage, excepting when he was a prisoner. I will not, like you, speak boastingly of the many war-paths we have been upon. I am in earnest, and can only say that our last war-path, if you will have it so, has brought us to the Osage country, and to this village. Our warriors at home would very well like to obtain a few hundred of your black locks, for it is by such trophies that they obtain their names. I mention these things to prove that we have some ancient laws as well as yourselves, and that we, too, were made to fight. Adhere to the laws of your fathers, refusing the offer for peace that we have made, and you must bear the consequences. We are a little band now before you, but we are not afraid to speak our minds. Our contemplated removal from our old country to the sources of the Arkansas and Red Rivers will bring us within two hundred miles of your nation; and when that removal takes place, we will not finish building our cabins before you shall hear the whoop of the Choctaws and the crack of their rifles. Your warriors will then fall, and your wives and children shall be taken into captivity; and this work will go on until the Osage nation is entirely forgotten. You may not believe me, but our numbers justify the assertion, and it is time that the Indian race should begin a new kind of life. You say you will not receive the white paper of our father, the President; and we now tell you that we take back all that we said yesterday about a treaty of peace. A proposition for peace, if we are to have it, must now come from the Osages."

This speech had the intended effect; the next day negotiations were opened by the Osages; peace was declared, and a universal shaking of hands succeeded. A grand feast next followed, and the entire Osage village, during the succeeding night, presented as joyous and boisterous an appearance as jerked buffalo-meat and water could inspire. Speeches furnished a large part of the entertainment, and to Captain Pitchlynn was awarded the honor of delivering the closing oration. He told the Osages that his people had adopted the customs of civilization, and were already reaping much benefit therefrom. They encouraged missionaries, established schools, and devoted attention to the pursuits of agriculture and the mechanic arts. He advised the Osages to do the same; to give up war as an amusement, and the chase as a sole dependence for food, and then they would become a happy and prosperous people. This was their only means of preservation from the grasping habits of the white man. If they would strive for civilization, the American government would treat them with greater

kindness, and, though they might throw away their eagle-feathers, and live in permanent cabins, there was no danger of losing their identity or name. At the end of these prolonged festivities, *Bel Oiseau* and a party of warriors selected for the purpose escorted the delegation to the borders of the Osage country, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. During the several nights which they spent together before parting *Bel Oiseau* was the chief talker, and he did much to entertain the whole party, while seated around their camp-fires, by relating what adventures and traditions he could remember. These he confused with facts of aboriginal history. He claimed that his people were descended from a beaver, and that the Osage hunters never killed that animal from fear of killing one of their own kindred. He boasted that if his tribe was not as large as many others, it had always contained the largest and handsomest men in the world; that their horses were finer than those owned by the Pawnees and the Comanches; that they preferred buffalo-meat for food to the fancy things which they used in the settlements; that the buffalo-robe suited them better than the red blanket; the bow and arrows were better than the rifle or gun; and he thought their Great Spirit was a better friend to them than the Great Spirit of the white man, who allowed his children to ruin themselves by drinking the fire-water.

In returning to their own homes the Choctaws pursued a southern course, passed down the Canadian River, the agent leaving them at a point near Fort Gibson, and so continuing along the valley of the Red River; and, as before stated, after an absence of several months, they all reached their cabins in safety. They had some severe skirmishes with the Comanche Indians, and two of the party got lost for a time while hunting buffaloes and bears. Captain Pitchlynn picked up in one of the frontier cabins a bright little Indian-boy, belonging to no particular tribe as he said, carried him to Mississippi, and had him educated at the Choctaw Academy in Kentucky; and that boy is now one of the most eloquent and faithful preachers to be found in the Choctaw nation.

The expedition here sketched was the first step taken by the government towards accomplishing the removal of the Indian tribes eastward of the Mississippi River to a new and permanent home in the far West. The several tribes collected on the sources of the Arkansas and Red Rivers, and now living in a happy and progressive community, will probably number fifty thousand souls. Some eighteen thousand Cherokees and three thousand Seminoles have followed their example; so that while thirty-six hundred of the Southern Indians are said to be living at the present time in the country where they were born, — the States of Mississippi, Alabama, North Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, — seventy-one thousand have made themselves a new home westward of the Mississippi River.

Captain Pitchlynn was always an admirer of Henry Clay, and first made the acquaintance of the great statesman in 1840. The Choctaw was ascending the Ohio in a steamboat, and at Maysville during the night the Kentuckian came on board, bound to Washington. On leaving his state-room at a very early hour Pitchlynn went into the cabin, where he saw two old farmers earnestly engaged in a talk about farming, and, drawing up a chair, he listened with great delight for more than an hour. Returning to his state-room he roused a travelling companion and told him what a great treat he had been enjoying, and added: "If that old farmer with an ugly face had only been educated for the law, he would have made one of the greatest men in this country." That "old farmer" was Henry Clay, who expressed the greatest satisfaction at the compliment that had been paid him. The steamboat was afterwards delayed at the mouth of the Kanawha, and, as was common on

such occasions, the passengers held mock trials and improvised a debate on the relative happiness of single and married life. Mr. Clay consented to speak, and took the bachelor side of the question, while the duty of replying was assigned to the Indian. He was at first greatly bewildered, but recollecting that he had heard Methodist preachers relate their experiences on religious matters, he thought he would relate his own experiences of married life. He did this with minuteness and considerable gusto, laying particular stress upon the goodness of his wife and the different shades of feeling and sentiment which he had experienced; and after he had finished, the ladies present vied with Mr. Clay in applauding the talented and warm-hearted Indian.

When the war of the Rebellion commenced, in 1861, the subject of our sketch was in Washington, attending to public business for his people, but immediately hurried home in the hope of escaping the evils of the impending strife. Before leaving, however, he had an interview with President Lincoln and assured him of his desire to have the Choctaws pursue a neutral course, to which the President assented as the most proper one to adopt under the circumstances. But Pitchlynn's heart was for the Union, and he made the further declaration, that, if the general government would protect them, his people would certainly espouse its cause. He then returned to the Southwest, intending to lead the quiet life of a planter on his estate in the Choctaw country. But the white men of Arkansas and Texas had already worked upon the passions of the Choctaws, and on reaching home he found a large part of the nation already infected with the spirit of rebellion. He pleaded for the national government, and, at the hazard of his life, denounced the conduct of the Southern authorities. Many stories were circulated to increase the number of his enemies; among them was one that he had married a sister of President Lincoln, and another that the President had offered him four hundred thousand dollars to become an Abolitionist. He was sustained, however, by the best men in the nation, who made him colonel of a regiment of militia for home defence, and afterwards elected him Head Chief of the Choctaws; but all this did not prevent two or three of his children, as well as many others in the nation, from joining the Confederate Army. He himself remained a Union man during the entire war. Not only had many local positions of honor been conferred upon him in times past, but he had long been looked upon by all the Choctaws as their principal teacher in religious and educational matters, as their philosopher and faithful friend, and also as the best man to represent their claims and interests as a delegate to Washington. He had under cultivation, just before the Rebellion, about six hundred acres of land, and owned over one hundred slaves; and though he annually raised good crops of cotton and corn, he found the market for them too far off, and was beginning to devote all his attention to the raising of cattle. His own stock and that of his neighbors was of course a prize for the Confederates, who took everything, and left the country almost desolate. When the Emancipation Proclamation appeared, he acquiesced without a murmur, managing as well as he could in the reduced condition of his affairs; and after the war, he was again solicited to revisit Washington as a delegate, in which capacity he was assigned the charge of a claim for unpaid treaty money of several millions of dollars. An address that he delivered as delegate before the President at the White House in 1855 was commented upon at the time as exceedingly touching and eloquent; and certain speeches that he made before Congressional committees in 1868, and especially an address that he delivered in 1869 before a delegation of Quakers, called to Washington by President Grant for consultation on our Indian affairs, placed him in the foremost rank of orators.

While it is true that the most populous single tribe of Indians now living in this country is that of the Cherokees, the Choctaws and Chickasaws, who form what is known as the Choctaw nation, outnumber the former by about five thousand, and they claim in the aggregate near twenty thousand souls. They both speak the same language, and have attained a higher degree of civilization than any other of the Southern tribes. The nation is divided into four districts, one of which is composed exclusively of Chickasaws; each district was formerly under one chief, but now they are all ruled by a single chief or governor; and they have a National Legislative Council. They have an alphabet of their own, and are well supplied with schools and academies, with churches and benevolent institutions, and, until lately, had a daily press. They are the only tribe which has never, as a whole, been in hostile collision with, nor been subdued by, the United States. Have they never broken a promise or violated their plighted faith with the general government? What certain individuals may have done during the late war ought not certainly to be charged against the nation at large.

The Choctaws and Chickasaws claim for their territory, that it is as fertile and picturesque as could be desired. To speak in general terms, it forms the southeast quarter of what is called the Indian Territory. It is about two hundred miles long by one hundred and and thirty wide, forming an elongated square; and while the Arkansas and Canadian Rivers bound it on the north, it joins the State of Arkansas on the east, and the Red River and Texas bound it on the south and west. These two nations, now living in alliance, consider themselves much more fortunate now than they were in the "old country," the designation which they love to apply to Mississippi. Their form of government is similar in all particulars to that of the States of the Union. While it is true that the Rebellion had a damaging effect upon their affairs, it cannot be long before they will be restored to their former prosperous condition. They adopted and supported before the war a system of what they called "neighborhood schools," as well as seminaries, taught for the most part by ladies from the New England States, and intended to afford the children a primary course of instruction and fit them for the colleges and seminaries in the States, to which many pupils have hitherto been annually sent. The prime mover in all these educational enterprises was Colonel Pitchlynn, and it is now one of the leading desires of his heart that the good lady teachers, who were driven off by the war would either return themselves, or that others like them might be sent out from New England. In his opinion, these teachers were the best civilizers of the Choctaw nation. To New England clergymen also are the Choctaws indebted for their best translations of the Scriptures and other religious books. Their school system, which was eminently prosperous until interfered with by the Rebellion, was founded in 1842. Up to that date the general government undertook to educate that people, and the funds set aside for the purpose were used by designing men for their own benefit. Pitchlynn well knew that he would have to fight an unscrupulous opposition, but he resolved to make an effort to have the school fund transferred from the United States to the Choctaws. After many delays, he obtained an interview with John C. Spencer, then Secretary of War, and was permitted to tell his story. The Secretary listened attentively, was much pleased, and told the chief he should have an interview with the President, John Tyler. The speech which he then delivered in the White House and before the Cabinet was pronounced wonderful by those who heard it. It completely converted the President, who gave immediate orders that Pitchlynn's suggestions should all be carried out. The Secretary fully co-operated; and before the clerks of the Indian Office quitted their desks that night the necessary papers had been prepared, signed, sealed,

and duly delivered. Pitchlynn left Washington with flying colors, and was one of the happiest men in the land. On reaching the Choctaw country, he was honored with all the attention his people knew how to confer. On a subsequent Fourth of July he delivered an oration of remarkable beauty and power, in which he recapitulated the history of their emigration from Mississippi; and after describing their subsequent trials, urged them to be contented in their new homes, and then set forth at great length his views on the subject of universal education, the whole of which, to the minutest particular, were subsequently adopted. The first academy organized under the new arrangement was named for the Secretary of War; and from that year, until the death of John C. Spencer, that wise and warm-hearted lover of the Indians had not a more devoted friend than Peter Pitchlynn.

At the commencement of the Rebellion the number of slaves in the Choctaw nation was estimated at three thousand; and these, in the capacity of freedmen, are now waiting for the general government to keep its promises in regard to their welfare. By a treaty which was ratified in 1866 they were to be adopted by the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and those tribes were to receive a bonus of three hundred thousand dollars; if this stipulation should fail, the government was to remove them to some public lands, where they might found a colony; and as the Indians have thus far failed to adopt the freedmen, the latter are patiently waiting for the government to keep its solemn promises. These unfortunate people are said to be more intelligent and self-reliant than many of their race in the Southern States, and it certainly seems a pity that they should continue in their present unsatisfactory and disorganized condition. It is due to Colonel Pitchlynn to state, that from the beginning he has advocated the adoption of the freedmen. Ever since the removal of the Choctaws and Chickasaws to their Western territory, missionaries and school teachers have labored among them with great faithfulness, and the denominations which have chiefly participated in this good work are the Baptist, the Methodists, and the Cumberland and Old-School Presbyterians. Upon the whole, the cause of temperance has fared as well with them as with any of the fully civilized people of the Atlantic States. In certain parts of the interior alcoholic drinks are seldom if ever seen, but this cannot be said of those parts bordering on Arkansas and Texas. No white man is allowed citizenship among them unless he marries a Choctaw. Some years ago they concluded to adopt one man, but during the next winter no less than five hundred petitions were sent in for the same boon, which was not granted.

That there has always been a want of harmony among this people on moral as well as political questions cannot be denied, and the fact may be attributed to a few influential families, whom unprofitable jealousies and a party spirit are kept up, to the disadvantage of the masses. If there is anything among them which might be called aristocracy, it consists more in feeling than in outward circumstances; for all the people live alike in plain but comfortable log-cabins, and are content with a simple manner of life. They have a goodly number of really intellectual men; but it is undoubtedly true that, so far as the higher qualities are concerned, the particular man of whom we have been writing is without a peer.

To be the leading intellect among such a people is, of course, no ordinary honor, and Colonel Pitchlynn has always cherished with affectionate pride their history and romantic traditions. He is, indeed, the poet of his people; and he has communicated to the writer many Choctaw legends, stored up in his retentive memory, which have never appeared in print, and which, but for Pitchlynn's appreciation of their beauty, would scarcely have been repeated to a white man.

According to one of these traditions, the Choctaw race came from the bosom of a magnificent sea, supposed to be the Gulf of Mexico. Even when they first made their appearance upon the earth, they were so numerous as to cover the sloping and sandy shore, far as the eye could reach, and for a long time they travelled upon the sands before they could find a place suited to their wants. The name of their principal chief or prophet was Chah-tah, and he was a man of great age and wisdom. For many moons their bodies were strengthened by pleasant breezes and their hearts gladdened by perpetual summer. In process of time, however, the multitude was visited by sickness, and the dead bodies of old women and little children one after another were left upon the shore. Then the heart of the prophet became troubled, and, planting a long staff which he carried in his hand, and which was endowed with the powers of an oracle, he told his people that from the spot designated they must turn their faces towards the unknown wilderness. But before entering upon this part of their journey he specified a certain day for starting, and told them that they were at liberty, in the mean time, to enjoy themselves by feasting and dancing and performing their national rites.

It was now early morning and the hour appointed for starting. Heavy clouds and flying mists rested upon the sea, but the beautiful waves melted upon the shore as joyfully as ever before. The staff which the prophet planted was found leaning towards the point in the north, and in that direction did the multitude take up their line of march. Their journey lay across streams, over hills, through tangled forests, and over immense prairies. They now arrived in an entirely new country; they planted the magic staff every night with the utmost care, and arose in the morning with eagerness to ascertain the direction in which it leaned. And thus had they travelled many days when they found themselves upon the margin of an *O-kee-na-chitto*, or great highway of water, — the Mississippi River. Here they pitched their tents, and, having again planted the staff, lay down to sleep. When morning came, the oracle told them that they must cross the mighty river before them. They built themselves rafts and reached the opposite shore in safety. They now found themselves in a country of rare beauty, where the trees were so high as almost to touch the clouds, and where game of all kinds and the sweetest of fruits were found in great abundance. The flowers of this land were more brilliant than any they had ever seen, and so large as often to shield them from the sunlight of noon. With the climate of the land they were delighted, and the air they breathed seemed to fill their bodies with new strength. So pleased were they with all they saw, that they built mounds in all the more beautiful valleys through which they passed, so that the Master of Life might know they were not an ungrateful people. In this country they resolved to remain, and here they established their government, and in due time made the great mound of Nun-i-wai-ya, near the head-waters of what is now known as Pearl River in Mississippi.

Time passed on, and the Choctaw nation became so powerful that its hunting-grounds extended even to the sky. Troubles now arose among the younger warriors and hunters of the nation, until it came to pass that they abandoned the cabins of their fathers, and settled in distant regions of the earth. Thus, from the body of the Choctaw nation have sprung those other nations which are known as the Chickasaws, the Cherokees, the Creeks or Muscogees, the Shawnees, and the Delawares. And in process of time the Choctaws founded a great city, wherein their aged men might spend their days in peace; and, because they loved those of their people who had long before departed into distant regions, they called this city Yazoo, the meaning of which is, *Home of the people who are gone*

Another legend, entitled *The Overflowing Waters*, is as follows. The world was in its prime. The tiny streams among the hills and mountains shouted with joy, and the broad rivers wound their wonted course along the peaceful valleys. The moon and stars had long made the night skies beautiful, and guided the hunter through the wilderness. The sun, which the red man calls the glory of summer-time, had never failed to appear. Many generations of men lived and passed away. But in process of time the aspect of the world became changed. Brother quarrelled with brother, and cruel wars frequently covered the earth with blood. The Great Spirit saw all these and was displeased. A terrible wind swept over the wilderness, and the *Ok-la-ho-ma*, or red people, knew that they had done wrong, but they lived as if they did not care. Finally, a stranger prophet made his appearance among them, and proclaimed in every village the news that the human race was to be destroyed. None believed his words, and the moons of summer again came and disappeared. It was now the autumn of the year. Many cloudy days had occurred, and then a total darkness came upon the earth, and the sun seemed to have departed forever. It was very dark and very cold. Men lay down to sleep, but were troubled with unhappy dreams. They arose when they thought it was time for the day to dawn, but only to see the sky covered with a darkness deeper than the heaviest cloud. The moon and stars had all disappeared, and there was constantly a dismal bellowing of thunder all round the sky. Men now believed that the sun would never return, and there was great consternation throughout the land. The great men of the Choctaw nation spoke despondingly to their fellows, and sung their death-songs, but those songs were faintly heard in the gloom of the great night. Men visited each other by torchlight. The grains and fruits of the land became mouldy, and the wild animals of the forest became tame, and gathered around the watch-fires of the Indians, entering even into the villages.

A louder peal of thunder than was ever before heard now echoed through the firmament, and a light was seen in the north. It was not the light of the sun, but a gleam of distant waters. They made a mighty roar, and, in billows like the mountains, they rolled over the earth. They swallowed up the entire human race, and destroyed everything which had made the earth beautiful. Only one human being was saved, and that was the mysterious prophet who had foretold the calamity. He had built a raft of sassafras-logs, and upon this he floated above the waters. A large black bird came and flew in circles above his head. He called upon it for help, but it shrieked aloud, and flew away and returned no more. A smaller bird, of a bluish color, with scarlet eyes and beak, now came hovering over the prophet's head. He spoke to it, and asked if there were a spot of dry land in any part of the waste of waters. It fluttered its wings, uttered a wail, and flew directly towards that part of the sky where the newly born sun was just sinking in the waves. A strong wind now arose, and the raft of the prophet was rapidly borne in that direction. The moon and stars again made their appearance, and the prophet landed upon a green island, where he encamped. Here he enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep, and when morning dawned, he found that the island was covered with every variety of animals, excepting the great *Shakanli*, or mammoth, which had been destroyed. Birds, too, he also found here in great abundance. He recognized the identical black bird which had abandoned him to his fate upon the waters, and, as it was a wicked bird and had sharp claws, he called it *Fulluh-chitto*, or Bird of the Evil One. He also discovered, and with great joy, the bluish bird which had caused the wind to blow him upon the island, and because of its kindness to him and its beauty, he called it *Puch-che-yon-sho-ba*, or the Soft-voiced Pig-

eon. The waters finally passed away; and in process of time that bird became a woman and the wife of the prophet, and from them all the people now living upon the earth were descended. And so ends the story of the overflowing waters, in which the reader must have noted the strong resemblance to the scriptural account of the Deluge.

The most poetical of Pitchlynn's stories is that of *The Unknown Woman*, which is as follows. It was in the very far-off times, and two hunters were spending the night by their watch-fire in a bend of the river Alabama. The game and the fish were with every new moon becoming less abundant, and all they had to satisfy their hunger was the tough flesh of a black hawk. They were very tired, and as they reflected upon their condition, and thought of their hungry children, they were very unhappy, and talked despondingly. But they roasted the bird before the fire, and tried to enjoy their repast. Hardly had they commenced eating, before they were startled by a singular noise resembling the cooing of a dove. Looking in one direction they saw nothing but the moon just rising above the thick woods on the opposite side of the river. Looking up and down the stream, they could see nothing but the sandy shores and the dark waters which were murmuring a low song. They turned their eyes in the quarter directly opposite the moon, and there discovered, standing upon the summit of a grassy mound, the form of a beautiful woman. They hastened to her side, when she told them she was very hungry, and thereupon they ran after their roasted hawk and gave it all into the hands of the woman. She barely tasted the proffered food, but told the hunters that their kindness had preserved her from suffering, and that she would not forget them when she returned to the happy grounds of her father, who was the *Hosh-tal-li*, or Great Spirit, of the Choctaws. She had one request to make, and this was, that when the next moon of midsummer should arrive they must visit the spot where she then stood. A pleasant breeze swept among the forest leaves, and the strange woman disappeared.

The hunters were astonished, but they returned to their families, and kept all that they had seen and heard hidden in their hearts. Summer came, and they once more visited the mound on the banks of the Alabama. They found it covered with a plant whose leaves were like knives of the white man; and it yielded a delicious food, which has since been known among the Choctaws as the sweet *toucha*, or Indian maize.

Like the foregoing in spirit is this little story about the *Hunter of the Sun*. The Choctaws were always a grateful people, and once, after enjoying a rich harvest of the sweet maize, they held a national council, and their leading prophet descanted at great length upon the beauty of the earth, attributing the blessings they enjoyed to the sun. They knew that the great luminary came from the east, but none of them had ever found out what became of it when it passed beyond the mountains at the close of day. "Is there not," said the prophet, "among all my people a single warrior who will go upon a long journey and find out what becomes of the sun?" Then it was that a young warrior named *Ok-la-no-wa*, or the traveller, arose and said, "I will go and try to find out the sleeping-place of the sun, and if unsuccessful will never return." Of course, the saddest mourner that he left behind was the girl whom he loved, and to whom he had presented a belt of scarlet wampum. After many years the traveller returned to the region of his birth, but so many changes had taken place that he felt himself a stranger to the people. The only person who seemed to remember anything about his exploit was a very old woman, and although she was really the girl he had loved in his youth, she talked a great deal about the long-lost *Ok-la-no-wa*, and laughed at the idea as foolish that he and the old man present were the same. The old man

spent the entire winter in telling the people about the wide prairies and high mountains he had crossed, about the strange men and animals that he had seen, and that when the sun went out of sight in the evening it always sank into a blue sea; but the old woman would not listen, and remained in her cabin, counting the wampum in her belt; and when spring came the old man died, and was buried in the mound of *Nun-i-wai-ya*, and before the end of the corn-planting moon the aged woman also died, and was buried by her loving friends by the side of *Ok-la-no-wa* in the mound of *Nun-i-wai-ya*. And when the Indians see the bright clouds gathering around the sun, they think of the hunter of the sun, and of the girl he loved, with her belt of scarlet wampum.

But in the way of a love legend the following account of the *Nameless Choctaw* is perhaps as good a specimen as the writer can submit; and with this he will conclude his chapter of Choctaw lore. There once lived in the royal Indian town of *E-ya-sho* (Yazoo) the only son of a war chief, who was famous for his handsome form and lofty bearing. The old men of the nation looked upon him with pride, and said that his courage was rare, and he was destined to be an eminent warrior. He was also an eloquent orator. But with all these qualities he was not allowed a seat in the councils of his nation, because he had not yet distinguished himself in war. The fame of having slain an enemy he could not claim, nor had he even been fortunate enough to take a single prisoner. He was greatly beloved, and, as the name of his childhood had been abandoned, according to an ancient custom, and he had not yet won a name worthy of his ability, he was known among his kindred as the Nameless Choctaw.

In the town of *E-ya-sho* there also once lived the most beautiful maiden of her tribe. She was the daughter of a hunter, and the promised wife of the Nameless Choctaw. They met often at the great dances, but, in accordance with Indian custom, she treated him as a stranger. They loved, and one thought alone entered their minds to cast a shadow. They knew that the laws of their nation were unalterable, and that she could not become his wife until he had won a name in war, though he could always place at the door of her lodge an abundance of game, and could deck her with the most beautiful wampum and feathers.

It was now midsummer, and the evening hour. The lover had met his betrothed upon the summit of a hill covered with pines. From the centre of a neighboring plain rose the smoke of a large watch-fire, around which were dancing a party of four hundred warriors. They had planned an expedition against the distant Osages, and the present was the fourth and last night of the preparation ceremonies. Up to that evening the Nameless Choctaw had been the leader in the dances, and even now he was only temporarily absent, for he had stolen away for a parting interview with his beloved. They separated, and when morning came the Choctaw warriors were upon the war-path leading to the head-waters of the Arkansas. On that stream they found a cave, in which, because they were in a prairie-land, they secreted themselves. Two men were then selected as spies, one of whom, the Nameless Choctaw, was to reconnoitre in the west, and the other in the east. Night came, and the Indians in the cave were discovered by an Osage hunter, who had entered to escape the heavy dews. He at once hastened to the nearest camp, told his people what he had seen, and a party of Osage warriors hastened to the cave. At its mouth they built a fire, and before the dawn of day the entire Choctaw party had been smothered to death by the cunning of their enemies.

The Choctaw spy who journeyed to the east had witnessed the surprise and unhappy fate of his brother-warriors, and, soon returning to his own country, he called a council and revealed the sad intelligence. As to the fate of the

nameless warrior who had journeyed towards the west, he felt certain that he too must have been overtaken and slain. Upon the heart of one this story fell with a heavy weight; and the promised wife of the lost Choctaw began to droop, and before the moon had passed away she died and was buried on the spot where she had parted with her lover.

But what became of the Nameless Choctaw? It was not true that he had been overtaken and slain. He was indeed discovered by the Osages, and far over the prairies and across the streams was he closely pursued. For many days and nights did the race continue, but the Choctaw finally made his escape. His course had been very winding, and when he came to a halt he was astonished to find that the sun rose in the wrong quarter of the heavens. Everything appeared to him wrong and out of order, and he became a forlorn and bewildered man. At last he found himself at the foot of a mountain which was covered with grass, and unlike any he had ever before seen. It so happened, however, at the close of a certain day, that he wandered into a wooded valley, and, having made a rude lodge and killed a swamp rabbit, he lighted a fire, and prepared himself for at least one quiet supper and a night of repose. Morning dawned, and he was still in trouble, but continued his wanderings. Many moons passed away; summer came, and he called upon the Great Spirit to make his pathway plain. He hunted the forests for a spotted deer, and having killed it, on a day when there was no wind he offered it as a sacrifice, and that night supped upon a portion of the animal's flesh. His fire burnt brightly, and, though lonesome, his heart was at peace. But now he hears a footstep in an adjoining thicket! A moment more, and a snow-white wolf of immense size is crouching at his feet, and licking his torn moccasins. "How came you in this strange country?" inquired the wolf; and the poor Indian told the story of his many troubles. The wolf took pity upon him, and said that he would conduct him in safety to the country of his kindred; and on the following morning they departed. Long, very long was the journey, and very crude and dangerous the streams which they had to cross. The wolf helped the Indian to kill game for their mutual support, and by the time that the moon for weeding corn had arrived the Choctaw had entered his native village again. This was on the anniversary of the day he had parted from his betrothed, and he now found his people mourning for her untimely death. Time and suffering had so changed the wanderer, that his relatives and friends did not recognize him, and he did not make himself known. Often, however, he made them recount the story of her death, and many a wild song, to the astonishment of all, did he sing to the memory of the departed, whom he called by the name of *Imma*, or the idol of warriors. On a cloudless night he visited her grave, and at a moment when the Great Spirit cast a shadow upon the moon he fell upon the grave in grief and died. For three nights afterwards the inhabitants of the Choctaw village were alarmed by the continual howling of a wolf, and when it ceased, the pine forest upon the hill where the lovers were resting in peace took up the mournful sound, and has continued it to the present time.

AN ALPINE HOME.

IF my poor mother as a good Catholic had not acted very wisely in consenting that I should be sent to school in Germany, she scarcely chose a better part when I came home to Mantua infected with Protestantism to such a degree that I abhorred with youthful ardor, not only the confessional, but all the offices of her religion, and in accompanying her to church never could be got farther than the door. The case is a very common one in Italy now, but thirty years ago affairs were different. Converts to Protestantism were rare, and the *laissez-faire* treatment was by no means in favor. A family and ecclesiastical council was held concerning me; and it was decided that nothing would do me so much good as some months' reflection in the cell of a convent, where I could enjoy perfect quiet without the distractions of books or society. This decision was made known to me by accident; in fact, I overheard it; and being only eighteen years old, and absurdly in earnest about personal liberty and the freedom of religious opinion, I could not bring myself to look upon it with equanimity. I ran away from home that night; and pursuing my northward journey through Lombardy, up the Lake of Como, and across the Septimer, I stood at last with my hand on the railing of the stile that formally separated Austrian Italy from Switzerland. At this important moment, when I thought to leave my troubles behind me forever, two gendarmes, belonging to the little custom-house on the frontier, suddenly appeared, crossed their muskets above the plank in front of me, and, lightly touching me on either shoulder, begged me to do them the pleasure of halting. They had been watching me for some time, they said; they knew I had a companion laden with smuggled goods, and was a lure thrown out to divert them from him; they added that whilst I was making up my mind to tell them where my comrade was, they would trouble me for my passport. "If you should happen to have such a paper," they added, "you can of course go at once."

Now I happened to have no paper of that kind, and I could only surrender myself in despair. The gendarmes marched me off towards their station, putting a hundred questions to me on the way, and among the rest the demand, "Where do you come from?"

"Mantua," was the answer.

"Mantua! I don't know how it is," said one of the gendarmes, "but your voice sounds very much like that of the captain we had when we were stationed at St. Benedetto, not far from Mantua."

A ray of hope broke upon me, and I eagerly asked, "Was it Antonio T....?"

"Exactly!"

"That is one of my brothers,"* said I exultantly, "he is in that neighborhood yet." And on the impulse of the moment I poured out my whole story to my captors.

They listened, and when I had done, they laughed, and one said: "Why did n't you mention this at once? We should not have kept you a minute in suspense. It 's our custom to handle roughly those who fall into our hands, for spies are often sent to see if we do our duty; but we never arrest, when we can safely avoid it, either deserters or young men flying from the conscription. Many a time we are tempted to go over the bridge ourselves, instead of serving these accursed Austrians. As to the smugglers, we know them too well to act against them, except when Austrian officers are among us;

* The traveller visiting Milan will find the name of Antonio T., who fell fighting against the Austrians, inscribed on the monument to the martyrs of the revolution of 1848.

then we show fight, in order not to be betrayed. You can go where you like; but mind that, whatever happens, *you have never seen us.*"

So saying they both shook hands with me. I gladly gave them something to get a good dinner and a bottle of wine in which to drink success to my enterprise, and, stepping lightly over the stile, found myself in Switzerland.

I suppose that any traveller, who now chanced to cross the Septimer by that obscure pass, would not find it at all different from what I saw it, nor would he find the mountaineers of the region in the least disturbed or changed by the great events that have taken place during the last thirty years. I am sure, therefore, a sketch of a family of these people as I saw them will have at least the merit of novelty and of fidelity to existing facts.

The Canton Grisons, where I now found myself, is the largest in the Confederation, or as large as Geneva, Zug, Unterwalden, Schwytz, Glarus, Soleure, Bâle, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, Thurgovia, and Neufchâtel put together, but has only about fifteen thousand inhabitants. More than one half of these are, of course, in the capital and the forty or fifty principal townships, leaving to the square mile for the remainder of the canton some sixteen or seventeen souls. These few thousand Grisons, up to 1848, governed themselves in twenty-six independent, microscopic republics, having each a complete legislative, executive, and judiciary; but in remote times when the Grisons were yet fewer in number, they formed but three leagues, called respectively the League of God, the League of the Ten Jurisdictions, and the League *Grisha*, or Gray, from the color of their clothes, and this league gave its name to the whole canton.

My object was to reach some Protestant friends in St. Gall, upon whose hospitality I knew I could rely, and I had arrived in this Canton Grisons, as I have said, by the Septimer, choosing the most direct road because I had neither money nor physical strength in superfluity. Yet the Septimer had not in itself been a delightful anticipation, for I knew that it would take me into the wildest Alpine region and among vast glaciers.

Persons who, in closed and comfortable sleighs, coaches, and, recently, railway carriages, have crossed the Simplon, St. Gothard, Splügen, Mt. Cenis, or any other passes, may suppose that all the Alpine roads are more or less alike. But this is a great mistake. Very few travellers indeed cross the Septimer, for two reasons: first, it leads only into wild regions; secondly, the road was and is indescribably bad. That miserable communication between Switzerland and Italy is used mostly, I should say, only by cattle-drivers, who sell their stock in Lombardy, in the neighborhood of Lake Como, and by smugglers who know every tree and every stone.

Streams and ravines cross and recross it at every moment, and the hand of man has done nothing for the road, except where it runs quite upon the brink of the precipices. At times all vestiges of a path disappear, and for all guidance you might as well be in the prairies of the West or the untrodden fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains.

I hurried forward with what speed I could, but my feet soon became so swollen that I could not endure the pressure of my boots, and having slung these over my back, I picked my way barefoot through the snow and frozen gravel. The only relief I found was occasionally afforded by the slippery rocks, polished by ice, rain, snow, and extending across the space between the frequent curves of the path; sliding twenty or twenty-five feet down these would save me ten to twelve minutes' walk; but even this pleasure had its pains, for I could not always stop on the path below, and sometimes brought up in a snow-bank or a briery thicket.

The reader who is enamored of this method of travel will regret to learn that the accommodations by the way are poor. His food will be rather worse

than that we give to cattle; hair or spring mattresses there are none; and he may be obliged one evening to invite slumber on a bundle of straw, another to stretch his weary limbs in a hay-loft, and only where civilization has outdone herself may he have happy dreams on a nice, clean, dry, comfortable heap of oak and ash leaves. The minister or the priest in larger villages may shelter a respectable traveller for one night, but inns or hotels are unknown; for if they existed, who would support them?

Crossing marshy fields, pursuing rough paths, and descending rocky slopes through thorny brakes and primeval forests (I had the misfortune one day to follow the dry bed of a stream which I mistook for a path, and so lost myself in a large wood), coasting, as a New England boy would call it, without a sled down those smooth rocks, — I had left the Septimer behind me, and was one day, after a miserable breakfast, dragging slowly onward. The sun had passed the meridian; the mountain air and the exercise had so sharpened my appetite that it could have competed with the finest razor in keenness; I had become cross and fierce enough to dispute the hind foot of a lamb with a wolf; but I had given up all hopes of finding a human habitation (and it would not have been the first night I had spent in the hollow of a rock), when I reached a very small valley containing a solitary house.

As I eyed the structure, a dreadful doubt seized me; there was no chimney, yet the house was too good for a cattle-shed, and besides there were many steps; that decided the matter in my favor. The cabin must have been some thirty or thirty-six feet long, and perhaps twenty feet deep. The walls consisted of round trunks of trees cut within a few feet more or less of the same length, and placed lengthwise one on the top of the other, and fastened here and there with strong wooden pins. The interstices between the logs were filled in with a composition of fine-cut straw and mud or clay, which, when dry, makes such walls wind and water tight, and forms a perfect quadrilateral for vermin and insects. When I saw on Boston Common the log-cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, it appeared to me almost the exact counterpart of this Alpine home.

The strangest part of the whole building was the roof. Thick logs took the place of rafters, and in their turn were covered, not with stone flags, shingles, slates, or tiles, but with monstrously thick wooden slabs, also fastened with long pegs; and, in order to resist the wind, which in those high valleys sweeps everything before it at times, enormous stones, some of them weighing more than a hundred pounds, were laid on the slabs, and kept from sliding by wooden pegs.

Not having seen any smoke, I waited for some other sign of life about the place, but to no purpose. It harmonized perfectly with the death-like stillness of that whole region.

The cabin had two floors. The lower, a very little digged out of the ground, was divided into two sections, one of which served as a stable, the other as a cellar. The stable, it is true, was at the time empty, and it remained so for the whole summer, the cattle roaming day and night on the mountains; but the cellar, placed at the north end, was nice and cool to keep the milk which was turned into butter and cheese, — articles which on the Swiss Alps in general are of the very best quality, for the cows in those regions eat only aromatic and sweet herbs, and the hay has a better flavor than what is called in America *English* breakfast-tea.

The upper floor of such a cabin serves, although all in one room, as the dwelling and sleeping apartments of the whole family, no matter how numerous it may be. Those mountaineers have advantage over the Irish peasantry, that while the latter associate directly with their pigs, goats, and hens, the former place a whole floor between man and beast.

Arrived at the door, I looked in vain

for a latch, or a lock, or anything of the kind. Nothing was visible but a small string, by pulling which a wooden cross-bar resting in a wooden catch within is lifted. Even hinges are unknown; but instead there is a round stick fastened at one side of the door and projecting a little at the bottom and a little at the top, playing in two holes there.

I was surprised to see not the least sign of life after I had entered; and I was going out again to look about the house, when a voice startled me, saying in a strange idiom, "Why don't you take a seat?" It was the voice of an old man sitting close to an opening which, by a stretch of the imagination, could be called a window. A large table stood between him and me, and he was seated on a low stool as roughly put together as the remainder of the furniture. His elbows rested on his knees, and, as he supported his face in both his hands, he looked as immovable as a statue.

A shirt of very coarse material, and a very short pair of knee-breeches were all the garments which troubled or protected his person. His tibial bones were covered so parsimoniously with flesh that they seemed dry sticks of wood; his face, although very wrinkled, was so pale that, a few steps off, the skin looked like vellum, rather than the human epidermis. The eyesight of this old man was, of course, dim, although that sense had suffered less than his hearing.

"Sit down, stranger," said he a second time, and complying, I tried to enter into conversation, speaking as loud as a church-bell; but I soon perceived that there were other difficulties besides his hearing, for he spoke only "Romansch."

All Switzerland seems to be inhabited by the descendants of those dreadful sinners who built the tower of Babel, and were turned into hopeless polyglots, and in Switzerland Canton Grisons labors under peculiar difficulties. As far back as the time of Julius Cæsar a Roman colony established itself in Switzerland, and principally in this part of it. Those Romans spoke a corrupt Latin, to which has been added, with years, more corrupt Italian, French, and German words. The whole is called, from its origin, the Romansch language, and this was my host's idiom. Every one will, therefore, believe me when I say that I was obliged to guess at much of what he said.

He made me understand, however, that he had two sons and two daughters; the former of whom were lazy, and always loafing in the valleys and at houses of their neighbors. They were otherwise of very irregular conduct, for after having had some troubles with the magistrates (he meant, I think, that they had been imprisoned), every one avoided them, and now they had gone to serve the king of Naples and the Pope. It has always been the fate of the prince who rules in Rome to have for the protection of his sacred person soldiers who have escaped the prison or the gibbet. Pius IX.'s regiments are richly inlaid with such Canadian, Irish, Swiss, and Belgian jewels at this day.

As to his daughters, the old man told me that he was blest in them. He considered them handsome and diligent, and pearls of truth and chastity. They were at the moment two or three miles from home, on the mountain, but they would soon return. Towards evening I had, in fact, the pleasure to make the personal acquaintance of these "pearls," in the shape of two of the hugest masses of womanhood my eyes had ever beheld. One of them measured five feet six inches in height, the other something more, and they were both large in proportion. No two human hands could, no matter how long the fingers, have encircled one of their arms; and as, according to the fashion of the place, their lower garments reluctantly reached only the upper part of the calf, their nether limbs were seen to be proportionably vast. Their cheeks were rosy, even scarlet, no doubt, but they were not over-prepossessing.

In one respect Nature had done a

good piece of work, she had made them strong, and it was strength, and not beauty, they needed; for, when they came home, each of them was loaded with a bundle of hay of such size and weight as a good-sized donkey might have been very proud to carry over those hills without breaking down.

But I perceive that I have somewhat anticipated their arrival. I was yet alone with the old man, who gave me to understand that it was about ten years since he had lost his wife, who was a great comfort to him, for they loved each other very much; and in saying this, involuntary tears started from his eyes. Since her death life was only a burden to him; every day he wished for the moment when they should place him beside her under the sod.

Although it takes me but a few minutes to write this, it was the work of more than one hour to understand him. I showed due sympathy for him, but I had also the ruthless hunger of a boy, and, at last, I could not refrain from telling him that I was famished, and should be exceedingly glad if he would give me something to eat. In his turn he expressed compassion for me, but he declared that it was out of his power to go to the cellar. To prove this he got up from his seat and walked a few steps, which showed that his legs could scarcely carry him on level ground. His poor old head and neck were buried in his shoulders, so that he looked comparatively a small man, although, in his youth, he must have been a very tall one. He begged me to be patient until his *girls* came in.

Thinking it impertinent to volunteer my services in an exploring expedition to the cellar, I wound up my patience a little more, and made a virtue of necessity. In the mean time he explained to me that his only possessions were a few cows, but that, by selling calves, cheese, and butter to men who, except in winter, came regularly for those articles, he could buy all he wanted. He had not much tilled land, just enough for his girls to plant potatoes and wheat for their own use. It was now several years since he had been able, on account of a severe illness, to go out of the house; it was difficult to get a doctor, and the nearest church, where his girls went in summer every Sunday, was eight miles away, unless you crossed a high mountain, which would reduce the road more than half. In winter almost all communication was cut off by enormous drifts of snow, and his stock of cheese and butter accumulated rapidly. Horses or mules were not used; the dealers carrying everything on their backs.

He then wanted to know how I came into that valley, adding that he could not remember to have seen for many and many years a stranger like me. I told him very frankly that I had run away from home, and that it was less a matter of choice than of necessity that I had crossed the Septimer, and had gone astray into the bargain. While we were talking the girls came in, loaded, as I have described, with hay, which they had mowed on places where goats could hardly stand. Later in the evening they showed me an immense heap of wood piled against the house, and told me that they had felled the trees, cross-cut them, and split them without help from any one.

But these women at first, instead of seeming glad to see a stranger, frowned upon me, and their looks meant that I should feel myself an intruder. After some explanations from the father, a vast smile dawned upon their broad faces, which made me feel, not exactly at home, but, if we had well understood each other, certainly on speaking terms.

I thanked all the gods of Olympus when I saw one of them take off her wooden shoes, or *sabots*, and go into the cellar for the dinner which was also to be supper for me. Waiting her return, I mechanically observed the dress of the other woman, which in all appearance consisted, like that of the man, of two articles only. The garment next her person was buttoned high up in the neck, but had very short sleeves.

Her arms were therefore so sunburned that a negress could not have been darker. The other garment was neither too ample nor too long, and was made, like her father's breeches, out of some orange-colored woollen stuff. I found out afterwards that all the clothing the family had worn for years was home-spun, home-woven, and home-dyed. Yellow being the favorite color, it is given to a whole piece, from which breeches and dresses are cut. As to the wool, they can keep sheep by the thousands on the mountains; but this family had only a few.

Amidst these observations I was alert to see the other maiden coming up stairs. She bore in her arms a loaf of bread, not very thick one way (some eight or nine inches), but measuring not less than two feet and a half the other. This she took to a large block, similar to those used by butchers, and in a masterly way with an axe (no other instrument could have touched the heart of that bread) split it first in two halves, then into quarters, and then into smaller pieces, with an almost mathematical precision.

What was the composition of the loaf? That is what puzzled me and would have, at first sight, brought to a stand-still even Liebig and Agassiz. All that could be seen at a few steps off was a mass of hairs, neither green nor blue, but something between the two shades; and I discovered at last that instead of being mouldy-bread it was bready-mould.

Unconsciously to myself my face must have looked almost equally sour; for the old man, upon some remark from one of the girls, which I could not understand, taking hold of my hands with the authority of a grandfather, said that surely at home I must have been a spoiled child, since I looked with so much diffidence at bread which was nearly fresh, being not yet two months old. They baked only three times a year, and there were loaves enough in the cellar to last two months longer. Toward the end they became, it was a fact, a little sour; but no man in his right sense could find fault with it now, it being as yet nice and sweet.

My face must have remained, even after this rebuke, somewhat dubious in expression, for the same daughter who had drawn his attention to me, after having broken some of the bread into morsels and thrown them into one of the large holes which, bowl-like, were cut out in the table (dishes and plates being unknown in those regions), and having poured about a quart of milk upon it, with a smiling countenance said to me: "Let it soak a few minutes, stranger; it will soon be as tender and sweet as sponge-cake."

Bread was broken and milk poured into three other holes in the table, which was made of a three-inch plank, and fastened by the four legs into the floor, becoming thus a fixture. I think civilization, in this respect, is a few degrees higher in Canton Grisons than on the Bernese Alps, where I travelled afterwards, and where the food is thrown into one huge wooden or earthen bowl, which is placed on a small table in the centre of the room, and out of which father, mother, children, servants, and strangers must all eat.

Letters do not slip more easily or swiftly into a letter-box than the bread and milk found its way down the throats of the two women. The old man, on the contrary, was very slow, and I was simply a spectator. Potatoes were boiling, and I was waiting to commit an assault upon them, when, putting on a somewhat forced smile, I said to one of the women, that if they would give me a piece of cold meat I would pay for it. "Meat!" (*carn*) was repeated in a trio; and, looking in each other's faces, they burst into laughter which re-echoed several times in the little valley. "Meat," then said one of them, "if you want to see any in this house you must come at Easter or on Christmas day."

The potatoes were served. They had never ripened, and were green as frogs and as watery as a soaked sponge. At last my hosts, showing the pity they felt for a poor hungry lad, gave me some

cheese, and the reader need not doubt that an enormous piece of it was washed down with plenty of milk. The repast put me, for the rest of the evening, in the best of spirits; and my eyes contentedly followed the women at their work, their first care being to wash with boiling water the table, which became as white as snow. A board was then placed over it, to prevent dust and dirt falling into the bowls.

As soon as it grew dark, the old man announced that it was time to go to sleep; he, correctly enough, did not speak of going to bed, because beds there were none in the house. It was a large oblong rectangular room, having lengthwise, on both sides, large benches as fixtures, and above these small windows or holes to admit light, as in a ship's cabin. The table was on one side close to the bench; a few stools completed the parlor furniture. The kitchen was simply a chimney or hearthstone, with a few boards above it in one of the corners, the smoke finding its way out through a hole in the wall close to the roof. The pots and pans used in cooking were fastened to a chain.

To have an idea of the sleeping apartments, one must imagine at the upper end of the enclosure a stable with a double row of stalls, only instead of having a single passage in the centre, those stalls have one passage on each side of the wall, and the occupants' heads would meet in the middle of the room if a board did not separate them. The partitions are five or six feet high and divide spaces or stalls three feet by six or seven. At the foot, the board is only twelve or fifteen inches high; enough to keep as many inches of dried leaves for bedding in their place. There are two passage-ways, for the gentlemen sleep on one side, the ladies on the other. Several tiers of shelves ornament the whole hall; there being no closets, no chests of drawers, or cabinets to enclose anything.

As it was now almost dark, light was made, not with an oil lamp or candle, but, as in the Black-Forest of Germany, with a resinous piece of wood wedged between two stones, which are fixed for that purpose in the wall. These sticks are about two feet long and half an inch thick, and burn from ten to fifteen minutes; the smell is pleasant, the smoke not quite so; and the light is as strong as that of three ordinary candles.

I wrapped up myself in my blanket, and was meditating the comforts or discomforts of the Alpine life when sleep fell upon me; and the next morning I rose, much fresher than if I had spent the night upon a bed of down, and resumed my pilgrimage.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Arne: a Sketch of Norwegian Country Life. By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. Translated from the Norwegian by Augusta Plesner and S. Rugeley Powers. Cambridge and Boston: Sever, Francis, & Co.

The Happy Boy; a Tale of Norwegian Peasant Life. By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. Translated from the Norwegian, by H. R. G. Cambridge and Boston: Sever, Francis, & Co.

The Fisher-Maiden; A Norwegian Tale. By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. From the Author's German Edition, by M. E. Niles. New York: Leypoldt and Holt.

THE author of that unique essay, "The Glut of the Fiction Market," who had the good fortune to put more truth about novels into wittier phrase than any other essayist of this time, held that having exhausted all the types and situations and catastrophes of English fiction, we must give it up as a source of literary amusement; and, indeed, there are very few critics who do not now, in their heart of hearts (if they have any), secretly look forward to a time when people shall read nothing but book-notices.

Whilst this millennial period is still

somewhat distant, their weariness of our own novelists is attested by nothing so vividly as the extraordinary welcome which has of late been given to translations of the novels of all other races; for, generally speaking, these invaders of our realm of fiction are not better than the novelists they have displaced, but only different. Miss Mühlbach, the author of a vast, and, we believe, increasing horde of blond romances, is the most formidable foe that our sorrier sort of fictionists have had to contend with, and in her train have followed unnumbered others, though none so popular and so poor. Amongst these, indeed, have appeared several of striking merit, and conspicuously Björnstjerne Björnson, the Norwegian, whose beautiful romances we wish all our readers to like with us. Concerning the man himself, we know little more than that he is the son of a country clergyman, and that, after a rather unpromising career in school and college, he has risen to the first place in the literature of the North, and has almost invented a new pleasure in the fresh and wonderful tales he writes about Norwegian life. He has been the manager of a theatre, and he has written many plays, but we believe he is known in English only by the three books of which we have given the titles below, and which form an addition to literature of as great and certain value as any which has been otherwise made during the last two years.

There is in the way the tales are told a singular simplicity, or a reticence and self-control that pass for this virtue, and that take the æsthetic sense as winningly as their sentiment touches the heart. The author has entire confidence in his reader's intelligence. He believes, it seems, that we can be fully satisfied with a few distinct touches in representing a situation or a character; he is the reverse, in a word, of all that is Trollopian in literary art. He does not concern himself with detail, nor with general statement, but he makes some one expressive particular serve for all introduction and explanation of a fact. The life he portrays is that, for the most part, of humble but decent folk; and this choice of subject is also novel and refreshing in contrast with the subjects of our own fictions, in which there seems to be no middle ground between magnificent drawing-rooms and the most unpleasant back-alleys, or between very refined and well-born company and the worst reprobates of either sex. How much of our sense of his naturalness would survive further acquaintance with Björnson we cannot venture to say; the conventionalities of a literature are but too perilously apt to be praised as *naïveté* by foreign criticism, and we have only the internal evidence that peasant-boys like Arne, and fisher-maidens like Petra, are not as common and tiresome in Norwegian fiction as we find certain figures in our own novels. We would willingly celebrate them, therefore, with a wise reserve, and season our delight with doubt, as a critic should; though we are not at all sure that we can do this.

Arne is the son of Margit Kampen and Nils the tailor, who is the finest dancer and the gallantest man in all the country-side; and it is with subtlety and feeling that the author hints the error by which Arne came to be: —

"The next time there was a dance in the parish Margit was there. She sat listening to the music, and cared little for the dancing that night; and she was glad that somebody else, too, cared no more for it than she did. But when it grew later, the fidler, Nils the tailor, rose and wished to dance. He went straight over and took out Margit, and before she well knew what she was doing she danced with him. . . .

"Soon the weather turned warmer, and there was no more dancing. That spring Margit took so much care of a little sick lamb, that her mother thought her quite foolish. 'It 's only a lamb, after all,' said the mother. 'Yes; but it 's sick,' answered Margit.

"It was a long time since Margit had been to church; somebody must stay at home, she used to say, and she would rather let the mother go. One Sunday, however, later in the summer, the weather seemed so fine that the hay might very well be left over that day and night, the mother said, and she thought both of them might go. Margit had nothing to say against it, and she went to dress herself. But when they had gone far enough to hear the church-bells, she suddenly burst into tears. The mother grew deadly pale; yet they went on to church, heard the sermon and prayers, sang all the hymns, and let the last sound of the bells die away before they left. But when they were seated at home again, the mother took Margit's face between her hands, and said, 'Keep back nothing from me, my child!'"

But Nils is in love with Birgit Böen, who

loves him again, and is richer and handsomer than Margit. They torment each other, lover's fashion, Birgit being proud, and Nils capricious and dissipated, until one night at a dance he runs wilfully against Birgit and another lover of hers (who afterwards marries her), and knocks them over. Then this lover strikes Nils, who falls against the sharp edge of the fireplace, upon his spine. So Margit comes to claim him, and takes him home, and they are married; but as Nils grows better in health he grows a worse man, gives himself constantly to drink, and beats Margit cruelly. At last it comes to this awful scene, which is portrayed with peculiar force and boldness, and which is a good illustration of a manner so unaffected that manner hardly seems the word for it. Nils comes home after one of his drinking-bouts at a wedding-party, and finds Arne reading and Margit in bed.

"Arne was startled by the sound of a heavy fall in the passage, and of something hard pushing against the door. It was the father, just coming home.

"'Is it you, my clever boy?' he muttered; 'come and help your father to get up.' Arne helped him up, and brought him to the bench; then carried in the violin-case after him and shut the door. 'Well, look at me, you clever boy; I don't look very handsome, now; Nils the tailor 's no longer the man he used to be. One thing, I — tell — you — you shall never drink spirits; they 're — the devil, the world, and the flesh. . . . . "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." . . . . O dear! O dear! How far gone I am!'

"He sat silent for a while, and then sang in a tearful voice, —

> 'Merciful Lord, I come to Thee;
> Help, if there can be help for me;
> Though by the mire of sin defiled,
> I 'm still Thine own dear ransomed child.'

"'"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof; but speak the word only . . . ."' He threw himself forward, hid his face in his hands, and sobbed violently. . . .

"Then he was silent, and his weeping became subdued and calm.

"The mother had been long awake, without looking up; but now when she heard him weeping thus like one who is saved, she raised herself on her elbows, and gazed earnestly at him.

"But scarcely did Nils perceive her before he called out, 'Are you looking up, you ugly vixen! I suppose you would like to see what a state you have brought me to. Well, so I look, just so!' . . . . He rose; and she hid herself under the fur coverlet. 'Nay, don't hide, I 'm sure to find you,' he said, stretching out his right hand and fumbling with his forefinger on the bedclothes, 'Tickle, tickle,' he said, turning aside the fur coverlet, and putting his forefinger on her throat.

"'Father!' cried Arne.

"'How shrivelled and thin you 've become already, there 's no depth of flesh here!' She writhed beneath his touch, and seized his hand with both hers, but could not free herself.

"'Father!' repeated Arne.

"'Well, at last you 're roused. How she wriggles, the ugly thing! Can't you scream to make believe I am beating you? Tickle, tickle! I only want to take away your breath.'

"'Father!' Arne said once more, running to the corner of the room, and snatching up an axe which stood there.

"'Is it only out of perverseness you don't scream? you had better beware; for I 've taken such a strange fancy into my head. Tickle, tickle! Now, I think I shall soon get rid of that screaming of yours.'

"'Father!' Arne shouted, rushing towards him with the axe uplifted.

"But before Arne could reach him, he started up with a piercing cry, laid his hand upon his heart, and fell heavily down. 'Jesus Christ!' he muttered, and then lay quite still.

"Arne stood as if rooted in the ground, and gradually lowered the axe. He grew dizzy and bewildered, and scarcely knew where he was. Then the mother began to move to and fro in the bed, and to breathe heavily, as if oppressed by some great weight lying upon her. Arne saw that she needed help; but yet he felt unable to render it. At last she raised herself a little, and saw the father lying stretched on the floor, and Arne standing beside him with the axe.

"'Merciful Lord, what have you done?' she cried, springing out of the bed, putting on her skirt and coming nearer.

"'He fell down himself,' said Arne, at last regaining power to speak.

"'Arne, Arne, I don't believe you,' said the mother, in a stern reproachful voice:

'now Jesus help you!' And she threw herself upon the dead man with loud wailing.

"But the boy awoke from his stupor, dropped the axe and fell down on his knees: 'As true as I hope for mercy from God, I've not done it. I almost thought of doing it; I was so bewildered; but then he fell down himself; and here I've been standing ever since.'

"The mother looked at him, and believed him. 'Then our Lord has been here Himself,' she said, quietly, sitting down on the floor and gazing before her."

The terror and shadow of what he might have done hung long about Arne, making lonelier and sadder the life that was already melancholy and secluded. He has many dreams of going abroad, and escaping from the gloomy associations of his home and his past life; and, indulging these and other dreams, he begins to make songs and to sing them. All the processes of his thought are clearly suggested, and then almost as much is left to the reader's fancy as in any poem that stands so professed in rhyme. People are shown without effort to account for their presence further than it is explained in their actions, so that all has the charm of fact, about which there ever hangs a certain fascinating mystery; and the pictures of scenery are made with a confidence that they will please because they are beautiful. In these, natural aspects are represented as affecting the beholder in certain ways, and nature does not, as in our false sentimentilization, take on the complexion of his thoughts and reflect his mood.

By and by Arne is drawn somewhat away from the lonely life he has been leading, and upon a certain occasion he is persuaded to go nutting with a party of young girls; and here the author sketches with all his winning lightness and confidence the young-girl character he wishes us to see: —

"So Arne came to the party, and was nearly the only young man among the many girls. Such fun as was there Arne had never seen before in all his life; and one thing which especially astonished him was, that the girls laughed for nothing at all: if three laughed, then five would laugh just because those three laughed. Altogether, they behaved as if they had lived with each other all their lives; and yet there were several of them who had never met before that very day. When they caught the bough which they jumped after, they laughed, and when they did not catch it they laughed also; when they did not find any nuts, they laughed because they found none; and when they did find some, they also laughed. They fought for the nutting-hook: those who got it laughed, and those who did not get it laughed also. Godfather limped after them, trying to beat them with his stick, and making all the mischief he was good for; those he hit laughed because he hit them, and those he missed laughed because he missed them. But the whole lot laughed at Arne because he was so grave; and when at last he could not help laughing, they all laughed again because he laughed."

This is the way in which all young girls appear to all boys, confounding them with emotions and caprices which they do not themselves understand; it is the history of a whole epoch of life; yet with how few words it is told! Think how one of our own story-tellers, — even a very clever one, — with the heavy and awkward traditions of the craft would have gone about it, if he or she had had the grace to conceive of anything so pretty and natural, and how it would have been explained and circumstantiated, and analyzed, and made detestable with the intrusion of the author's reflections and comments!

There is not much plot in "Arne." The task which the author seems chiefly to have proposed himself is the working out, by incident and encounter, of a few characters. In the person of Arne as in Petra, the fisher-maiden, he attempts a most difficult work; though Arne as a genius is far inferior to Petra. Still, there is in both the waywardness and strangeness produced by peculiar gifts, and both characters have to be handled with great delicacy to preserve the truth which is so often unlike truth, and the naturalness which is so uncommon as to appear unnatural. One of the maidens in the nutting-party is Eli Böen, the daughter of Birgit and Baard, the man who struck Arne's father that dreadful blow; and Arne, with as little consciousness as possible, and while still planning to go abroad, falls in love with her. It all ends, of course, with some delaying occurrence in their marriage, and in the heartfelt union of Eli's parents, who during twenty years have been secretly held apart by Birgit's old love for Nils, and by the memory of Baard's share in his ruin. This last effect, which is an incident of the main story, is inseparable from it, but is

not hinted till far toward the end, and is then produced with that trusting and unhasty art which, together with the brevity of every scene and incident, makes the romance so enjoyable. There is something also very wise and fine in the management of the character of Margit, Arne's mother, who, in spite of the double tragedy of her life, is seen to be a passive and simple heart, to whom things merely happen, and who throughout merely loves, now her bad husband and now her affectionate yet unintelligible son, whom she singly desires to keep with her always. She is the type of maternity as nearly as it can exist unrelated to other phases and conditions; and when she hears that Arne is in love with Eli, she has no other thought than to rejoice that this is a tie which will bind him to home. Meeting Eli one evening in the road, she lures her to walk toward Kampen that she may praise Arne to her; then comes some dialogue which is contrived to show the artless artifices by which these two women strive to turn the talk to and from the object of their different love; and after that there are most enchanting little scenes in the home at Kampen, when the women find Arne's treasury of wedding-gear, and at the end some of the prettiest love-making when Arne himself comes home.

With people in another rank, Charles Reade would have managed this as charmingly, though he would have thrown into it somewhat too much of the brilliancy of the footlights; and Auerbach would have done it with equal naturalness; but neither could have cast about it that poetic atmosphere which is so peculiarly the gift of Björnson and of the Northern mind, and which is felt in its creations, as if the glamour of the long summer days of the North had got into literature. It is very noticeable throughout "Arne." The facts are stated with perfect ruggedness and downrightness when necessary, but some dreamy haze seems still to cling about them, subduing their hard outlines and features like the tender light of the slanting Norwegian sun on the craggy Norwegian headlands. The romance is interspersed with little lyrics, pretty and graceful in their form, but of just the quality to show that Björnson is wise to have chosen prose for the expression of his finer and stronger thoughts.

In that region of novel characters, wholesome sympathies, and simple interests to which he transports us, we have not only a blissful sense of escape from the jejune inventions and stock repetitions of what really seems a failing art with us, but are aware of our contact with an excellent and enviable civilization. Of course the reader sees the Norwegians and their surroundings through Björnson's poetic eyes, and is aware that he is reading romance; yet he feels that there must be truth to the real as well as the ideal in these stories.

"Arne" is the most poetical of the three, and the action is principally in a world where the troubles are from within, and inherent in human nature, rather than from any artificial causes, though the idyllic sweetness is chiefly owing to the circumstances of the characters as peasant-folk in a "North countree." In "The Happy Boy" the world of conventions and distinctions is more involved by the fortunes of the lovers; for the happy boy Oeyvind is made wretched enough in the good old way by finding out that there is a difference between riches and poverty in the eyes of grandparents, at least, and he is tormented in his love of Marit by his jealousy of a wealthier rival. It is Marit's worldly and ambitious grandfather who forbids their love, and will have only unpleasant things to say to Oeyvind, until the latter comes back from the Agricultural College, and establishes himself in his old home with the repute of the best farmer in the neighborhood. Meantime unremitted love-making goes on between Marit and Oeyvind, abetted by Oeyvind's schoolmaster, through whom indeed all their correspondence was conducted while Oeyvind was away at school. At last the affair is happily concluded when Ole Nordistuen, the grandfather, finds that his farm is going to ruin, and nothing can save it but the skill of Oeyvind.

In this story the peasant life is painted in a more naturalistic spirit, and its customs are more fully described, though here as always in Björnson's work the people are primarily studied as men and women, and secondarily as peasants and citizens; and the descriptions are brief, incidental, and strictly subordinate to the story. We imagine in this an exercise of self-denial, for Björnson must be in love with all that belongs to his characters or surrounds them, to the degree of desiring to dwell longer than he ever does upon their portrayal. His fashion in dealing with scenery and character both is well shown in this account of Marit's party, to which Oeyvind

was invited, and at which he ceases with his experience of the world to be the entirely happy boy of the past:—

"It was a half clear, mild evening; no stars were to be seen; the next day it could not help raining. A sleepy kind of wind blew over the snow, which was swept away here and there on the white Heide fields; in other spots it had drifted. Along the side of the road, where there lay but little snow, there was ice which stretched along blue-black between the snow and the bare field, and peeped out in patches as far as one could see. Along the mountains there had been avalanches; in their track it was dark and bare, but on both sides bright and covered with snow, except where the birch-trees were packed together in black masses. There was no water to be seen, but half-naked marshes and morasses lay under the deeply fissured, melancholy looking mountain. The farms lay in thick clusters in the middle of the plain; in the darkness of the winter evening they looked like black lamps, from which light shot over the fields, now from one window, now from another; to judge by the lights, it seemed as if they were busy inside.

"Children, grown up and half grown up, were flocking together from all directions: the smaller number walked along the road; but they, too, left it when they came near the farms; and there stole along one under the shadow of the stable, a couple near the granary; some ran for a long time behind the barn, screaming like foxes, others answered far away like cats, one stood behind the wash-house, and barked like a cross old crack-voiced dog, until there became a general hunt. The girls came along in great flocks, and had some boys, mostly little boys, with them, who gathered around them along the road to seem like young men. When such a swarm of girls arrived at the farm, and one or a couple of the grown-up boys saw them, the girls separated, flew into the passages between the buildings or down in the garden, and had to be dragged into the house one by one. Some were so bashful that Marit had to be sent for, and compel them to come in. Sometimes, too, there came one who had not originally been invited, and whose intention was not at all to go in, but only to look on, until it turned out that she would just take one little dance. Those whom Marit liked much she invited into a little room where the old people themselves were, the old man sitting smoking and grandmamma walking about. There they got something to drink, and were kindly spoken to. Oeyvind was not among them, and that struck him as rather strange."

When the dancing began, he scarcely dared to ask Marit to dance with him, and at last, when he did so, a tall, dark-complexioned fellow with thick hair threw himself in front of him. "Back, youngster!" he shouted, pushing Oeyvind so that the latter nearly fell backward over Marit.

"Nothing like this had ever happened to him before; never had any one been otherwise than kind to him, never had he been called 'Youngster,' when he wished to join in; he blushed scarlet, but said nothing, and drew back to where the new fiddler, who had just arrived, had sat down, and was busy tuning up his fiddle. . . . .

"He looked longer and longer at her; but, in whatever way he looked, it seemed to him as if Marit were quite grown up; 'it cannot be so, he thought, for she still coasts down hill with us.' But grown up she was, nevertheless; and the thick-haired man pulled her, after the dance was over, down on to his lap; she glided off, still remaining, however, sitting by his side.

So Oeyvind discovered that this young man was handsome, and that he was himself very shabbily dressed. He could bear his novel and inexplicable anguish no longer, and went out and sat upon the porch alone with his gloomy thoughts, till Marit, who loved him, missed him and came to seek him.

"'You went away so soon,' she said to Oeyvind. He did not know what he should answer to this; thereupon, she also grew confused, and they were all three silent. But Hans stole away little by little. The two remained, not looking at each other, nor stirring. Then she said in a whisper: 'I have gone the whole evening with some Christmas goodies in my pocket for you, Oeyvind; but I have not had any chance to give them to you before.' She pulled out a few apples, a slice of a cake from town, and a little half-pint bottle, which she thrust over towards him, and said he could keep. Oeyvind took them. 'Thank you,' said he, and stretched out his hand; hers was warm; he dropped it immediately, as if he had burnt himself. 'You have danced a good deal this evening?' 'Yes, I have,' she answered; 'but you have not danced much,' she added. 'No, I have not.' 'Why not?' 'O—' 'Oeyvind.' 'What?' 'Why did you sit and

look so at me?' 'O, — Marit!' 'Yes?' 'Why did n't you like to have me look at you?' 'There were so many people.' 'You danced a good deal with John Hatlen this evening.' 'O, yes!' 'He dances well.' 'Do you think so?' 'O, yes! I do not know how it is, but this evening I cannot bear to have you dance with him, Marit.' He turned away; it had cost him an effort to say it. 'I do not understand you, Oeyvind.' 'Nor do I understand it myself; it is so stupid of me. Farewell, Marit; I am going now.' He took a step without looking round. Then she called after him: 'It is a mistake what you thought you saw, Oeyvind.' He stopped. 'That you are already a grown-up girl is not a mistake.' He did not say what she had expected, and so she was silent."

This Marit's character is beautifully drawn, as it rises out of maiden coyness to meet the exigency of her lover's sensitive passion, and is so frank at once and so capricious in the sort of advances she is obliged to make to him. The correspondence carried on between the two while Oeyvind is in the Agricultural College is delightful with its mixture of prodigious formality and jealous tenderness on the hero's part, and mixture of jesting coquetry and fond consenting on Marit's side. A lover cannot take a joke from his mistress, and of course Marit shows superior to Oeyvind at this and some other times, but she is always patient and firm in her love for him.

The religious feeling which is a passive quality in "Arne" is a positive and controlling influence in "The Happy Boy," where it is chiefly exerted by the old schoolmaster. To him a long and bitter quarrel with an only brother, now dead, has taught lifelong meekness and dread of pride; and he affectingly rebukes Oeyvind's ambition to be first among the candidates for confirmation, in order that he may eclipse all others in Marit's eyes. But Björnson's religious feeling is not pietistic; on the contrary, it teaches, as in "The Fisher-Maiden," that a cheerful life of active goodness is the best interpretation of liberal and hopeful faith, and it becomes at no time a theological abstraction. It is always more or less blended with love of home, and a sense of the sweetness and beauty of natural affections. It is a strengthening property in the tenderness of a sentiment which seems almost distinctively his, or which at least is very clearly distinguished from German sentiment, and in which we Anglo-Saxon readers may indulge our hearts without that recoil of shame which otherwise attends the like surrender. Indeed, we feel a sort of inherent sympathy with most of Björnson's people on this and other accounts, as if we were in spirit, at least, Scandinavians with them, and the Viking blood had not yet died out of us. Some of the traits that he sketches are those now of New England fishermen and farmers and of Western pioneers, — that is, the pioneers of the time before Pacific Railroads. A conscientiousness also exists in them which is like our own, — for we have really a popular conscientiousness, in spite of many shocking appearances to the contrary, — though there seems to be practically more forgiveness in their morality than in ours, especially towards such errors as those by which Arne and Petra came to be. But their incentives and expectations are all as different from ours as their customs are, and in these romances the reader is always sensible of beholding the life of a vigorous and healthful yet innumerous people, restricted by an unfriendly climate and variable seasons, and gaining a hard subsistence from the treacherous sea and grudging soil. Sometimes the sense of nature's reluctant or cruel attitude toward man finds open expression, as in "The Fisher-Maiden," where the pastor says to the "village saints": "Your homes are far up among the mountains, where your grain is cut down more frequently by the frost than by the scythe. Such barren fields and deserted spots should never have been built upon; they might well be given over to pasturage and the spooks. Spiritual life thrives but poorly in your mountain home, and partakes of the gloom of the surrounding vegetation. Prejudice, like the cliffs themselves, overhangs your life and casts a shadow upon it." Commonly, however, the pathos of this unfriendliness between the elements and man is not sharply uttered, but remains a subtile presence qualifying all impressions of Norwegian life. Perhaps it is this which gives their singular beauty to Björnson's pictures of the scenery amidst which the action of his stories takes place, — pictures notably of Nature in her kindlier moods, as if she were not otherwise to be endured by the imagination.

In "The Fisher-Maiden," which is less perfect as a romance than "Arne," Björnson has given us in Petra his most perfect and surprising creation. The story is not so dreamy, and it has not so much poetic inti-

macy with external things as "Arne," while it is less naturalistic than "The Happy Boy," and interests us in characters more independently of circumstance. It is, however, very real, and Petra is a study as successful as daring. To work out the character of a man of genius is a task of sufficient delicacy, but the difficulty is indefinitely enhanced where it is a woman of genius whose character is to be painted in the various phases of childhood and girlhood, and this is the labor Björnson undertakes in Petra. She is a girl of the lowest origin, and has had, like Arne, no legal authority for coming into the world; but like him she has a wonderful gift, though it is different from his. Looking back over her career from the close of the book, one sees plainly enough that she was born for the stage; but it is then only that the author's admirable art is apparent, and that we are reconciled to what seemed extravagances and inconsistencies, and are even consoled for the disappointment of our foolish novel-reading desire for the heroine's marriage. Petra does not marry any of the numerous lovers whom she has won in her unconscious effort to surround herself with the semblances that charm her imagination but never touch her heart; she is wedded to dramatic art alone, and the author, with a wisdom and modesty almost rare enough to be called singular, will not let us see whether the union is happy or not, but closes his book as the curtain rises upon Petra's first appearance. In fact, his business with her was there ended, as the romancer's used to be with the nuptials of his young people; what followed could only have been commonplace in contrast with what went before. The story is exquisitely pleasing; the incidents are quickly successive; the facts are in great part cheerful and amusing, and even where they are disastrous there is not a hopeless or unrelieved pathos in them; the situations are vivid and picturesque, and the people most refreshingly original and new, down to the most slightly seen and least important personage. There is also unusual range and variety in the characters; we have no longer to do with the peasants, but behold Norwegian nature as it is affected by life in towns, refined by education and thought, and sophisticated by wealth and unwise experience of the world. The figures are drawn with a strength and fineness that coexist more in this author than in any other we know, and that strike us peculiarly in the characters of Petra's mother, Gunlaug, who lets her own compassionate heart deceive her with regard to that pitiful Pedro Ohlsen, and thereafter lives a life of stormy contempt towards her seducer, forgiving him at last in a tacit sort of way sufficiently to encourage the feeble-souled creature to leave Petra his money; of Gunnar, the young sailor, who being made love to by Petra because she wants the figure of a lover for her reveries, furiously beats Ingve Vold because he has stolen Petra's airy affections from him; of Ingve Vold, the Spanish-travelled, dandified, handsome young rich man, who, after capturing Petra's fancy with stories of Spain, in turn lets his love get the better of his wickeder designs, and is ready to do anything in order to call Petra his wife; of the pastor's son, Oedegaard, who has educated Petra and has then fallen in love with her, and been accepted by her after that imaginative person has promised herself to Gunnar and Ingve; of the country pastor in whose house Petra finds refuge (after her mother's house has been mobbed because of her breaking so many hearts, and she has been driven out of her native village), and in despite of whom she dreams and thinks of nothing but the stage, till finally he blesses her aspiration.

Two scenes in the story appear to us the most interesting; and of course the chief of these is Petra seeing a play for the first time at the theatre in Bergen, which stands quite alone as a sympathetic picture of the amaze and exaltation of genius in the art destined henceforth to express it and to explain it to itself. It is long after this before Petra comes fully to understand her past life from her present consuming desire, and perhaps she never does it so fully as another does, — as Oedegaard, or the reader; but that experience at once gives shape and direction to her future, and it is so recorded as to be nearly as much a rapture to us as to her.

After this the most admirable episode is that scene in which the "village saints" come to expostulate with the pastor against countenancing music and dancing and other wicked cheerfulnesses, and in which the unanswerable arguments of the pastor in self-defence are made subtly to undermine the grounds of his own opposition to Petra's longing for the theatre. In this scene the religious and earnest element of Björnson's genius appears with great effect. The bigoted sincerity of the saints is treated

with beautiful tenderness, while their errors are forcibly discovered to them. In a little space these people's characters are shown in all their individual quaintness, their narrow life is hinted in its gloom and loneliness, and the reader is made to feel at once respect and compassion for them.

There is no room left here to quote from "The Fisher-Maiden"; but the reader has already been given some idea of Björnson's manner in the passages from "Arne" and "The Happy Boy." This manner is always the same in its freedom from what makes the manner of most of our own stories tedious and abominable: it is always direct, unaffected, and dignified, expressing nothing of the author's personality, while fully interpreting his genius, and supplying no intellectual hollowness and poverty with tricks and caprices of phrase.

We hope that his publishers will find it profitable to give us translations of all his works. From him we can learn that fulness exists in brevity rather more than in prolixity; that the finest poetry is not ashamed of the plainest fact; that the lives of men and women, if they be honestly studied, can, without surprising incident or advantageous circumstance, be made as interesting in literature as are the smallest private affairs of the men and women in one's own neighborhood; that telling a thing is enough, and explaining it too much; and that the first condition of pleasing is a generous faith in the reader's capacity to be pleased by natural and simple beauty.

Red as a Rose is She. By the Author of "Cometh up as a Flower," "Not Wisely, but too Well," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Some things you do not like to have a woman do well, and these are about the only things which are well done by the authoress of "Red as a Rose is She." A sad facility in reproducing the speeches and feelings of loose young men of the world about women, and a keen perception of those thoughts of which men are mostly so much ashamed that they try to hide them from themselves, are the strong points of this popular writer whose mental and moral attitudes somehow vividly remind you of the *opéra bouffe* and the burlesques. But let women be as immodest and reckless as they will, they have always a fund of indestructible innocence; and in this novel, where there is apparently neither fear of God nor regard of man, there is artlessly mixed up with the wickedness and worldliness ever so much sentimental millinery of the kind that young girls delight in, when they write, and, we suppose, when they read, and that comes in drolly and pathetically enough along with all the rest.

The women's characters have a certain bad naturalness, and so have the worse men's, — if there is any choice in that doubtful company. Such a girl as Esther might very well be, and such a one as Constance; though a little more modesty and heart would not hurt either likeness. But the plot is entirely preposterous in its staleness and its wildness. You have all that dreary meeting-at-a-country-house, dining and shooting business which makes the English society novel an insupportable burden, and then that sort of love-making (apparently studied from the enamored cats upon the roof) in which the lovers scold and revile each other, and bid one another leave the premises, when they do not happen to thrill and throb and hunger and clutch and have ice and fire in their veins. And so it comes to pass that Esther falls frightfully sick, and, being at the point of death, asks St. John to kiss her, and, miraculously recovering, cannot get over having begged this simple favor, though she has no shame and no remorse for some hundreds of kisses, as seething and charring as any out of Mr. Swinburne's poetry, which she exchanged with St. John when in health. She will not be consoled till St. John in his vein of airy badinage swears "by the holy poker" not to taunt her with it after they are married.

Throughout this romance there is a great and explicit loathing of all persons in sickness, poverty, old age, or calamity of any kind except unhappy love, and of all religious persons especially, and most of the virtues are put where they belong, amongst the humbugs. You may say that the characters are vulgar in their lives and words, but it is all nothing to the vulgarity which appears when the authoress speaks for herself in a parenthetical passage. There is no denying that she has dash; but you cannot call it anything better. Her wit would not save a well-meaning book; but a very little wit goes a great way in a reckless or evil book.

ATLANTIC ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

No. CL. APRIL, 1870.

BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD. — The publication of Bryant's translation of Homer's Iliad is an event of extraordinary interest in American literature. This work is a fitting crown to the lifelong literary labors of the poet, who has brought to the task not only ripe scholarship and excellent judgment, but singular skill in the management of the difficult and noble measure he has selected for his translation. The first volume of Mr. Bryant's work, which is to be comprised in two volumes, contains the first twelve books of the Iliad. It has long been a settled belief among scholars that Mr. Bryant could give us a better English version of the great epic than had been produced. This belief was based upon the brief specimens of the Greek poem which Mr. Bryant had published from time to time. The first half of the work is now completed, and in no respect falls short of the expectations that have been indulged regarding it. Mr. Bayard Taylor, in a very thoughtful paper in a recent number of the *Tribune*, says : —

"The appearance of this work is in more senses than one an event in our literary history. Next in importance to the production of great original works is the naturalization in another land and language of the masterpieces of literature. We cannot say that the labor of translation has hitherto been undervalued ; but it has rarely, in our tongue, been performed with that abnegation of the translator's personality, through which alone the original author can receive justice. The fact that our two most distinguished poets, independently undertaking their separate tasks, substantially agree in their method, — and that method unquestionably the correct one, — confirms us in the hope that the great poets of other lands and ages may receive their fittest English speech through American authors. . . . .

"Three years ago we welcomed Mr. Longfellow's 'Divina Commedia,' — a translation which, for the first time in English, gives the very spirit and atmosphere of the original text. We believe that Mr. Bryant has now given us the standard English Iliad, which is destined to supersede all previous versions. In any case, he has produced a work which reflects the highest honor on himself, and on the country whose literature he has already so nobly enriched."

As no extract from the translation would indicate the sustained power of the whole, so no quotation from the numerous critical articles that have been called forth by the work could fairly represent the favor with which it has been received. There occurs, however, in the course of a review in the *New York World*, an admirable dissertation on Mr. Bryant's use of blank verse, which is not too long to be reproduced here.

"Having indicated," says the writer, "two of the qualifications necessary for a translator of Homer, in one or the other of which, as we conceive, all previous translators of Homer have been more or less deficient, the question now arises, Are these qualifications possessed by Mr. Bryant? In our opinion they are. Of his thorough knowledge of Greek there can be no doubt, as there can be no doubt of his thorough knowledge of English. Of all the poets of the age we recall none whose English is more pure than his, and not many whose English at all approaches his in purity. Among his equals as a purist we should place Wordsworth, and among those who are nearly his equals Byron. The English of Bryant is the best that we have in verse, as the English of Hawthorne is the best that we have in prose. The English of Tennyson may be richer in one respect, richer, that is, in rare, ripe words, which are nothing if not picturesque ; the English of Browning may be richer in another respect, richer, that is, in words which are positively alive with intensity ; the English of Swinburne may be richer in a third respect, richer that is, in words which burn and bite and sting, alternately flaming like comets and glooming like the deeps of night ; but, for pure English, — English that is alike sweet and strong, alike graceful and powerful, alike obvious and subtle, simple, manly, noble English, — Bryant is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. There is a Latin element in it, as there could not but be, considering his scholarship, but it is so pure in itself, and so sparingly introduced, that we have nothing but praise to bestow upon it ; since, instead of weakening Bryant's English, as Latinity does the English of most modern poets, it absolutely strengthens it, — imparting to it a variety and range and completeness that it could not otherwise have had. Its excellence, its propriety, its necessity, are apparent in all that Bryant has written, and in nothing so apparent as in his translation of Homer. Fitted, therefore, to be a translator of Homer, — both by his knowledge of English and his knowledge of Greek, and by his mastery of the only measure yet found adequate to Homeric translation, blank verse, — what are the merits or demerits of Bryant's work? Let us see what Matthew Arnold, the most intelligent of living English critics, has to say about Homer : 'Homer is rapid in his movement, Homer is plain in his words, Homer is simple in his ideas, Homer is noble in his manner. Bryant is all this.' Arnold next passes to an examination of the earlier translators, Chapman, Pope, Cowper, and Newman, and, after characterizing each, with as much justice as acuteness, he comes to the conclusion that the hexameter is the only measure in which Homer can be adequately rendered into English. Here Bryant differs with him, and here we agree with Bryant. Arnold underrates, we think, the capacities of English blank verse, and he overrates, we are sure, the capacities of the English hexameter. His reason for preferring the hexameter to blank verse is the belief that there is a greater movement in it than in blank verse ; but this belief of his is not substantiated by any of the specimens quoted by him, which are good in their way, nor by any specimens we have ever seen, of which the best are to be found in Kingsley's 'Andromeda.' The movement which Arnold thinks he finds in the hexameter we are sure we find in blank verse, — in much of Shakespeare's blank verse, in less of Milton's, in more of Wordsworth's, and in still more of Bryant's, which, excellent at times, was never so excellent as in his translation of Homer, the manner being noble, the ideas simple, the style and words plain, and the movement rapid. If these qualities attest the greatness of an English translation of Homer, Bryant's translation is assuredly the greatest that has yet been made in English.

"If this is not Homer, Homer is not rapid in his movement, Homer is not plain in his words and style, Homer is not simple in his ideas, Homer is not noble in his manner. But it *is* Homer. It *is* that human, that gracious, that majestic, that godlike Presence, who is once more upon the earth, singing to us as he sang to his own countrymen, thousands of years ago : —

> 'The deadly wrath that brought
> Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept
> To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave
> Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air, —
> For so had Jove appointed, — from the time
> When the two chiefs, Atrides, king of men,
> And great Achilles, parted first as foes.'"

EVERY SATURDAY. — SECOND MONTHLY PART. — The second Monthly Part of "Every Saturday" contains twenty-four superior illustrations, embracing "Travelling in Italy," "New Year's Day in China," "The Muezzin," "Gathering Rhubarb," "Kissing under

Difficulties," "Shrimpers," "Geese, Human and other," "Football at Rugby," "New Year's Eve in Ireland," "Rehearsing," "The Last Fish of the Season," "Life-Boat on the Cornish Coast," "Brighton," "Don Quixote and Sancho Panza," "Morning Calls in Paris," "The "Country Youth's Idea of it," "Tennyson's New House," "Night Patrol, Cairo," "The Life-Boat Man," "A Pantomime Party," "Moonshine," and portraits of Louis Napoleon, Victor Noir, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, and Charles Mathews.

These engravings, of which many are full-page drawings, together with a great variety of sparkling reading matter, — stories, poems, essays, random notes, criticism, personal gossip, etc., — make the Monthly Part of "EVERY SATURDAY" one of the most entertaining and valuable magazines ever published.

NEW NOTE-BOOKS BY HAWTHORNE. — "The English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne," to be issued by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. uniform with their edition of Passages from Hawthorne's American Note-Books, are thus mentioned by the Boston correspondent of the *New York Tribune:* "This book will be in two volumes, somewhat thicker than those of the 'American Note-Books,' and will be composed entirely of matter new to the public. It may be expected to have more of connected narrative and description, and less of the jotted memoranda for stories, plots, and characters, than the journals of the great romancer in the quiet of Salem and Concord. They give a full record of Hawthorne's experiences in England and Scotland. The account of his consular life in Liverpool, which furnished such excellent material for several chapters of 'Our Old Home,' is particularly full and interesting. A special feature of value in the book will be the record of visits to London, and the shrewd observer's impressions of a host of people prominent in political and literary life whom he met there. The artistic finish and photographic accuracy of all Hawthorne's descriptions will make his Note-Books sought after even as guide-books for Americans visiting the localities to which his excursions were made; and his pictures of the University towns in these journals have probably never been matched anywhere. This collection, like its predecessor, is edited by Mrs. Hawthorne. Only the note-books of a journey in Italy remain in manuscript; and it is uncertain whether or not they will ever be given to the public. The 'English Note-Books' are announced to appear during May."

THACKERAY'S NOVELS, ILLUSTRATED. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have begun the publication of an Illustrated Library Edition of Thackeray's Novels. This edition will be more desirable for the library than any other form in which these masterpieces of fiction have hitherto appeared. It will be complete, and will contain the striking illustrations by Mr. Thackeray himself, by Doyle, Du Maurier, and Walker, more than two hundred in number.

It is to be issued in uniform style with the *Illustrated Library Editions* of Dickens, Scott, and George Eliot, published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., and received with great favor by the reading public. It will be comprised in six volumes, of which "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" are now ready.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD. — Charles Dickens's new novel will be published in EVERY SATURDAY from advance sheets furnished by the author. Those who desire an early reading of the story will find it only in the pages of that journal. All the original illustrations will accompany the instalments in EVERY SATURDAY.

EMERSON'S PROSE WORKS. — Speaking of the new edition of Emerson's prose works in two handsome compact volumes, a writer in the *Transcript* says: "We cannot find fitting words to express our appreciation of the new and revised edition of Mr. Emerson's prose works, which has been recently issued in attractive form by Fields, Osgood, & Co.

"Within the leaves of these volumes Mr. Emerson introduces us to the rare treasures which as philosopher, poet, traveller, scholar, and student of nature he has gathered from every clime. Deep thought, quaint witticism, clear insight into the human heart, serene philosophy, apt illustration, fitting quotation, gems of classic and mythic lore, and deep, earnest feeling speaking from soul to soul, mark the precious pages, while we almost feel the power of his serene blue eye following us while we read.

"Mr. Emerson's manner of treating subjects is too well known to need illustration; we are willing to sit as humble disciples at his feet, and drink in the inspiration which breathes from the higher atmosphere where he dwells. Herein lies the power of his earnest teaching; and for this reason the essays are not to be read consecutively. The important subjects on which he treats are of universal interest. A page at a time, often only a paragraph, is thought-material for hours of dreamy revery over life, and the development of that character which is the only earthly possession we can take with us over the mysterious river whose borders we are rapidly approaching.

"We may dip endlessly into the fountain without exhausting the source, while the life-giving waters rouse the soul to aspiration, not only for all that is great and noble in perfecting our own attainments, but also teach us that by imparting our gifts to others, instead of exhausting our resources, we are increasing our own spiritual growth. The topics discussed in these volumes embrace the widest range; they suit all moods and all seasons; and they are appropriate for all ages and all classes who desire satisfying food for the intellect and the heart."

LOWELL'S NEW VOLUME. — "If we were called upon," says Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, "to select from current English literature the best evidences of thought and style, we should turn to the best critical writing on both sides of the Atlantic, for this is usually a labor of love. A thinker, a scholar, a man of taste, or, best of all, a poet, desires to express his obligations to a favorite writer, to pay tribute to an intellectual benefactor, or to analyze a master in literature; and to such a task he brings, not only knowledge, but sympathy, not only insight, but love; and, therefore, writes with zest, with acuteness and gracious emphasis. Hence Lamb and Carlyle, Macaulay and Arnold, have uttered their best in critical essays; and in our country the most finished and wise, as well as agreeable writing, is that devoted to critical, æsthetic, and biographical essays, of which a vast number might be collected, to the credit of the country and the improvement of popular taste. Hence we welcome with special satisfaction any judicious selection from our critical literature, and are glad to see Professor Lowell's articles of this kind brought together in a handsome, compact, and well-printed volume, by Fields, Osgood, & Co. The subjects are well chosen, not only because of their treatment, but of their variety; for 'Shakespeare' takes us to the Elizabethan age, and 'Dryden' to that of Anne, while 'Rousseau' opens the era antecedent to and coincident with the French Revolution. 'Lessing' is an interesting chapter of German literary life; while 'Witchcraft' and 'New England Two Centuries Ago' have a native flavor and significance. The many who enjoyed these papers as they appeared in the 'North American Review' will like to renew acquaintance with them in their present collected form."

THACKERAY'S WORKS COMPLETE. — The fifth volume of Thackeray's Miscellanies, nearly ready for publication, completes Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s Household Edition of that author's works. The present series of Thackeray's fugitive contributions to the magazines contains a great deal of matter not to be found in any other edition. The public now have, for the first time, Thackeray's entire works, — Novels, Poems, and Miscellanies, — in eleven handsomely printed uniform volumes, at a price so low as to place the Household Edition within the reach of all. Sets or single volumes sent free of expense on receipt of publishers' price.

MEDBERY'S MEN AND MYSTERIES OF WALL STREET will be pronounced one of the most lively and entertaining, as well as instructive, books of the day. The author has devoted much time and labor to studying the great money centre of America, and in this work explains fully and ably the perplexing strategy of the "street." Mr. Medbery divides his subject into the following chapters: Chapter I., Preliminary; Chapter II., The New York Stock Exchange; Chapter III., A Day at the Boards; Chapter IV., The Machinery of Speculation; Chapter V., Margins and the Loan Market; Chapter VI., The Methods of Speculation; Chapter VII., Concerning Stock-Brokers; Chapter VIII., Habits and Humors of the "Street"; Chapter IX., The Great Operators; Chapter X., The Outsiders; Chapter XI., The Mobility of Stock; Chapter XII., In the Gold Room; Chapter XIII., The Gold Brokers; Chapter XIV., The Mining Board; Chapter XV., Before 1837; Chapter XVI., From '37 to '60; Chapter XVII., Prospective. The book is illustrated with several engravings from original designs by Messrs. Jewett and Bush. The pictures are "The Gold Room," "Long Room," "Broad Street," "Bulls and Bears," "Gold Indicator," and "The Regular Board." It will soon be published.

MUSIC-HALL SERMONS. — The Rev. Mr. Murray's Sermons at the Boston Music Hall during the past winter have drawn, Sunday after Sunday, the largest audiences ever assembled for religious services in that building. Now that these admirable discourses are collected into one handsome volume, the reader will discover that their charm did not lie wholly in Mr. Murray's oratory; the sermons are themselves eloquent, and treat of subjects of vital and every-day importance. The book is one for all classes of readers, and should have a place in every household in the land. The series is complete in twelve sermons, as follows: I., "The Tenderness of God"; II., "The Union of Moral Forces"; III., "The Relation of Belief to Practice"; IV., "To Young Men"; V., "Burden-Bearing"; VI., "Nearness of God"; VII., "Divine Friendship"; VIII., "Hope for the Fallen"; IX., "The Ministry of the Word"; X., "The Church, — its Object and Capacity"; XI., "The Power of Cities"; XII., "The Moral Condition of Boston, and how to improve it."

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP. — Every one will pronounce Mr. Bret Harte's volume to be a very fresh and delightful contribution to American literature. He is a story-teller of singular power and originality. Those readers who have seen his occasional papers in the "Overland Monthly," of which he is the editor, will turn with great eagerness to a volume containing "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," "The Idyl of Red Gulch," "High-Water Mark," "A Lonely Ride," and "The Man of No Account." These stories have only to be known to secure for Mr. Bret Harte a foremost place among the best writers of short tales. The following papers complete the contents of the volume: "Mliss," "The Right Eye of the Commander," "Notes by Flood and Field," "Mission Dolores," "John Chinaman," "From a Back Window," and "Boonder." The book will be published early in April.

MIRACLES PAST AND PRESENT, by the Rev. William Mountford. The author of this work has thoughtfully investigated the various and surprising phenomena of "Spiritualism," and the conclusions to which he arrives, as well as the personal experiences he records, are of great value and interest. Mr. Mountford's book will be accepted by believers and skeptics as a notable addition to the more serious literature of the day.

HORACE GREELEY'S WORK ON POLITICAL ECONOMY. — "If there is one subject of public interest," says a well-known journalist, "about which the cleverest men differ and the most truth-seeking are bewildered, it is political economy; or rather certain problems thereof, and especially protection and free trade. Few of our readers, we suppose, have not among their acquaintance able advocates of each of their doctrines, to whose arguments they have listened with admiration at the logic of one or the ingenuity of another, and finally come to no definite conclusion, except that circumstances alter cases, and that much may be said on both sides. It is a curious fact that not only practical men, statisticians, and economists have delighted to discuss political economy, but men of fancy and learning, like DeQuincey and Ruskin. We are pleased to see Mr. Greeley's views in a book form; as a journalist, an industrial philosopher, and a patriotic politician, he seizes on some aspects, records some facts, and draws some inferences, which a merely speculative writer could not reach. In this neat volume we have the Protective theory ably and copiously illustrated. It is written with spirit and faith; it abounds in facts and figures, and yet much of it is singularly readable, even for one not specially interested in the subject. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have never issued a more thoroughly American essay on a practical question. It is appropriately dedicated to the memory of Henry Clay."

MISS PHELPS'S NEW NOVEL. — The innumerable admirers of "The Gates Ajar" will need no urging to possess themselves of Miss Phelps's new novel, "Hedged In," just published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. The story is that of a woman who has fallen from social grace, but is rescued from her peril and so "hedged in" by kindly and Christian influence, that she is ultimately restored to a life of honor and usefulness. It is a beautiful and pathetic story, told with the characteristic grace and earnestness of the author. The list of contents may be found on the third page of the cover of this magazine.

EMERSON'S NEW VOLUME OF ESSAYS. — This volume, the only prose work that Mr. Emerson has published since his "Conduct of Life," in 1860, contains several of the author's finest essays. The topics discussed are: "Society and Solitude," "Civilization," "Art," "Eloquence," "Domestic Life," "Farming," "Works and Days," "Books," "Clubs," "Courage," "Success," and "Old Age." These papers are, with few exceptions, now in type for the first time. The book is elegantly printed and bound.

A DISTINGUISHED critic in a paper discussing the merits of the various translators of the Iliad, — Chapman, Pope, Newman, Merrivale, Derby, and Bryant, — gives

three versions of the well-known description of the Trojan encampment on the banks of the Xanthus.

This is the poet laureate's: —

"And these all night upon the ridge of war
Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed;
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart;
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each,
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;
And champing golden grain, the horses stood
Close by their chariots, waiting for the dawn."

This translation of Tennyson's is almost literally exact. How far the poetical Pope departs from the truth of the text a citation of his translation or rather paraphrase will make clear. It is as follows: —

"The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground.
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light.
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene.
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole:
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze
And brighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend
Whose *umbered* arms by fits thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn."

Of course in the original there is nothing about spires, or dusky horrors gilding a thousand piles, or shady lustres shooting across the field, or umbered arms, or twenty other effects above mentioned. All of this is Mr. Pope's own imagining, and though highly poetical and beautiful, is as far as possible from the letter as well as from the spirit of Homer. It is these bold liberties with the text, which even their brilliant merit does not condone, that make Pope worthless to any one who really wants to know what Homer wrote.

What the old Greek did really say Mr. Byrant has most faithfully reproduced in these lines: —

"So, high in hope they sat the whole night through,
In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed.
As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth
Round the clear shining moon, while not a breeze
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd's heart,
So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed,
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships
And eddying Xanthus; on the plains there shone
A thousand; fifty warriors by each fire
Sat in its light. The steeds beside the cars —
Champing their oats and their white barley — stood
And waited for the golden morn to rise"

THE SECRET OF SWEDENBORG. — In a review of Mr. Henry James's new work on Swedenborg's doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity, the *Cincinnati Chronicle* says: —

"Henry James is known to a limited but ever-widening circle in both hemispheres as one of the profoundest thinkers of the time. He is a philosopher in the higher sense of the term, writing nothing for the sake of pleasing the idle reader, or of winning his praise. For these things he cares not at all. He is not, therefore, a popular author, in the true sense of the word, any more than Plato, Hamilton, or Hegel. For, with all that has been said of bringing philosophy down to the people, the number of truly philosophic minds has always been small, even if we include under that designation all who have the faculty of appreciating and entering into the spirit of metaphysical speculation. Within the last few years there has been a perceptible revival of this class of studies, but for a good while they found little favor even with the majority of cultivated men. Physical science has generally engrossed the attention of investigators, and materialistic tendencies have turned the current of thought away from the realm of spirit and ideas. Mr. James has retained a firm hold upon the latter, and, ever remaining true to himself, has spoken from his own plane whatever he was strongly moved to say, from the love of it, and not from any inferior motive. He is one of the ablest men whom this country has produced, and his influence will one day be felt in every department of thought.

"Many who attempt to read the 'Secret of Swedenborg' will give over the undertaking after proceeding but a very little way, impatiently concluding that it is unintelligible. This is quite as likely to happen with those calling themselves Swedenborgians as any other readers. Mr. James has no sympathy — hardly has he any patience even — with the 'sect' which takes the name of the Swedish philosopher and seer. And yet he is a profound believer in Swedenborg, and does not disdain to be regarded as his disciple. His book treats of the highest spiritual verities, the deepest problems of humanity, giving philosophical form to what is mere intuition, revelation, or mystic disclosure in Swedenborg.

"There are minds to whom this work will be more captivating than any book of romance, poetry, or science. Such readers will find it, sooner or later, and estimate it at its true worth."

GATES AJAR. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have now ready the fiftieth thousand of Miss Phelps's admirable book.

MESSRS. FISK & HATCH have introduced upon the market the loan of the CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY, which has been waited for with considerable interest, as one of the most important financial undertakings, connected with the current new railroad enterprises. The object of the road, in opening a new route from the West to the Atlantic, — which promises to come in formidable competition with the great trunk roads of the Atlantic coast, — causes this loan to rank foremost among the many now before the public. The scheme is backed by the most prominent and successful railroad capitalists in the country, and the negotiation of the loan is undertaken by bankers who have marketed the largest railway loans of late years, — including the Central Pacific and the Western Pacific, — and whose reputation for caution, honor, and conscientious probity is such as to command confidence in any securities they may offer.

THE American editions of Longfellow's Dante and Bryant's Homer are pronounced to be the most superb specimens of book-making ever produced by the University Press.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

HEDGED IN. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, author of "The Gates Ajar," etc. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 295. Morocco cloth, $1.50.

MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT. By WILLIAM MOUNTFORD. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 512. Morocco cloth, $2.00.

THACKERAY'S NOVELS. *Illustrated Library Edition.*

Vol. I. VANITY FAIR. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 464. With 39 illustrations by the author.

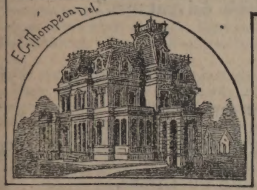
Vol. II. PENDENNIS. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 524. With 46 illustrations by the author.

Green Morocco cloth, uniform with the *Illustrated Library Editions* of DICKENS, SCOTT, and GEORGE ELIOT. $2.00 a volume.

MUSIC-HALL SERMONS. By REV. W. H. H. MURRAY, author of "Adirondack Adventures." 1 vol. 16mo. Morocco cloth, $1.50.

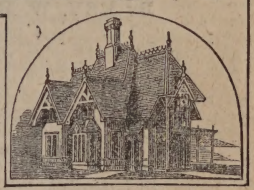
These books can be procured of Booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., Boston.

WOODWARD'S STANDARD SERIES OF Architectural AND Agricultural BOOKS.



Harney's Barns, Outbuildings, and Fences. Just published, containing Designs and plans of Stables, Farm Barns, Outbuildings, Gates, Gateways, Fences, Stable Fittings and Furniture, fully described, with nearly 200 Illustrations. Royal quarto extra. Post-paid **$10.**

Suburban Homes for New-Yorkers. 25c.



Woodward's National Architect. 1,000 Designs, Plans, and Details for Country, Suburban, and Village Houses; with Perspective Views, Front and Side Elevations, Sections, Full Detail Drawings, Specifications, and Estimates. Also Detail Drawings to working scale, of Brackets, Cornices, French Roofs, Sectional and Framing Plans of French Roofs, Dormer Windows for French Roofs, Bay Windows, Inside Shutters, French Windows, Balconies, Verandas, Porches, Lattice Work, Stairs, Newels, Balusters, Sliding Doors, Window Casings, Gable Finish, Finials, Crestings, Canopies, Hoods, Observatories, Base, Architraves, Plaster Finish, Cornices, Ceilings, Hard Wood Mantels, and all that is required by a Builder to design, specify, erect, and finish in the most approved style. One superb quarto volume, post-paid, **$12.**

Woodward's Cottages and Farm-Houses. 188 Designs and Plans of low-priced Cottages, Farm-Houses, and Outbuildings. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Woodward's Suburban and Country Houses. 70 Designs and Plans, and numerous examples of the French Roof. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Woodward's Country Homes. 150 Designs and Plans, with Descriptions of the Manner of Constructing Balloon Frames. Post-paid, **$1.50,**

Woodward's Graperies and Horticultural Buildings. With Plans for Hot and Cold Graperies, Conservatories, Orchard Houses, &c., &c. Forcing Houses, Hot Beds, Cold Pits, &c. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Wheeler's Rural Homes. Houses suited to Country Life. Post-paid, **$2.00.**

Wheeler's Homes for the People. 100 Original Designs, with full Descriptions, and Constructive and Miscellaneous Details. Post-paid, **$3.00.**

Jacques's Manual for the House. How to Build Dwellings, Barns, Stables, and Outbuildings of all kinds. 126 Designs and Plans. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Rural Church Architecture. Exemplified in Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details. By Upjohn, Renwick, &c. One folio volume, printed in colors, 45 Plates. Post-paid, **$12.**

Jacques's Manual of the Garden, Farm, and Barn-Yard. Embracing the Cultivation of Vegetables, Fruit, Flowers, all Field Crops, Details of Farm work and Rearing Domestic Animals. New and revised edition. One vol. Post-paid, **$2.50.**

Todd's Young Farmer's Manual. Vol. I. The Farm and the Workshop, with practical directions for laying out a Farm, Erecting Buildings, Fences, Farm Gates, Selecting good Farm and Shop Tools, and performing Farm Operations. Fully Illustrated. Post-paid, **$2.50.**

Todd's Young Farmer's Manual. Vol. II. How to Make Farming Pay, with Full Details of Farm Management, Character of Soils, Ploughing, Management of Grass Lands, Manures, Farm Implements, Stock, Drainage, Planting, Harvesting, etc. Illustrated. Post-paid, **$2.50.**

Elliott's Lawn and Shade Trees. For Planting Parks, Gardens, Cemeteries, Private Grounds, and Avenues. Fully Illustrated and described. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Fuller's Forest Tree Culturist. The Cultivation of Forest Trees for Shade, for Shelter, for Fuel, for Timber, and for Profit. Illustrated. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Husmann's Grapes and Wine. The Cultivation of the Native Grape and Manufacture of American Wine. By Geo. Husmann, of Missouri. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Burn's Architectural, Engineering, and Mechanical Drawing-Book. A Self-Instructor for the use of Architects, Builders, Students, &c., with upwards of 300 Illustrations. Price, **$2.00,** post-paid. This is the best work published on Architectural Drawing.

Burn's Illustrated Drawing-Book. For Schools, Students, and Artisans. With 300 Illustrative Drawings and Diagrams, embracing Pencil Sketching, Perspective and Isometrical Drawing. Price, **$2.00,** post-paid.

Burn's Book of Ornamental Drawing and Architectural Design. With upwards of 200 examples, giving instructions in Decorative Drawing, and Architictural Plans for Practice. Price, **$2.00,** post-paid.

Woodward's Architecture. New Designs and Hints on Building, with Illustrated Priced Catalogue of all Books on Architecture and Agriculture. Quarterly, **25c.**

Address,

GEO. E. WOODWARD,

Publisher, 191 Broadway, N. Y.

TWO NEW BOOKS.

MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

1 vol. 12mo. 512 pages. $2.00.

This remarkable work is an important contribution to religious literature, and especially to the discussion of some questions to which Spiritualism has given special prominence. Mr. Mountford has devoted to these subjects the careful study of years, and the conclusions to which his observations, personal experiences, and reverent seeking have led, possess a deep interest for all thoughtful and candid minds.

READY MARCH 21.

MUSIC-HALL SERMONS.

BY REV. W. H. H. MURRAY, Author of "Adirondack Adventures."

1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.

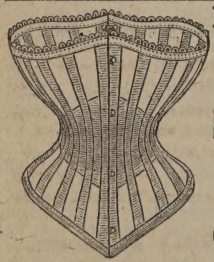
CONTENTS.

1. THE TENDERNESS OF GOD.
2. THE UNION OF MORAL FORCES.
3. THE RELATION OF BELIEF TO PRACTICE.
4. TO YOUNG MEN.
5. BURDEN-BEARING.
6. NEARNESS OF GOD.
7. DIVINE FRIENDSHIP.
8. HOPE FOR THE FALLEN.
9. THE MINISTRY OF THE WORD.
10. THE CHURCH, — ITS OBJECT AND CAPACITY.
11. THE POWER OF CITIES.
12. THE MORAL CONDITION OF BOSTON, AND HOW TO IMPROVE IT.

This series of discourses has attracted large and deeply interested audiences. Mr. Murray does not dwell on controverted points of theology, but seeks to illustrate and enforce moral and religious truths held in common by all denominations of Christians. His sermons are strong, original, practical, and deal with the living questions of to-day. They fully merit the wide circulation and earnest attention they will receive.

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.



FANNING'S PATENT KID FITTING SKELETON CORSET.

This Corset is constructed on an entirely new principle, being *open*, and thereby allowing the freest circulation possible, besides giving perfect ease and comfort to the wearer, and at the same time possessing all the advantages of the common Corsets in giving support to the body

For **Health, Grace, and Comfort** they are UNRIVALLED IN THE MARKET. They are particularly recommended for summer wear, and warm climates, although equally well adapted to all seasons of the year. They are highly recommended by medical and scientific men.

For circulars, prices, &c. address the

WORCESTER SKIRT CO.,
Worcester, Mass.

PET SEWING MACHINE. — The Wonder of the World! Price $5. Send $5 by your Expressman or by mail for one. Call and see it. Send Stamps for sample of work and circular. Agents wanted. Address
PET SEWING MACHINE CO.,
7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

TRIED, TESTED, AND APPROVED, for forty years, — The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Get the genuine. Prices $1, and 50 cents.

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, MOLASSES, OR SORGHUM, in Ten Hours, without using drugs.

For Circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE

FOR FAMILY USE — *simple, cheap, reliable* — KNITS EVERYTHING. AGENTS WANTED. Circular and sample stocking FREE. Address HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Me., or 176 Broadway, New York.

$2000 a Year and Expenses

To agents, to sell the celebrated WILSON SEWING MACHINES. The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* **One Machine without Money.** For further particulars address THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St Louis, Mo.

ELGIN WATCHES

MANUFACTURED BY THE NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY.

All the grades of the Elgin Watches, including the "**Lady Elgin,**" ready for **SPRING TRADE.** The Company also call the attention of Watch-buyers to the fact that the Elgin Watches now offered have several peculiar improvements over all others and also a new **PATENT DUST EXCLUDER,** so constructed as to enclose the works, and form a protection against dust, enabling the movement to remain in order without cleaning double the time that a watch will ordinarily run without this protection.

The Company feel confident, after having had their Watches three years in market, and selling many thousands of them in all parts of the country, that the **Elgin Watches are the best time-keepers now offered to the American public, for either Ladies' or Gentlemen's use, Railway or other uses.**

OVER FIVE HUNDRED DEALERS in various parts of the land have unreservedly indorsed them. They are in use upon numerous lines of Railway, including the **Union Pacific** and the **Pennsylvania Central,** and officers of these roads, with other prominent Railroad officials indorse them as the best Watches for the use of railroad employees and travellers yet introduced. The following are presented as specimens of these testimonials:

UNION PACIFIC R. R., OFFICE OF GEN'L SUP'T, OMAHA, Dec. 16, 1869.

Hon. T. M. AVERY, President National Watch Co., Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR: — During the month that I have carried one of your "B. W. Raymond" Watches it has not failed to keep the time with so much accuracy as to leave nothing to desire in this regard. For accuracy, in time-keeping, beauty of movement and finish, your Watches challenge my admiration, and arouse my pride as an American, and I am confident that in all respects they will compete successfully in the markets of the world, with similar manufacturers of older nations. They need only to be known to be appreciated. Yours most respectfully, C. G. HAMMOND, Gen'l Sup't.

OFFICE OF THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD, Gen'l Sup't, New York, Jan. 17, 1870.

T. M. AVERY, Esq., President National Watch Co.

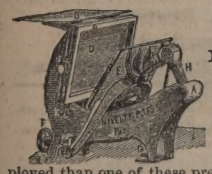
DEAR SIR: — The Watch made by your Company, which I have carried the past two months, has kept excellent time. I have carried it frequently on engines, and have been on the road with it almost daily. During this time it has run uniformly with our standard clock. Truly yours. J. M. TOUCEY, Gen'l Sup't.

The following dealers also, in various parts of the country, have certified that they consider the Elgin Watches to be all that the Company have advertised them, as better finished, more correct and durable, than any in market of similar price, and that they have great confidence in recommending them to the public on account of their general merit.

WHEELER, PARSONS, & Co., New York.	J. R. REED & Co., Pittsburg.	M. BURT, Cleveland.
WARREN, SPADONE, & Co., "	DAHME & Co., Cincinnati.	MORSE, REDDIN, & HAMILTON, Chicago.
MIDDLETON & BRO. "	JENKINS & HATCH, "	J. H. HENSE, Denver, Col.
T. B. BYNNER, "	C. OSKAMP, "	M. M. BALDWIN & Co., San Francisco, Cal.
HENRY GINNEL, "	C. HELLEBUSH, "	
GEO. W. PRATT & Co., "	E. JACCARD & Co., St. Louis.	KOCH & DREYFUS, New Orleans.
SCOTT, BARRETT, & Co., Pittsburg.	N. E. CRITTENDEN & Co., Cleveland.	AND OVER 400 OTHERS.

Various grades and prices made to suit different tastes. **No movements retailed by the Company.**

☞ Call on your jeweller and ask to see the Elgin Watches. Business Office and Salesroom National Watch Company, **159 & 161 LAKE STREET, CHICAGO.**



DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

WITH A

Novelty Printing Press.

The only low-priced press ever made that will do good work. No greater convenience can be added to any business office, and no more valuable means of advertising can be employed than one of these presses and a few dollars' worth of type. No more useful, entertaining, or instructive present can be made to any boy than one of these presses and a small quantity of printing material. He would find it a never-failing source of instruction, pleasure, and profit.

Price of Presses, $15, $30, $32, $50.

Send for full descriptive illustrated circulars with testimonials from all parts of the country, and specimens of plain and color printing done on the press, and specimen sheets of Types, Borders, Cuts, Rules, &c., to

BENJ. O. WOODS, Proprietor,
351 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I purchased my Wheeler and Wilson machine July 10th, 1857, and for the first six years used it constantly from morning until late in the evening on heavy cloth and Marseilles work, and the remainder of the time I have used it for family sewing, without repairs, and the machine is in so good condition that I would not exchange it for your latest number. It will wear a dozen years more without repairing. I have used one needle nearly three years, and have some of the dozen needles that I received with the machine.

MRS. T. EDMONDSON.

JERSEY CITY.

LAW AND BANKING OFFICE.

PITKIN C. WRIGHT,

DEWITT, CLINTON CO., IOWA.

Money loaned for a term of years on unencumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, net, payable annually. Interest collected when due. *All charges* paid by borrower. Have been in business over seven years.

PARTIES HAVING MONEY TO INVEST, PLEASE NOTICE.

908 PRIZES,

Worth from $1.50 to $100 in Greenbacks,

awarded to subscribers and agents for WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, the largest and best Dollar Monthly in the world. Similar prizes to be repeated soon. Full particulars in March number. For sale by all Newsdealers, or sent with Catalogue of Premiums on receipt of 10 cents.

Address S. S. WOOD,
Newburgh, N. Y.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE.

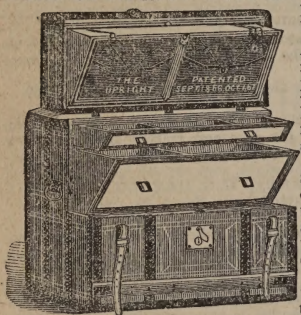
My ANNUAL CATALOGUE, containing a list of many novelties, besides all the standard vegetables of the garden (*over* 100 *of which are of my own growing*), with a choice list of Flower Seed, will be forwarded *gratis* to all. I warrant my seed shall prove as represented. I warrant it shall reach each purchaser. I warrant all money forwarded shall reach me. Send for a Catalogue.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

COLTON'S SELECT FLAVORS OF THE CHOICEST FRUITS AND SPICES.

They are the **True, Rich Flavors of the Fruits,** of *remarkable strength* and *economy,* requiring much less than of the ordinary Flavoring Extracts, and are securing an unparalleled and constantly increasing trade, and always *reliable*—**the Best. Colton's Rich Vanilla Extract is sought by many who prize the delicious purity.** References from **Families, Dealers** and **Hotels,** who use them, and say "**Very Choice**:" *Gov. Wm. A. Buckingham,* Conn.; *Gov. J. Y. Smith,* Prov., R. I.; *Dr. J. G. Holland,* the Poet, Springfield, Mass.; *Julius Sayer,* Newport, R. I., and *I. Miller & Sons,* Saratoga Springs, N. Y., large dealers. Proprietors of the following well known Hotels: **Delavan,** Albany; **Clarendon,** Saratoga; **Fort William Henry,** Lake George; **Arlington,** Washington, D. C.; **Massasoit,** Springfield; **Ocean,** Newport; **Profile,** White Mountains; and many others who seek **the Best.** *First-Class Hotels, Confectioners and Ice Cream Makers seek them.* Dealers in Choice Flavors treble their sales with them. Sold by Grocers and Druggists, Wholesale and Retail. **J. W. Colton's N. Y. Depot, 71 Maiden Lane.**

THE UPRIGHT PATENT TRUNK



Does not have to be removed from the wall to open it. Instead of trays to lift out, it is arranged with **DRAWERS** made very light and strong.

☞ It is much **Stronger,** as only a small portion opens, whereas in the old style the whole top comes off.

The same room in the bottom of the trunk for dresses and heavy clothing as in the old style.

THE UPRIGHT PATENT TRUNK CO.,
Next door to Astor House. **6 Barclay St., N. Y.**

SUCCESS ACHIEVED!

BY THE

"NOVELTY BROILER."

NO MORE BURNT OR SODDEN STEAKS, FISH OR CHOPS!

Five Sizes Manufactured.

The Novelty Broiler is made of double folded, small tinned wire, enclosing the Steak so as to permit of its being turned instantly at the proper moment; is so closely covered that **no Smoke or disagreeable Smell** of burnt fat escapes, while a small hinged lid in the cover permits free inspection, and the juices of the meat are saved **in the Steak.** As it covers the open part of the stove the fire is never deadened. Can be seen in operation daily at the "Whitlock Exposition," 35 and 37 Park Place, New York. It is the best selling invention of the kind ever offered to the trade. For full descriptive circular, with price list, &c., &c., address

NOVELTY BROILER CO.,
35 & 37 Park Place, New York.

The DOLLAR Sun.

CHAS. A. DANA, EDITOR.

The cheapest, smartest, and best New York newspaper. Everybody likes it. Three editions: DAILY, **$6**; SEMI-WEEKLY, **$2**; and WEEKLY, **$1** a year. ALL THE NEWS at half price. Full reports of markets, agriculture, Farmers' and Fruit-Growers' Clubs, and a complete story in every Weekly and Semi-Weekly number. A present of valuable plants and vines to every subscriber; inducements to canvassers unsurpassed. 1,000 Life Insurances, Grand Pianos, Mowing Machines, Parlor Organs, Sewing Machines, &c., among the premiums. Specimens and lists free. Send a Dollar and try it.

I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher Sun, New York.

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

$25 A DAY.—40 new articles for Agents. Samples *free.* H. B. SHAW, ALFRED, ME.

OPALINE
FOR THE
TEETH, GUMS, AND BREATH.

OPALINE
is reliable, efficient, and convenient.

OPALINE
is sold by Druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Europe.

OPALINE
is recommended by physicians and dentists. Use no other dentifrice.

Inventor and proprietor, **CHAS. K. PEVEY, Dentist, Worcester, Mass.**

PARKER'S BOOK-HOLDER,

WRITING-DESK, AND TABLET COMBINED,

Supplies a want long felt for a convenient, handsome, and yet cheap article for holding Books, Periodicals, and Music. Any child can adjust it. Prevents and cures any tendency to round shoulders. A splendid opportunity for Agents. Send for illustrated circular, &c., to

WHITLOCK EXPOSITION CO.,
35 & 37 Park Place, New York.

PERSONS THINKING OF

ADVERTISING TO ANY EXTENT

will do well before making contracts to

APPLY TO

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

ADVERTISING AGENTS,

for an estimate. They have

UNEQUALLED FACILITIES

for securing an insertion of advertisements in all newspapers and periodicals at

LOW RATES.

Address them at

40 PARK ROW, N.Y.

inclosing stamp for their Circular containing the names of more than One Thousand Newspapers and cost of advertising in them.

The Best New Books

FOR

YOUNG FOLKS.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Profusely Illustrated. $1.50.

"Tom Bailey has captivated all his acquaintances. He must be added hereafter to the boys' gallery of favorite characters, side by side with Robinson Crusoe, and the Swiss Family Robinson, and Tom Brown at Rugby, while we older folks can laugh as heartily as anybody over his adventures and relish his history much more than we do the real narratives of grown-up men and women. Mr. Aldrich's style has a fine flavorous humor, and without the least appearance of effort he draws continually upon an inexhaustible store of fun. There is a delightful air of reality about the places and incidents of his story." — *New York Tribune.*

"One of the small number of stories in which the highest literary art has adapted itself to the tastes and appreciation of the young. It is perfectly illustrated. Let all our Sunday School Libraries select it." — *Christian Leader.*

"Among the not many pleasant books for boys which this year has given us, the 'Story of a Bad Boy' takes a high place. It is healthy reading." — *The Nation.*

"The delight of all the school-boys." — *New York Observer.*

THE FAIRY EGG,

AND WHAT IT HELD. By Three Friends. Finely Illustrated by LUCY GIBBONS. $1.50.

"What the Egg holds is a number of very charming tales about Little Bo Peep and Little Boy Blue, the Three Spanish Knights, the Old Woman's Journey, the Little Maid's Tales, the Musical Pie, the Man in the Moon, the Little Husband, the Adventures of Richard and Robin, Brindle's Leap, and the Little Bachelor, — all old friends in new and very attractive garments, with very nice pictures by Lucy Gibbons to set off their other beauties." — *Cleveland Herald.*

THE TROTTY BOOK.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, Author of "The Gates Ajar," "The Gypsy Series," etc. Profusely Illustrated by S. EYTINGE, JR., and LIZZIE B. HUMPHREY. $1.50.

"'The Trotty Book' tells the adventures of a little boy, who said and did a great many funny things, and his biography is delightfully told by Miss E. S. Phelps. The book is admirably adapted to entertain children, is finely illustrated, and altogether a charming gift for any girl or boy." — *Commercial Bulletin, Boston.*

"'The Trotty Book' is a thoroughly juvenile story, the hero of which is a little boy. His adventures and misadventures, including his marriage, are charmingly natural, and his exploits as artist and letter-writer are extraordinary — at the least. He is a delightfully spoiled child." — *Philadelphia Press.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

"ONE OF THE RICHEST PRODUCTS OF THE MODERN PULPIT."

SERMONS

BY

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

$2.00.

"They come nearer to my ideal of Christian sermons than anything that has appeared from the press within my remembrance." — A. P. PEABODY, D. D.

"I am not disappointed to find in these discourses the same delicacy of perception and grace of expression, the same unaffected sympathy with nature and with life, which had already prepared me to welcome any volume by the biographer of Robertson." — PROF. J. H. SEELYE, *Amherst College.*

"I bought Brooke's Sermons as soon as they came West, and value them very highly. I think they are worthy of the biographer of Robertson, and that is saying a good deal. The preacher goes directly into his subject, and talks man-fashion very much as Beecher does, and talks, not to his own sect merely, but to the common head and heart of us, the 'common sense of most.'" — ROBERT COLLYER.

"The Sermons of Stopford A. Brooke are peculiarly animated and suggestive. They have that breadth of sympathy, liberality, and spiritual penetration which are the requisites of extensive religious influence." — PROF. JOHN BASCOM, Williams College.

"This volume of sermons is certainly among the most remarkable productions of its kind which the century has produced. Their most distinctive characteristic is originality. There is nothing that indicates an effort to be original or striking, but in reading them one feels that he is in contact with a mind whose ordinary operations are out of the common course. But with all the originality that belongs to them, they are generally simple and practical and capable of being applied by ordinary minds. Mr. Brooke is the biographer of Robertson, and well he may be; for he has more of Robertson's spirit than any other writer or preacher I have met with." — W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

"Mr. Brooke won a high reputation by his Life of Frederick W. Robertson, which is one of the most charming biographies in the language. His volume of sermons shows the same elegant taste, the rich and varied culture, the pure style, the sterling common sense, and the broad human sympathies which marked the biography. A prominent aim in the sermons is to knit religion closely to the thought and life of the age, and they are full, therefore, of freshness and interest." — HEMAN LINCOLN, D. D.

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

Savery's Patent Combined
WATER COOLER AND REFRIGERATOR.

The tank for the ice and water is of iron, enamelled, arranged in such a manner as to cool an enamelled iron chamber, both being covered with an ornamental walnut case; in the chamber, butter, milk, and other provisions can be kept cool and sweet; the ice in the water tank is not wasted, but supplies at all times cool water for drinking purposes, all being perfectly free from the taste of zinc or any other substance that can in any way be detrimental to health, and as this article is intended for the dining-room, its superintendence is easy and convenient, and cannot fail to recommend itself to all housekeepers as a useful as well as an ornamental piece of furniture.

No. 1 is for nurseries only, No. 2 for small families, No. 3 for medium, and No. 4 for large families; the three latter are on legs, and answer the purpose of side-tables in dining rooms. Testimonials and circulars sent to those requiring them.

PRICES.

	Width.	Length.	Height of Cases.			
No. 1.	15 inch,	21 inch,	19 inch,	2 gallon water tank,	Without legs,	$ 20.00
No. 2.	18 inch,	26 inch,	20 inch,	4 gallon water tank,	With legs,	32.50
No. 3.	21 inch,	31 inch,	24 inch,	6 gallon water tank,	With legs,	40.00
No. 4.	24 inch,	35 inch,	26 inch,	8 gallon water tank,	With legs,	50.00

BARROWS, SAVERY, & CO., Successors to Savery & Co., Manufacturers,
Cor. S. Front and Reed Streets and 614 and 616 Market Street, Philadelphia.

New Books.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

AUTHOR'S COPYRIGHT EDITION.

Uniform with "Idyls of the King," bound in cloth, $ 1.00.

Uniform with *Farringford* Tennyson, paper, 25 cents.

Uniform with *Half-Dollar* Tennyson, 10 cents.

"Those who have read the 'Idyls of the King' will be prepared for the exquisite and altogether wonderful productions which, under the name of the *Holy Grail*, are now offered to their loving study; for the two books are really but detached fragments of one greater work. We have in the present instalment the same qualities of thought and expression with which all the readers of Tennyson's more mature poetry have become familiar. Unquestionably the vision and the faculty divine are here; depth of imaginative insight, wisdom of serene spiritual intuition, splendor of idea and grouping, a creative and unifying force, an exaltation, breadth, and intensity of thought which gives health and consolation as well as excitement, and language the perfect garment of this body of life." — *The Independent.*

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION.

☞ **Published with the Author's sanction.**

Complete in 2 vols. 12mo. Cloth, $ 3.50;
Half Calf, $ 7.00.

"A superb edition of *The Novels of George Eliot*, in two volumes. The illustrations are numerous, and not unworthy of the text. The splendid power of these novels, which rank with the first literary productions of the century, entitle them to the highest typographical honors such as in this instance they have received." — *Boston Traveller.*

F. W. ROBERTSON'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

New Edition. Uniform with the Popular Edition of Robertson's Sermons. 1 vol. 12mo. $ 1.50.

"The character it exhibits is one of the most striking of this age, and the work it records will have lasting effect on posterity. . . . . There is something here for all kinds of readers, but the higher a man's mind, and the more general his sympathies, the keener will be his interest in the life of Robertson." — *London Athenæum.*

THE CATHEDRAL.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1 vol. 16mo. With three Illustrations. $1.25.

"The Cathedral better represents Mr. Lowell's depth, his mental robustness, his subtilty, his wealth of conception, his sweetness of tone, and his admirable self-poise, than any other single thing that he has heretofore given us. In the higher poetic qualities, this one effort leaves him without a peer in America." — *Morning Star.*

THE COMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

By JOHN D. SHERWOOD.

1 vol. 12mo. With 60 original Illustrations by HARRY SCRATCHLY. $ 2.50.

THIRD EDITION NOW READY.

"As a history the book has merits of no ordinary kind." — *N. Y. Times.*

"One can hardly take it up and begin to read at all without being insensibly drawn on by its pleasant, genial, and smoothly flowing style." — *Independent.*

"Full of a sly, dry, smiling humor, which overlies a basis of real earnestness." — *Providence Press.*

A TALE OF ETERNITY AND OTHER POEMS.

By GERALD MASSEY.

1 vol. 16mo. *Cabinet Edition.* $ 2.00.

"Massey is the poet of reform. He has a distinct and noble purpose. A great heart beats in his breast, and he evidently strives to better the condition of the class from which he sprang. This grand fidelity to the interests of the working class has endeared him to an immense circle of sympathetic readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Tennyson is the Laureate of the Queen, Massey of the people." — *Chicago Journal.*

SERMONS BY F. W. ROBERTSON.

New Popular Edition, with Memoir and Portrait. Complete in Two Volumes. 12mo. $3.00.

"From all sects, parties, homes, from places distant and near, from thoughtful persons of every ecclesiastical order and every doctrinal confession, from conservative and radical, we hear enthusiastic and grateful commendations of Robertson's Sermons. People read them that do not love to read sermons. Scholars admire them. Thinkers respect them. Believers are cheered by them." — *Monthly Religious Magazine.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

BRYANT'S HOMER.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Translated into English Blank Verse by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

In two volumes. Imperial octavo. Uniform with LONGFELLOW'S DANTE. Vol. I. now ready.

Price, $5.00. [Vol. II. will be published in May next.]

"The appearance of this work is in more senses than one an event in our literary history. Next in importance to the production of great original works is the naturalization in another land and language of the masterpieces of literature. We cannot say that the labor of translation has hitherto been undervalued; but it has rarely, in our tongue, been performed with that abnegation of the translator's personality, through which alone the original author can receive justice. The fact that our two most distinguished poets, independently undertaking their separate tasks, substantially agree in their method — and that method unquestionably the correct one — confirms us in the hope that the great poets of other lands and ages may receive their fittest English speech through American authors.

"Three years ago we welcomed Mr. Longfellow's *Divina Commedia*, — a translation which, for the first time in English, gives the very spirit and atmosphere of the original text. We believe that Mr. Bryant has now given us the standard English Iliad, which is destined to supersede all previous versions. In any case, he has produced a work which reflects the highest honor on himself, and on the country whose literature he has already so nobly enriched." — *New York Tribune.*

"Mr. Bryant catches at once the fire and sweep of Homer's genius, and rises into poetry, carrying the reader aloft

With the strength and ample pinion
Which the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure realms of air.

In all the more impassioned portions of the tale of Troy, the reader feels the power of the English master, and even in those passages where "Homer nods," such as the description of the ships, there is a dignity of movement in the verse that redeems it from the wearisome. The blank verse of Mr. Bryant has a sustained and majestic movement that must be studied in prolonged passages, and that does not in a few lines take full possession of the reader. It is individual, while wholly free from mannerism, and, though conformed to the inexorable law of quantity in its structure, as different from the blank verse of other masters of this measure as the murmur of the pines from the roar of the tempest; as the voice of the mountains from the voice of the sea." — *New York Evening Post.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,

Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

One volume. 16mo. $2.00.

CONTENTS.

DRYDEN,
WITCHCRAFT,
SHAKESPEARE,
LESSING,
NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO,
ROUSSEAU AND THE SENTIMENTALISTS.

"The book has more good sense, good wit, and good learning than any American, or any Englishman, with perhaps a single exception, could bring to the illustration of the subjects here treated. Still more, it shows on almost every page that keen insight and sympathy with the mind of the person criticised, which is necessary to give a high value to any criticism." — *Springfield Republican.*

"They have not learned to appreciate Lowell, however much they may have read and admired his poetry, who have not also read his prose. They know his poetic faculty, his exquisite humor and power of satire, his stanch right-mindedness, and his severe and unflinching exposure of wrong; but they do not know the penetration, sagacity, and discrimination of his intellect, the breadth and liberality of his judgment and the range and depth of his knowledge of ancient and modern literature. It is the combination of these mental attributes and possessions which admirably fits him for the difficult duties of the critic, and which elicits confidence in the justness and accuracy of his estimate of character, of his opinion of books, and in his measure of the quality and value of both." — *Chicago Post.*

"As a critic, Mr. Lowell is inferior to no living writer. In this new work he puts forth his full power." — *Philadelphia Press.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

LEE AND SHEPARD'S
SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1870.

NOW READY.

SHALL ROME CONQUER AMERICA?

The Question of the Hour.

THE BIBLE

AND

THE SCHOOL FUND.

By RUFUS W. CLARK, D. D.

Paper, 40 cts. Cloth, 75 cts.

INDORSEMENTS.

From the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D., of Harvard College.

"I want to express my unqualified acquiescence in your line of argument and tone of thought and feeling, and my earnest sympathy with you in what seems to me a cause of prime importance in its civil, no less than its religious aspects."

From the Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D., LL. D., Chancellor of the New York University.

"Your view is clear, comprehensive, and satisfactory, and I trust that you will hear good results from its circulation."

From the Hon. Ira Harris, LL. D., etc., Professor in the Law School of Albany.

"I desire to thank you, as I do most heartily, for the great service you have rendered the cause of true religion and patriotism by your Discourses on 'The Bible in our Public Schools.'"

From Peter B. Simons, Esq., President of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia.

"The arguments are not only convincing, but they are couched in such language that the dullest mind can comprehend them and feel their power, if they have one spark of love for their God and country."

From the New York Observer.

"An impregnable argument in favor of the present common-school system, and presents the subject in such a form as to command popular attention."

NOW READY.

BRAKE UP;

Or, The Young Peacemakers.

By OLIVER OPTIC.

1 vol. Illustrated. $1.25.

Being Vol. 5 of the

LAKE SHORE SERIES.

5 vols. 40 Illustrations. Per vol., $1.25.

1. Through by Daylight. 3. On Time.
2. Lightning Express. 4. Switch Off.
5. Brake Up.

JUST PUBLISHED.

MOZART AND MENDELSSOHN.

By the Author of "Soprano."

1 vol. Illustrated. $1.25. Being Vol. 1 of

THE TONE MASTERS.

The volumes of this series are

Mozart and Mendelssohn.

Handel and Haydn. (In press.)

Beethoven and Bach. (In press.)

These books are prepared under the supervision of E. Tourjée, Mus. Doc., Director of the New England Conservatory of Music, and are calculated to inspire in Youth

A LOVE FOR MUSIC.

DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS.

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME AMUSEMENT.

Arranged by W. ELIOT FETTE, A. M.

1 vol. Illustrated. $1.50.

This volume contains selections from the incomparable creations of Charles Dickens, compiled by a practical teacher for use in his own school. They present the most available dialogues for the school and social circle to be found in any one volume.

IN PRESS.

LIFE AND ALONE.

A NOVEL.

16mo. $1.50.

IN PRESS.

THE ACADEMY GHOST.

Or, The Adventures of the B. O. W. C.

By PROF. J. DEMILLE,

Author of

B. O. W. C.

IN PRESS.

INSANITY IN WOMEN.

By PROF. H. R. STORER, M. D.

Author of "Why Not," "Is it I," "On Nurses and Nursing," &c.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE BIOGRAPHICAL ANNALS.

By REV. CALVIN DURFEE.

With an Introduction by REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D. D.

IN PRESS.

ALASKA

AND ITS RESOURCES.

By W. H. DALL.

Full octavo. Elegantly Illustrated.

This volume will contain not only the record of a *three years'* residence in Alaska, but a complete history of the country gathered from every available source. It will be rich in details of Productions, Soil, Climate, Temperature, Language, etc., etc., and will be the most valuable as well as the most authentic addition to the history of our new possession.

IN PRESS.

THE THEORY OF THE CALCULUS.

By WILLIAM B. GREENE.

8vo. Cloth.

IN PRESS.

MANUAL FOR RAILROAD ENGINEERS

AND ENGINEERING STUDENTS.

By G. L. VOSE.

This will be undoubtedly the most valuable work on Railroad Engineering in existence, containing all the information necessary to build, equip, and run a railroad, fully illustrated by maps, diagrams, &c.

☞ LEE & SHEPARD'S PUBLICATIONS can be had of all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, on receipt of price.

LEE AND SHEPARD, Boston.

Number 151. *Volume* 25.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

MAY, 1870.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Joseph and his Friend. V.	513
Lost Art	525
Signs and Show-Cases in New York	526
The Channel Islands	534
My Secretaryship	542
May grown a-Cold	553
The English Governess at the Siamese Court. II.	554
The Lauson Tragedy. II.	565
A May-time Pastoral	575
Among the Isles of Shoals. IV.	579
The Legend of Jubal	589
A Week at Duluth	605
Aspromonte	614
Our Money Problem	615
The Duel of the Spanish Bourbons	626
Reviews and Literary Notices	633

Harte's Luck of Roaring Camp. — Ruskin's Mystery of Life and its Arts. — Helps's Casimir Maremma. — The Bible in the Public Schools and Clark's Question of the Hour. — Hunt's Day by the Fire. — Leland's Hans Breitmann in Church.

BOSTON:
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
124 TREMONT STREET.

OFFICE FOR NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN SUBSCRIBERS,
713 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TERMS. — SINGLE NUMBERS, 35 cents. . . . . YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $4.00.
CLUBS: Two Copies, $7.00; Five Copies, $16.00; Ten Copies, $30.00,
and each additional Copy, $3.00.
For every Club of Twenty Subscribers an additional copy will be furnished *gratis*.

☞ Every letter on business relating to the "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" should have the name of the STATE as well as the Post-Office from which it comes.
Persons ordering a change in direction of magazines should always give both the *old* and the *new* address IN FULL. No change can be made after the **5th** of any month in the address of magazines for the following month.

DICKENS'S NEW STORY

IN

EVERY SATURDAY

by Special Arrangement with the Author

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS.

EVERY SATURDAY,

No. 15, for April 9, contained the first chapters of Mr. Dickens's new Story,

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD."

This great story is already recognized as possessing the peculiar characteristics that stamp all the works of Mr. Dickens. It has thus early enlisted the eager interest of HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of intelligent readers in America and Europe.

By special arrangement it appears in EVERY SATURDAY from *advance sheets* furnished by Mr. Dickens, simultaneously with its publication in England. Those who wish to read "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," in its earliest and only authorized form in America, will find it in EVERY SATURDAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mr. Dickens's Story is accompanied by THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS by MR. FILDES, drawn under the supervision of Mr. Dickens himself.

This number of EVERY SATURDAY contains **An Excellent New Portrait of Dickens, Views of Dickens's Residence,** and other superb illustrations.

A Pictorial Supplement accompanies this number, entitled

MR. PICKWICK'S RECEPTION,

drawn expressly for EVERY SATURDAY by SOL EYTINGE, JR., and representing the principal characters that figure in DICKENS'S Novels, — such as Pickwick and Sam Weller, Scrooge, Bob Cratchit, and Tiny Tim, Captain Cuttle, Pecksniff and his daughters, Micawber with his faithful wife and the twins, Oliver Twist, Little Nell and her Grandfather, Fagan and his apt pupils, the Artful Dodger, and Charley Bates, The Fat Boy, — and scores besides that make the lights and shades of Mr. Dickens's marvellous pictures.

"Every Saturday for April 9 contains the first and second chapters of Mr. Dickens's new story. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" making a liberal instalment of the work. Judging from this sample, we have a great story before us for the amusement of the next twelvemonth, the tale being one of marvellous suggestions, and affording occasion for grand displays of the author's powers." — *Boston Traveller.*

"The author's power of terrible and fantastic description is illustrated in the opening chapter." — *New York Tribune.*

"Every Saturday, No. 15, has a pictorial supplement, drawn by Sol Eytinge, the clever illustrator of the Boston edition of Dickens, entitled 'Mr. Pickwick's Reception,' in which Sam Weller introduces to Mr. Pickwick the leading characters of Mr. Dickens's Novels. There must be about two hundred different figures and heads here, all so distinctly individualized that any rational reader of 'Boz,' after profitably investing an odd hour or so in the study of this very spirited and clever production, *must* recognize nineteen twentieths of the whole. In truth, it is a remarkably well conceived and well-executed composition." — *Philadelphia Press.*

☞ THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD will be continued in EVERY SATURDAY through the year.

TERMS OF EVERY SATURDAY.

Single Weekly Number, 10 cents; Monthly Parts, 50 cents; Yearly Subscription, $5.00 in advance; $4.00 a year to subscribers for any other periodical published by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.

*** *For sale by all Booksellers and News-Dealers.*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

HEDGED IN.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Author of "The Gates Ajar." *Ninth Edition.* $1.50.

This powerful story has produced a very deep impression among its many thousand readers, as a story of singular interest, and of the highest practical importance. In its way it promises to rival the circulation and peculiar popular favor of Miss Phelps's previous volume, "The Gates Ajar."

"The problem which supplies the motive of this novel is one of the most serious of all that perplex the reformer and philanthropist. Can a woman who has fallen from virtue be restored not only to the favor of God, but to the smiles of society? * * * Miss Phelps treats the subject with true religious feeling, but she has carefully avoided a parade of pious sentiment and Scripture commonplaces, and she makes a plenty of fun of well-meaning ladies who think they have done their whole duty when they subscribe to a Magdalen Asylum and disgust the unfortunate with cant phrases. Nor should we omit to say that she treats it with equal delicacy and boldness, with the courage of a Christian, and the most perfect womanly refinement. The literary merits of the book deserve still warmer praise than its purpose and spirit."—*New York Tribune.*

"The author of 'Gates Ajar' is sure of a large public, but her new venture, Hedged In, does not require the reflected glory of the former work to ensure its success. It is an able book, a deeply interesting book, a thoroughly good book. The story is told with great power, the characters boldly drawn; the pathos deep, without being mawkishly sentimental; the satire keen, the whole work imbued with an earnest humanity."—*Cleveland Herald.*

"This is a story of remarkable power, pathos and beauty. Some of its descriptions of the street-life and house-life of the very poor are hardly surpassed by Dickens himself. The character of Margaret Purcell, the good Samaritan who shelters and saves poor Nixy, is drawn with rare skill and delicacy. Nothing could be more naturally and touchingly painted than the mental struggle of this noble woman — the doubts, the perplexities so candidly acknowledged, the womanly shrinking from contact with vice, and the pure, resolute Christian heart triumphing over all, and enabling Margaret Purcell to defy the world, the flesh, and the devil in her great task of redeeming a fallen fellow-creature.

"Hedged In is a beautiful, touching tale, inspired by noble womanly feeling and true Christian faith."—*The Independent.*

"This is a simple story. Any street will furnish the materials of it; that is, so far as the sadder side of the story extends. But simple and commonplace as the narrative is, it is wrought out with a marvelous power. There is nothing strained to produce an effect. And yet every page contains a passage whose pathos reaches to the very fountain of one's tears. The great power of the book is plainly owing to the fact that the writer has written not to tell a good story, but to enforce a mighty, solemn truth, whose greatness fills all her own heart."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

"Hedged In may not make so much noise as 'Gates Ajar,' but it will produce a deeper impression where it is read and felt at all. * * * * The whole question here opened, — of what Christianity should do for the outcast of modern society, is of profoundest interest, and one that grows more and more important every year in New England. We are glad that it has been raised by Miss Phelps, who will stir the hearts of many to consider it that have never thought of it so before."—*Springfield Republican.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F. O. & Co.'s Publications.

Attention is invited to the following selections from the large numbe of favorable opinions, expressed by authoritative critics, of the merits of the novels of Friedrich Spielhagen.

"It stands far above any of the productions of either FREYTAG or AUERBACH."—*N. Y. Times.*

"Such a novel as no English author with whom we are acquainted could have written, and no American author except Hawthorne."—*Putnam's Mag.*

"These characters live, they are men and women, and the whole mystery of humanity is upon each of them."—*New York Evening Post.*

"Vastly superior to the bulk of English novels which are annually poured out upon us—as much above Trollope's as Steinberger Cabinet is better than London porter."—*Springfield Republican.*

"Terse, pointed, brilliant, rapid, and no dreamer, he has the best traits of the French manner, while in earnestness and fulness of matter he is thoroughly German."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE NOVELS OF FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN.

In uniform style. 12mo, cloth, $2 per volume.

I. **PROBLEMATIC CHARACTERS.** Translated by Prof. SCHELE DE VERE. Second Ed.
II. **THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT.** Translated by Prof. SCHELE DE VERE. Second Ed. Thoroughly revised.
III. **THE HOHENSTEINS.** Translated by Prof. SCHELE DE VERE.
IV. **HAMMER AND ANVIL.** Translated by WILLIAM HAND BROWNE. (In May.)
V. **IN RANK AND FILE.** (In preparation.)
VI. **ROSE, AND THE VILLAGE COQUETTE.** (In preparation.)

No book ever received stronger recommendation from that portion of the Press whose verdict is considered final, than Professor Raphael Pumpelly's Narrative of his Tour Across America and Asia. Attention is invited to the following expressions from the very highest authorities.

"One of the most interesting books of travel we have ever read."—*Nation.*

"It is rarely the fortune of a young man to have so good a tale to tell, and rarer still for a young man to tell his tale so well.—*N. A. Review.*

"We cannot now recall any recent traveller whose diction is quite as perfect in style, and whose faculty of description so admirably supplements his faculty of seeing."—*Overland Monthly.*

"Crowded with entertainment and instruction. A careful reading of it will give more real acquaintance with both the physical geography and the ethnology of the northern temperate regions of both hemispheres than perhaps any other book in existence."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"One of the most fascinating and intelligent books of travels that has ever fallen into my hands, . . . and the next book of travels you buy, let it be this."—*Irenæus (Rev. Dr. Prime), N. Y. Observer.*

ACROSS AMERICA AND ASIA.

BY RAPHAEL PUMPELLY.

Professor in Harvard University, and some time Mining Engineer in the employ of the Chinese and Japanese Governments. Royal 8vo. Price $5.

☞ **The Mental Photographs of MARK TWAIN and C. H. WEBB (author of "Liffith Lank") will be sent gratis on application enclosing stamp.**

THE MENTAL PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, two editions. I. With 76 blanks of 23 questions each, called the *Carte de visite* edition. II. With 38 blanks of 40 questions each, called the "Imperial" edition. The prices are the same.

PRICES—Cloth, gilt, $1.50; Plain morocco, gilt, twice the number of pages contained in the copies bound in cloth, $4; Rich Levant morocco, full gilt, three times the number of pages contained in the copies bound in cloth (an elegant book for presentation), $12.00.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT, Publishers, New York.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science. Art, and Politics.

VOL. XXV. — MAY, 1870. — NO. CLI.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was not much of the happy bridegroom to be seen in Joseph's face when he arose the next morning. To Philip's eyes he appeared to have suddenly grown several years older; his features had lost their boyish softness and sweetness, which would thenceforth never wholly come back again. He spoke but little, and went about his preparation with an abstracted, mechanical air, which told how much his mind was preoccupied. Philip quietly assisted, and when all was complete, led him before the mirror.

"There!" he said; "now study the general effect; I think nothing more is wanting."

"It hardly looks like myself," Joseph remarked, after a careless inspection.

"In all the weddings I have seen," said Philip, "the bridegrooms were pale and grave, the brides flushed and trembling. You will not make an exception to the rule; but it is a solemn thing, and I — don't misunderstand me, Joseph — I almost wish you were not to be married to-day."

"Philip!" Joseph exclaimed, "let me think, now, at least, — now, at the last moment, — that it is best for me! If you knew how cramped, restricted, fettered, my life has been, and how much emancipation has already come with this — this love! Perhaps my marriage is a venture, but it is one which must be made; and no consequence of it shall ever come between us!"

"No; and I ought not to have spoken a word that might imply a doubt. It may be that your emancipation, as you rightly term it, can only come in this way. My life has been so different, that I am unconsciously putting myself in your place, instead of trying to look with your eyes. When I next go to Coventry Forge, I shall drive over and dine with you, and I hope your Julia will be as ready to receive me as a friend as I am to find one in her. There is the carriage at the door, and you had better arrive a little before the appointed hour. Take only my good wishes, my prayers for your happiness, along with you, — and now, God bless you, Joseph!"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

The carriage rolled away. Joseph, in full wedding costume, was painfully conscious of the curious glances which fell upon him, and presently pulled down the curtains. Then, with an impatient self-reprimand, he pulled them up again, lowered the window, and let the air blow upon his hot cheeks. The house was speedily reached, and he was admitted by a festive waiter (hired for the occasion) before he had been exposed for more than five seconds to the gaze of curious eyes in all the windows around.

Mrs. Blessing, resplendent in purple, and so bedight that she seemed almost as young as her portrait, swept into the drawing-room. She inspected him rapidly, and approved, while advancing; otherwise he would scarcely have received the thin, dry kiss with which she favored him.

"It lacks half an hour," she said; "but you have the usual impatience of a bridegroom. I am accustomed to it. Mr. Blessing is still in his room; he has only just commenced arranging his cambric cravat, which is a work of time. He cannot forget that he was distinguished for an elegant tie in his youth. Clementina," — as that young lady entered the room, — "is the bride completely attired?"

"All but her gloves," replied Clementina, offering three fourths of her hand to Joseph. "And she don't know what ear-rings to wear."

"I think we might venture," Mrs. Blessing remarked, "as there seems to be no rule applicable to the case, to allow Mr. Asten a sight of his bride. Perhaps his taste might assist her in the choice."

Thereupon she conducted Joseph up stairs, and, after some preliminary whispering, he was admitted to the room. He and Julia were equally surprised at the change in each other's appearance: he older, paler, with a grave and serious bearing; she younger, brighter, rounder, fresher, and with the loveliest pink flush on her cheeks. The gloss of her hair rivalled that of the white satin which draped her form and gave grace to its outlines; her neck and shoulders were slight, but no one could have justly called them lean; and even the thinness of her lips was forgotten in the vivid coral of their color, and the nervous life which hovered about their edges. At that moment she was certainly beautiful, and a stranger would have supposed her to be young.

She looked into Joseph's face with a smile in which some appearance of maiden shyness yet lingered. A shrewder bridegroom would have understood its meaning, and would have said, "How lovely you are!" Joseph, it is true, experienced a sense of relief, but he knew not why, and could not for his life have put it into words. His eyes dwelt upon and followed her, and she seemed to be satisfied with that form of recognition. Mrs. Blessing inspected the dress with a severe critical eye, pulling out a fold here and smoothing a bit of lace there, until nothing further could be detected. Then, the adornment of the victim being completed, she sat down and wept moderately.

"O ma, try to bear up!" Julia exclaimed, with the very slightest touch of impatience in her voice; "it is all to come yet."

There was a ring at the door.

"It must be your aunt," said Mrs. Blessing, drying her eyes. "My sister," she added, turning to Joseph, — Mrs. Woollish, with Mr. Woollish and their two sons and one daughter. He 's in the — the leather trade, so to speak, which has thrown her into a very different circle; but, as we have no nearer relations in the city, they will be present at the ceremony. He is said to be wealthy. I have no means of knowing; but one would scarcely think so, to judge from his wedding-gift to Julia."

"Ma, why should you mention it?"

"I wish to enlighten Mr. Asten. Six pairs of shoes! — of course all of the same pattern; and the fashion may change in another year!"

"In the country we have no fashions in shoes," Joseph suggested.

"Certainly!" said Julia. "*I* find Un-

cle Woollish's present very practical indeed."

Mrs. Blessing looked at her daughter, and said nothing.

Mr. Blessing, very red in the face, but with triumphant cambric about his throat, entered the room, endeavoring to get his fat hands into a pair of No. 9 gloves. A strong smell of turpentine or benzine entered with him.

"Eliza," said he, "you must find me some eau de cologne. The odor left from my — my rheumatic remedy is still perceptible. Indeed, patchouly would be better, if it were not the scent peculiar to *parvenus*."

Clementina came to say that the clergyman's carriage had just reached the door, and Mr. Blessing was hurried down stairs, mopping his gloves and the collar of his coat with liquid fragrance by the way. Mrs. Blessing and Clementina presently followed.

"Julia," said Joseph when they were quite alone, "have you thought that this is for life?"

She looked up with a tender smile, but something in his face arrested it on her lips.

"I have lived ignorantly until now," he continued, — "innocently and ignorantly. From this time on I shall change more than you, and there may be, years hence, a very different Joseph Asten from the one whose name you will take to-day. If you love me with the love I claim from you, — the love that grows with and through all new knowledge and experience, — there will be no discord in our lives. We must both be liberal and considerate towards each other; it has been but a short time since we met, and we have still much to learn."

"O Joseph!" she murmured, in a tone of gentle reproach, "I knew your nature at first sight."

"I hope you did," he answered gravely, "for then you will be able to see its needs, and help me to supply them. But, Julia, there must not the shadow of concealment come between us: nothing must be reserved. I understand no love that does not include perfect trust. I must draw nearer, and be drawn nearer to you, constantly, or — "

He paused; it was no time to utter the further sentence in his mind. Julia glided to him, clasped her arms about his waist, and laid her head against his shoulder. Although she said nothing, the act was eloquent. It expressed acquiescence, trust, fidelity, the surrender of her life to his, and no man in his situation could have understood it otherwise. A tenderness, which seemed to be the something hitherto lacking to his love, crept softly over his heart, and the lurking unrest began to fade from his face.

There was a rustle on the stairs; Clementina and Miss Woollish made their appearance. "Mr. Bogue has arrived," whispered the former, "and ma thinks you should come down soon. Are you entirely ready? I don't think you need the salts, Julia; but you might carry the bottle in your left hand: brides are expected to be nervous."

She gave a light laugh, like the purl and bubble of a brook, but Joseph shrank, with an inward chill, from the sound.

"So! shall we go? Fanny and I — (I beg pardon; Mr. Asten — Miss Woollish) — will lead the way. We will stand a little in the rear, not beside you, as there are no groomsmen. Remember, the farther end of the room!"

They rustled slowly downward, in advance, and the bridal pair followed. The clergyman, Mr. Bogue, suddenly broke off in the midst of an oracular remark about the weather, and, standing in the centre of the room, awaited them. The other members of the two families were seated, and very silent.

Joseph heard the introductory remarks, the ceremony, and the final benediction as in a dream. His lips opened mechanically, and a voice which did not exactly seem to be his own uttered the "I will!" at the proper time; yet, in recalling the experience afterwards, he was unable to decide whether any definite thought or memory or hope had passed through his mind. From his

entrance into the room until his hand was violently shaken by Mr. Blessing there was a blank.

Of course there were tears, but the beams of congratulation shone through them, and they saddened nobody. Miss Fanny Woollish assured the bridal pair, in an audible whisper, that she had never seen a *sweeter* wedding; and her mother, a stout, homely little body, confirmed the opinion with, "Yes, you both did beautifully!" Then the marriage certificate was produced and signed, and the company partook of wine and refreshments to strengthen them for the reception.

Until there had been half a dozen arrivals, Mrs. Blessing moved about restlessly, and her eyes wandered to the front window. Suddenly three or four carriages came rattling together up the street, and Joseph heard her whisper to her husband: "There they are! it will be a success!" It was not long before the little room was uncomfortably crowded, and the presentations followed so rapidly that Joseph soon became bewildered. Julia, however, knew and welcomed every one with the most bewitching grace, being rewarded with kisses by the gorgeous young ladies and compliments by the young men with weak mouths and retreating chins.

In the midst of the confusion Mr. Blessing, with a wave of his hand, presented "Mr. Collector Twining" and "Mr. Surveyor Knob" and "Mr. Appraiser Gerrish," all of whom greeted Joseph with a bland, almost affectionate, cordiality. The door of the dining-room was then thrown open, and the three dignitaries accompanied the bridal pair to the table. Two servants rapidly whisked the champagne-bottles from a cooling-tub in the adjoining closet, and Mr. Blessing commenced stirring and testing a huge bowl of punch. Collector Twining made a neat little speech, proposing the health of bride and bridegroom, with a pun upon the former's name, which was received with as much delight as if it had never been heard before. Therefore Mr. Surveyor Knob repeated it in giving the health of the bride's parents. The enthusiasm of the company not having diminished, Mr. Appraiser Gerrish improved the pun in a third form, in proposing "the Ladies." Then Mr. Blessing, although his feelings overcame him, and he was obliged to use a handkerchief smelling equally of benzine and eau de cologne, responded, introducing the collector's and surveyor's names with an ingenuity which was accepted as the inspiration of genius. His peroration was especially admired.

"On this happy occasion," he said, "the elements of national power and prosperity are represented. My son-in-law, Mr. Asten, is a noble specimen of the agricultural population, — the free American yeomanry; my daughter, if I may be allowed to say it in the presence of so many bright eyes and blooming cheeks, is a representative child of the city, which is the embodiment of the nation's action and enterprise. The union of the two is the movement of our life. The city gives to the country as the ocean gives the cloud to the mountain-springs: the country gives to the city as the streams flow back to the ocean. ["Admirable!" Mr. Collector Twining exclaimed.] Then we have, as our highest honor, the representatives of the political system under which city and country flourish alike. The wings of our eagle must be extended over this fortunate house to-day, for here are the strong Claws which seize and guard its treasures!"

The health of the Claws was enthusiastically drunk. Mr. Blessing was congratulated on his eloquence; the young gentlemen begged the privilege of touching their glasses to his, and every touch required that the contents be replenished; so that the bottom of the punch-bowl was nearly reached before the guests departed.

When Joseph came down in his travelling-dress, he found the drawing-room empty of the crowd; but leaves, withered flowers, crumbs of cake and crumpled cards, scattered over the carpet,

indicated what had taken place. In the dining-room Mr. Blessing, with his cravat loosened, was smoking a cigar at the open window.

"Come, son-in-law!" he cried; "take another glass of punch before you start."

Joseph declined, on the plea that he was not accustomed to the beverage.

"Nothing could have gone off better!" said Mr. Blessing. "The collector was delighted: by the by, you 're to go to the St. Jerome, when you get to New York this evening. He telegraphed to have the bridal-chamber reserved for you. Tell Julia: she won't forget it. That girl has a deuced sharp intellect: if you 'll be guided by her in your operations —"

"Pa, what are you saying about me?" Julia asked, hastily entering the room.

"Only that you have a deuced sharp intellect, and to-day proves it. Asten is one of us now, and I may tell him of his luck."

He winked and laughed stupidly, and Joseph understood and obeyed his wife's appealing glance. He went to his mother-in-law in the drawing-room.

Julia lightly and swiftly shut the door. "Pa," she said, in a strong, angry whisper; "if you are not able to talk coherently, you must keep your tongue still. What will Joseph think of *me*, to hear you?"

"What he 'll think anyhow, in a little while," he doggedly replied. "Julia, you have played a keen game, and played it well; but you don't know much of men yet. He 'll not always be the innocent, white-nosed lamb he is now, nibbling the posies you hold out to him. Wait till he asks for stronger feed, and see whether he 'll follow you!"

She was looking on the floor, pale and stern. Suddenly one of her gloves burst, across the back of the hand. "Pa," she then said, "it 's very cruel to say such things to me, now when I 'm leaving you."

"So it is!" he exclaimed, tearfully contrite; "I am a wretch! They flattered my speech so much, — the collector was so impressed by me, — and said so many pleasant things, that — I don't feel quite steady. Don't forget the St. Jerome; the bridal-chamber is ordered, and I 'll see that Mumm writes a good account for the 'Evening Mercury.' I wish you could be here to remember my speech for me. O, I shall miss you! I shall miss you!"

With these words, and his arm lovingly about his daughter, they joined the family. The carriage was already at the door, and the coachman was busy with the travelling-trunks. There were satchels, and little packages, — an astonishing number it seemed to Joseph, — to be gathered together, and then the farewells were said.

As they rolled through the streets towards the station, Julia laid her head upon her husband's shoulder, drew a long, deep breath, and said: "Now all our obligations to society are fulfilled, and we can rest awhile. For the first time in my life I am a free woman, — and you have liberated me!"

He answered her in glad and tender words; he was equally grateful that the exciting day was over. But, as they sped away from the city through the mellow October landscapes, Philip's earnest, dark gray eyes, warm with more than brotherly love, haunted his memory, and he knew that Philip's faithful thoughts followed him.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE are some days when the sun comes slowly up, filling the vapory air with diffused light, in advance of his coming; when the earth grows luminous in the broad, breezeless morning; when nearer objects shine and sparkle, and the distances melt into dim violet and gold; when the vane points to the southwest, and the blood of man feels neither heat nor cold, but only the freshness of that perfect temperature, wherein the limits of the body are lost, and the pulses of its life beat in all the life of the world. But erelong the haze, instead of thinning into

blue, gradually thickens into gray; the vane creeps southward, swinging to southeast in brief, rising flaws of the air; the horizon darkens; the enfranchised life of the spirit creeps back to its old isolation, shorn of all its rash delight, and already foreboding the despondency which comes with the east wind and the chilly rains.

Some such variation of the atmospheric influences attended Joseph Asten's wedding-travel. The mellow, magical glory of his new life diminished day by day; the blue of his sky became colder and grayer. Yet he could not say that his wife had changed: she was always ready with her smiles, her tender phrases, her longings for quiet and rest, and simple, natural life, away from the conventionalities and claims of Society. But, even as, looking into the pale, tawny-brown of her eyes, he saw no changing depth below the hard, clear surface, so it also seemed with her nature; he painfully endeavored to penetrate beyond expressions, the repetition of which it was hard not to find tiresome, and to reach some spring of character or feeling; yet he found nothing. It was useless to remember that he had been content with those expressions before marriage, had given them his own eager interpretation, independent of her will and knowledge; that his duty to her remained the same, for she had not deceived him.

On the other hand, she was as tender and affectionate as he could desire. Indeed, he would often have preferred a less artless manifestation of her fondness; but she playfully insisted on his claiming the best quarters at every stopping-place, on the ground of their bridal character, and was sometimes a little petulant when she fancied that they had not been sufficiently honored. Joseph would have willingly escaped the distinction, allowing himself to be confounded with the prosaic multitude, but she would not permit him to try the experiment.

"The newly married are always detected," she would say, "and they are only laughed at when they try to seem like old couples. Why not be frank and honest, and meet half-way the sympathy which I am sure everybody has for us?"

To this he could make no reply, except that it was not agreeable to exact a special attention.

"But it is our right!" was her answer.

In every railway-car they entered she contrived, in a short time, to impress the nature of their trip upon the other travellers; yet it was done with such apparent unconsciousness, such innocent, impulsive manifestations of her happiness in him, that he could not, in his heart, charge her with having intentionally brought upon him the discomfort of being curiously observed. He could have accustomed himself to endure the latter, had it been inevitable; the suspicion that he owed it to her made it an increasing annoyance. Yet, when the day's journey was over, and they were resting together in their own private apartment, she would bring a stool to his feet, lay her head on his knee, and say: "Now we can talk as we please, — there are none watching and listening."

At such times he was puzzled to guess whether some relic of his former nervous shyness were not remaining, and had made him over-sensitive to her ways. The doubt gave him an additional power of self-control; he resolved to be more slow and cautious of judgment, and observe men and women more carefully than he had been wont to do. Julia had no suspicion of what was passing in his mind: she took it for granted that his nature was still as shallow and transparent as when she first came in contact with it.

After nearly a fortnight this flying life came to an end. They returned to the city for a day, before going home to the farm. The Blessing mansion received them with a hearty welcome, yet, in spite of it, a depressing atmosphere seemed to fill the house. Mrs. Blessing looked pinched and care-worn, Clementina discontented, and Mr. Blessing as

melancholy as was possible to so buoyant a politician.

"What 's the matter? I hope pa has n't lost his place," Julia remarked in an undertone to her mother.

"Lost my place!" Mr. Blessing exclaimed aloud; "I 'd like to see how the collection of customs would go on without me. But a man may keep his place, and yet lose his house and home."

Clementina vanished, Mrs. Blessing followed, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and Julia hastened after them, crying: "Ma! dear ma!"

"It 's only on *their* account," said Mr. Blessing, pointing after them and speaking to Joseph. "A plucky man never desponds, sir, but women, you 'll find, are upset by every reverse."

"May I ask what has happened?"

"A delicate regard for you," Mr. Blessing replied, "would counsel me to conceal it, but my duty as your father-in-law leaves me no alternative. Our human feelings prompt us to show only the bright side of life to those whom we love; principle, however, conscience, commands us not to suppress the shadows. I am but one out of the many millions of victims of mistaken judgment. The case is simply this: I will omit certain legal technicalities touching the disposition of property, which may not be familiar to you, and state the facts in the most intelligible form; securities which I placed as collaterals for the loan of a sum, not a very large amount, have been very unexpectedly depreciated, but only temporarily so, as all the market knows. If I am forced to sell them, at such an untoward crisis, I lose the largest part of my limited means; if I retain them they will ultimately recover their full value."

"Then why not retain them?" Joseph asked.

"The sum advanced upon them must be repaid, and it so happens — the market being very tight — that every one of my friends is short. Of course, where their own paper is on the street, I can't ask them to float mine for three months longer, which is all that is necessary. A good indorsement is the extent of my necessity; for any one who is familiar with the aspects of the market can see that there must be a great rebound before three months."

"If it were not a very large amount," Joseph began.

"Only a thousand! I know what you were going to say: it is perfectly natural: I appreciate it, because, if our positions were reversed, I should have done the same thing. But, although it is a mere form, a temporary fiction, which has the force of reality, and, therefore, so far as you are concerned, I should feel entirely easy, yet it might subject me to very dishonoring suspicions! It might be said that I had availed myself of your entrance into my family to beguile you into pecuniary entanglements; the amount might be exaggerated, the circumstances misrepresented, — no, no! rather than that, let me make the sacrifice like a man! I 'm no longer young, it is true, but the feeling that I stand on principle will give me strength to work."

"On the other hand, Mr. Blessing," said Joseph, "very unpleasant things might be said of me, if I should permit you to suffer so serious a loss, when my assistance would prevent it."

"I don't deny it. You have made a two-horned dilemma out of a one-sided embarrassment. Would that I had kept the secret in my own breast! The temptation is strong, I confess: for the mere use of your name for a few months is all I should require. Either the securities will rise to their legitimate value, or some of the capitalists with whom I have dealings will be in a position to accommodate me. I have frequently tided over similar snags and sand-bars in the financial current; they are familiar even to the most skilful operators, — navigators, I might say, to carry out the figure, — and this is an instance where an additional inch of water will lift me from wreck to flood-tide. The question is, should I allow what I feel to be a just principle, a natural suggestion of delicacy, to inter-

vene between my necessity and your generous proffer of assistance?"

"Your family——" Joseph began.

"I know! I know!" Mr. Blessing cried, leaning his head upon his hand. "There is my vulnerable point, — my heel of Achilles! There would be no alternative, — better sell this house than have my paper dishonored! Then, too, I feel that this is a turning-point in my fortunes: if I can squeeze through this narrow pass, I shall find a smooth road beyond. It is not merely the sum which is at stake, but the future possibilities into which it expands. Should I crush the seed while it is germinating? Should I tear up the young tree, with an opening fruit-bud on every twig? You see the considerations that sway me: unless you withdraw your most generous proffer, what can I do but yield, and accept it?"

"I have no intention of withdrawing it," Joseph answered, taking his words literally; "I made the offer freely and willingly. If my indorsement is all that is necessary now, I can give it at once."

Mr. Blessing grasped him by the hand, winked hard three or four times, and turned away his head without speaking. Then he drew a large leather pocket-book from his breast, opened it, and produced a printed promissory note.

"We will make it payable at your county bank," said he, "because your name is known there, and upon acceptance — which can be procured in two days — the money will be drawn here. Perhaps we had better say four months, in order to cover all contingencies."

He went to a small writing-desk, at the farther end of the room, and filled the blanks in the note, which Joseph then indorsed. When it was safely lodged in his breast-pocket, he said: "We will keep this entirely to ourselves. My wife, let me whisper to you, is very proud and sensitive, although the De l'Hotels (Doolittles now) were never quite the equals of the De Belsains; but women see matters in a different light. They can't understand the accommodation of a name, but fancy that it implies a kind of humiliation, as if one were soliciting charity."

He laughed and rubbed his hands. "I shall soon be in a position," he said, "to render you a favor in return. My long experience, and, I may add, my intimate knowledge of the financial field, enables me to foresee many splendid opportunities. There are, just now, some movements which are not yet perceptible on the surface. Mark my words! we shall shortly have a new excitement, and a cool, well-seasoned head is a fortune at such times."

"In the country," Joseph replied, "we only learn enough to pay off our debts and invest our earnings. We are in the habit of moving slowly and cautiously. Perhaps we miss opportunities; but if we don't see them, we are just as contented as if they had not been. I have enough for comfort, and try to be satisfied."

"Inherited ideas! They belong to the community in which you live. Are you satisfied with your neighbors' ways of living and thinking? I do not mean to disparage them, but have you no desire to rise above their level? Money, — as I once said at a dinner given to a distinguished railroad man, — money is the engine which draws individuals up the steepest grades of society; it is the lubricating oil which makes the truck of life run easy; it is the safety-break which renders collision and wreck impossible! I have long been accustomed to consider it in the light of power, not of property, and I classify men according as they take one or the other view. The latter are misers; but the former, sir, are philosophers!"

Joseph scarcely knew how to answer this burst of eloquence. But there was no necessity for it; the ladies entered the room at that moment, each one, in her own way, swiftly scrutinizing the two gentlemen. Mrs. Blessing's face lost its woe-worn expression, while a gleam of malicious satisfaction passed over Clementina's.

The next day, on their journey to

the country, Julia suddenly said, "I am sure, Joseph, that pa made use of your generosity; pray don't deny it!"

There was the faintest trace of hardness in her voice, which he interpreted as indicating dissatisfaction with his failure to confide the matter to her.

"I have no intention of denying anything, Julia," he answered. "I was not called upon to exercise generosity; it was simply what your father would term an 'accommodation'?"

"I understand. How much?"

"An indorsement of his note for a thousand dollars, which is little, when it will prevent him from losing valuable securities."

Julia was silent for at least ten minutes; then, turning towards him with a sternness which she vainly endeavored to conceal under a "wreathed smile," she said: "In future, Joseph, I hope you will always consult me in any pecuniary venture. I may not know much about such matters, but it is my duty to learn. I have been obliged to hear a great deal of financial talk from pa and his friends, and could not help guessing some things which I think I can apply for your benefit. We are to have no secrets from each other, you know."

His own words! After all, what she said was just and right, and he could not explain to himself why he should feel annoyed. Perhaps he missed a frank expression of delight in the assistance he had so promptly given; but why should he suspect that it was unwelcome to her? He tried to banish the feeling, to hide it under self-reproach and shame, but it clung to him most uncomfortably.

Nevertheless, he forgot everything in the pleasure of the homeward drive from the station. The sadness of late autumn lay upon the fields, but spring already said, "I am coming!" in the young wheat; the houses looked warm and cosey behind their sheltering fir-trees; cattle still grazed on the meadows, and the corn was not yet deserted by the huskers. The sun gave a bright edge to the sombre colors of the landscape, and to Joseph's eyes it was beautiful as never before. Julia leaned back in the carriage, and complained of the cold wind.

"There!" cried Joseph, as a view of the valley opened below them, with the stream flashing like steel between the leafless sycamores, — "there is home-land! Do you know where to look for our house?"

Julia made an effort, leaned forward, smiled, and pointed silently across the shoulder of a hill to the eastward. "You surely did n't suppose I *could* forget," she murmured.

Rachel Miller awaited them at the gate, and Julia had no sooner alighted than she flung herself into her arms. "Dear Aunt Rachel!" she cried: "you must now take my mother's place; I have *so* much to learn from you! It is doubly a home since you are here. I feel that we shall all be happy together!"

Then there were kisses, of which Joseph received his share, and the first evening lapsed away in perfect harmony. Everything was delightful; the room, the furniture, the meal, even the roar of the wind in the dusky trees. While Julia lay in the cushioned rocking-chair, Rachel gave her nephew an account of all that had been done on the farm; but Joseph only answered her from the surface of his mind. Under the current of his talk ran a graver thought, which said: "You wanted independence and a chance of growth for your life; you fancied they would come in this form. Lo, now! here are the conditions which you desired to establish; from this hour begins the new life of which you dreamed. Whether you have been wise or rash, you can change nothing. You are limited, as before, though within a different circle. You may pace it to its fullest extent, but all the lessons you have yet learned require you to be satisfied within it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE autumn lapsed into winter, and the household on the Asten farm began

to share the isolation of the season. There had been friendly visits from all the nearest neighbors and friends, followed by return visits, and invitations which Julia willingly accepted. She was very amiable, and took pains to confirm the favorable impression which she knew she had made in the summer. Everybody remarked how she had improved in appearance, how round and soft her neck and shoulders, how bright and fresh her complexion. She thanked them, with many grateful expressions to which they were not accustomed, for their friendly reception, which she looked upon as an adoption into their society; but at home, afterwards, she indulged in criticisms of their manners and habits which were not always friendly. Although these were given in a light, playful tone, and it was sometimes impossible not to be amused, Rachel Miller always felt uncomfortable when she heard them.

Then came quiet, lonely days, and Julia, weary of her idle life, undertook to master the details of the housekeeping. She went from garret to cellar, inspecting every article in closet and pantry, wondering much, censuring occasionally, and only praising a little when she found that Rachel was growing tired and irritable. Although she made no material changes, it was soon evident that she had very stubborn views of her own upon many points, and possessed a marked tendency for what the country people call "nearness." Little by little she diminished the bountiful, free-handed manner of provision which had been the habit of the house. One could not say that anything needful was lacking, and Rachel would hardly have been dissatisfied, had she not felt that the innovation was an indirect blame.

In some directions Julia seemed the reverse of "near," persuading Joseph into expenditures which the people considered very extravagant. When the snow came, his new and elegant sleigh, with the wolf-skin robe, the silver-mounted harness, and the silver-sounding bells, was the envy of all the young men, and an abomination to the old. It was a splendor which he could easily afford, and he did not grudge her the pleasure; yet it seemed to change his relation to the neighbors, and some of them were very free in hinting that they felt it so. It would be difficult to explain why they should resent this or any other slight departure from their fashions, but such had always been their custom.

In a few days the snow vanished and a tiresome season of rain and thaw succeeded. The southeastern winds, blowing from the Atlantic across the intervening lowlands, rolled interminable gray masses of fog over the hills and blurred the scenery of the valley; dripping trees, soaked meadows, and sodden leaves were the only objects that detached themselves from the general void, and became in turn visible to those who travelled the deep, quaking roads. The social intercourse of the neighborhood ceased perforce, though the need of it were never so great: what little of the main highway down the valley was visible from the windows appeared to be deserted.

Julia, having exhausted the resources of the house, insisted on acquainting herself with the barn and everything thereto belonging. She laughingly asserted that her education as a farmer's wife was still very incomplete; she must know the amount of the crops, the price of grain, the value of the stock, the manner of work, and whatever else was necessary to her position. Although she made many pretty blunders, it was evident that her apprehension was unusually quick, and that whatever she acquired was fixed in her mind as if for some possible future use. She never wearied of the most trivial details, while Joseph, on the other hand, would often have willingly shortened his lessons. His mind was singularly disturbed between the desire to be gratified by her curiosity, and the fact that its eager and persistent character made him uncomfortable.

When an innocent, confiding nature

begins to suspect that its confidence has been misplaced, the first result is a preternatural stubbornness to admit the truth. The clearest impressions are resisted, or half consciously misinterpreted, with the last force of an illusion which already foresees its own overthrow. Joseph eagerly clung to every look and word and action which confirmed his sliding faith in his wife's sweet and simple character, and repelled — though a deeper instinct told him that a day would come when it *must* be admitted — the evidence of her coldness and selfishness. Yet, even while almost fiercely asserting to his own heart that he had every reason to be happy, he was consumed with a secret fever of unrest, doubt, and dread.

The horns of the growing moon were still turned downwards, and cold, dreary rains were poured upon the land. Julia's patience, in such straits, was wonderful, if the truth had been known, but she saw that some change was necessary for both of them. She therefore proposed, not what she most desired, but what her circumstances prescribed, — a visit from her sister Clementina. Joseph found the request natural enough: it was an infliction, but one which he had anticipated; and after the time had been arranged by letter, he drove to the station to meet the westward train from the city.

Clementina stepped upon the platform, so cloaked and hooded that he only recognized her by the deliberate grace of her movements. She extended her hand, giving his a cordial pressure, which was explained by the brass baggage-checks thus transferred to his charge.

"I will wait in the ladies' room," was all she said.

At the same moment Joseph's arm was grasped.

"What a lucky chance!" exclaimed Philip: then, suddenly pausing in his greeting, he lifted his hat and bowed to Clementina, who nodded slightly as she passed into the room.

"Let me look at you!" Philip resumed, laying his hands on Joseph's shoulders. Their eyes met and lingered, and Joseph felt the blood rise to his face, as Philip's gaze sank more deeply into his heart and seemed to fathom its hidden trouble; but presently Philip smiled and said: "I scarcely knew, until this moment, that I had missed you so much, Joseph!"

"Have you come to stay?" Joseph asked.

"I think so. The branch railway down the valley, which you know was projected, is to be built immediately; but there are other reasons why the furnaces should be in blast. If it is possible, the work — and my settlement with it — will begin without any further delay. Is she your first family visit?"

He pointed towards the station.

"She will be with us a fortnight; but you will come, Philip?"

"To be sure!" Philip exclaimed. "I only saw her face indistinctly through the veil, but her nod said to me, 'A nearer approach is not objectionable.' Certainly, Miss Blessing; but with all the conventional forms, if you please!"

There was something of scorn and bitterness in the laugh which accompanied these words, and Joseph looked at him with a puzzled air.

"You may as well know now," Philip whispered, "that when I was a spoony youth of twenty, I very nearly imagined myself in love with Miss Clementina Blessing, and she encouraged my greenness until it spread as fast as a bamboo or a gourd-vine. Of course, I 've long since congratulated myself that she cut me up, root and branch, when our family fortune was lost. The awkwardness of our intercourse is all on her side. Can she still have faith in her charms and my youth, I wonder? Ye gods! that would be a lovely conclusion of the comedy!"

Joseph could only join in the laugh as they parted. There was no time to reflect upon what had been said. Clementina, nevertheless, assumed a new interest in his eyes; and as he drove her towards the farm, he could not avoid connecting her with Philip, in

his thoughts. She, too, was evidently preoccupied with the meeting, for Philip's name soon floated to the surface of their conversation.

"I expect a visit from him soon," said Joseph. As she was silent, he ventured to add: "You have no objections to meeting with him, I suppose?"

"Mr. Held is still a gentleman, I believe," Clementina replied, and then changed the subject of conversation.

Julia flew at her sister with open arms, and showered on her a profusion of kisses, all of which were received with perfect serenity, Clementina merely saying, as soon as she could get breath: "Dear me, Julia, I scarcely recognize you! You are already so countrified!"

Rachel Miller, although a woman, and, notwithstanding her recent experience, found herself greatly bewildered by this new apparition. Clementina's slow, deliberate movements and her even-toned, musical utterance impressed her with a certain respect; yet the qualities of character they suggested never manifested themselves. On the contrary, the same words, in any other mouth, would have often expressed malice or heartlessness. Sometimes she heard her own homely phrases repeated, as if by the most unconscious, purposeless imitation, and had Julia either smiled or appeared annoyed, her suspicions might have been excited; as it was, she was constantly and sorely puzzled.

Once, only, and for a moment, the two masks were slightly lifted. At dinner, Clementina, who had turned the conversation upon the subject of birthdays, suddenly said to Joseph: "By the way, Mr. Asten, has Julia told you her age?"

Julia gave a little start, but presently looked up, with an expression meant to be artless.

"I knew it before we were married," Joseph quietly answered.

Clementina bit her lip. Julia, concealing her surprise, flashed a triumphant glance at her sister, then a tender one at Joseph, and said: "We will both let the old birthdays go, we will only have one and the same anniversary from this time on!"

Joseph felt, through some natural magnetism of his nature rather than from any perceptible evidence, that Clementina was sharply and curiously watching the relation between himself and his wife. He had no fear of her detecting misgivings which were not yet acknowledged to himself, but was instinctively on his guard in her presence.

It was not many days before Philip called. Julia received him cordially, as the friend of her husband, while Clementina bowed with an impassive face, without rising from her seat. Philip, however, crossed the room and gave her his hand, saying cheerily: "We used to be old friends, Miss Blessing. You have not forgotten me?"

"We cannot forget when we have been asked to do so," she warbled.

Philip took a chair. "Eight years!" he said: "I am the only one who has changed in that time."

Julia looked at her sister, but the latter was apparently absorbed in comparing some zephyr tints.

"The whirligig of time!" he exclaimed: "who can foresee anything? Then I was an ignorant, petted young aristocrat, — an expectant heir; now behold me, working among miners and puddlers and forgemen! It 's a rough but wholesome change. Would you believe it, Mrs. Asten, I 've forgotten the mazurka!"

"I wish to forget it," Julia replied: "the spring-house is as important to me as the furnace to you."

"Have you seen the Hopetons lately?" Clementina asked.

Joseph saw a shade pass over Philip's face, and he seemed to hesitate a moment before answering: "I hear they will be neighbors of mine next summer. Mr. Hopeton is interested in the new branch down the valley, and has purchased the old Calvert property for a country residence."

"Indeed? Then you will often see them."

"I hope so: they are very agreeable people. But I shall also have my own little household: my sister will probably join me."

"Not Madeline!" exclaimed Julia.

"Madeline," Philip answered. "It has long been her wish, as well as mine. You know the little cottage on the knoll, at Coventry, Joseph! I have taken it for a year."

"There will be quite a city society," murmured Clementina, in her sweetest tones. "You will need no commiseration, Julia. Unless, indeed, the country people succeed in changing you all into their own likeness. Mrs. Hopeton will certainly create a sensation. I am told that she is very extravagant, Mr. Held?"

"I have never seen her husband's bank account," said Philip, dryly.

He rose presently, and Joseph accompanied him to the lane. Philip, with the bridle-rein over his arm, delayed to mount his horse, while the mechanical commonplaces of speech which, somehow, always absurdly come to the lips when graver interests have possession of the heart, were exchanged by the two. Joseph felt, rather than saw, that Philip was troubled. Presently the latter said: "Something is coming over both of us, — not between us. I thought I should tell you a little more, but perhaps it is too soon. If I guess rightly, neither of us is ready. Only this, Joseph, let us each think of the other as a help and a support!"

"I do, Philip!" Joseph answered. "I see there is some influence at work which I do not understand, but I am not impatient to know what it is. As for myself, I seem to know nothing at all; but you can judge, — you see all there is."

Even as he pronounced these words Joseph felt that they were not strictly sincere, and almost expected to find an expression of reproof in Philip's eyes. But no: they softened until he only saw a pitying tenderness. Then he knew that the doubts which he had resisted with all the force of his nature were clearly revealed to Philip's mind.

They shook hands, and parted in silence; and Joseph, as he looked up to the gray blank of heaven asked himself: "Is this all? Has my life already taken the permanent imprint of its future?"

LOST ART.

WHEN I was young and light of heart
I made sad songs with easy art:
Now I am sad, and no more young,
My sorrow cannot find a tongue.

Ah, Muses, since I may not sing
Of death, or any bitter thing,
Teach me some joyous strain, that I
May mock my youth's hypocrisy!

SIGNS AND SHOW-CASES IN NEW YORK.

OF all great cities in the civilized world, New York is, perhaps, the most destitute as regards public statues and works of monumental art in general. To be sure, it has its colossal equestrian Washington in Union Square, a work characterized by a certain amount of massive dignity, but lost for want of vista, its bronze contour looming against no patch of sky, and being confounded with, rather than relieved by, the sombre walls of the houses that form its background. As for the red-stone abomination in the City Hall Park, libellously stated to be a presentment of the Father of his Country, it is unworthy to figure even on the roll of "signs," and I here dismiss it without another word. Central Park is beginning to acquire works of sculpture. Schiller, intellectual in stove-metal, gazes out there upon the swans "floating double" on the lake. By and by Ward's Shakespeare will take up his position upon the Mall; and a gigantic bust in bronze of William Cullen Bryant, intended for one of the lawns, has been executed by the sculptor Launt Thompson. But it will be some time before statues become a feature of New York and its parks; and this paper is to deal only with the present of the Empire City, and with such art as is daily displayed in the emblematical devices of its bustling streets.

In default of sculptured monuments, then, and statues of distinguished persons, there is compensation for New York in the endless number and variety of signs and show-cases with which its streets are furnished. Just now a movement is on foot for the removal of many of the most obtrusive of these. The show-cases, especially, are deemed to be an obstruction to pedestrians, and a temptation to theft; but rent is paid to the city authorities, as I am told, for the spaces occupied by some of these, and such will probably be permitted to remain. It is likely, nevertheless, that a general sweep will be made, erelong, of the most remarkable emblems, devices, and show-cases hitherto set out by the several trades, and on this account some record of them will be interesting to such persons as may survive their loss.

The old traditional sign-boards, such as are yet to be seen in every country town and village of England, and swinging in front of the roadside inns, are now but rarely found in the city of New York. In the suburbs a few of them may be seen, and they are yet occasional features along the rural roads of Long Island, and elsewhere in the vicinity of the city. Not long since, indeed, there was, in the Bowery, a very fair version of the time-honored Pig and Whistle: an improved version, too, for the musical porker was not represented blowing upon a mere common whistle, as in the old tavern sign, but absolutely performing (that is the proper word) upon a very complete flageolet fitted with all the modern "attachments." But the premises to which this sign was affixed were some years ago destroyed by fire, and the musical porker became roast pig according to the original recipe of Charles Lamb.

Tradition being but little reverenced here, attempts to maintain the old-time sign-boards in New York have generally been unsuccessful. The man who would erect over his doorway a Green Man and Still, for instance, or a Bag o' Nails Dancing, would be set down as an old fogy and very much behind the age. A ludicrous instance of failure to bring an old sign into favor occurred in the Bowery a few years since. There came a stout, red-faced Englishman, of the pot-companion type, who opened in that thoroughfare a small alehouse on the English plan. He adopted for his sign the Goose and Gridiron, an emblem often to be seen

swinging from the sign-posts of English hostelries. Presently it got abroad among the alert youths of the Bowery that there was a covert sting in this, — that the perfidious British tapster, in fact, meant the sign for a satire upon the bird of Freedom and its ribbed shield. Convinced of this, and further nettled by a certain dogged, overbearing manner characteristic of the man, they mobbed his house one night, drank up his liquors, smashed his tumblers and decanters, and made a small bonfire of the obnoxious sign-board, in front of the tavern.

Until lately there was, in Fourth Avenue, an English alehouse kept by a member of the theatrical profession, over the doorway of which hung a picture of Sir John Falstaff, painted by the jovial host himself, who was something of an artist in more ways than one. The house was known as the Falstaff Inn. Another Fat Jack, well known to New-Yorkers for many years, was displayed at the door of an alehouse kept by a retired member of the English prize ring. He was a man of remarkable obesity, and the picture of the Fat Knight on the sign-board was a portrait of himself. Both of these characteristic signs are gone now, and I am not aware that there are any others like them existing in New York. The head of Shakespeare is a sign, however, to be seen here and there in the city.

Over the stalls of butchers a Black Bull or Red Cow may yet occasionally be seen. The Red Lion is apparently obsolete; but at a lager-beer brewery in the neighborhood of the city a large golden lion is displayed upon the front of the wagon-sheds, and the establishment is called the Lion Brewery. The beehive is not uncommon as a sign, in New York, and sometimes the Dog and Partridge, or some similar design, gives inkling of an alehouse to which sportsmen resort. Not far from the city the good old sign of the Three Pigeons is to be seen in front of a roadside house of entertainment. On first entering this house, I was surprised to find it kept by a German, who informed me, however, that it had originally been established by an Englishman, several years before. Occasionally an old weather-beaten sign-board may be seen, with what might have been intended as a likeness of George Washington dimly discernible upon its time-worn surface. It is very rare, though, to find sign-boards displaying the portraits of contemporary public characters. There may be a reason for this in the frequent changes of all public officials, which would involve a corresponding change in sign-boards of the portrait kind at inconveniently short intervals.

Blacksmiths in New York, as elsewhere, generally hang out over their forge-doors boards with improbable horses painted on them. To this sign-board not unfrequently an immense gilt horseshoe is appended, and, in two or three instances that I know of, an old rusty horseshoe is nailed to a corner of the board, "for luck." The poetry of the forge — and surely the blacksmith, with his anvil, bellows, and other accessories, has a strange, weird poetry of his own — is none the weaker for this bit of old-time superstition. It is curious, by the way, how frequently the horseshoe, as a talisman, or protection against the "evil eye," is adopted in New York. A day or two since I noticed a cluster of four or five old rusty shoes suspended from a newspaper table kept in Broadway by a deaf old man. They are often nailed over the doors or bar counters of public houses, as though with some vague idea of exorcising the blue devils that are plausibly supposed to lurk in the questionable liquors dispensed at these places.

Of traditional signs, one very often to be seen in New York is that of the pawnbroker, — the Three Golden Balls. In some cases this sign is painted in black on a white board fixed to the window or door-post, while the three golden balls hang out higher up the wall. I have noticed one pawnbroker, in a by-street, who displays no fewer

than three sets of these emblems on the front of his house.

Another traditional emblem, and one yet more common than the pawnbrokers' sign, is the pestle and mortar of the druggist, which is to be seen conspicuously perched upon gilded ledges everywhere, and most frequently at corners.

In the German quarters of the city, sign-boards are of frequent occurrence. The most striking of these, and one not uncommon, is a representation of St. Gambrinus, the fabulous, not to say bibulous, personage supposed to preside over lager-beer. Sometimes he is presented life size, bearded and crowned, and holding in one hand a stupendous beaker of the national beverage, the froth of which bulges from the rim like a prize cauliflower. Another lager-beer sign very often to be seen is that of a frolicsome goat, who appears to be rather the worse for what he has imbibed. Sometimes he is depicted rolling in sportive mood a keg of beer. Sometimes the artist presents him eying with drunken gravity a full mug of the ruddy malt. The strongest kind of lager-beer, brewed at a particular season, and to be had for a short time only, is known among the Germans as "bock-bier," and the announcement of it in beer-houses is invariably accompanied with a picture or sign of the frolicsome buck-goat with his beer cask or mug.

Over the doorway of a German tenement-house in the eastern district of the city, where Germans greatly abound, there is a sign-board that exhibits an appearance of some antiquity, and which was probably brought from Germany as a memento of the *Vaterland*. It is somewhat like a shield in form, and was once richly gilt, with an inscription on it in gilt letters. Upon these, however, a more modern announcement has been painted, in the manner of a palimpsest, leaving the original lettering undecipherable. The present inscription displays a German name. In the centre of the board is painted a blue pail with a brush in it, and the word "whitewashing" beneath this gives a clew to the owner's occupation. In New York the business of whitewashing houses, as that of carpet-shaking, is almost exclusively in the hands of the colored people, and this is the only exception to the contrary with which I remember to have met.

One of the commonest signs in the German streets of New York is that of the shoemaker, — a small board displaying a male boot, usually painted yellow, resting on the ground, from the intensely blue sky over which the female boot — smaller than the male, but quite as yellow — is seen descending like a skylark to its nest. German bakers often hang out a dingy little sign-board with a sheaf of wheat painted on it. In the same quarters the costumer is frequently represented by his sign. These emblems are very various: sometimes a grotesque head, with cap and bells; sometimes a female personage of half life size, extremely full-blown, — in accordance with the German idea of all that is lovely in woman, — and dressed in a sort of hybrid costume between that of a *contadina* and a *débardeuse*, but always with a black mask over her mysterious brow. Very often the only sign hung out by the provider of carnival costumes is a huge and hideous mask, or a false nose of awful proportions and monstrous form; and variations of these in all possible degrees of deformity are to be seen in the shop window.

Far more characteristic of New York, however, than any of the signs above enumerated are those that abound along Broadway almost in its entire length, as well as in the Bowery and main avenues of the city generally. Among these the tobacconists' signs are the most frequent and conspicuous; for there are few cities in which the tobacco business flourishes more extensively than it does in New York. For the most part these signs are carved out of wood, and they vary from life size, or even "heroic proportions," to those of puppets or toy dolls. Of all these images, by far the com-

monest is the Indian, — a very characteristic and appropriate emblem of the nicotine weed in most of its forms. Both sexes of the red aboriginal peoples are here represented, and if you greet the grim Powhatan at this doorway, you shall certainly meet with Pocahontas or Minnehaha before you have gone many steps farther. Sometimes the smiling, slender-limbed Indian maiden, clad lightly as any nymph of modern ballet or burlesque, and poised in a graceful attitude, holds aloft in one hand a bunch of the green tobacco leaves, while with the other she proffers a bundle of prime wooden cigars. Quite the reverse of her is the painted sachem, who is generally represented as a muscular savage with a very discontented expression of countenance, the corners of his mouth drawn down to an angle that suggests nothing but tomahawk and torture. Less frequent as a tobacconist's sign than the Indian is the negro, but he, too, does duty in that capacity. The tobacconist's wooden negro is invariably sculptured after the most extravagant Ethiopian-minstrel pattern. He is generally dressed in a light blue coat of the swallow-tail cut, yellow breeches, and top-boots, — a style not usually affected by the colored gentleman of real life. His head is dignified with a tall, steeple-crowned hat; and as for shirt-collar, nothing so outrageous as his could ever have really been manufactured to meet an existing demand. A very curious specimen of the negro as a sign is to be seen at the door of a drinking-saloon in Broadway. It is a life-size carving of "Jim Crow," in a sadly shattered condition, and a card suspended upon it sets forth that it was executed by the late T. D. Rice, — better known as "Daddy" Rice, — the originator of the Jim Crow style of song and dance. A tobacco sign often to be met with is the figure of a magnificent cavalier, also carved from wood, and meant, doubtless, to represent Raleigh. He is plumed and slashed extravagantly, but anachronism is perceptible in the cigar so gingerly held between his finger and thumb. Of course the wooden Turk is often to be seen as a symbol of the tobacconist's trade, turbaned and slippered, and touching the tip of a very long pipe to his lips. Another figure-head often to be observed on the doorsteps of the tobacconist is a very obtrusive one of "Punch," who is invariably presented of most obese proportions, and with a malignant, lobster-claw-like leer upon his hideous face. All of these signs, nearly, are mounted upon little platforms that run on rollers, so as to be readily moved when required, and they are for the most part more or less obstructive to persons passing along the sidewalks. That they are objects of derision for boys is obvious from the way in which many of them are mutilated. I know of a lovely Pocahontas in a by-street who wants her right arm, which has been rudely snapped off at the elbow by some scurrilous child of the pale-faces. The stern Indian sachem is often to be seen without a nose, his features adorned with a coating of surreptitious war-paint composed of street mud. Like his prototype of the woods and plains, however, he shall erelong have passed away to other hunting-grounds, haply in some lumber-loft or back yard, and then there will be "none left to care for Logan, no, not one."

More common than any of these emblems are the traditional wooden Highlanders, so often to be seen in front of tobacconists' shops. They are generally of large proportions, and clad in the uniform of some British Highland regiment, and their mission appears to be connected with snuff more than with tobacco in any other form, as they are always furnished with the "mull" or Scotch snuff-box. A figure that has lately become common in New York as a sign is the carved, life-size image of an English "swell" of the Dundreary type, with immense auburn whiskers, and an imbecile smile on its florid face. Sometimes it does duty at a tobacconist's door; sometimes it holds over its head an umbrella; sometimes

carries a patent travelling-bag in its sulphur-colored hand; but to whatever use it may be put, it always wears upon its features the same conventional, self-complacent smile.

Sometimes tobacco signs are painted on boards, and of such a curious example is to be seen at the door of a small establishment bearing the sonorous name of the "Mephisto cigar store," in a western street of the city. It is a representation of the typical stage demon, dressed in crimson tights, and furnished with the regulation bat-like wings.

Along Broadway, as well as in many of the streets that branch from it in the lower part of the city, various characteristic trade-signs are to be seen. Some of these are of immense size, and very conspicuously placed. High up on the cornice of some five-story building, for instance, may be seen an immense eagle with outspread wings, all glittering with gold-leaf, and holding in its beak a big umbrella or basket or whatever else may be emblematical of the trade to which attention is directed. Cutting sharply against the sky on the roof of a building not far from the City Hall, there looms a titanic skeleton skirt. It might serve as a cage for a rhinoceros; and if its removal should ever be ordered by the police, the zoological committee of Central Park would do well to acquire it. Here an immense double-barrelled gun — wooden, of course, and gilt — is fixed perpendicularly to the wall of a store; and yonder you may see a pipe-bowl of proportionate size, quite as wooden as the gun, and quite as much gilt. Lately an enormous gilt chandelier has been hung out by a manufacturer of gas-fittings near Central Broadway. It looks as though suspended by a thread, and people who pass under it may often be observed to hasten their steps, as though apprehensive of a crash.

Stuffed animals are frequently set out by furriers as signs. A very common sign of this kind is the black bear, which is sometimes reared upon its hind legs, and supported by a rough pole. Not so often is the grizzly bear to be seen at the furrier's door; but in a large show-case near Washington Market there is a very fine specimen of the kind, — a female with her cub. For a long time in Broadway a stuffed bison did duty as a sign, wearing on its shaggy brow a placard inscribed with the warning "Hands off!" Of late years some of the German tradespeople of New York have taken the fancy of maintaining enormous bloodhounds of the Siberian breed. One of these, deceased, has been utilized by its owner, a German shoemaker in an eastern street of the city, who has placed it, stuffed, in his window for a sign, its head and body hung all over with feminine boots and shoes of the most fanciful patterns and gaudy colors.

Affixed to the door-posts of restaurants, shells of the green turtle are often used as signs, with the inscription on them, in gilt letters, "Turtle soup and steaks every day." Indeed, the living turtle itself may fairly be reckoned among the signs, large ones being frequently exposed on the door-steps or floors of restaurants, with slips of paper on their heaving bosoms announcing that they are to be served up at some stated time. It is touching to observe the solicitude manifested by the restaurant-keepers for the poor turtle, under whose bewildered head it is customary to place an old cigar-box by way of pillow.

Among the miscellaneous signs that may be noted during a ramble through the highways and byways of New York, some are of a patriotic character. Such, for instance, is one displayed over the entrance to an oyster-house in an eastern ward, which appears, with variations, in other quarters of the city. The design on the board is composed of the American, German, and Irish flags grouped together, with the motto "In unity there is strength." The eagle with the shield is also to be observed on the sign-boards of various trades; and I know of one tavern, at least, — a very old wooden one, formerly much frequented by theatrical su-

pernumeraries, — over the door of which is a life-sized eagle with outspread wings, cleverly carved out of wood and gilt. The Golden Swan is also a sign occasionally to be seen over the doors of public houses in the city and environs. Signs carved in relief are rather exceptional; but an example of these is displayed over the entrance to a basement restaurant in Fourth Street. It is a large panel carved with figures of deer and game-birds, and richly gilt.

Versified mottoes are not often inscribed on the sign-boards of New York, though some instances of them occur. One of these poetical effusions hangs from the awning-rafters in front of a small hardware shop near one of the eastern ferries, — a very rustic "old wooden corner," which, in summer, is made to look fresh and pleasant with festoons of climbing plants. On one side of the board appears, painted in rude letters, the query "Boys, how are you off for kite twine?" while, on the obverse, the following lines are legible: —

"Dear boy, if you your kite to fly
Should want a good long string,
Just keep this corner in your eye
And here your money bring."

The name over the door of this establishment is not a German one, and, from a certain thrift by which its arrangements are marked, as well as by the miscellaneous nature of the wares displayed in it, not to mention the affectionate appeal made by the proprietor to the juvenile element of the population, one might readily guess it to be an ambitious offshoot from some New England country town.

In a city like New York, the mixed population of which is so much given to carnivals and processions, social as well as political, the banner, of course, holds a conspicuous place, and may be classed among the signs. Makers of awnings frequently run up a large banner to a mast in front of their premises, by way of sign. Banners are chiefly used in this way, however, by the banner-painters themselves, whose occupation is a remunerative one in New York. In front of the places where they work, large banners may often be seen swung across the street, painted, in general, with subjects of popular interest, to invite custom. Then there are the curious emblems displayed by the artificers who deal in cut and turned devices of all sorts. One of these establishments is very conspicuous in Broadway, — a small building, the front of which is constellated with gilt knick-knacks in great variety. Stars, globes, horses, deer, hats, boots, capital letters, and sundry other things cut out from wood or metal and gilt, attest here the versatility of the artist, and attract the notice of passers.

The projecting clock is a frequent sign in New York, and a convenience in some sense to the public. Some of these, instead of being affixed to the houses, are mounted upon high columns that spring from the outer edge of the sidewalk.

Coal-yards have their signs, too. For a long while, as I remember, one of these had for its appropriate emblem a gayly painted coal-scuttle that hung from a branch of an old tree in front of the premises. A sign often to be seen at the doors or in the windows of coal-offices is a figure of some kind — often resembling a Hindoo idol — carved from a block of coal. One of these that I have seen was sculptured with considerable skill, and a label pasted on its combustible bosom informed the gazer that it was a veritable statue of "Old King Cole."

Show-boards painted of a flaming red color, and with Chinese characters inscribed on them, are often set out in front of tea-stores in New York; and it is a peculiarity of most of these concerns that all their wood-work is painted red, sometimes contrasted with pickings-out in black or green. Now and then an old tea-box may be seen affixed to the wall of a house, high up, with a painted wooden sugar-loaf in it, by way of a sign.

There are night signs to be observed here and there in the city. Among these may be counted illuminated

clocks, and the brilliant star arrangements of gas-jets and glass to be seen over the entrances to some of the theatres. A sign got up with effects such as these shines luminously after dark over the door of a shirt-maker in Broadway. It is a veritable "magic shirt," all woven of gas-jets and glass prisms, and as gracefully posed as it is possible for an unoccupied shirt to be, with one sleeve raised as in the act of attaching a shirt-collar to the star-spangled neck. But the most brilliant device of this kind to be seen in Broadway is the coruscating mortar set up by an advertising druggist in front of his shop.

Greater obstacles to pedestrian movements than what may properly be termed signs, and equally characteristic of the miscellaneous tastes and habits of social New York, are the innumerable show-cases of all sorts and sizes that stand out on the sidewalks beside the doors of shops. Most attractive to the fairer sex are the tempting arrangements of this kind wherein milliners display examples of their wondrous art. Broadway has many brilliant displays of this sort, and even into Fifth Avenue has the show-case of the milliner worked its insinuating way. But by far the most characteristic show in the city is to be seen in Division Street, a narrow and somewhat dirty way branching from the Bowery eastward. One side of this street, for a good distance, is exclusively occupied by milliners, much of whose gay work may be recognized at all times on the heads of the female population of that side of the city. Here the 24th of March, recognized as "opening day" by all the leading *modistes* of New York, is very conscientiously observed. On and after that day, the show-cases that stand alongside of every threshold are set out with a show of colors and form that would make a bed of tulips sigh for its shortcomings, or a white camellia turn to a blush-rose in despair. Botany and ornithology have been laid under contribution to furnish the wonderful devices in the way of female head-gear here exhibited. Not one item of the productions exposed to view on this side of Division Street seems to have been made with the slightest reference to use. All is for show; all is gauzy and zephyrine, and gay with bird of paradise feathers, and with artificial flowers that would madden with fear and wonder the monkey denizens of a South American jungle. And at eve, as the crowds of work-girls pass through this bazaar of tinsel and trash, on their way to the eastern ferries, knots of them pause before the fascinating glass cases, gazing with longing eyes at the lovely devices of the milliners' taste displayed in them. When you have got about half-way along the show-case block, cast a look over to the other side of the narrow street. There, staring with hollow eyes from a window, is an emblem very significant of the gay temptations of the place and their possible results. The window is that of a toy-dealer or costumer, and the most prominent object on view in it is a large mask, representing the traditional Author of Sin, recalling Pandemonium with his demon leer, and Pan with the short, stubby horns that sprout from his villanous brow.

Dentistry is very largely represented in the show-cases of New York. Many of these are fitted with revolving cushions, which, as they go slowly round and round, reveal to the wrapt gazer inventions of various kinds for the reconstruction of the human mouth. Here are entire palates, wrought out of some roseate material, ribbed and clasped with gold, and appearing to be, in every essential respect, far more reliable articles than the natural ones with which human beings are apt to have so much trouble. Along with these are sets of beautiful gums, fitted with teeth that may haply make those of the beholder ache with envy. In the centre of the cushion there is often an immense emblematical tooth, gilt all over, and in size and shape much resembling a vertebra from the spinal column of a sixty-foot whale. Around

these are arranged natural teeth of provoking brilliancy and soundness, some of them, with their digital prongs, looking like delicate fairy hands carved in ivory. Hideous waxen faces of men and women glare at one from the backs of some of these show-cases. These horrible things have their mouths open; one set of them exemplifying ladies and gentlemen whose teeth had gone prematurely to ruin and decay, and another showing them as they appeared when fitted out with new gums and teeth by the cunning hand of the dentist.

A branch of mechanical art, to which the war gave a great impetus, is the manufacture of artificial limbs, specimens of which, in every variety, are displayed in show-cases and painted upon sign-boards. Like the artificial work of the dentist, so with these. Their symmetry and convenient arrangements, freedom from gout, rheumatism, and other ailments, added to numerous other advantages possessed by them, make one feel dreadfully natural and imperfect; and set one to pondering upon the superiority of gutta-percha and vulcanized india-rubber over mere flesh and bone.

It would take much space to enumerate the fancy manufactures of all sorts that are set forth by sample in the show-cases throughout the city. In some of them, watches and jewelry, mostly of a cheap description, are arranged with attractive art. Others contain fancy pipes in various material. Here is one in which a prize pumpkin of ridiculous obesity is displayed: while early strawberries and extravagant peaches, in their proper seasons, are frequently to be observed in the show-cases that fruiterers cunningly arrange. The toy-dealers are very extensive and miscellaneous with their show of goods. Before the door of one of these, in the lower part of the city, there stands an image of Santa Claus, holding up a placard that announces, "Marbles by the cask." All the latest devices in india-rubber and other material, all the newest inventions contrived for the pastime of young people, are displayed here in endless variety. Other cases contain violins, guitars, accordions, and brass and silver wind instruments of the most approved patterns. Patent lamps, with colored glass shades, are attractively displayed in many of them; and then there are specimens without limit of bronzes, clocks, opera-glasses, military accoutrements, walking-canes, umbrellas, gold pens, fishing-tackle, cutlery, and everything else that one can possibly think of, whether for use or show. The least ostentatious show-case that I remember to have seen was one containing a bushel or so of corks, and in the upper part of it was displayed a wondrous landscape cut out from cork with a tumble-down cork church and dreadfully formal cork trees ranged all in a row like the bottles that appear to be the natural destination of the buoyant material in question.

From the list of signs in New York it would be remissness to omit a very peculiar one that hangs over the door of a cellar near Broadway, in which liquors are dispersed. It is a life-size painting of a rather gentlemanly looking man, who, being somewhat out of his head, perhaps, has taken the fancy to hold it in his hand. Inscribed on the board is the legend, "The honest lawyer"; but this gives no clew to the subtle meaning hidden in the artist's work. On inquiring of a soiled youth who lounged on the cellar steps, however, we learned that "honest when his head is off" is the idea; in which there lurks a suggestion that the landlord of the tavern may have been a sufferer, in his time, from the wiles and exactions of the legal profession.

Another tavern sign of the old-fashioned sort marks the location of a restaurant west of Broadway, much frequented by the members of the French operatic and theatrical troupes. It is a picture intended to represent Mademoiselle Tostée of the *opéra bouffe*, in her well-known character of "The Grand Duchess of Gérolstein"; or it may haply be the presentment of

Schneider, the original sustainer of that *rôle* in Paris. At any rate it has an attractive look about it, especially to the poor exiles from celestial Paris who nightly crowd the well-kept French hostelry over the door of which it hangs.

A homœopathic druggist in Broadway sets up on the front of his establishment an immense sign, representing a lady reclining upon a lion, who submits with great complacency to the twitchings that she inflicts on his beard. The motto here is, "The mild power subdues"; under which is inscribed the *similia similibus curantur* with which that branch of the medical profession proclaims its method and belief. Another somewhat conspicuous sign-board on the same thoroughfare is that hoisted by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The subject of this work of symbolic art is a carter belaboring with a club the head of his prostrate horse, to the defence of which unhappy animal there comes an Angel of Mercy with a drawn sword.

If stuffed animals are sometimes made use of by manufacturers and dealers as emblems of their respective callings, so also in cosmopolitan New York are live men. Queer characters, dressed up in fantastic costumes to represent some article of manufacture, go to and fro in the principal business streets, handing printed descriptions of the wares advertised by them to the passers-by. One of these lazy obstructors of the sidewalk is dressed in striped stuff to represent window-shades. Another bears on his seedy old hat a placard setting forth the accomplishments of an "inimitable barber." There is one whose long white gaberdine is stuck all over with patent springs for hoop-skirts. Yet another perambulates with a blue and red fools-cap upon his frowzy head, a make-up from which it is not easy to guess at the wares which he is intended to advertise. Not long since there was opened, near Broadway, a show of Alaskan curiosities, such as costumes, weapons, and other such articles of savage life. In front of the door of the place in which these were exhibited there stood a wild man of alarming mien, dressed up in some kind of Indian costume, and with his long, tangled locks hanging about him in confusion. On being interrogated he would state, in an accent that might have been that of Cork, though it had a suggestion of Limerick about it, that he was the sign of the concern within, catalogues of the curiosities displayed in which he was employed to distribute.

Theatrical managers are accustomed to set out large, flaring placards, as signs, in front of their houses; but the only regular sign to be seen at the vestibule of a New York theatre is the carved, life-size image of a celebrated pantomime clown, which stands at the entrance of the theatre on Broadway in which he is performing.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

IN the hurried visit paid by tourists to foreign countries, some of the most interesting, if not the most notorious or nationally characteristic things and places are necessarily overlooked. Hidden away in corners, where the great tide-wave of innovation has but languidly flowed, they are unimportant to the empire, and consequently obscure and unknown to the outside world. But they are the richest of all for the student and observer, for the lover of nature and the curious collector of facts. Now the Channel Islands of Great Britain are places which few Americans ever see, and of which, therefore, but little is known on this vast continent. At a distance of twelve hours from Lon-

don, and to be got at only by a very troublesome sea passage, where the swirl of the Atlantic wave, thrown back by the coast of the Cotentin, and deflected by the currents which sweep round the various islands, creates a sea that is rarely calm and often dangerous; with no relics of general historical interest when got at, and but miniature "emporia" of loneliness at the best, — we can scarcely wonder that these beautiful little islands are unvisited by the ordinary tourist from abroad, or that even the mass of the English themselves personally know very little about them, and are content to take them on trust from the accounts of the more adventurous few. Besides, they lie out of the highway. To be sure, you can go from Jersey to St. Malo, and from Guernsey and Cherbourg by way of Alderney; but most people prefer to get to France from England by Calais, Boulogne, Havre, or Dieppe; and so the St. Malo and Cherbourg ships are not on the list of the favored passage boats.

And yet the Channel Islands are worth seeing. The magnificent outlines of every island and islet, bristling with sharp rocks and formidable cliffs, where the sea breaks with a terrible beauty as it comes surging in with the wild ocean sweep; the exquisite tenderness of the inland scenery; the strange peaks which wind and water have wrought on granite and sand; — all make the Channel Islands places of exceeding beauty for the loving observer of nature; while quaint old customs, obsolete traditions, and a quite distinctive character supply the human element to those who remain long enough to enable them to enter into and understand the social life of the people.

Of the four chief islands, Jersey, the most protected and nearest inland of the great bay of which Cherbourg and Brest are the two extreme points, is the largest, the softest, the richest; Guernsey, the foremost of the group, lying as the outpost on the Atlantic, is the grandest; Alderney is the most barren of beauty, if the most important in geographical position, and by no means despicable in produce; and Sark is the most fantastically picturesque, — the one on which nature and the elements have exercised the most influences and the largest power. There is no doubt that originally all these islands, with their crowns and girdles of related rocks and islets, were united together and formed part of the continent. Geographically, indeed, they are French, and ethnologically Norman; though they had an early people of their own who were buried with food-urns and stone implements, and who used flint arrow-heads and stone hammers and hatchets and shin-bone skates, as are found in most of the prehistoric barrows throughout Europe; and though, before the Normans held them, the Romans had come, conquered, and colonized, — colonized, that is, in their high-handed military way, to hold, not to people. The old name of Jersey is Cæsarea; in fact, the modern name is merely a corruption of the ancient through quick and slovenly pronunciation; while Guernsey was Sarnia; Sark, Sargia, and then Sercq; and Alderney, Aurégney. Hermes is good French for a barren waste of land, which, however, the little island of Herm is not. But though all the islands were once part of France, and the people were Norman-French, the incessant work of the sea, beating against the tough granite, and eating out the softer veins which traverse it in all directions, has broken the bonds of union with the mainland; and the incessant influx of English residents, English ideas, and English influence has worn away much of the earlier Norman and later insular character of the people, till soon there will be no ethnological specialties left to the islanders, and in time no islands in the Channel at all. For the same causes of disintegration by which they became separated from the continent are still going on, and in some notably, as Herm, they are going on visibly and rapidly. Sark, too, is being torn to pieces shred by shred; and old de-

crees providing for the reparation of roads in Guernsey, where now only the sea moans over barren sand and dashes against naked rocks, attest the loss of valuable land here, within the memory of man.

Very beautiful, if very dangerous, are the rocks about these islands; and nowhere in England is there such an iron-bound coast, such treacherous shoals, such rapid currents. Nowhere, either, is there more enchanting loveliness. On a calm day, when the sea, lying like a lake over the sand, is of the color of a beryl, over the hidden rocks like lapis-lazuli, while the lofty cliffs are golden with gorse and purple with heather, and the rocks, towering out of the sea above high-water mark, are gold and green and crimson and orange, where the lichens fleck the old gray stone with broad dashes of color, nothing can exceed the seductive sweetness of the sheltered bays and coves. They might be all parts of the island of Calypso, or the outworks of Armida's Garden. You may sit there, listening to the tender ripple of the waves, and weave old-world poems, till you lose all memory of historic time; and you seem to live in the days when the gods dwelt on Mount Olympus, and their sons and their daughters lived among men in such favored spots as these. But in the wild weather, when the fierce Atlantic storms come tearing through sea and sky, and the waves dash up against the jagged cliffs as if they would grind them peak by peak to powder, and pour in turbulent cascades over the intervening rocks, making the earth vibrate as they thunder against her old granite bulwarks, then you see a fulness and majesty of the sterner powers of nature that may satisfy the most craving. Inland, both in Jersey and Guernsey, and in Sark, too, the deep leafy Devonshire-like lanes, with their arching framework of foliage for every point of the view, the luxuriant growth of ferns, the wilderness of wild-flowers, the numerous picturesque little bits of architecture, though nothing more stately than a well-trimmed cottage porch, a mossy wall, an ivy-covered penthouse to protect a spring or well, an ancient gateway, proud though decayed, make the home scenery as beautiful in its own way as the bolder and grander coast; so that literally there is nothing more complete, though much that is larger than the Channel Islands, if studied thoroughly with the eye of an artist and the love of a naturalist.

The most picturesque things are to be found in Sark, "the gem of the Channel Islands," as the guide-books not inaptly call it; and of these the three *creux*, known as the Creux du Derrible (*vulgicè* Terrible) and the Little Creux in Greater Sark, and the Pot in Little Sark, Coupée, the Guliot Caves and Les Boutiques, also caves, are the most notable. These creux are funnel-shaped abysses which open at the top far inland, and are connected by a subterranean way with the sea; so that when the tide comes in, the waters rush up this narrow funnel with a force and violence that make it more like an aqueous volcano than anything else to which I can liken it. If the tide is high and the sea stormy, the scene is beyond measure appalling. The waters surge and swell and roar in their rapid rise with a noise like imprisoned thunder; the earth beneath your feet quivers with the passionate tumult of the waters within; and if you have nerve enough to lean over the unprotected mouth and look into the boiling maelstrom, where a moment's giddiness or the treachery of the root you grasp for support would be your death, you may see there what Edgar Poe could alone describe, and what you will never forget, and, perhaps, not care to see again.

Then there is the Coupée, — the narrow neck of land connecting the two parts of the island by a slender roadway three hundred and eighty-four feet above the sea, with a sheer precipice on either side and a strong wind always blowing. Before 1811 the roadway was only two feet wide; it is now broadened to five, in parts to eight. But though

the danger of being blown over, once so great and not infrequent, has been lessened by just the number of inches added, enough still remains to make the Coupée a by no means desirable promenade in anything stiffer than a ground zephyr; for even a ground zephyr will be found intensified into sufficient resemblance to a gale up above to make the Coupée as breezy as a pier in a sou'wester, and not quite so safe.

After the Creux and the Coupée come the Guliot Caves, but in point of interest they should have been placed first. The specialty of the Guliot Caves is not the rugged way by which you have to clamber up and down to them, though this too is a feat of which, if you have accomplished it, you may feel reasonably proud; neither is it the grand views of the Havre Gosselin, or of that, as it seems to us, most melancholy isle of Brechou,* which Nature herself frames for you in the fantastic arabesques and arches of the brown cave-lines; but in the zoöphytes which cover the wall, the rough rock flooring, and the roof of these dark nurseries of life. Limpets and barnacles encrust the lower rocks; sponges, madrepores, and corallines line the walls and roof; while those strange and lovely things we call generically "sea-anemones" are set against the walls as thick as berries on an elder-branch. Of all colors are they, — ruby-red and emerald-green, pale flesh-color, jasper-brown, Naples-yellow; but they do not show themselves in their full beauty, for, the water having left them, they are close buttoned up, and are nothing now but wet and shining gem-like knobs. You must take them home to your aquarium to see them to perfection; but one can imagine what a scene that cavern would present when the walls are alive with the moving tentacles, bright-beaded, fringed, plumed, and of all colors, as they open their flower-like mouths and rake the soft sea for their prey! What an animated flower-bed! one would almost dare the fate of Hylas for one moment's glimpse of such strange beauty!

Then there are the Boutiques, grand in rugged outline, and of more purely rocky character and charm, and without the zoöphytes of the neighboring guliots; and there are Les Autelets, the odd altar-like rocks by the Port du Moulin; and the Moie de Mouton, a mass of inaccessible crags, where a few sheep are landed every now and then, and left to find their way from ledge to ledge as the scanty herbage tempts them. When their time has come, and they are considered to be in sufficiently good condition for food, a boat puts off for the base of the rocks, a man fires at the animal he fancies, or that is most conveniently placed; and down comes the poor beast, tumbling into the water, whence it is fished up and made into mutton forthwith. This, too, is a primitive trait not to be found on every highway in Europe.

These, though the chief, are by no means the sole attractions of Sark. Months of careful study would not exhaust those attractions; for is not even Sark, this small, comparatively unknown, and obscure island, but nine miles in circumference, all told, in its way an epitome of nature, a microcosm, where the sciences may be studied and more thoroughly mastered?

Not quite so fantastically beautiful as Sark, Guernsey has yet some specialties of its own that make it both delicious and tempting. Its bays and points or promontories are many and grand. Moulin Hurt, perhaps the most beautiful of all, where the pretty "Cradle Rock," in the middle of the bay, gets its fine-spun dazzling curtains as the tide comes in and pours over the Nord; Saints' Bay, where the magnificent "Old Woman" rock is clothed in a garment of green and orange, like

* This islet is a precipitous mass of rock about a mile and a half in circumference, separated from Sark by a rapid channel of about eighty yards in width, and famous for its shipwrecks. The islet supports about a dozen people, twenty cattle, and a few sheep, and is well stocked with rabbits, by which its doom, like that of Herm, is to come. It contains a small farm-house, barns, and stabling, and has about sixty *vergées* in cultivation. A *vergée* is about 2,150 square yards English.

nothing woven by human skill; Fermain Bay, where the island girls bathe without other dressing-room than the friendly rocks, and where the zoöphytes and algæ are specially fine, with the chance of a stray *pieuvre* or octopod to give a not too pleasant excitement to the silver-footed Thetis of the hour; Tcart Point, where there is an old ruined house having the universal "rat" tradition attached to it, of a man being eaten alive by rats, and where the next parish is America, there being absolutely no intervening point of land between Tcart and the United States; the narrow gorge of the Gouffre, so like our dear old English Cumberland, where the sharp hillside road leads down to the sea, instead of to a land-locked lake, with the restful harbor of Bon Repos to the side, giving the fishermen safe anchorage for their boats and safe storage for their gear; Petit Bot Bay, the Creux Maliré, a grand and glowing cavern, where you must submit to be half suffocated with burning furze if you would see the glory thereof, and which burning furze, with dark-eyed Guernésiois men flinging it up and about on their pitchforks, gives you a lively image of that world to come which is *not* heaven; Fleinmont, desolate and time-worn, where stands the lone house of which the island lion, Victor Hugo, made such good account in his "Toilers of the Sea," and where the Houvis rocks below have "perished many a bonny boat," till the Trinity House softened its heart and opened its hand and built the lighthouse which stands on them now, since when there has been but one wreck on them, instead of one or two each winter, as there used to be; Rocquaine Bay, weird and wild, and Cobo Bay, even more weird and more wild, with the grand rock forming such a magnificent point of resistance for the surging waves to break against; the "water caves," peculiar to Guernsey, small, narrow, winding ways, where a little rivulet of sweet, clear water, like a mountain ghyll, runs down to the sea, while hart's tongue, lastreas, and other ferns, wild-flowers and sweet wholesome herbs, grow on the banks and trailing hedges, and the trees meet overhead, making green cloisters where you may walk in the shade and cool on the hottest summer noon; — these, which are just a rapid roll-call of some of the principal things to be seen, show that Guernsey, if not so strangely rich as Sark, is yet rich enough in beauty for any tourist who will be contented with less than the Cordilleras or Niagara. To be sure, on all these islands there is the danger of *walking over the edge in the dark*, as the Yankee said of England, but *multum in parvo* is both good Latin and a natural fact.

With Jersey the tale is of gardens; rich leafy lanes; pretty houses; softer bays, mild, sandy, rounded, not peaked and torn and jagged; and some bold coast scenery, of which the finest is the part known as the Corbières rocks. But the coast-lines of Jersey are decidedly inferior to those of Guernsey. The one is the sheltered garden of the group; the other the bit of fell land, half garden, half waste. Nothing very striking is to be seen at Alderney. It is a mere sandy hillock, rising bleak and bare out of the sea, strongly fortified as a check on Cherbourg, with a few fine rocks, specially the Sisters, and fertile as a farm for all its treeless nakedness. But the islands are generally fertile, in spite of the slovenly farming which is all that is bestowed on them. And truly the farming is slovenly! Seven, nine, eleven horses drag one huge rude plough, which just scratches the ground it is trailed over, doing ill what two light ploughs of one or two horses each would do much better. And the weeding or clearing of the ground, what it gets at all, is as primitive as the ploughing. A man on his knees shoves out the weeds between the furrows with a crooked, clumsy hoe, in the coarsest style of garden culture. Yet the land is kindly, and gives back generously for its niggardly tending. The manure — and wealth — of the islands is sea-weed, freshly laid, or the burnt ashes thereof; and an old saying, "*Point de vraic*

point de hautgara," — No sea-weed no corn-yard, — shows its value. It is also the fuel of the poorer folk; and among the characteristic features of the Channel Islands is the clumsy sea-weed-laden cart lumbering along the narrow lanes, — perhaps drawn by a sleepy-looking bullock in the shafts, with a horse for the leader, — and the long stretches of barren land, as at Rocquaine and Cobo Bays, spread out with sea-weed like "scaled" hay, purple, red, or gray, drying in the wind and sun for fuel. When sufficiently hoary and dry, it is stacked up in piles, which are to the poor fisherman's cot what cords of wood and bushels of coals are to richer houses. The sea-weed cutting is allowed only twice a year for the *vraic scié;* the *vraic venant* is unending. *Vraic scié* is the living weed cut from the rocks, chiefly at Herm for Guernsey, and *vraic venant* is drift-weed thrown up by the tide, and not so valuable as the *scié.* Herm is about twenty minutes' sail from Guernsey, and, besides stores of *vraic*, has a creux, and a "kitchen midden," and a curious shell shore made by the tail of the drift, and unique in its way; and a seigneur, who owns the island and has lordly rights; and, in fact, is a world in miniature, a very doll's house of an empire, beating Liliput and Monaco hollow.

What would strike Americans more than anything else as utterly strange is the habit, common to all the islands, of tethering the cattle, allowancing their food, and circumscribing their liberty to the range of half a dozen feet or so. All the animals are tethered, — cows, horses, apes, goats; and the narrow fields are eaten away in semi-circular sweeps as clearly marked as if mown by the hand. The farmers say the grass is so rich, that the short commons on which the poor beasts are kept are quite enough for them, want of quantity being made up for by goodness of quality. And, to be sure, the Channel Islands' milk and butter are proverbial. But, to men accustomed to the boundless lands and prodigality of produce of the New World, this strict apportionment of native, wild daily rations must look chary and pitiful beyond expression. Another cause, also, is the law of succession, by which land is divided and subdivided, as in France, till it is cut up into such small holdings there is no room left for free pasturage or bovine expatiation. In consequence of this habit of tethering the live stock there are few, if any, field gates in the islands. A gap is left in the hedge, and a crooked bough is laid across it, but a gate, as we have them in England, is a rarity almost unknown.

Thereis one peculiar growth here, — the cow-cabbage, — of which walking-sticks are made, and which, specially in Jersey, grows to a quite majestic size. By stripping off all the lower leaves in succession, as covers for baskets for fruit, butter, etc., the succulent stalk hardens into a handsome knotted wood, which takes a fine polish and answers all the purposes of a cane. Jersey is famous for these cabbage walking-sticks, and they are to be found in Guernsey also. The gardens are richly stocked. Magnolias bloom luxuriantly; while myrtles and fuchsias geraniums and camellias attain the dignity of trees. Hydrangeas, the lemon-plant, and other tender plants, which in England have to be kept under shelter for the winter, remain here in the open ground all the year round; aloes and semi-tropical growths flower and do well in chosen places; and at the Vallon, one of the loveliest residences in Guernsey, are magnificent specimens of the *Gunnera scabra* of South America. All of which speaks well for the mildness of the climate and the (comparative) equableness of the temperature.

There are some old customs and superstitions left in the islands, eloquent of the origin of the race, and to be exactly matched in both Normandy and Brittany among the peasantry. One of these superstitions is, that all water drawn from a well on Christmas-eve turns to blood; and if any one were to go into a cow-shed exactly at midnight, also on Christmas-eve, he would find

all the cattle on their knees. But as something very terrible would happen to him for his profane peeping and prying, no one ever dares go in to verify the belief.* At weddings a slice of cheese is cut into four square portions, never more nor less on the plate; and these, together with a peculiar kind of biscuit (cracker) made of fermented dough and butter, and a glass of mulled wine, are handed to each invited guest, and to every one who calls at the house for a certain period after. Then a huge currant-cake is made four times in the year, at Christmas, Whitsuntide, Midsummer, and Michaelmas, and every servant of the establishment has about two pounds of it given to her. I say her, for as yet men-servants are rare even at the best houses. The dear lady of the Vallon, where the *Gunnera* grows, and where, by the by, are two willow-trees from slips of the St. Helena and Napoleonic willow, keeps up these good old customs, which help so much in the *color* of society.

But indeed this color is rapidly fading from the islands, and they are becoming as much like England as if no other than the ordinary British element was to be found in them. In fact, efforts are being made to keep up the old Norman-French among the people, at least in Guernsey; and though by law the church services, for instance, are performed in French alternately with English, yet a Guernsey peasant of anything like education will feel affronted at being spoken to in French, and holds himself entitled to use the language which was once the distinctive characteristic of the upper classes. The servants, too, have followed suit with the rest; and where formerly they were called *les basses*, the base or low ones, are now as independent as English domestics, and make service more and more a voluntary profession, and not an involuntary servitude as it used to be. For this we may thank that mysterious thing called, for the convenience of our ignorance, "the spirit of the age," whereby individual independence and the dignity of labor have taken their fitting place.

The fish of the islands are as peculiar as anything else belonging to them. These are to be seen best in the Guernsey market, which is one of the sights of the place, and include the long nose or snipe fish, called *du horfil* by the people, like a long, thin, mackerel-colored ribbon, with grass-green bones; cray fish, or *crabbe a' co;* spider-crabs, or *pain clos;* velvet crabs, called *crabbe* or *gergeaise* (*un 'ummgherg* means a crabbed, ill-tempered man); and immense crabs proper, magnificent fellows called *chancres*, which, together with their smaller brethren and big black lobsters, are to be seen on all the fish-trays in the market, twiddling their feelers and crawling about their beds of wet moss and sea-weed in a confused and helpless way. Then there are rock or wraic fish, or wrasse; and ormers (a corruption for *oreilles de mer*), the creatures which live in those pretty mother-o'-pearl shells with a row of holes along the projection, and which, when well beaten and stewed for a great many hours, taste like tough veal-cutlets dashed with sea-weed sauce. And there are conger-eels, great bits of which, raw and bleeding, are sold for a very small sum, and make an excellent addition to the island cabbage soup. For the island lives on cabbage soup. It is its *pot au feu*, its butter, milk, and potatoes, its porridge and whiskey, its *olla podrida*, its roast-beef and plum-pudding, or whatever we choose to select as the national dish; and its men and women thrive upon it. But not too well; the islanders are not a very stalwart race, though wiry and with good "staying" qualities. And as I am on the question of food, I may as well say that the pigs are mostly fed with parsnips.

* Among the sayings is one of which I could get no explanation. At harvest-time, if a sharp wind comes and takes off the tops of the queer little corn and hay ricks they make here, the people say, "Voilà la fille d'Herodias qui passe." But what the daughter of Herodias has to do with a harvest blast of wind I do not know. Also another saying adopted here, and not indigenous, is: —

"Saturday's moon and Sunday's full
Ne'er did good and never wull."

It is a misnomer to call the small short-horned dun cow we all know so well "an Alderney"; it may be a Jersey cow or a Guernsey one, perhaps a Sarkois; for each island has its own particular if allied breed, and each island claims to have the best. They are not allowed to mix the breeds nor to import foreign stock, but every now and then one comes upon a black or red hided beast, which shows that the decree has been evaded somehow, and that the pure blood has got mixed, whether to the advantage or disadvantage of the breed I cannot say. Of the whole family, the Jersey cows are the smallest, and I do not know which are considered the best milkers; but all are first-rate in that way, and produce magnificent butter.

Amongst other things belonging to the islands may be counted green lizards, the tree locust, the *pieuvre*, or octopod, immortalized by Victor Hugo; and in Guernsey, Victor Hugo himself and his house. And if, of these, the one is noble and to be deeply reverenced, the other is decidedly odd and to my mind ugly. It is wonderfully ingenious in its clever adaptation of all sorts of things for all manner of unlikely purposes. Old trap-nailed chests and coffers make stately seats; barbaric *ceintures* are nailed as ornaments against the crimson velvet chimney-pieces. Pieces of fine old tapestry, with historical interest attached, chairs and tables and beds and china, all possessing a special and peculiar value, and with pedigrees and traditions belonging, make the place in its way a museum; but of household comfort there is none, so at least I should say, in those gloomy, crowded, heavy rooms, and as little artistic beauty. But they are Victor Hugo's belongings. He has gathered them together, and arranged them, and, so far as they go, they are to be respected as the expression of a great man's mind and fancies.

The islands send no members to Parliament. Ecclesiastically they are under the sway of the British crozier, being part of the see of Winchester, and strategically they are strongholds of the British Army; but their internal government is individual; and a Guernésiois, or a Sarkois, or an Aurégnois, is always a man of Guernsey, of Sark, or of Alderney, never a Briton, still less an Englishman. They have governors and seigneurs and states and jurats, and they make their own laws after their own hearts; each island being *imperium in imperio*, and scornfully indifferent to the larger empire of which it forms a part, — the coach of which it is the fifth wheel. In religion, though by law Protestant, there are a few Roman Catholics, and more dissenters, among the islands; and the clerical tone is decidedly Low Church, not to say Calvinistic. A good dash of Ritualism would be a blessing among them.

The winnowing process goes on even in these fixed societies. A certain family called Pipet, of St. Andrew's, are now the hereditary paupers of the parish; but long generations ago one of the ancestors, then wealthy and manorial lords, left a field to the Church (Catholic in those days), on condition that a mass was said every year for the repose of the Pipet soul. When the Reformation came and made masses unlawful, the field was still held by the Church, but the condition suppressed. The present clergyman, however, says a loving "pater-noster" in his own heart, in remembrance of the donor, whose descendants beg their bread. The Pipet clan are beautiful in a gypsy, dark-eyed fashion, and of late one man has raised himself from the pauperization of his tribe, and has become self-supporting and independent.

Guernsey is evidently a partially holy isle; there are no toads there, though plenty in Jersey, while frogs, slow-worms, and lizards are the sole representatives of the reptile class of creation; and there are saints' wells and holy places in almost all the parishes. In fact, one of the traditions is that it is a holy isle, and that its first civilized inhabitants were saints. If so, their descend-

ants have a little deteriorated from the piety of their forefathers, and, indeed, that piety is a little problematical, at least in the "middle distance," seeing that a whole large clan in Guernsey are the acknowledged posterity of a Roman Catholic archbishop. One peculiarity of these islands is the universal cousinship of the upper ten. All the great families are so related and interlaced by marriages of all allowable degrees, that it is impossible for a stranger to disentangle the complex threads and understand distinctly who is who, and how A came to be B's cousin, and why C is obliged to go into mourning when D dies. Even the married stranger finds it difficult to learn all her husband's relations; and you may hear an Englishwoman who has entered a numerous clan, after twenty years of marriage, confess she has not learnt her lesson of kinship perfectly, even yet.

It is very strange for one accustomed to a large centre, like London, or for an American, used only to such a free range of life and such incessant change of circumstances as one has in large centres and new countries, to come to one of these quiet "cornered" islands, where life moves at a snail's pace, and passions, in their broader sense, seem eliminated altogether. Havens of rest for a time to the weary are they, and beautiful in their peace and stillness; but only for a time. The man or woman who has been used to action would soon rust out here; and though the Channel Islands may be lovely as Calypso's Isle or Armida's Garden, yet, like those sweet sleeping-places for brave men, they are to be visited only, not lived in permanently, by all who have work yet to do in the world, who have a purpose to fulfil and a plan to pursue.

MY SECRETARYSHIP.

FROM childhood I had always entertained a nervous dread of a doctor's office: it seemed to me such a dark field of mystery, such a concentrated abode of horrors, while the proprietor himself ranked in my mind as a sort of genteel executioner; and yet there I sat in just such a lion's den, waiting, with a mingling of nervousness and impatience, for the return of Dr. Craig from his morning round of visits.

My business with the Doctor was of a peculiar nature, and calculated to make me feel still more shaky than the character of patient would have done. Beside the M. D.'s name between the windows, there was another sign which read, "Examining Surgeon for U. S. Pensions"; and it was this with which I had to do, but, as I said before, quite in a peculiar and unexpected way.

I was not alone; the friend with whom I had a home, and who had been the instigator of my remarkable proceeding, was with me, and was usually known as Mrs. Coleford; but, from her wonderful powers of "deportment," *I* called her "Mrs. Turveydrop." This formidable doctor, whom I had never seen, was an old friend of Mrs. Coleford's, a bachelor, and represented as a very agreeable personage. My friend had lately carried on a correspondence with him on my account, for we lived in a country town a few miles from the city; and this correspondence culminated in a request from Dr. Craig that I should present myself at his office as soon as I conveniently could, to confer with him in person.

The subject of our proposed conference was this: I was quite a deserving and rather ill-used young person, without any particular object in life, and

also without anything in particular to live upon. Mrs. Coleford kindly allowed me to teach two or three young children, that I might feel independent in her very pleasant home; but this was mere play for an able-bodied damsel, and I felt that I was intended for better things. I knew, too, that never, in these days of ruffles and fringes and sashes and double skirts, would I be able to get a suitable spring outfit, unless I did something to increase my immoderately small means.

Mrs. Coleford and I had many talks on the subject; and how women *do* talk when they sit together with their sewing! If a bevy of slow-thinking men could listen unseen at such a sitting, their brains would whirl with sheer amazement at the plans discussed, perfected, and disposed of, in less time than it would take them to get *ready* to think.

"I have a new plan, Rose," said my friend, one morning, hopefully; "I thought it out last night when I was kept awake by that wretched dog howling next door. You know that there is a great deal of government writing given out to people, who are paid well for it, and many of these people are ladies. You write such a clear, legible hand, that you would be the very one to do it; and, as it is necessary to have a friend at court, I will send a note at once to Dr. Craig, of whom you have heard me speak, and ask him to use his influence. He was in the army, you know, and is now examining surgeon for pensions. I really believe that he could help you; and he is *very* kind, and always ready to oblige a lady. I should be delighted to see you with a nice little income of your own; and of late years, it is quite common for ladies to do such things.

My heart beat high with hope; and I placed myself meekly in "Mrs. Turveydrop's" hands, with unfaltering trust that her "deportment" would bring about whatever was desired.

Dr. Craig responded promptly, and said that, if the lady in question wrote a clear hand, and would kindly undertake the task, he had writing of his own that needed copying, and he would be delighted to secure her services for himself. Query from Mrs. Coleford as to the nature of the writing, and whether it would be done away from the office. No answer from the doctor, but a petition that the secretary elect would come and be looked at, and talked to, as speedily as possible; and this it was that brought me, under "Mrs. Turveydrop's" protection, to Dr. Craig's office.

Two or three poor fellows in fatigue-caps, and cloaks of that peculiarly ugly army-blue, with pale faces, and an empty sleeve or a crutch, were also waiting for the examining surgeon; and I heartily hoped that every one of them would receive a generous pension.

Doors opened and closed, and people came and went, for the space of an hour; but when a latch-key turned in the door, and a firm step approached, I began to tremble with a sort of undefined dread, as though I expected to depart minus a tooth or a limb. My errand seemed almost improper, and I envied Mrs. Coleford her serenity.

The Doctor was not so very formidable, apart from his being a doctor; a fine, frank face, and six feet or so of height. He welcomed Mrs. Coleford warmly, and was very benevolent in his manner to me, kind to the blue-coats in waiting, and then evidently puzzled what to do with us all.

"Step in here, please," said he, presently, "until I can despatch these army fellows"; and, opening a folding-door, he ushered us into what was evidently his sleeping-room, and shut us in.

It was rather a funny position, and I glanced in some bewilderment at Mrs. Coleford.

"Alone, you know," she whispered, apologetically; "has just the two rooms, and it is very evident that he means to be comfortable. Look at that bed, with its fine linen and ruffled pillow-cases; Brussels carpet, good enough for any one's parlor; luxurious washstand and appointments —"

"And only think," said I, with a bit of feminine malice, "of wasting such a dressing-bureau and glass as this on a *man!* — a being who has no back hair, and no skirts, and to whom the contemplation of the lower plaids of his trousers cannot be a matter of any moment whatever."

"Some young lady has worked him that pincushion," continued my friend, as her quick eyes discovered an elaborate affair of blue floss and crystal beads, then a watch-case to match, and various little knickknacks that no man could ever have gotten together.

A pair of slippers, also embroidered by some fairy hands, and a bootjack, were visible in one corner; and I think it gave us quite a defrauded feeling to contemplate the comfortable retreat in which this doctor indulged in such slumbers as his patients would allow him. We had ample time to study the apartment before we were recalled to the office; and then, pushing "Mrs. Turveydrop" forward, I insisted upon her opening the conference.

She did it very nicely; but I felt desirous of escaping somewhere, and made half-witted replies to various questions, until it seemed a perfect farce to suppose that the very sensible-looking man at the table would think of entering into any business arrangement with such an idiot. The only respectable thing I said was when the Doctor had kindly remarked that he feared I should not find the task a very agreeable one, I managed to reply that I was not taking it up for amusement.

He bowed and smiled, and plunged into the depths of a huge waste-paper basket beside him.

"I feel quite ashamed of myself," said he to Mrs. Coleford, "for I had to keep the army records to arrange the pensions, and you know what a careless fellow I am. I write a deplorable hand, too; and if Miss Redingode can make it out from these scrawls, she will do more than *I* can."

"But what is it all for?" I asked, in great bewilderment; "and what am I to do?"

For my would-be employer was dragging forth rolls of thick yellow wrapping-paper, on which were scrawled hieroglyphics in faint pencil-marks, while other sheets looked like a mad tarantula dance in pale ink, with great splashes of that untransparent fluid by way of ornament, while stray slips of white paper, with more hieroglyphics and splashes, and even old visiting-cards, thickly scrawled over, were added to the collection.

"Pardon me," was the reply, "I forget that you are not acquainted with my habits and occupations. If you *could* look a shade less amazed, Miss Redingode, it would be a comfort to my feelings. But I may as well own at once my weakness, my evil behavior, by confessing that this is the disgraceful style in which I have kept the army register; my only excuse being that it was done, under a heavy pressure of work, at odd moments; and very odd, indeed, were the moments in which I could take my ease sufficiently to write. These crazy-looking documents are really important," continued the Doctor, opening a huge blank-book on the table before him, "and should all be copied neatly in this volume. Will you kindly undertake the work? There are a few pages already written, which you will find useful to guide you; they were done by a very clever Irishman, who would have stolen the very coat from my back if I had kept him much longer."

I had already opened my mouth to decline the task, when I caught Mrs. Coleford's eye with a world of meaning in it.

Her glance said plainly, "Try it, I will help you"; and in looking over the book she seemed to grasp the matter so readily, that I felt encouraged to undertake the work. The thought of my pressing needs also strengthened me; and having ascertained that I could carry the treasures home with me, I boldly accepted the position of private secretary to Dr. Robert Craig, U. S. A.

"Should there be any words that you

cannot make out," said my employer, benevolently, as though the thought had just struck him that such a thing *might* occur, "just mark them, if you please, and I will insert them afterward."

I tried to conceal a smile, as I surveyed his appalling chirography, but was not very successful.

"That is to be translated, 'One long mark, then, for every page,'" said the Doctor, gravely. "I admire your heroism, Miss Redingode, in attempting such a task; and perhaps the thought that you are advancing the interests of many poor maimed fellows, who have deserved well of their country, will aid you in reducing these irregular gambols of pen and pencil to something like system. I wish you every success, and beg in return — your charity."

I grasped the heavy book which I persisted in shouldering, figuratively, although the Doctor had proposed sending it to me; while Mrs. Coleford secured a formidable roll of the yellow paper. I felt quite triumphant and hopeful; it would be a decided victory to master this hopeless-looking task. It would be pleasant, too, to work in some way for the poor soldiers; I had never done anything but one batch of Havelocks, that were no sooner completed and sent off than I heard that the soldiers could not endure them, and had desired that no more should be sent.

Dreaming vaguely of the future, and quite oblivious of the present, I walked on, until the heavy book which had been gradually slipping from my arm fell to the ground, and sprawled wide open. A gentleman in a fatigue-cap, and with a sort of undress, military air, sprang forward and restored the volume before I could stoop for it; an action common enough in itself, but the manner of doing it, the lifting of the cap just at the right moment, and the smile disclosing dazzling teeth, were full of a peculiar, fascinating grace.

The stranger was tall and handsome, and wonderfully like the officer in Rogers's beautiful clay group, "Taking the Oath." Especially, as he raised his cap, was I struck with the similarity of attitude; but he was gone almost before these thoughts had flashed through my mind.

Ten A. M. next day found me armed with book, papers, and writing-apparatus, at Mrs. Coleford's escritoire in the pleasant up-stairs sitting-room; while my friend, sewing in hand, established herself on the lounge opposite, to encourage me with her presence and advice.

The yellow roll was tastefully tied together with a piece of pink tape; this I unfastened with a certain degree of awe, and carefully examined the first sheet of paper that came to hand. It was nearly empty; but a few marks in pencil put me in possession of the pleasing fact that, at some time in the past, Dr. Craig had sent to his laundress six shirts, seven handkerchiefs, three pairs of drawers, eight pairs of stockings, and some other articles, of which the names were not quite so distinct.

I glanced at the roll in dismay. "He has certainly made a mistake," I exclaimed, "and I will investigate no further, lest I come into a knowledge of all his private affairs."

Mrs. Coleford quietly examined the papers. "Quite inoffensive," said she, smiling, "and none the less so that many of them might almost as well have been written in Chinese. I am afraid that your eyes will be twisted out of your head, Rose, in trying to decipher such letters. It is really a shame in Robert to be so careless in business matters."

"And that man," I exclaimed, vindictively, "is placed in a position of responsibility, and receives a liberal salary for keeping his affairs in a mess that would disgrace a child's doll-house! and just because he is a *man!* I think it 's too bad!"

"What is too bad?" asked my friend, — "that he is a man, or that he does not keep his accounts in better order? If he did, Miss Rose Redingode would not have the opportunity of untangling

them, to the manifest advantage of her spring wardrobe."

"But just look at these snarls! he might, at least, have made his letters a *little* straighter."

"He might, — only, to misquote Dr. Watts as usual, it is n't his nature to. Now, Rose, attend; it will be a great help in this business to ascertain, in the first place, what we are expected to find in these scrawls; and here is the work of the thieving Irishman as our guide. You see that the soldiers' names are alphabetically arranged; and opposite them, on the same page, age, place of nativity, place of residence, occupation, number of regiment, date of enlisting and discharge, nature of wound, and time and place where it was received. Then, in the back part of the book, is a detailed account of each case, under its proper name, and the amount of pension awarded. Here is a case that I think we can make out," catching up one of the papers, and squinting her eyes to enhance their powers of vision, "'William Wilt' — 'Well' — 'Webb' — '*Wall*,' I *think:* 'William Wall, age eighty' — "

"Nonsense!" I interrupted; "a soldier 'aged eighty'!"

"It must be fifty, then, or thirty, perhaps," was the reply. "Really, Dr. Robert, you *are* a trial, and you did well to beg the charity of your secretary in advance."

At the end of an hour or so we had decided that William Wall (if he *was* Wall) was aged thirty (unless it meant fifty), that he was born in America (unless it was Australia), that his profession was that of tinman (unless it was librarian), that he lived in Newark (unless it was New York), and that "he received a gunshot round of thibet, (whatever that might be), and a shell in the centre of his right eye."

For the benefit of the curious, it may be as well to state here that, when things were straightened out, the man Wall proved to be Mill, — for the Doctor did n't believe in dotting his *i*'s, nor crossing his *t*s, nor turning his *m*'s the right way, — thirty-eight years old, born in Valparaiso, and living in New Haven; and he received a gunshot wound of the left tibia, and a fragment of shell entered his right eye. As this was one of the most legible accounts, it will give some idea of our labors.

I jotted down the nonsense recorded above with a satisfied feeling that I was really getting to understand the business; and Mrs. Coleford settled herself serenely to the consciousness of having fairly succeeded in launching me. She did not speak, for fear of breaking the spell that seemed to be guiding my pen to wonderful feats among the shoals and quicksands of those irregular items; but suddenly I asked, in a half-dazed way, "Do you think, Cornelia, that any man *could* have such a name as 'Wild Rats'?"

My friend took it calmly. "If he is a German, and it is spelled with a *z*. Perhaps, the first name is Will."

"It *is* n't spelled with a *z*," I replied, "nor with anything else that looks like a rational letter. I wish to know if any human being could have his 'head torn away with a cannon-ball' and live?"

"Hardly, I think."

"Well, according to Dr. Craig, (I 'd like to dip him in a tub of ink!) Wild Rats had his head torn away with a cannon-ball, and was afterward put on full pension. I think he earned it, don't you?"

We could make nothing of it, and I drew a line under the whole thing. The next paper had an immense blotch of ink over the entire name; and after consultation with my oracle, I wrote it down "John Smith," until we could discover what it was intended for.

Suddenly I stopped, struck with a new idea. (My eyes were twisted every way, for each separate word in those horrible papers seemed to be tied up in a hard knot, and my head throbbed painfully with the effort to extract some kind of sense from Dr. Craig's chaotic accounts.) This idea was a small magnifying-glass, and Mrs.

Coleford responded admiringly to the suggestion; while I seized hat and shawl, and darted off to the little lame watchmaker who kept our timepieces in order; and whom I found hard at work, with the very article that I coveted stuck on one eye.

He had none for sale, he said, but could get me one from town in a day or two.

I could scarcely refrain from snatching his own property away from him; for I was exasperated at his taking-it-for-granted way that delay could be of no consequence to *me*, a woman, and might even prove wholesome discipline. Men never can seem to understand why women should be in a hurry for anything; and even this wretched little watchmaker looked calmly down from an imaginary height on my excitement.

I probably succeeded in making my feelings intelligible, however; for, presently, he hobbled around with some show of earnestness, and producing an ugly little affair, like a deep, black muffin-ring, he benevolently offered it to me as a loan, until the other one should arrive. I grasped it with grateful acknowledgment; and the solemn-looking little man gazed after me in evident bewilderment; while I shot down the street with my treasure, and presented myself, breathless and triumphant, in the sitting-room with a clew to all my difficulties.

It was a great help, certainly; and with our combined genius we accomplished wonders in an incredibly short space of time, and succeeded in converting "Wild Rats" into "Walter Bates," being much relieved to discover that, instead of having his head torn away by a cannon-ball, his hip-joint was injured in some unintelligible manner by that clumsy missile, and one foot shot away. Poor fellows! I began to realize what they had suffered.

I became deeply interested in my work; and it had a very neat appearance, arranged in those orderly columns; but suddenly a great splash of ink fell from my pen, and spread over nearly a quarter of the page with malicious celerity. I felt disgraced, and almost cried to see my work disfigured in this way; but when I glanced at the doctor's performances, I did not see how he could well complain.

"Why does he call so many of them 'Pat,'" said I, "when they are not Pat at all? He says, 'Pat much disabled,' 'Pat progressing,' 'Pat in hospital'; do you suppose he really means 'Pat' by this word?"

My friend turned it critically to the light. "It may be a V," she said, "and mean some sort of medical term; but it certainly *looks* like P."

"I shall put it down 'Pat,'" I said, "though it seems perfectly senseless, and the Doctor can arrange it to suit himself."

"I wish," said Mrs. Coleford, as she turned down a hem reflectively, "that I could make out what 'Double Imperial Hemorrhage' is; it sounds like something dreadful. Perhaps we have made a mistake."

"I should be thankful to get off with *one* mistake," I replied. "I dread meeting Dr. Craig after he has received the book; and yet I think that my indignation at his abominable handwriting will keep me up a little."

In two or three days of close application the yellow roll was quite exhausted; and, according to agreement, we must make a second visit to the Doctor's office, to have the work examined and commented upon, and obtain a fresh relay of documents. We examined those columns critically before consigning the book to the express-office for its journey to town; and while wondering for the twentieth time over some very queer injuries and complaints that had to be copied letter by letter as the Doctor *seemed* to have written them, and which in their best estate would have been Latin and Greek to us, we felt, on the whole, that the task had been accomplished in a very praiseworthy manner.

I saw at a glance, after the first greeting, that every part of Dr. Craig's

face was laughing, except his mouth. The book, which had arrived an hour or two before us, was open on the table, — open, too, just at that horrible blot; and with sudden courage, I remarked: "I copied your work as accurately as I could, even to the blotting."

He was evidently glad of some excuse for laughing; and replied, as he turned over the leaves, "You believe, then, in the Chinese style of following a pattern? But, really, Miss Redingode," he continued, "I scarcely know what to say. I am overwhelmed with astonishment and gratitude. You must have found the task a fearful one."

"It was not so bad after I began to use the magnifying-glass," said I, resolved to punish him for that aggravatingly amused expression of countenance. "I should like to know," said I to myself, "how he can expect women to understand army matters and surgical terms."

"'Magnifying-glass'?" repeated the Doctor, glancing at Mrs. Coleford in a sort of comical distress. "Really," he added, coloring and laughing, as he buried his head in the book, "you ladies are too hard upon me."

"But this is no joke, Doctor," continued Mrs. Coleford; "a magnifying-glass was really procured; and you do not know what a help we found it."

"'Anchovy of hip-joint,'" read the Doctor, by way of screening himself, "that *should* be 'Anchylosis.'"

My face was burning painfully; and I wished the ponderous volume safely lodged in the Atlantic Ocean. Dr. Craig glanced kindly at me, and praised the work and the penmanship, as he produced a fresh roll of documents, and asked if I would kindly continue to help him out of his dilemma.

"I have business in L——," said he, "and will bring you the book and papers in a day or two."

"I had almost given you up as a visitor," said Mrs. Coleford, reproachfully, "and had resolved never to ask you again."

"You will soon see," was the reply, "that I did not come because I knew that if I began I should not have sense enough to stop."

"He does not want his book spoiled," thought I, "and intends to watch the progress of my work."

Just as we passed out of the door the handsome officer who picked up my book ran up the steps, politely bowing as he passed us. From Dr. Craig's warm welcome, they were evidently old cronies. I felt quite provoked at myself for letting my thoughts dwell on him, and tried to become practical by saying "anchylosis" a number of times.

"Rose," said my friend, impressively, when we were fairly out of the office, "I have a settled conviction that Dr. Craig is at this moment rolling on the floor with long-suppressed laughter. If 'anchovy of hip-joint' is a fair specimen, what work we must have made of the poor fellows generally. We spent a good hour over that word 'anchovy,' too."

Dr. Craig made us a very pleasant evening visit, and brought the book and papers with him. We had a great deal of laughing and jesting over the matter; and, separated from the horrors of his office, I began to think the Doctor very agreeable. Cornelia played "Mrs. Turveydrop" to perfection; but I feared that she was arranging some little plans of her own that threatened to swallow up my secretaryship, and this made me a trifle stiff and ungracious to our visitor.

The Doctor kindly gave me a lesson in anatomy, that I might understand his scrawls a little better; and, emboldened by this condescension, Mrs. Coleford desired to know what "Double Imperial Hemorrhage" might be.

"I never heard of such a thing!" was the astonished reply.

The book was opened at once, and the puzzling passage pointed out in black and white. The Doctor's face was a study.

"It sounds like a flower label," said he, "but it *should* be '*frequent internal*

hemorrhage.' I really did not know that my writing was so atrociously illegible."

The second roll was, if possible, worse than the first; more ink-blotches, more faint pencil-marks, and various foreign matters of a private nature thrown promiscuously in.

"What do you think," said I to Mrs. Coleford, after puzzling out one poor fellow's case with a great deal of interest, "of calling a man with one leg and one eye, jaw-bone shot away, and various other mutilations, '*partly disabled*,' and giving him half-pension? Is not that outrageous? I intend to write him down 'a total wreck' and give him full pension."

My friend looked frightened. "That will scarcely do," she said; "it might get the Doctor into trouble. Where does the man live?"

"Why, right here!" I replied in delight. "Here is his address,—'Patrick Doyle, No. 10 Lime Street'; let us go and see him."

Lime Street was not a pleasant region, but we went that very afternoon, and found the poor fellow entirely alone in the neatest little mite of a house. *Mrs.* Patrick was out at carpet-weaving, by which she supported the family, part of whom worked with her; while the invalid soldier "kept house," as he called it, that is, sat and stared at the fire, for he seemed too weak to move about.

He assured us that he had been "blown to pieces intirely," and expressed his willingness to have the process repeated for such an "illigant counthry." Poor, patient fellow! if my hands had only been filled with pensions, that I might have showered them upon him! one *full* pension, even, was such a miserable pittance.

"Yes," he said, "they told him he ought to have had full pension, and the Major, mebbe, would have got it for him; but he was living in the big city, and he could n't see him, and it was hard, any way, for the poor to get their rights."

"What is your Major's name?" I asked, fired with a sudden determination to bring this matter about; "and where does he live?"

Shure and did n't the leddy know Major Hames, the nice gentleman who had a pleasant word for every one, and who had been just like a father to him in the army? Patrick had his number and street on a dirty bit of paper, that, mebbe, the leddy would n't care to touch, but he had never liked to trouble the Major.

And, taking out an old pocket-book, the poor remnant of a man and a brother produced a scrap of paper uninviting enough; but "the leddy" *did* touch it, and found that the Major who had been a father to the maimed private lived in a very accessible region of the city which I frequently visited. I did not wish, however, to raise false hopes, so I said nothing to Patrick of my intention; but I was fully resolved to attack this fatherly Major, and lay before him the case of the poor helpless soldier whom Dr. Craig pronounced "partly disabled." It would be such a triumph to get him a full pension, and show the Doctor that if I *did* make mistakes in surgical terms, (thanks to his outrageous handwriting!) I understood some things better than he did.

Patrick Doyle was very grateful for our visit, and impressed upon us to the very last that Major Hames had been a father to him.

"I shall certainly make the old gentleman a visit," said I, as we emerged from Lime Street; "you know that I have to go to town to-morrow; and perhaps by stating his case fully to this Major, I may get a few dollars more for poor Patrick. 'Partly disabled,' indeed! I should like to know what he can do with the fragment of body that 's left him?"

Mrs. Coleford quite approved of my intention; and, full of enterprise and resolution, I set forth on my mission, and rang the bell at a handsome house in a very fashionable situation.

"Tell Major Hames," said I to the servant who ushered me into the draw-

ing-room, "that a lady wishes to see him on business."

I had pictured the thin elderly gentleman with gray whiskers, who was to enter the room with dignified elegance, and listen to my narrative in the fatherly manner that had made such an impression on Patrick Doyle; but when the *real* Major Hames stood before me I scarcely suppressed a scream, and meditated a wild retreat through one of the windows. It was the officer in Rogers's group, — the very individual who had picked up that miserable book for me, and who, as he was evidently a friend of Dr. Craig's, had probably ascertained my singular connection with that gentleman.

I tried to speak, but only stammered, and my face seemed on fire; I did not dare to look at him, and I suppose he was amazed at my conduct, for presently he said, in a very bland tone: "Pardon me, I understood that you had asked for Major Hames?"

Out I came with the very thing I should not have said, and told him clumsily enough that I had expected to see an elderly gentleman.

"I am very sorry —" he began; but the utter absurdity of his being sorry that he was not an elderly gentleman struck us both, and we laughed in concert.

"I am Miss Redingode," said I, as I suddenly remembered that this frightfully youthful father of Patrick Doyle's would not know what to call me.

The handsome face before me fairly beamed with delight.

"*Miss Redingode!*" he repeated, with a quick movement toward me; "that was my mother's name, and it is also mine. It is so very uncommon that I think we must be related. May I ask if you have relatives in Kentucky?"

"I was born there," I replied, "but I do not think I have any relatives *any*where."

"Excuse me for a moment," said the gentleman, "you must see my sister"; and he left me in a tumultuous whirl of excitement over the prospect of coming all of a sudden upon some delightful cousins.

"This is Mrs. Fay," said the Major, returning with a young and very charming personage; "but I hope she will soon succeed in establishing her right to a less formal title from you."

"I do hope you *are* a cousin," said the lady, warmly; "we are dreadfully alone in the world, Clarence and I. To be sure, I have my husband."

"A trifling appendage," remarked her brother.

"Now, Clarence, be quiet! Miss Redingode does not know you yet. But let us overhaul the family records as speedily as possible, and see how near we *can* come in our relationship."

We did an immense amount of talking, and persuaded ourselves into the firm conviction that we were second or third cousins.

It seemed like a fairy-tale; and my newly found cousins were perfect treasures. They desired to take immediate possession of me; and after a visit of an hour or two, I could scarcely get away. Mrs. Fay called me "Rose" in the most natural manner, and I found myself addressing her as "Cousin Nannie." Her brother assured me that no such person as "Major Hames" existed for *me*, but I did not get on quite so easily with him; and by a sort of tacit arrangement, we did not call each other anything.

I knew that Cornelia would wonder what had become of me, as I had promised to return to dinner; and after tracing the Redingodes back to an old Tory great-grandfather, discussing them root and branch, and mourning over the rapid extinction of the race, I fairly tore myself away, with promises of speedy and more satisfactory visits on both sides, and was accompanied to the cars by Major Clarence Redingode Hames.

Mrs. Coleford was quite uneasy at my long absence; but when I entered, full of excitement and adventures, I found a ready and sympathizing listener.

"I suppose, then," said my friend,

when I had paused to take breath, "that you found no difficulty in obtaining the Major's aid for Patrick Doyle?"

"'*Patrick Doyle*'!" I repeated wildly, — "I never thought of him!"

My companion looked amazed. "How, then, did you explain your visit to Major Hames?"

"I did not explain it at all," said I, hanging my diminished head, "except to tell him that I had expected him to be an elderly gentleman."

Mrs. Coleford laughed merrily.

"Then he took it for granted that you had a habit of calling promiscuously upon elderly gentlemen! O Rose! Rose! I am ashamed of you!"

"*Don't!*" said I, in despair. "All that you *say*, I *think;* and I could shake myself with right good-will. What *must* my Kentucky cousins think of me, when they come to talk the matter over in cool blood?"

As the novelists say, no description could do justice to my feelings; and with my brain in a whirl, I made such absurd mistakes in the army records that I flung the book down in despair, and would have given anything to discover that I had only been *dreaming* of my visit to Major Hames.

Dr. Craig seemed to have a great deal of business in L——, and speedily followed up his first visit with several others. Every time he came there was fresh laughing over my work; and when we gravely inquired why he called so many of the soldiers "Pat," or if he meant "Pat" at all, it seemed almost an impossibility for him to regain his self-control.

"Then you never would have guessed," said he, finally, "that it was intended for '*patient*'?"

Cornelia and I were disgusted with our own stupidity; and we resolved that no amount of curiosity should induce us to ask any questions in the future.

The very day but one after my raid upon the Major that gentleman's card and his sister's were brought to me; and down I went to explain my singular conduct as I best could.

Cousin Nannie looked lovely, and was attired as bewitchingly as people of taste, and the wherewithal to gratify it, *can* attire themselves; and her exquisite toilet made me feel indescribably shabby. But mine was coming; a few more yellow rolls would make me quite independent.

These cousins of mine seemed to feel as if they had known me all their lives; and it was really delightful for a poor, stray waif like myself to be taken at once into the bosom of the family.

"What *did* you think I came for?" said I, as soon as I could find a chance to introduce the subject; "I totally forgot my errand to Major Hames, which was *not* to tell him that I supposed him to be an elderly gentleman; and when I recovered my senses, I was overwhelmed with mortification. It must have seemed so very queer to you."

Cousin Nannie looked at her brother, and laughed.

"We *did* think of it, after you left," said she, "and wondered a little how you got there, as you did not know that you were visiting relatives; but we concluded that you would be able to explain it in a perfectly rational manner. I am sure we are *very* much obliged to you for coming; and now, Rose," with an irresistible caress, "you must go home with me at once. I never had a sister, and you can't think how lonely I am!"

This was real Kentucky hospitality, and very pleasant to receive; but I was not disposed to avail myself of it.

"Nannie is a most unfortunate being," said the Major, gravely; "she has a husband and a brother perfectly devoted to her, and every wish gratified. I think her case appeals eloquently to the sympathies of the benevolent. I hope *you* are benevolent, Cousin Rose?"

My embarrassment at this address was not calmed by Mrs. Fay's rather irrelevant remark: "I do think Rose is a lovely name! and it suits you admirably. You are always in a sort of

flush, like the beautiful shades of color on some of those velvety petals. But *do* forgive me! I did not mean to make a *damask* Rose of you."

I rushed after Mrs. Coleford, to change the conversation; and took much pleasure in introducing my sweet-looking friend to my very charming cousins. They were mutually attracted; but Cornelia would not listen to the proposed change of my quarters. I was engaged to her, at least, for the summer, she said; but I promised a speedy visit, and with this Cousin Nannie declared herself only partly satisfied.

"Now," said my friend, when we were alone again, "what about Patrick Doyle?"

I laughed outright; it seemed very unfeeling, but I really could not help it.

"They do not yet know," said I, thinking of my cousins instead of Patrick, "what took me to Mrs. Fay's house last Tuesday!"

"Well," replied Mrs. Coleford, "I am very glad that *I* do not depend on you for a pension. Don't talk of the Doctor, after *such* proceedings!"

"I *will* tell the Major, the next time I see him," said I, resolutely; "what *must* he think of me!"

"I have not the least doubt," remarked my friend, dryly, "that his sentiments are quite favorable."

I felt like a damask Rose again; and I tried to be provoked with Cornelia, but there really seemed to be no use in it.

"I have come so soon again," said Major Hames, one evening, "that I am afraid you will scarcely know whether this was the other visit continued or a new one."

"Have you the slightest idea," said I, in reply, "what took *me* to see *you* the other day?"

"No," replied my cousin, "I am satisfied with the fact."

"But *I* am not," I continued, warmly, "and I must request your patience for quite a lengthy story. Do you know a man named Patrick Doyle?"

I could scarcely conceal my vexation at the inopportune appearance of Dr. Craig.

The Major's face was a mixture of annoyance and suppressed laughter, as he returned the Doctor's astonished greeting: "Why, I did n't expect to see *you* here, old fellow!" with the equally flattering remark: "I had certainly no idea of meeting *you!*"

Then turning to me: "He deserves to be exposed, Miss Redingode. I almost begged him on my knees to tell me your name the day I met you on his front steps, but he was perfectly callous to all my supplications. This young lady, Robert, turns out to be my cousin; I should think you would have known that two persons with such a name as ours must belong to the same family."

"I had forgotten all about your name," said the Doctor, in great embarrassment; "I hope that Miss Redingode will excuse me."

"*She* will excuse you far more readily than *I* shall," returned his friend. "However, as no harm can come of your selfishness, I suppose that I can afford to be generous."

I scarcely knew which way to look; and Cornelia appeared to enjoy it all very much. Our visitors stayed quite late, for each seemed resolved not to desert Mr. Micawber; but they were somewhat constrained with each other, and it was not half so easy to entertain them as when they came singly.

Mrs. Coleford asked me again if I had told the Major about Patrick Doyle.

"No," I replied, "there is a sort of spell upon that narrative, and I begin to doubt whether I ever *shall* tell it."

I did tell my story, however, and Cousin Nannie heard it, too; they laughed at the Irishman's declaration that Major Hames had been a father to him, as Patrick was a "b'y" of at least forty summers; but his case was taken up with the kindest interest, and resulted in my having the satisfaction

of writing him down "a total wreck" (although the term was quite unprofessional), and obtaining for him a full pension.

"Now," said the Major, with quite a business-like air, when these results had been duly laid before me, "*I* have a favor to ask."

We were in the conservatory, and I was rather alarmed to see Cousin Nannie flit off among the orange-trees, and disappear through the door. I thought of following her; but my other cousin had secured me by one hand, as he whispered: "*Rosa mundi!* — May I say, Rosa *mine?*"

I have no recollection of saying anything whatever; but the Major had the effrontery to assure his sister that I was engaged to him, and this soon came to be looked upon as a settled thing. I did mention something about the unsatisfactoriness of discovering cousins who would not *stay* cousins; on which Nannie told me, with the most charming frankness, that she had made up her mind, as soon as she saw me, that I should marry Clarence.

Mrs. Coleford managed to mix up some allusion to Dr. Craig's disappointment with her congratulations; but I informed her gravely that I fully intended to complete the documents. As to any other disappointment, it seemed entirely foreign to his comfortable appearance, and fresh, English color. He never told his love, but neither did any worm prey upon his damask cheek; and when the writing was accomplished, I received a fabulous check for my work, which the Doctor assured me I had fully earned, as the rescued documents were of great value to him.

I did not get much of a spring outfit after all, as Cornelia advised me to save up my resources for the autumn, when she seemed to think I would need them particularly; but I had, at least, the consolation of which Dr. Johnson speaks, that I had *endeavored* well.

MAY GROWN A-COLD.

O CERTAINLY, no month this is but May!
Sweet earth and sky, sweet birds of happy song,
Do make thee happy now, and thou art strong,
And many a tear thy love shall wipe away
And make the dark night merrier than the day,
Straighten the crooked paths and right the wrong,
And tangle bliss so that it tarry long.
Go cry aloud the hope the Heavens do say!

Nay, what is this? and wherefore lingerest thou?
Why sayest thou the sky is hard as stone?
Why sayest thou the thrushes sob and moan?
Why sayest thou the east tears bloom and bough?
Why seem the sons of man so hopeless now?
Thy love is gone, poor wretch, thou art alone!

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT.

II.

A SECOND or subordinate kingship is an anomalous device or provision of sovereignty peculiar to Siam, Cambodia, and Laos. Inferior in station to the supreme king only, and apparently deriving from the throne of the Phra-batts, to which he may approach so near, a reflected majesty and prestige not clearly understood by his subjects nor easily defined by foreigners, the second king seems to be, nevertheless, belittled by the very significance of the one exclusive privilege that should distinguish him, — that of exemption from the customary prostrations before the first king, whom he may salute by simply raising his hands and joining them above his head. Here his proper right of royalty begins and ends. The part that he may play in the drama of government is cast to him in the necessity, discretion, or caprice of his absolute chief next, and yet so far, above him; it may be important, insignificant, or wholly omitted. Like any lesser *ducus* of the realm, he must appear before his lord twice a year to renew his oath of allegiance. In law, he is as mere a subject as the slave who bears his betel-box, or that other slave who, on his knees, and with averted face, presents his spittoon. In history, he shall be what circumstance or his own mind may make him, the shadow or the soul of sovereignty, even as the intellectual and moral weakness or strength may have been apportioned between him and his colleague. From his rank he derives no advantage but the *chance.*

Somdetch Phra Pawarendr Ramesr Mahiswarer, the subordinate King of Siam, who died on the 29th of December, 1865, was the legitimate son of the supreme king, second of his dynasty, who reigned from 1809 to 1824. His father had been second king to his grandfather, "grand supreme" of Siam, and first of the reigning line. His mother was "lawful first queen consort"; and the late first or major king, Somdetch-Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, was his elder full brother. Being alike legitimate offspring of the first queen, these two lads were styled *Somdetch Chowfas*, "Celestial Royal Princes"; and during the second and third reigns they were distinguished by the titles of courtesy pertaining to their royal status and relation, the elder as Chowfa Mongkut, the younger as Chowfa Chudha-Mani: *Mongkut* signifying "Royal Crown," and *Chudha-Mani* "Royal Hair-pin."

On the death of their father (in 1824), and the accession, by intrigue, of their elder half-brother, the Chowfa Mongkut entered the Buddhist priesthood; but his brother, more ardent, inquisitive, and restless, took active service with the king, in the military as well as in the diplomatic department of government. He was appointed Superintendent of Artillery and Malayan Infantry on the one hand, and on the other, Translator of English Documents and Secretary for English Correspondence.

In a cautious and verbose sketch of his character and services, written after his death by his jealous brother, the priest king, wherein he is, by turns, meanly disparaged and damned with faint praise, we find this curious statement: —

"After that time (1821) he became acquainted with certain parties of English and East Indian merchants, who made their appearance or first commenced trading on late of the second reign, after the former trade with Siam which had been stopped or postponed several years in consequence of some misunderstanding before. He became acquainted with certain parts of English language and literature, and cer-

tain parts of Hindoo or Bengali language, as sufficient for some unimportant conversation with English and Indian strangers who were visitors of Siam, upon the latter part of the reign of his royal father; but his royal father did not know that he possessed such knowledge of foreign language, which had been concealed to the native persons in republic affairs, whose jealousy seemed to be strong against strangers, so he was not employed in any terms with those strangers foreign affairs," — that is, during the life of his father, at whose death he was just sixteen years old.

Early in the third reign he was sent to Meeklong to superintend the construction of important works of defence near the mouth of the Meeklong River. He pushed this work with vigor, and completed it in 1835. In 1842 he commanded successfully an expedition against the Cochin-Chinese, and in returning brought with him to Siam many families of refugees from the eastern coast. Then he was commissioned by the king to reconstruct, "after Western models," the ancient fortifications at Paknam; and having to this end engaged a corps of European engineers and artisans, he eagerly seized the advantage the situation afforded him, by free and intelligent intercourse with his foreign assistants, to master the English language, so that, at his death, he notably excelled the first king in the facility with which he spoke, read, and wrote it; and to improve his acquaintance with the Western sciences and arts of navigation, naval construction and armament, coast and inland defence, engineering, transportation, and telegraphy, the working and casting of iron, etc.

On the 26th of May, 1851, twelve days after the coronation of his elder brother, the student and priest Maha Mongkut, he was called by the unanimous voice of "the king and council" to be second king; and throughout his subordinate reign his sagacious and alert inquiry, his quick apprehension, his energetic and liberal spirit of improvement, engaged the admiration of foreigners; whilst his handsome person, his generous temper, his gallant preference for the skilful and the brave, his enthusiasm and princely profusion in sports and shows, endeared him more and more to his people. Maha Mongkut — at no time inclined to praise him beyond his deserts, and least of all in the latter years of his life, embittered to both by mutual jealousy and distrust — wrote almost handsomely of him under the pressure of this public opinion.

"He made everything new and beautiful, and of curious appearance, and of a good style of architecture, and much stronger than they had formerly been constructed, by his three predecessors, the second kings of the last three reigns, for the space of time that he was second king. He had introduced and collected many and many things, being articles of great curiosity, and things useful for various purposes of military acts and affairs, from Europe and America, China and other states, and placed them in various departments and rooms or buildings suitable for those articles, and placed officers for maintaining and preserving the various things neatly and carefully. He has constructed several buildings in European fashion and Chinese fashion, and ornamented them with various useful ornaments for his pleasure, and has constructed two steamers in manner of men-of-war, and two steam-yachts, and several rowing state-boats in Siamese and Cochin-Chinese fashion, for his pleasure at sea and rivers of Siam, and caused several articles of gold and silver being vessels and various wares and weapons to be made up by the Siamese and Malayan goldsmiths, for employ and dress of himself and his family, by his direction and skilful contrivance and ability. He became celebrated and spread out more and more to various regions of the Siamese kingdom, adjacent States around, and far-famed to foreign countries, even at far distance, as he became acquainted with many and many foreigners, who came

from various quarters of the world where his name became known to most as a very clever and bravest Prince of Siam. . . . .

"As he pleased mostly with firing of cannon and acts of Marine power and seamen, which he has imitated to his steamers which were made in manner of the man-of-war, after he has seen various things curious and useful, and learned Marine customs on board the foreign vessels of war, his steamers conveyed him to sea, where he has enjoyed playing of firing in cannon very often. . . . .

"He pleased very much in and was playful of almost everything, some important and some unimportant, as riding on Elephants and Horses and Ponies, racing of them and racing of rowing boats, firing on birds and beasts of prey, dancing and singing in various ways pleasantly, and various curiosity of almost everything, and music of every description, and in taming of dogs, monkeys, &c., &c., that is to say briefly that he has tested almost everything eatable except entirely testing of Opium and play.

"Also he has visited regions of Northeastern Province of Sarapury and Gorath very often for enjoyment of pleasant riding on Elephants and Horses, at forests in chasing animals of prey, fowling, and playing music and singing with Laos people of that region and obtaining young wives from there."

What follows is not more curious as to its form of expression than suspicious as to its meaning and motive. To all who know with what pusillanimity at times the first king shrank from the reproach of Christian foreigners, — especially the French priests, — with what servility in his moody way he courted their favor, it will appear of very doubtful sincerity. To those who are familiar with the circumstances under which it was written, and to whom the attitude of jealous reserve that the brothers occupied toward each other at the time of the second king's death was no secret, it may seem (even after due allowance is made for the prejudices or the obligations of the priest) to cover an insidious, though scarcely adroit design to undermine the honorable reputation the younger enjoyed among the missionaries, and the cordial friendship with which he had been regarded by several of the purest of them. Certainly it is suspiciously "of a piece" with other passages, quoted further on, in which the king's purpose to disparage the merits of his brother, and damage the influence of his name abroad, is sufficiently transparent. In this connection the reader may derive a ray of light from the fact that on the birth of the second king's first son, an American missionary, who was on terms of intimacy with the father, named the child 'George Washington'; and that child, the Prince George Washington Krom-mu'n Pawarwijaygan, is the present second king of Siam. But to Maha Mongkut, and his "art of putting things": —

"He was rumored to be baptized or near to be baptized in Christianity, but the fact it is false. He was a Buddhist, but his faith and belief changed very often in favor of various sects of Buddhism by the association of his wives of various families and of persons who were believers in various sects of the established religion of the Siamese and Laos, Peguan and Burmese countries. Why should he become a Christian? when his pleasures consisted in polygamy and enjoyment, and with young women who were practised in pleasant dancing and singing, and who could not be easily given up at any time. He was very desirous of having his sons to be English scholars and to be learned the art of speaking, reading and writing in English well like himself, but he said he cannot allow his sons to enter the Christian Missionary-School, as he feared his descendants might be induced to the Christianity in which he did not please to believe."

Pawarendr Ramesr had ever been the favorite and darling of his mother, and it was in his infancy that the seeds of that ignoble jealousy were sown be-

tween the royal brothers, which flourished so rankly and bore such noxious fruit in their manhood. From his tenderest years the younger prince was remarkable for his personal beauty and his bright intelligence, and before his thirteenth birthday had already learned all that his several masters could teach him. From an old priest, named Phra Naitt, I gathered many pleasant anecdotes of his childhood.

For example, he related with peculiar pride how the young prince, then but twelve years old, being borne one day in state through the eastern gate of the city to visit his mother's lotos-gardens, observed an old man, half blind, resting by the roadside. Commanding his bearers to halt, he alighted from his sedan and kindly accosted the poor creature. Finding him destitute and helpless, a stranger and a wayfarer in the land, he caused him to be seated in his own sedan, and borne to the gardens, while he followed on foot. Here he had the old man bathed, clad in fresh linen, and entertained with a substantial meal; and afterward he took his astonished client into his service, as keeper of his cattle.

Later in life the generous and romantic prince diverted himself with the adventurous beneficence of Haroun al Raschid, visiting the poor in disguise, listening to the recital of their sufferings and wrongs, and relieving them with ready largesse of charity and justice; and nothing so pleased and flattered him as to be called, in his assumed name of Nak Peatt, "the wise," to take part in their sports and fêtes. The affectionate enthusiasm with which the venerable poonghee remembered his royal pupil was inspiring; and to see his eyes sparkle and his face glow with sympathetic triumph, as he described the lad's exploits of strength or skill, in riding, fencing, boxing, was a fine sight. But it was with saddened look and tone that he whispered to me that, at the prince's birth, the astrologer who cast his horoscope had foretold for him an unnatural death. This, he said, was the secret of the watchful devotion and imprudent partiality his mother had always manifested for him.

For such a prince, to come into even the empty name of power was to become subject to the evil eye of his fraternal lord and rival, for whose favor officious friends and superservicable lackeys contended in scandalous and treacherous spyings of the second king's every action. Yet, meanly beset as he was, he contrived to find means and opportunity to enlarge his understanding and multiply his attainments; and in the end his proficiency in languages, European and Oriental, became as remarkable as it was laudable. It was by Mr. Hunter, secretary to the Prime Minister, that he was introduced to the study of the English language and literature, and by this gentleman's intelligent aid he procured the text-books which constituted the foundation of his educational course.

In person he was handsome, for a Siamese; of medium stature, compact and symmetrical figure, and rather dark complexion. His conversation and deportment denoted the cultivation, delicacy, and graceful poise of an accomplished gentleman; and he delivered his English with a correctness and fluency very noticeably free from the peculiar spasmodic effort that marked his royal brother's exploits in the language of Shakespeare.

In his palace, which he had rebuilt after the model of an English nobleman's residence, he led the life of a healthy, practical, and systematic student. His library, more judiciously selected than that of his brother, abounded in works of science, embracing the latest discoveries. Here he passed many hours, cultivating a sound acquaintance with the results of investigation and experiment in the Western world. His partiality for English literature in all its branches was extreme. The freshest publications of London found their way to his tables, and he heartily enjoyed the creations of Dickens.

For robust and exhilarating enjoy-

ment, however, he had recourse to hunting expeditions, and martial exercises in the drilling of his private troops. Punctually at daybreak every morning he appeared on the parade-ground, and proceeded to review his little army with scrupulous precision, according to European tactics; after which he led his well-trained files to their barracks within the palace walls, where the soldiers exchanged their uniform for a working-dress. Then he marched them to the armory, where muskets, bayonets, and sabres were brought out and severely scoured. That done, the men were dismissed till the morrow.

Among his courtiers were several gentlemen of Siam and Laos, who had acquired such a smattering of English as qualified them to assist the prince in his scientific diversions. Opposite the armory stood a pretty little cottage, quite English-looking, lighted with glass windows, and equipped with European furniture. Over the entrance to this quaint tenement hung a painted sign, in triumphant English, "WATCHES AND CLOCKS MADE AND REPAIRED HERE"; and hither came frequently the second king and his favorites, to pursue assiduously their harmless occupation of *horlogerie*. Sometimes this eccentric entertainment was diversified with music, in which his Majesty took a leading part, playing with taste and skill on the flute, and several instruments of the Laos people.

Such a prince should have been happy, in the innocence of his pastimes and the dignity of his pursuits. But the same accident of birth and station to which he owed his privileges and his opportunities imposed its peculiar disabilities and hindrances. His troubles were the troubles of a second king, who chanced to be also an ardent and aspiring man. Weary with disappointment, disheartened in his honorable longing for just appreciation, vexed with the caprice and suspicions of his elder brother; oppressed by the ever-present tyranny of the thought — so hard for such a man to bear — that the woman he loved best in the land he was inexorably forbidden to marry, because, being a princess of the first rank, she might be offered and accepted to grace the harem of his brother; a mere prisoner of state, watched by the balêful eye of jealousy, and traduced by the venal tongues of courtiers; dwelling in a torment of uncertainty as to the fate to which his brother's explosive temper and irresponsible power might devote him, hoping for no repose or safety but in his funeral-urn, — he began to grow hard and defiant, and that which, in the native freedom of his soul, should have been his noble steadfastness degenerated into ignoble obstinacy.

Among the innumerable mean torments with which his pride was persecuted was the continual presence of a certain doctor, who, by the king's command, attended him at all times and places, compelling him to use remedies that were most distasteful to him.

He was gallantly kind and courteous toward women; no act of cruelty to any woman was ever attributed to him. His children he ruled wisely, though somewhat sternly, rendering his occasional tenderness and indulgence so much the more precious and delightful to them. Never had Siam a more popular prince. He was the embodiment of the most hopeful qualities, moral and intellectual, of his nation; especially was he the exponent and promise of its most progressive tendencies; and his people regarded him with love and reverence, as their trusty stay and support. His talents as a statesman commanded the unqualified admiration of foreigners; and it was simply the jealous and tyrannical temper of Maha Mongkut that forced him to retire from all participation in the affairs of government.

At last the mutual reserve and distrust of the royal brothers broke out in open quarrel, provoked by the refusal of the first king to permit the second to borrow from the royal treasury a considerable sum of money. On the day after his order was dishonored, the

prince set out with his congenial and confidential courtiers on a hunting expedition to the Laos province of Chiengmai, scornfully threatening to entrap one of the royal white elephants, and sell it to his Supreme Majesty for the sum he would not loan.

At Chiengmai he was regally entertained by the tributary prince of that province; and no sooner was his grievance known, than the money he required was laid at his feet. Too manly to accept the entire sum, he borrowed but a portion of it; and instead of taking it out of the country, decided to sojourn there for a time, that he might spend it to the advantage of the people. To this end he selected a lovely spot in the vicinity of Chiengmai, called Saraburee, itself a city of some consideration, where bamboo houses line the banks of a beautiful river, that traverses teak forests alive with large game. On an elevation near at hand the second king erected a palace substantially fortified, which he named Ban Sitha (the Home of the Goddess Sitha), and caused a canal to be cut to the eastern slope.

Here he indulged freely, and on an imposing scale, in his favorite pastime of hunting, and privately took to wife the daughter of the king of Chiengmai, the princess Sunartha Vicineta. And here he was happy, only returning to Bangkok when called thither by affairs of state, or to take the semi-annual oath of allegiance.

Among the prince's concubines at this time was a woman named Klieb, envious, intriguing, and ambitious, who by consummate arts had obtained control of his Majesty's *cuisine*, — an appointment of peculiar importance and trust in the household of an Oriental prince. Finding that by no feminine devices could she procure the influence she coveted over her master's mind and affections, she finally had recourse to an old and infamous sorcerer, styled Khoon Hâte-nah ("Lord of future events"), an adept of the black art much consulted by women of rank from all parts of the country; and he, in consideration of an extraordinary fee, prepared for her a variety of charms, incantations, philters, to be administered to the prince, in whose food daily, for years, she mixed the abominable nostrums. The poison did its work slowly but surely, and his sturdy life was gradually undermined. His strength quite gone, and his spirit broken, his despondency became so profound that he lost all taste for the occupations and diversions that had once delighted him, and sought relief in restless changing from one palace to another, and in consulting every physician he could find.

It was during a visit to his favorite residence at Saraburee that the signs of approaching dissolution appeared, and the king's physician, fearing he might die there, took hurried steps to remove him to his palace at Bangkok. He was bound in a sedan, and lowered from his high chamber in the castle into his barge on the canal at the foot of the cliff; and so, with all his household in train, transported to the palace of Krom Hluang Wongsah, physician to the king and one of his half-brothers. Now miserably unnerved, the prince, once so patient, brave, and proud, threw his arms round his kinsman's neck, and, weeping bitterly, implored him to save him. But he was presently removed to his own palace, and laid in a chamber looking to the east.

That night the prince expressed a wish to see his royal brother. The king hastened to his bedside in company with his Excellency Chow Phya Sri Sury-wongse, the Kralahome, or Prime Minister; and then and there a silent and solemn reconciliation took place. No words were spoken; only the brothers embraced each other, and the elder wept bitterly. But from the facts brought to light in that impressive meeting and parting, it was made plain that the second king died by slow poison, administered by the woman Klieb — plain to all but the second king himself, who died in ignorance of the means by which the tragic prophecy of his horoscope had been made good.

In the very full account of his broth-

er's death which Maha Mongkut thought it necessary to write, he was careful to conceal from the public the true cause of the calamity, fearing the foreign populace, and, most of all, the Laotians and Peguans, who were devoted to the prince, and might attach suspicion to himself, on the ground of his notorious jealousy of the second king. The royal physicians and the Supreme Council were sworn to secrecy; and the woman Klieb, and her accomplice Khoon Hâte-nah, together with nine female slaves, were tortured and publicly paraded through the environs of Bangkok, though their crime was never openly named. Afterward they were thrown into an open boat, towed out on the Gulf of Siam, and there abandoned to the mercy of winds and waves, or death by starvation. Among the women of the palace the current report was that celestial avengers, had slain the murderous crew with arrows of lightning and spears of fire.

In his Majesty's account of the last days of his royal brother, we have the characteristic queerness of his English, and a scarcely less characteristic passage of Pecksniffian cant: —

"The lamentable patient Second King ascertained himself that his approaching death was inevitable; it was great misfortune to him and his family indeed. His eldest son Prince George * Krom Mu'n Pawarwijaygan, aged 27 years on that time, became very sick of painful rheumatism by which he has his body almost steady on his seat and bed, immovable to and fro, himself, since the month of October, 1865, when his father was absent from Bangkok, being at Ban Sitha as foresaid. When his royal father returned from Ban Sitha he arrived at his palace at Bangkok on 6th December. He can only being lifted by two or three men and placed in the presence of his father who was very ill, but the eldest son forenamed prince was little better, so before death of his father as he can be raised to be stood by two men and can cribble slowly on even or level surface, by securing and supporting of two men on both sides.

"When his father became worse and approaching the point of death, upon that time his father can see him scarcely; wherefore the Second King, on his being worse, has said to his eldest and second daughters, the half sisters of the eldest son, distempered so as he cannot be in the presence of his father without difficulty, that he (the Second King) forenamed on that time was hopeless and that he could not live more than a few days. He did not wish to do his last will regarding his family and property, particularly as he was strenthless to speak much, and consider anything deeply and accurately: he beg'd to entreat all his sons, daughters, and wives that none should be sorry for his death, which comes by natural course, and should not fear for misery of difficulty after his demise. All should throw themselves under their faithful and affectionate uncle, the Supreme King of Siam, for protection, in whom he had heartfelt confidence that he will do well to his family after his death, as such the action or good protection to several families of other princes and princesses in the royalty, who deceased before. He beg'd only to recommend his sons and daughters, that they should be always honest and faithful to his elder full brother, the Supreme King of Siam, by the same affection as to himself, and that they should have much more affection and respect toward Paternal relative persons in royalty, than toward their maternal relative persons, who are not royal descendants of his ancestors. . . . .

"On the 29th December 1865, in the afternoon, the Second King invited His Majesty the Supreme King, his elder full brother, and his Excellency Chau Phya Sri Sury-wongse Samuha Phra-Kralahome, the Prime Minister, who is the principal head of the Government and royal cousin, to seat themselves near to his side on his bedstead where he lay, and other principals of royalty and nobility, to seat themselves in that room where he was lying, that they

* George Washington.

might be able to ascertain his speech by hearing. Then he delivered his family and followers and the whole of his property to His Majesty and His Excellency for protection and good decision, according to consequences which they would well observe."

Not a word of that royal reconcilement, of that remorseful passion of tears, of that mute mystery of humanity, the secret spell of a burdened mother's love working too late in the hearts of her headstrong boys! Not a word of that crowning embrace, which made the subordinate king supreme, by the grace of dying and forgiving!

After the death of the prince, the king behaved very disgracefully. It was well known that the ladies of the second king's harem were of the most beautiful of the women of Laos, Pegu, and Birmah; above all, the Princess of Chiengmai was famed for her manifold graces of person and character. Etiquette forbade the royal brothers to pry into the constitution of each other's *sérail;* but, by means most unworthy of his station, and regardless of the privilege of his brother, Maha Mongkut was aware of the acquisition to the second king's establishment of this celebrated and coveted beauty; and although she was now his legitimate sister-in-law, privately married to the prince, he was not restrained, by any scruple of morality or delicacy, from manifesting his jealousy and pique. Moreover, this unworthy feeling was fostered by other considerations than those of mere sensuality or ostentation. Her father, the tributary ruler of Chiengmai, had on several occasions confronted his aggressive authority with a haughty and intrepid spirit; and once, when Maha Mongkut required that he should send his eldest son to Bangkok, as a hostage for the father's loyalty and good conduct, the unterrified chief replied that he would be his own hostage. On the summons being repeated, in imperative terms, the young prince fled from his father's court and took refuge with the second king in his stronghold of Ban Sitha, where he was most courteously received and entertained, until he found it expedient to seek some securer or less compromising place of refuge.

The friendship thus founded between two proud and daring princes soon became strong and enduring, and resulted in the marriage of the princess Sunartha Vicineta (very willingly on her part) to the second king, about a year before his death.

The son of the king of Chiengmai never made his appearance at the Court of Siam; but the stout old chief, attended by trusty followers, boldly brought his own "hostage" thither; and Maha Mongkut, though secretly chafing, accepted the situation with a show of graciousness, and overlooked the absence of the younger vassal.

With the remembrance of these floutings still galling him, the supreme king frequently repaired to the second king's palace, on the pretext of arranging certain "family affairs" intrusted to him by his late brother; but in reality to acquaint himself with the charms of several female members of the prince's household; and, scandalous as it should have seemed even to Siamese notions of the divine right of kings, the most attractive and accomplished of those women were quietly transferred to his own harem. For some time I heard nothing more of the Princess of Chiengmai; but it was curious, even amusing, to observe the serene contempt with which the "interlopers" were received by the rival incumbents of the-royal gynæceum — especially the Laotian women, who are of a finer type and much handsomer than their Siamese sisters.

Meantime, his Majesty took up his abode for a fortnight at the second king's palace, thereby provoking dangerous gossip in his own establishment; so that his "head wife," the Lady Thieng, even made bold to hint that he might come to the fate of his brother, and die by slow poison. His harem was agitated and excited throughout, — some of the women abandoning themselves to unaccustomed and unnatural gayety,

while others sent their confidential slaves to consult the astrologers and soothsayers of the court; and by the aid of significant glances and shrugging of shoulders, and interchange of signs and whispers, with feminine telegraphy and secret service, most of those interested arrived at the sage conclusion that their lord had fallen under the spells of a witch or enchantress.

Such was the domestic situation when his Majesty suddenly and without warning returned to his palace, but in a mood so perplexing as to surpass all precedent and baffle all tact. I had for some time performed with surprising success a leading part in a pretty little court play, of which the well-meant plot had been devised by the Lady Thieng. Whenever the king should be dangerously enraged, and ready to let loose upon some tender culprit of the harem the monstrous lash or chain, or "question" *forte et dure*, I — at a secret cue from the head wife — was to enter upon his Majesty, book in hand, to consult his infallibility in a pressing predicament of translation, into Sanskrit, Siamese, or English. Absurdly transparent as it was, — perhaps the happier for its very childishness, — under cover of this *naïve* device, from time to time a hapless girl escaped the fatal burst of his wrath. Midway in the rising storm of curses and abuse, he would turn with comical abruptness to the attractive interruption with all the zest of a scholar. I often trembled lest he should see through the thinly covered trick, but he never did. On his return from the prince's palace, however, even this innocent stratagem failed us; and on one occasion of my having recourse to it, he peremptorily ordered me away, and forbade my coming into his presence again unless sent for. Daily, after this, one or more of the women suffered from his petty tyranny, cruelty, and spite. On every hand I heard sighs and sobs, from young and old; and not a woman there but believed he was bewitched and beside himself.

I had struggled through many exacting tasks since I came to Siam, but never any that so taxed my powers of endurance as my duties at this time, in the capacity of private secretary to his Majesty. His moods were so fickle and unjust, his temper so tyrannical, that it seemed impossible to please him; from one hour to another I never knew what to expect. And yet he persevered in his studies, especially in his English correspondence, which was ever his solace, his pleasure, and his pride. To an interested observer it might have afforded rare entertainment to note how fluently, though oddly, he spoke and wrote in a foreign language, but for his caprices — which at times were so ridiculous, however, as to be scarcely disagreeable. He would indite letters, sign them, affix his seal, and despatch them in his own mail-bags to Europe, America, or elsewhere; and months afterward insist on my writing to the parties addressed, to say that the instructions they contained were *my* mistake, — errors of translation, transcription, anything but his intention. In one or two instances, finding that the case really admitted of explanation or apology from his Majesty, I slyly so worded my letter that, without compromising him, I yet managed to repair the mischief he had done. But I felt this could not continue long. Always, on foreign mail days, I spent from eight to ten hours in this most delicate and vexatious work. At length the crash came.

The king had promised to Sir John Bowring the appointment of Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, to negotiate on behalf of Siam new treaties concerning the Cambodian possessions. With characteristic irresolution he changed his mind, and decided to send a Siamese Embassy, headed by his Lordship Phra-na-Why, now known as his Excellency Chow Phya Sri Surry-wongse. No sooner had he entertained this fancy than he sent for me, and coolly directed me to write and explain the matter to Sir John, if possible attributing his new views and purpose to the advice of Her Britannic

Majesty's Consul; or, if I had scruples on that head, I might say the advice was my own, — or "anything I liked," so that I justified his conduct.

At this distance of time I cannot clearly recall all the effect upon my feelings of so outrageous a proposition; but I do remember that I found myself emphatically declining to do "anything of the kind." Then, warned by his gathering rage, I added that I would express to Sir John his Majesty's regrets; but to attribute the blame to those who had had no part in the matter, that I could never do. At this his fury was grotesque. His talent for invective was always formidable, and he tried to overpower me with threats. But a kindred spirit of resistance was aroused in me. I withdrew from the palace and patiently abided the issue, resolved, in any event, to be firm.

His Majesty's anger was without bounds; and in the interval so fraught with anxiety and apprehension to me, when I knew that a considerable party in the palace — judges, magistrates, and officers about the person of the king — regarded me as an eminently proper person to behead or drown, he condescended to accuse me of abstracting a book that he chanced just then to miss from his library; and also of honoring and favoring the British Consul at the expense of his American colleague, then resident at Bangkok. In support of the latter charge, he alleged that I had written the American Consul's name at the bottom of a royal circular, after carefully displaying my own and the British functionary's at the top of it.

The circular in question, which had given just umbrage to the American official, was fortunately in the keeping of the Honorable * Mr. Bush, and was written by the king's own hand, as was well known to all whom it concerned. These charges, with others of a more frivolous nature, — such as disobeying, thwarting, scolding his Majesty, treating him with disrespect, as by standing while he was seated, thinking evil of him, slandering him, and calling him wicked, — the king caused to be reduced to writing and sent to me, with an intimation that I must forthwith acknowledge my ingratitude and guilt, and make atonement by prompt compliance with his wishes. The secretary who brought the document to my house was accompanied by a number of the female slaves of the palace, who besought me, in the name of their mistresses, the wives of the "Celestial Supreme," to yield, and do all that might be required of me.

Seeing this shaft miss its mark, the secretary, being a man of resources, produced the other string to his bow. He offered to bribe me, and actually spent two hours in that respectable business; but finally departed in despair, convinced that the amount was inadequate to the cupidity of an insatiable European, and mourning for himself that he must return discomfited to the king.

Next morning, my boy and I presented ourselves as usual at the inner gate of the palace leading to the school, and were confronted there by a party of rude fellows and soldiers, who thrust us back with threats, and even took up stones to throw at us. I dare not think what might have been our fate, but for the generous rescue of a crowd of the poorest slaves who at that hour were waiting for the opening of the gate. These rallied round us, and guarded us back to our home. It was, indeed, a time of terror for us. I felt that my life was in great danger; and so difficult did I find it to prevent the continual intrusion of the rabble, both men and women, into my house, that I had at length to bar my doors and windows, and have double locks and fastenings added. I became nervous and excited as I had never been before.

My first impulse was to write to the British Consul, and invoke his protection; but that looked cowardly. Nevertheless, I did prepare the letter, ready to be despatched at the first attempt upon our lives or liberty. I wrote also to Mr. Bush, asking him to

* Here the title is Siamese.

find without delay the obnoxious circular, and bring it to my house. He came that very evening, the paper in his hand. With infinite difficulty I persuaded the native secretary, whom I had again and again befriended in like extremities, to procure for him an audience with the king.

On coming into the presence of his Majesty, Mr. Bush simply handed him the circular, saying, "Mam tells me you wish to see this." The moment the caption of the document met his eye, his Majesty's countenance assumed a blank, bewildered expression peculiar to it, and he seemed to look to my friend for an explanation; but that gentleman had none to offer, for I had made none to him.

And to crown all, even as the King was pointing to his brow to signify that he had forgotten having written it, one of the little princesses came crouching and crawling into the room with the missing volume in her hand. It had been found in one of the numerous sleeping-apartments of the king, beside his pillow, just in time!

Mr. Bush soon returned, bringing me assurances of his Majesty's cordial reconciliation; but I still doubted his sincerity, and for weeks did not offer to enter the palace. When, however, on the arrival of the "Chow Phya" steamer with the mail, I was formally summoned by the king to return to my duties, I quietly obeyed, making no allusion to my "by-gones."

As I sat at my familiar table, copying, his Majesty approached, and addressed me in these words: —

"Mam! you are one great difficulty. I have much pleasure and favor on you, but — you are too obstinate. You are not wise. Wherefore are you so difficult? You are only a woman. It is very bad you can be so strong-headed. Will you now have any objection to write to Sir John, and tell him I am his very good friend?"

"None whatever," I replied, "if it is to be simply a letter of good wishes on the part of your Majesty."

I wrote the letter, and handed it to him for perusal. He was hardly satisfied, for with only a significant grunt he returned it to me, and left the apartment at once — to vent his spite on some one who had nothing to do with the matter.

In due time the following very considerate but significant reply (addressed to his Majesty's "one great difficulty") was received from Sir John Bowring: —

CLAREMONT, EXETER,
30 June, 1867.

DEAR MADAM: — Your letter of 12th May demands from me the attention of a courteous reply. I am quite sure the ancient friendship of the king of Siam would never allow a slight, or indeed an unkindness, to me, and I hope to have opportunities of showing his Majesty that I feel a deep interest in his welfare.

As regards the diplomacy of European courts, it is but natural that those associated with them should be more at home and better able to direct their course than strangers from a distance, however personally estimable; and though, in the case in question, the mission of a Siamese Ambassador to Paris was no doubt well intended, and could never have been meant to give me annoyance, it was not to be expected he would be placed in that position of free and confidential intercourse which my long acquaintance with public life would enable me to occupy. In remote regions, people with little knowledge of official matters in high quarters often take upon themselves to give advice in great ignorance of facts, and speak very unadvisedly on topics on which their opinions are worthless and their influence valueless.

As regards M. Aubaret's offensive proceedings, I doubt not he has received a caution * on my representation, and that he, and others of his nation, would not be very willing that the Emperor — an old acquaintance of mine — should hear from my lips what I might have to say. The will of the

* Aubaret, French Consul at Bangkok, whose overbearing conduct has been described in the paper preceding this.

Emperor is supreme, and I am afraid the Cambodian question is now referred back to Siam. It might have been better for me to have discussed it with his Imperial Majesty. However, the past is past. Personal influence, as you are aware, is not transferable; but when by the proper powers I am placed in a position to act, his Majesty may be assured — as I have assured himself — that his interests will not suffer in my hands.

I am obliged to you for the manner in which you have conveyed to me his Majesty's gracious expressions.

And you will believe me to be

Yours very truly,

JOHN BOWRING.

THE LAUSON TRAGEDY.

II.

THE search for the missing Aunt Mercy continued until it aroused the interest and temper of Squire Lauson. Determined to find his daughter once that he had set about it, and petulant at the failure of one line of investigation after another, the hard old gentleman stumped noisily about the house, his thick shoes squeaking down the passages like two bands of music, and his peeled hickory cane punching open doors and upsetting furniture. When he returned to the sitting-room from one of these boisterous expeditions, he found his wife sitting in the light of the kerosene lamp, and sewing with an impatient, an almost spiteful rapidity, as was her custom when her nerves were unbearably irritated.

"Where 's Mercy?" he trumpeted. "Where *is* the old gal? Has anybody eloped with her? I saw Deacon Jones about this afternoon."

This jest was meant to amuse and perhaps to conciliate Mrs. Lauson, for whom he sometimes seemed to have a rough pity, as hard to bear as downright hostility. He had now and then a way of joking with her and forcing her to smile by looking her steadily in the eye. But this time his moral despotism failed; she answered his gaze with a defiant glare, and remained sullen; after another moment she rushed out of the room, as if craving relief from his domineering presence.

Apparently the Squire would have called her back, had not his attention been diverted by the entry of his granddaughter.

"I say, Bessie, have you looked in the garden?" he demanded. "Why the Devil have n't you? Don't you know Mercy's hole where she meditates? Go there and hunt for her."

As the girl disappeared he turned to the door through which his wife had fled, as if he still had a savage mind to roar for her reappearance. But after pondering a moment, and deciding that he was more comfortable in solitude, he sat slowly down in his usual elbow-chair, and broke out in a growling soliloquy: —

"There 's no comfort like making one's self miserable. It 's a —— sight better than making the best of it. We 're all having a devilish fine time. We 're as happy as bugs in a rug. Hey diddle diddle, the cat 's in the fiddle —"

The continuity of his rough-laid stone-wall sarcasm was interrupted by Bessie, who rushed into the sitting-room with a low shriek and a pallid face.

"What 's the matter now?" he demanded. "Has the cow jumped over the moon?"

"O grandfather!" she gasped. "I 've found Aunt Mercy. I 'm afraid she 's dead."

"Hey!" exclaimed the Squire, starting up eagerly as he remembered that Aunt Mercy was his own child. "You don't say so! Where is she?"

Bessie turned and reeled out of the house; the old man thumped after her

on his cane. At the bottom of the garden was a small, neglected arbor, thickly overgrown with grape-vines in unpruned leaf, whither Aunt Mercy was accustomed to repair in her seasons of unusual perplexity or gloom, there to seek guidance or relief in meditation and prayer. In this arbor they found her, seated crouchingly on a bench near the doorway, her arms stretched over a little table in front of her, and her head lying between them with the face turned from the gazers. The moon glared in a ghastly way upon her ominously white hands, and disclosed a dark yet gleaming stain, seemingly a drying pool, which spread out from beneath her forehead.

"Good Lord!" groaned Squire Lauson. "Mercy! I say, Mercy!"

He seized her hand, but he had scarcely touched it ere he dropped it, for it was the icy, repulsive, alarming hand of a corpse. We must compress our description of this scene of horrible discovery. Miss Mercy Lauson was dead, the victim of a brutal assassination, her right temple opened by a gash two inches deep, her blood already clotted in pools or dried upon her face and fingers. It must have been an hour, or perhaps two hours, since the blow had been dealt. At her feet was the fatal weapon, — an old hatchet which had long lain about the garden, and which offered no suggestion as to who was the murderer.

When it first became clear to Squire Lauson that his daughter was dead, and had been murdered, he uttered a sound between a gasp and a sob; but almost immediately afterward he spoke in his habitually vigorous and rasping voice, and his words showed that he had not lost his iron self-possession.

"Bessie, run into the house," he said. "Call the hired men, and bring a lantern with you."

When she returned he took the lantern, threw the gleam of it over his dead daughter's face, groaned, shook his head, and then, leaning on his cane, commenced examining the earth, evidently in search of footmarks.

"There 's your print, Bessie," he mumbled. "And there 's my print. But whose print 's that? That 's the man. That 's a long slim foot, with nails across the ball. That 's the man. Don't disturb those tracks. I 'll set the lantern down there. Don't you disturb 'em."

There were several of these strange tracks; the clayey soil of the walk, slightly tempered with sand, had preserved them with fatal distinctness; it showed them advancing to the arbor and halting close by the murdered woman. As Bessie stared at them, it seemed to her that they were fearfully familiar, though where she had seen them before she could not say.

"Keep away from those tracks," repeated Squire Lauson as the two laborers who lived with him came down the garden. "Now, then, what are you staring at? She 's dead. Take her up — O, for God's sake, be gentle about it! — take her up, I tell you. There! Now, carry her along."

As the men moved on with the body he turned to Bessie and said: "Leave the lantern just there. And don't you touch those tracks. Go on into the house."

With his own hands he aided to lay out his daughter on a table, and drew her cap from her temples so as to expose the bloody gash to view. There was a little natural agony in the tremulousness of his stubbly and grizzly chin; but in the glitter of his gray eyes there was an expression which was not so much sorrow as revenge.

"That 's a pretty job," he said at last, glaring at the mangled gray head. "I should like to l'arn who did it."

It was not known till the day following how he passed the next half-hour. It seems that, some little time previous, this man of over ninety years had conceived the idea of repairing with his own hands the cracked wall of his parlor, and had for that purpose bought a quantity of plaster of Paris and commenced a series of patient experiments in mixing and applying it. Furnished with a basin of his prepared material,

he stalked out to the arbor and busied himself with taking a mould of the strange footstep to which he had called Bessie's attention, succeeding in his labor so well as to be able to show next day an exact counterpart of the sole which had made the track.

Shortly after he had left the house, and glancing cautiously about as if to make sure that he had indeed left it, his wife entered the room where lay the dead body. She came slowly up to the table, and looked at the ghastly face for some moments in silence, with precisely that staid, slightly shuddering air which one often sees at funerals, and without any sign of the excitement which one naturally expects in the witnesses of a mortal tragedy. In any ordinary person, in any one who was not, like her, denaturalized by the egotism of shattered nerves, such mere wonder and repugnance would have appeared incomprehensibly brutal. But Mrs. Lauson had a character of her own; she could be different from others without exciting prolonged or specially severe comment; people said to themselves, "Just like her," and made no further criticism, and almost certainly no remonstrance. Bessie herself, the moment she had exclaimed, "O grandmother! what shall we do?" felt how absurd it was to address such an appeal to such a person.

Mrs. Lauson replied by a glance which expressed weakness, alarm, and aversion, and which demanded, as plainly as words could say it, "How can you ask *me?*" Then without uttering a syllable, without attempting to render any service or funereal courtesy, bearing herself like one who had been mysteriously absolved from the duties of sympathy and decorum, she turned her back on the body of her step-daughter with a start of disgust, and walked hastily from the room.

Of course there was a gathering of the neighbors, a hasty and useless search after the murderer, a medical examination of the victim, and a legal inquest at the earliest practicable moment, the verdict being "death by the hand of some person unknown." Even the funeral passed, with its mighty crowd and its solemn excitement; and still public suspicion had not dared to single out any one as the criminal. It seemed for a day or two as if the family life might shortly settle into its old tenor, the same narrow routine of quiet discontent or irrational bickerings, with no change but the loss of such inflammation as formerly arose from Aunt Mercy's well-meant, but irritating sense of duty. The Squire, however, was permanently and greatly changed: not that he had lost the spirit of petty dictation which led him to interfere in every household act, even to the boiling of the pot, but he had acquired a new object in life, and one which seemed to restore all his youthful energy; he was more restlessly and distressingly vital than he had been for years. No Indian was ever more intent on avenging a debt of blood than was he on hunting down the murderer of his daughter. This terrible old man has a strong attraction for us: we feel that we have not thus far done him justice: he imperiously demands further description.

Squire Lauson was at this time ninety-three years of age. The fact appeared incredible, because he had preserved, almost unimpaired, not only his moral energy and intellectual faculties, but also his physical senses, and even to an extraordinary degree his muscular strength. His long and carelessly worn hair was not white, but merely gray; and his only baldness was a shining hand's-breadth, prolonging the height of his forehead. His face was deeply wrinkled, but more apparently with thought and passion than from decay, for the flesh was still well under control of the muscles, and the expression was so vigorous that one was tempted to call it robust. There was nothing of that insipid and almost babyish tranquillity which is commonly observable in the countenances of the extremely aged. The cheekbones were heavy, though the healthy fulness of the cheeks prevented them from being

pointed; the jaws, not yet attenuated by the loss of many teeth, were unusually prominent and muscular; the heavy Roman nose still stood high above the projecting chin. In general, it was a long, large face, grimly and ruggedly massive, of a uniform grayish color, and reminding you of a visage carved in granite.

In figure the Squire was of medium height, with a deep chest and heavy limbs. He did not stand quite upright, but the stoop was in his shoulders and not in his loins, and arose from a slouching habit of carrying himself much more than from weakness. He walked with a cane, but his step, though rather short, was strong and rapid, and he could get over the ground at the rate of three miles an hour. At times he seemed a little deaf, but it was mainly from absorption of mind and inattention, and he could hear perfectly when he was interested. The great gray eyes under his bushy, pepper-and-salt eyebrows were still so sound that he only used spectacles in reading. As for voice, there was hardly such another in the neighborhood; it was a strong, rasping, dictatorial *caw*, like the utterance of a gigantic crow; it might have served the needs of a sea-captain in a tempest. A jocose neighbor related that he had in a dream descended into hell, and that in trying to find his way out he had lost his reckoning, until, hearing a tremendous volley of oaths on the surface of the earth over his head, he knew that he was under the hills of Barham, and that Squire Lauson was swearing at his oxen.

Squire Lauson was immense; you might travel over him for a week without discovering half his wonders; he was a continent, and he must remain for the most part an unknown continent. Bringing to a close our explorations into his character and past life, we will follow him up simply as one of the personages of this tragedy. He was at the present time very active, but also to a certain extent inexplicable. It was known that he had interviews with various officials of justice, that he furnished them with his plaster cast of the strange footprint which had been found in the garden, and that he earnestly impressed upon them the value of this object for the purpose of tracking out the murderer. But he had other lines of investigation in his steady old hands, as was discoverable later.

His manner towards his granddaughter and his wife changed noticeably. Instead of treating the first with neglect and the second with persistent hostility or derision, he became assiduously attentive to them, addressed them frequently in conversation, and sought to win their confidence. With Bessie this task was easy, for she was one of those natural, unspoiled women, who long for sympathy, and she inclined toward her grandfather the moment she saw any kindness in his eyes. They had long talks about the murdered relative, about every event or suspicion which seemed to relate to her death, about the property which she had left to Bessie, and about the girl's prospects in life.

Not so with Mrs. Lauson. Even the horror which had entered the family life could not open the hard crust which disease and disappointment had formed over her nature, and she met the old man's attempts to make her communicative with her usual sulky or pettish reticence. There never was such an unreasonable creature as this wretched wife, who, while she remained unmarried, had striven so hard to be agreeable to the other sex. It was not with her husband alone that she fought, but with every one, whether man or woman, who came near her. Whoever entered the house, whether it were some gossiping neighbor or the clergyman or the doctor, she flew out of it on discovering their approach, and wandered alone about the fields until they departed. This absence she would perhaps employ in eating green fruit, hoping, as she said, to make herself sick and die, or, at least, to make herself sick enough to plague her husband. At meals she generally sat in glum silence, although once or twice

she burst out in violent tirades, scoffing at the Squire's management of the place, defying him to strike her, etc.

Her appearance at this time was miserable and little less than disgusting. Her skin was thick and yellow; her eyes were bloodshot and watery; her nose was reddened with frequent crying; her form was of an almost skeleton thinness; her manner was full of strange starts and gaspings. It was curious to note the contrast between her perfect wretchedness of aspect and the unfeeling coolness with which the Squire watched and studied her.

In this woful way was the Lauson family getting on when the country around was electrified by an event which almost threw the murder itself into the shade. Henry Foster, the accepted lover of Bessie Barron, a professor in the Scientific College of Hampstead, was suddenly arrested as the assassin of Miss Mercy Lauson.

"What does this mean!" was his perfectly natural exclamation, when seized by the officers of justice; but it was uttered with a sudden pallor which awakened in the bystanders a strong suspicion of his guilt. No definite answer was made to his question until he was closeted with the lawyer whom he immediately retained in his defence.

"I should like to get at the whole of your case, Mr. Foster," said the legal gentleman. "I must beg you, for your own sake, to be entirely frank with me."

"I assure you that I know nothing about the murder," was the firm reply. "I don't so much as understand why I should be suspected of the horrible business."

The lawyer, Mr. Adams Patterson, after studying Foster in a furtive way, as if doubtful whether there had been perfect honesty in his assertion of innocence, went on to state what he supposed would be the case of the prosecution.

"The evidence against you," he said, "so far at least as I can now discover, will all be circumstantial. They will endeavor to prove your presence at the scene of the tragedy by your tracks. Footmarks, said to correspond to yours, were found passing the door of the arbor, returning to it and going away from it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Foster. "I remember, — I did pass there. I will tell you how. It was in the afternoon. I was in the house during a thunderstorm which happened that day, and left it shortly after the shower ended. I went out through the garden because that was the nearest way to the rivulet at the bottom of the hill, and I wished to make some examinations into the structure of the water-bed. A part of the garden walk is gravelled, and on that I suppose my tracks did not show. But near the arbor the gravel ceases, and there I remember stepping into the damp mould. I did pass the arbor, and I did return to it. I returned to it because it had been a heavenly place to me. It was there that I proposed to Miss Barron, and that she accepted me. The moment that I had passed it I reproached myself for doing so. I went back, looked at the little spot for a moment, and left a kiss on the table. It was on that table that her hand had rested when I first dared to take it in mine."

His voice broke for an instant with an emotion which every one who has ever loved can at least partially understand.

"Good Heavens! to think that such an impulse should entangle me in such a charge!" he added, when he could speak again.

"Well," he resumed, after a long sigh, "I left the arbor, — my heart as innocent and happy as any heart in the world, — I climbed over the fence and went down the hill. That is the last time that I was in those grounds that day. That is the whole truth, so help me God!"

The lawyer seemed touched. Even then, however, he was saying to himself, "They always keep back something, if not everything." After meditating for a few seconds, he resumed his interrogatory.

"Did any one see you? did Miss

Barron see you, as you passed through the garden?"

"I think not. Some one called her just as I left her, and she went, I believe, up stairs."

"Did you see the person who called? Did you see any one?"

"No one. But the voice was a woman's voice. I took it to be that of a servant."

Mr. Patterson fell into a thoughtful silence, his arms resting on the elbows of his chair, and his anxious eyes wandering over the floor.

"But what motive?" broke out Foster, addressing the lawyer as if he were an accuser and an enemy, — "what sufficient motive had I for such a hideous crime?"

"Ah! that is just it. The motive! They will make a great deal of that. Why, you must be able to guess what is alleged. Miss Lauson had made a will in her niece's favor, but had threatened to disinherit her if she married you. This fact, — as has been made known by an incautious admission of Miss Bessie Barron, — this fact you were aware of. The death came just in time to prevent a change in the will. Don't you see the obvious inference of the prosecution?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Foster, springing up and pacing his cell. "I murder a woman, — murder my wife's aunt, — for money, — for twenty thousand dollars! Am I held so low as that? Why, it is a sum that any clever man can earn in this country in a few years. We could have done without it. I would not have asked for it, much less murdered for it. Tell me, Mr. Patterson, do you suppose me capable of such degrading as well as such horrible guilt?"

"Mr. Foster," replied the lawyer, with impressive deliberation, "I shall go into this case with a confidence that you are absolutely innocent."

"Thank you," murmured the young man, grasping Patterson's hand violently, and then turning away to wipe a tear, which had been too quick for him.

"Excuse my weakness," he said, presently. "But I don't believe any worthy man is strong enough to bear the insult that the world has put upon me, without showing his suffering."

Certainly, Foster's bearing and the sentiments which he expressed had the nobility and pathos of injured innocence. Were it not that innocence *can be* counterfeited, as also that a fine demeanor and touching utterance are not points in law, no alarming doubt would seem to overshadow the result of the trial. And yet, strange as it must seem to those whom my narrative may have impressed in favor of Foster, the sedate, Puritanic population of Barham and its vicinity inclined more and more toward the presumption of his guilt.

For this there were two reasons. In the first place, who but he had any cause of spite against Mercy Lauson, or could hope to draw any profit from her death? There had been no robbery; there was not a sign that the victim's clothing had been searched; the murder had clearly not been the work of a burglar or a thief. But Foster, if he indeed assassinated this woman, had thereby removed an obstacle to his marriage, and had secured to his future wife a considerable fortune.

In the second place, Foster was such a man as the narrowly scrupulous and orthodox world of Barham would naturally regard with suspicion. Graduate of a German university, he had brought back to America, not only a superb scientific education, but also what passed, in the region where he had settled, for a laxity of morals. Professor as he was in the austere college of Hampstead, and expected, therefore, to set a luminously correct example in both theoretical and practical ethics, he held theological opinions which were too modern to be considered sound, and he even neglected church to an extent which his position rendered scandalous. In spite of the strict prohibitory law of Massachusetts, he made use of lager-beer and other still stronger fluids; and, although he was never known to drink to excess, the mere

fact of breaking the statute was a sufficient offence to rouse prejudice. It was also reported of him, to the honest horror of many serious minds, that he had been detected in geologizing on Sunday, and that he was fond of whist.

How apt we are to infer that a man who violates *our* code of morals will also violate his own code! Of course this Germanized American could not believe that murder was right; but then he played cards and drank beer, which we of Barham knew to be wrong; and if he would do one wrong thing, why not another?

Meantime how was it with Bessie? How is it always with women when those whom they love are charged with unworthiness? Do they exhibit the "judicial mind"? Do they cautiously weigh the evidence and decide according to it? The girl did not entertain the faintest supposition that her lover could be guilty; she was no more capable of blackening his character than she was capable of taking his life. She would not speak to people who showed by word or look that they doubted his innocence. She raged at a world which could be so stupid, so unjust, and so wicked as to slander the good fame and threaten the life of one whom her heart had crowned with more than human perfections.

But what availed all her confidence in his purity? There was the finger of public suspicion pointed at him, and there was the hangman lying in wait for his precious life. She was almost mad with shame, indignation, grief, and terror. She rose as pale as a ghost from sleepless nights, during which she had striven in vain to unravel this terrible mystery, and prayed in vain that Heaven would revoke this unbearable calamity. Day by day she visited her betrothed in his cell, and cheered him with the sympathy of her trusting and loving soul. The conversations which took place on these occasions were so naïve and childlike in their honest utterance of emotion that I almost dread to record them, lest the deliberate, unpalpitating sense of criticism should pronounce them sickening, and mark them for ridicule.

"Darling," she once said to him, "we must be married. Whether you are to live or to die, I must be your wife."

He knelt down and kissed the hem of her dress in adoration of such self-sacrifice.

"Ah, my love, I never before knew what you were," he whispered, as she leaned forward, caught his head in her hands, dragged it into her lap, and covered it with kisses and tears. "Ah, my love, you are too good. I cannot accept such a sacrifice. When I am cleared publicly of this horrible charge, then I will ask you once more if you dare be my wife."

"Dare! O, how can you say such things!" she sobbed. "Don't you know that you are more to me than the whole universe? Don't you know that I would marry you, even if I knew you were guilty?"

There is no reasoning with this sublime passion of love, when it is truly itself. There is no reasoning with it; and Heaven be thanked that it is so! It is well to have one impulse in the world which has no egoism, which rejoices in self-immolation for the sake of its object, which is among emotions what a martyr is among men.

Foster's response was worthy of the girl's declaration. "My love," he whispered, "I have been bemoaning my ruined life, but I must bemoan it no more. It is success enough for any man to be loved by you, and as you love me."

"No, no!" protested Bessie. "It is not success enough for you. No success is enough for you. You deserve everything that ever man did deserve. And here you are insulted, trampled upon, and threatened. O, it is shameful and horrible!"

"My child, you must not help to break me down," implored Foster, feeling that he was turning weak under the thought of his calamity.

She started towards him in a spasm of remorse; it was as if she had suddenly become aware that she had

stabbed him ; her face and her attitude were full of self-reproach.

"O my darling, do I make you more wretched?" she asked, "when I would die for you! when you are my all! O, there is not a minute when I am worthy of you."

These interviews left Foster possessed of a few minutes of consolation and peace, which would soon change into an increased poverty of despair and rage. For the first few days of his imprisonment his prevalent feeling was anger. He could not in the least accept his position; he would not look upon himself as one who was suspected with justice, or even with the slightest show of probability; he would not admit that society was pardonable for its doubts of him. He was not satisfied with mere hope of escape ; on the contrary, he considered his accusers shamefully and wickedly blameworthy; he was angry at them, and wanted to wreak upon them a stern vengeance.

As the imprisonment dragged on, however, and his mind lost its tension under the pressure of trouble ; there came moments when he did not quite know himself. It seemed to him that this man, who was charged with murder, was some one else, for whose character he could not stand security, and who might be guilty. He almost looked upon him with suspicion ; he half joined the public in condemning him unheard. Perhaps this mental confusion was the foreshadowing of that insane state of mind in which prisoners have confessed themselves guilty of murders which they had not committed, and which have been eventually brought home to others. There are twilights between reason and unreason. The descent from the one condition to the other is oftener a slope than a precipice.

Meanwhile Bessie had, as a matter of course, plans for saving her lover; and these plans, almost as a matter of course too, were mainly impracticable. As with all young people and almost all women, she rebelled against the fixed procedures of society when they seemed likely to trample on the dictates of her affections. Now that it was her lover who was under suspicion of murder, it did not seem a necessity to her that the law should take its course, and, on the contrary, it seemed to her an atrocity. She knew that he was guiltless ; she knew that he was suffering ; why should he be tried? When told that he must have every legal advantage, she assented to it eagerly, and drove at once to see Mr. Patterson, and overwhelmed him with tearful implorations "to do everything — to do everything that could be done, — yes, in short, to do everything." But still she could not feel that anything ought to be done, except to release at once this beautiful and blameless victim, and to make him every conceivable apology. As for bringing him before a court, to answer with his life whether he were innocent or guilty, it was an injustice and an outrage which she rebelled against with all the energy of her ardent nature.

Who could prevent this infamy? In her ignorance of the machinery of justice, it seemed to her that her grandfather might. Notwithstanding the little sympathy that there had been between them, she went to the grim old man with her sorrows and her plans, proposing to him to arrest the trial. In her love and her simplicity she would have appealed to a mountain or to a tiger.

"What!" roared the Squire. "Stop the trial? Can't do it. I 'm not the prosecutor. The State's attorney is the prosecutor."

"But can't you say that you think the proof against him is insufficient?" urged Bessie. "Can't you go to them and say that? Won't that do it?"

"Lord bless you!" replied Squire Lauson, staring in wonder at such ignorance, and dimly conscious of the love and sorrow which made it utter its simplicities.

"O grandfather! do have pity on him and on me!" pleaded Bessie.

He gave her a kinder glance than she had ever received from him before

in her life. It occurred to him, as if it were for the first time, that she was very sweet and helpless, and that she was his own grandchild. He had hated her father. O, how he had hated the conceited city upstart, with his pert, positive ways! how he had rejoiced over his bankruptcy, if not over his death! The girl he had taken to his home, because, after all, she was a Lauson by blood, and it would be a family shame to let her go begging her bread of strangers. But she had not won upon him; she looked too much like that "damn jackanapes," her father; moreover, she had contemptible city accomplishments, and she moped in the seclusion of Barham. He had been glad when she became engaged to that other "damn jackanapes," Foster; and it had been agreeable to think that her marriage would take her out of his sight. Mercy had made a will in her favor; he had sniffed and hooted at Mercy for her folly; but, after all, he had in his heart consented to the will; it saved him from leaving any of his money to a Barron.

Of late, however, there had been a softening in the Squire; he could himself hardly believe that it was in his heart; he half suspected at times that it was in his brain. A man who lives to ninety-three is exposed to this danger, that he may survive all his children. The Squire had walked to one grave after another, until he had buried his last son and his last daughter. After Mercy Lauson, there were no more children for him to see underground; and that fact, coupled with the shocking nature of her death, had strangely shaken him; it had produced that singular softening which we have mentioned, and which seemed to him like a malady. Now, a little shattered, no longer the man that he so long had been, he was face to face with his only living descendant.

He reached out his gray, hard hand, and laid it on her glossy, curly hair. She started with surprise at the unaccustomed touch, and looked up in his face with a tearful sparkle of hope.

"Be quiet, Bessie," he said, in a voice which was less like a *caw* than usual.

"O grandfather! what do you mean?" she sobbed, guessing that deliverance might be nigh, and yet fearing to fall back into despair.

"Don't cry," was the only response of this close-mouthed, imperturbable old man.

"O, was it any one else?" she demanded. "Who do you think did it?"

"I have an idea," he admitted, after staring at her steadily, as if to impress caution. "But keep quiet. We 'll see."

"You know it could n't be he that did it," urged Bessie. "Don't you know it could n't? He 's too good."

The Squire laughed. "Why, some folks laid it to you," he said. "If he should be cleared, they might lay it to you again. There 's no telling who 'll do such things, and there 's no telling who 'll be suspected."

"And you *will* do something?" she resumed. "You *will* follow it up? You *will* save him?"

"Keep quiet," grimly answered the Squire. "I 'm watching. But keep quiet. Not a word to a living soul."

Close on this scene came another, which proved to be the unravelling of the drama. That evening Bessie went early, as usual, to her solitary room, and prepared for one of those nights which are not a rest to the weary. She had become very religious since her trouble had come upon her; she read several chapters in the Bible, and then she prayed long and fervently; and, after a sob or two over her own shortcomings, the prayer was all for Foster. Such is human devotion: the voice of distress is far more fervent than the voice of worship; the weak and sorrowful are the true suppliants.

Her prayer ended, if ever it could be said to end while she waked, she strove anew to disentangle the mystery which threatened her lover, meanwhile hearing, half unawares, the noises of the night. Darkness has its speech, its still small whisperings and mutterings, a language which cannot be heard during

the clamor of day, but which to those who must listen to it is painfully audible, and which rarely has pleasant things to say, but threatens rather, or warns. For a long time, disturbed by fingers that tapped at her window, by hands that stole along her wall, by feet that glided through the dark halls, Bessie could not sleep. She lost herself; then she came back to consciousness with the start of a swimmer struggling toward the surface; then she recommenced praying for Foster, and once more lost herself.

At last, half dozing, and yet half aware that she was weeping, she was suddenly and sharply roused by a distinct creak in the floor of her room. Bessie had in one respect inherited somewhat of her grandfather's iron nature, being so far from habitually timorous that she was noted among her girlish acquaintance for courage. But her nerves had been seriously shaken by the late tragedy, by anxiety, and by sleeplessness; it seemed to her that there was in the air a warning of great danger; she was half paralyzed by fright.

Struggling against her terror, she sprang out of bed and made a rush toward her door, meaning to close and lock it. Instantly there was a collision; she had thrown herself against some advancing form; in the next breath she was engaged in a struggle. Half out of her senses, she did not scream, did not query whether her assailant were man or woman, did not indeed use her intelligence in any distinct fashion, but only pushed and pulled in blind instinct of escape.

Once she had a sensation of being cut with some sharp instrument. Then she struck; the blow told, and her antagonist fell heavily; the fall was succeeded by a short shriek in a woman's voice. Bessie did not stop to wonder that any one engaged in an attempt at assassination should utter an outcry which would almost necessarily insure discovery and seizure. The shock of the sound seemed to restore her own powers of speech, and she burst into a succession of loud screams, calling on her grandfather for help.

In the same moment the hope which abides in light fell under her hand. Reeling against her dressing-table, her fingers touched a box of waxen matches, and she quickly drew one of them against the wood, sending a faint glimmer through the chamber. She was not horror-stricken, she did not grasp a comprehension of the true nature of the scene; she simply stared in trembling wonder when she recognized Mrs. Lauson.

"You there, grandmother!" gasped Bessie. "What has happened?"

Mrs. Lauson, attired in an old morning-gown, was sitting on the floor, partially supported by one hand, while the other was moving about as if in search of some object. The object was a carving-knife; she saw it, clutched it, and rose to her feet; then for the first time she looked at Bessie. "What do you lie awake and pray for?" she demanded, in a furious mutter. "You lie awake and pray every night. I 've listened in the hall time and again, and heard you. I won't have it. I 'll give you just three minutes to get to sleep."

Bessie did not think; it did not occur to her, at least not in any clear manner, that this was lunacy; she instinctively sprang behind a large chair and uttered another scream.

"I say, will you go to sleep?" insisted Mrs. Lauson, advancing and raising her knife.

Just in the moment of need there were steps in the hall; the still vigorous and courageous old Squire appeared upon the scene; after a violent struggle the maniac was disarmed and bound. She lay upon Bessie's bed, staring at her husband with bloodshot, watery eyes, and seemingly unconscious of anything but a sense of ill-treatment. The girl, meanwhile, had discovered a slight gash on her left arm, and had shown it to the Squire.

"Sallie," demanded the cold-blooded old man, "what have you been trying to knife Bessie for?"

"Because she lay awake and prayed,"

was the ready and firm response of downright mania.

"Look here, Sallie, what did you kill Mercy for?" continued the Squire, without changing a muscle of his countenance.

"Because she sat up and prayed," responded Mrs. Lauson. "She sat up in the garden and prayed against me. Ever so many people sit up and lie awake to pray against me. I won't have it."

"Ah!" said the old man. "Do you hear that, Bessie? Remember it, so as to say it upon your oath."

After a second or two he added, with something like a twinkle of his characteristic humor in his hard, gray eyes, "So I saved my life by not praying!"

Thus ended the extraordinary scene which brought to light the murderer of Miss Mercy Lauson. It is almost needless to add that on the day following the maniac was conveyed to the State Lunatic Asylum, and that shortly afterward Bessie opened the prison gates of Henry Foster, and told him of his absolution from charge of crime.

"And now I want the whole world to get on its knees and ask your pardon," she said, after a long scene of tenderer words than must be reported.

"If the world should ask pardon for all its blunders," he said, with a smile, "it would pass its whole time in penance, and would n't make its living. Human life is like science, a sequence of mistakes, with generally a true direction."

One must stick to one's character. A philosopher is nothing if not philosophical.

A MAY-TIME PASTORAL.

I.

YES, it is May! though not that the young leaf pushes its velvet
Out of the sheath, that the stubbornest sprays are beginning to bourgeon,
Larks responding aloft to the mellow flute of the bluebird,
Nor that song and sunshine and odors of life are immingled
Even as wines in a cup; but that May, with her delicate philtres
Drenches the veins and the valves of the heart, — a double possession,
Touching the sleepy sense with sweet, irresistible languor,
Piercing, in turn, the languor with flame: as the spirit, requickened,
Stirred in the womb of the world, foreboding a birth and a being!

II.

Who can hide from her magic, break her insensible thraldom,
Clothing the wings of eager delight as with plumage of trouble?
Sweeter, perchance, the embryo Spring, forerunner of April,
When on banks that slope to the south the saxifrage wakens,
When, beside the dentils of frost that cornice the roadside,
Weeds are a promise, and woods betray the trailing arbutus.
Once is the sudden miracle seen, the truth and its rapture
Felt, and the pulse of the possible May is throbbing already.
Thus unto me, a boy, the clod that was warm in the sunshine,
Murmurs of thaw, and imagined jostling of growth in the herbage,
Airs from over the southern hills, — and something within me
Catching a deeper sign from these than ever the senses, —
Came as a call: I awoke, and heard, and endeavored to answer.
Whence should fall in my lap the sweet, impossible marvel?

When would the silver fay appear from the willowy thicket?
When from the yielding rock the gnome with his basket of jewels?
"When, ah when?" I cried, on the steepest perch of the hillside
Standing with arms outspread, and waiting a wind that should bear me
Over the apple-tree tops and over the farms of the valley.

III.

Something, I think, of fresher happiness comes to the people;
Something blooms in the daffodil, something sings in the robin.
He in the neighboring field, a clown in all but his garments,
Watching the sprouting corn and planting his beggarly scarecrow,
Feels, methinks, unblushing, the tenderer side of his nature.
Yonder, surely, the woman, stooped at the foot of her garden,
Setting the infant seeds with the thrust of her motherly finger,
Dreams of the past or the future, — the children, or children that may be.
Happy are both, obeying the absolute law of the season,
Simply accepting its bliss, not guessing the why or the wherefore.

IV.

He, that will, let him backward set the stream of his fancy,
So to evoke a dream from the ruined world of his boyhood!
Lo, it is easy! Yonder, lapped in the folds of the uplands,
Bickers the brook, to warmer hollows southerly creeping,
Where the veronica's eyes are blue, the buttercup brightens,
Where the anemones blush, the coils of fern are unrolling
Hour by hour, and over them gather the sprinkles of shadow.
There shall I lie and dangle my naked feet in the water,
Watching the sleepy buds as one after one they awaken,
Seeking a lesson in each, a brookside primrose of Wordsworth? —
Lie in the lap of May, as a babe that loveth the cradle,
I, whom her eye inspires, whom the breath of her passion arouses?
Say, shall I stray with bended head to look for her posies,
When with other wings than the coveted lift of the breezes
Far I am borne, at her call: and the pearly abysses are parted
Under my flight: the glimmering edge of the planet, receding,
Rounds to the splendider sun and ripens to glory of color.
Veering at will, I view from a crest of the jungled Antilles
Sparkling, limitless billows of greenness, falling and flowing
Into fringes of palm and the foam of the blossoming coffee, —
Cratered isles in the offing, milky blurs of the coral
Keys, and vast, beyond, the purple arc of the ocean:
Or, in the fanning furnace-winds of the tenantless Pampas,
Hear the great leaves clash, the shiver and hiss of the reed-beds.
Thus for the crowded fulness of life I leave its beginnings,
Not content to feel the sting of an exquisite promise
Ever renewed and accepted, and ever freshly forgotten.

V.

Wherefore, now, recall the pictures of memory? Wherefore
Yearn for a fairer seat of life than this I have chosen?
Ah, while my quiver of wandering years was yet unexhausted,
Treading the lands, a truant that wasted the gifts of his freedom,

Sweet was the sight of a home — or tent, or cottage, or castle, —
Sweet unto pain; and never beheld I a Highlander's shieling,
Never a Flemish hut by a lazy canal and its pollards,
Never the snowy gleam of a porch through the Apennine orchards,
Never a nest of life on the hoary hills of Judæa,
Dropped on the steppes of the Don, or hidden in valleys of Norway,
But, with the fond and foolish trick of a heart that was homeless,
Each was mine, as I passed: I entered in and possessed it,
Looked, in fancy, forth, and adjusted my life to the landscape.
Easy it seemed, to shift the habit of blood as a mantle,
Fable a Past, and lightly take the form of the Future,
So that a rest were won, a hold for the filaments, floating
Loose in the winds of Life. Here, now, behold it accomplished!
Nay, but the restless Fate, the certain Nemesis follows,
As to the bird the voice that bids him prepare for his passage,
Saying: "Not this is the whole, not these, nor any, the borders
Set for thy being; this measured, slow repetition of Nature,
Painting, effacing, in turn, with hardly a variant outline,
Cannot replace for thee the Earth's magnificent frescos!
Art thou content to inhabit a simple pastoral chamber,
Leaving the endless halls of her grandeur and glory untrodden?"

VI.

Man, I answer, is more: I am glutted with physical beauty
Born of the suns and rains and the plastic throes of the ages.
Man is more; but neither dwarfed like a tree of the Arctic
Vales, nor clipped into shape as a yew in the gardens of princes.
Give me to know him, here, where inherited laws and disguises
Hide him at times from himself, — where his thought is chiefly collective,
Where, with numberless others fettered like slaves in a coffle,
Each insists he is free, inasmuch as his bondage is willing.
Who hath rent from the babe the primitive rights of his nature?
Who hath fashioned his yoke? who patterned beforehand his manhood?
Say, shall never a soul be moved to challenge its portion,
Seek for a wider heritage lost, a new disenthralment,
Sending a root to be fed from the deep original sources,
So that the fibres wax till they split the obdurate granite?
Surely, starting alike at birth from the ignorant Adam,
Every type of the race were here indistinctly repeated,
Hinted in hopes and desires, and harmless divergence of habit,
Save that the law of the common mind is invisibly written
Even on our germs, and Life but warms into color the letters.

VII.

Thence, it may be, accustomed to dwell in a moving horizon,
Here, alas! the steadfast circle of things is a weary
Round of monotonous forms: I am haunted by livelier visions.
Linking men and their homes, endowing both with the language,
Sweeter than speech, the soul detects in a natural picture,
I to my varying moods the fair remembrances summon,
Glad that once and somewhere each was a perfect possession.
Two will I paint, the forms of the double passion of May-time, —

Rest and activity, indolent calm and the sweep of the senses.
One, the soft green lap of a deep Dalecarlian valley,
Sheltered by piny hills and the distant porphyry mountains;
Low and red the house, and the meadow spotted with cattle;
All things fair and clear in the light of the midsummer Sabbath,
Touching, beyond the steel-blue lake and the twinkle of birch-trees,
Houses that nestle like chicks around the motherly church-roof.
There, I know, there is innocence, ancient duty and honor,
Love that looks from the eye and truth that sits on the forehead,
Pure, sweet blood of health, and the harmless freedom of nature,
Witless of blame; for the heart is safe in inviolate childhood.
Dear is the scene, but it fades: I see, with a leap of the pulses,
Tawny under the lidless sun the sand of the Desert,
Fiery solemn hills, and the burning green of the date-trees
Belting the Nile: the tramp of the curvetting stallions is muffled;
Brilliantly stamped on the blue are the white and scarlet of turbans;
Lances prick the sky with a starry glitter; the fulness,
Joy, and delight of life are sure of the day and the morrow,
Certain the gifts of sense, and the simplest order suffices.
Breathing again, as once, the perfect air of the Desert,
Good it seems to escape from the endless menace of duty,
There, where the will is free, and wilfully plays with its freedom,
And the lack of will for the evil thing is a virtue.
Scarce shall it be that I ever outgrow the potent infection:
Allah, il Allah! rings in my heart: I rock on the camel,
Sated with light and warmth, and dazzling abundance of color,
Happy to live, and living in happy submission to Allah.

VIII.

Man is more, I have said: but the subject mood is a fashion
Wrought of his lighter mind and dyed with the hues of his senses.
Then to be truly more, to be verily free, to be master
As beseems to the haughty soul that is lifted by knowledge
Over the multitude's law, enforcing their own acquiescence, —
Lifted to longing and will, in its satisfied loneliness centred, —
This prohibits the cry of the nerves, the weak lamentation
Shaming my song: for I know whence cometh its languishing burden.
Impotent all I have dreamed, — and the calmer vision assures me
Such were barren, and vapid the taste of joy that is skin-deep.
None the less are certain the needs of the life that surrounds me;
So is there greater need for the strength that spurneth subjection,
Summoning all the shows of the earth to answer its lordship,
Absolute here as there, accepting the phlox or the lotus,
Citron or barberry, maple or tamarind, banyan or dogwood.
Better the nest than the wandering wing, the loving possession,
Intimate, ever-renewed, than the circle of shallower changes.

AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

IV.

IT has been my good fortune to witness but few wrecks at the Shoals. The disasters of which we hear faintly from the past were many and dreadful, but since the building of the lighthouse on White Island, and also on Boone Island (which seems like a neighbor, though fifteen miles distant), the danger of the place is much lessened. A resident of Star Island told me of a wreck which took place forty-seven years ago, during a heavy storm from the eastward. It blew so that all the doors in the house opened as fast as they shut them, and in the night a vessel drove against "Hog Island Head," which fronts the village on Star. She went to pieces utterly. In the morning the islanders perceived the beach at Londoners heaped with some kind of drift; they could not make out what it was, but, as soon as the sea subsided, went to examine and found a mass of oranges and picture-frames, with which the vessel had been freighted. Not a soul was saved. "She struck with such force that she drove a large spike out of her forefoot" into a crevice in the rock, which was plainly to be seen till a few years ago. My informant also told me that she remembered the wreck of the Sagunto, in 1813, that the beaches were strewn with "almond-nuts" long after, and that she picked up curiously embroidered vests and "work-bags" in all directions along the shores.

During a storm in 1839, while living at White Island, we were startled by the heavy booming of guns through the roar of the tempest, — a sound that drew nearer and nearer, till at last, through a sudden break in the mist and spray, we saw the heavily rolling hull of a large vessel driving by to her sure destruction toward the coast. It was as if the wind had torn the vapor apart on purpose to show us this piteous sight; and I well remember the hand on my shoulder which held me firmly, shuddering child that I was, and forced me to look in spite of myself. What a day of pain it was! how dreadful the sound of those signal-guns, and how much more dreadful the certainty, when they ceased, that all was over! We learned afterward that it was the brig Pocahontas, homeward bound from Spain, and that the vessel and all her crew were lost. In later years a few coasters and fishermen have gone ashore at the islands, generally upon the hidden ledges at Duck. Many of these have been loaded with lime, a most perilous freight, for as soon as the water touches it there is a double danger; and between fire and water there is little chance of escape.

Boone Island is the forlornest place that can be imagined. The Isles of Shoals, barren as they are, seem like gardens of Eden in comparison. I chanced to hear last summer of a person who had been born and brought up there; he described the loneliness as something absolutely fearful, and declared it had pursued him all through his life. He lived there till fourteen or fifteen years old, when his family moved to York. While living on the island he discovered some human remains which had lain there thirty years. A carpenter and his assistants, having finished some building, were capsized in getting off, and all were drowned, except the master. One body floated to Plum Island, at the mouth of the Merrimack; the others the master secured, made a box for them, — all alone the while, — and buried them in a cleft and covered them with stones. These stones the sea washed away, and thirty years after they were buried the boy found the bones, which were removed to York and there buried again. It was

on board a steamer bound to Portland that the man told his story. Boone Island Light was shining in the distance. He spoke with bitterness of his life in that terrible solitude, and of "the loneliness which had pursued him ever since." All his relatives were dead, he said, and he had no human tie in the wide world except his wife. He ended by anathematizing all islands, and, vanishing into the darkness, was not to be found again; nor did his name or any trace of him transpire, though he was sought for in the morning all about the vessel.

One of the most shocking stories of shipwreck I remember to have heard is that of the Nottingham Galley, wrecked on this island in the year 1710. There is a narrative of this shipwreck existing, written by "John Deane, then commander of said Galley, but for many years after his Majesty's consul for the ports of Flanders, residing at Ostend," printed in 1762. The ship, of one hundred and twenty tons, carrying ten guns, with a crew of fourteen men, loaded partly in England and partly in Ireland, and sailed for Boston on the 25th of September, 1710. She made land on the 11th of December, and was wrecked on that fatal rock. At first the unhappy crew "treated each other with kindness and condolence, and prayed to God for relief." The only things saved from the wreck were a bit of canvas and half a cheese. The men made a triangular tent of the bit of canvas, and all lay close together beneath it, sideways; none could turn without the general concurrence: they turned once in two hours upon public notice. They had no fire, and lived upon kelp and rockweed, and mussels, three a day to a man. Starvation and suffering soon produced a curious loss of memory. The fourth day the cook died. When they had been there upwards of a week they saw three sails in the southwest, but no boat came near them. They built a rude boat of such materials as they could gather from the wreck, but she was lost in launching. One of the men, a Swede, is particularly mentioned; he seems to have been full of energy; with help from the others he built a raft; in launching this they overset it. Again they saw a sail, this time coming out from the Piscataqua River; it was soon out of sight. The Swede was determined to make an effort to reach the shore, and persuaded another man to make the attempt with him. At sunset they were seen half-way to the land; the raft was found on shore with the body of one man; the Swede was never seen more. A hide was thrown on the rocks at Boone Island by the sea; this the poor sailors ate raw, minced. About the end of December the carpenter died, and, driven to madness by hunger, they devoured the flesh of their dead comrade. The captain, being the strongest of the party, dragged the body away and hid it, and dealt small portions of it daily to the men. Immediately their dispositions underwent a horrible change. They became fierce and reckless, and were the most pitiable objects of despair, when, on January 4, 1711, they were discovered and taken off. It was evening when they entered the Piscataqua River, and eight o'clock when they landed. Discovering a house through the darkness, the master rushed into it, frightening the gentlewoman and children desperately, and, making his way to the kitchen, snatched the pot wherein some food was cooking off the fire, and began to eat voraciously. This old record mentions John Plaisted and John Wentworth as being most "forward in benevolence" to these poor fellows.

When visiting the island for the first time, a few years ago, I was shown the shallow gorge where the unfortunates tried to shelter themselves. It was the serenest of summer days; everything smiled and shone as I stood looking down into that rocky hollow. Near by the lighthouse sprang — a splendid piece of masonry — over a hundred feet into the air, to hold its warning aloft. About its base some gentle thought had caused morning-glories to climb

and unfold their violet, white, and rosy bells against the smooth dark stone. I thought I had never seen flowers so beautiful. There was hardly a handful of grass on the island, hardly soil enough to hold a root; therefore it seemed the more wonderful to behold this lovely apparition. With my mind full of the story of the Nottingham Galley, I looked at the delicate bells, the cool green leaves, the whole airy grace of the wandering vines, and it was as if a hand were stretched out to pluck me away from the awful questions never to be answered this side the grave, that pressed so heavily while I thought how poor humanity had here suffered the utmost misery that it is possible to endure.

The aspect of this island from the Shoals is very striking, so lonely it lies on the eastern horizon, its tall lighthouse like a slender column against the sky. It is easily mistaken for the smoke-stack of a steamer by unaccustomed eyes, and sometimes the watcher most familiar with its appearance can hardly distinguish it from the distant white sails that steal by it, to and fro. Sometimes it looms colossal in the mirage of summer, in winter it lies blurred and ghostly at the edge of chilly sea and pallid sky. In the sad, strange light of winter sunsets its faithful star blazes suddenly from the darkening east and sends a friendly ray across to its neighbor at the Shoals, waiting as it also waits, ice-bound, storm-swept, and solitary, for gentler days to come. And "winter's rains and ruins" have an end at last.

In the latter part of February, after ten days perhaps of the northwester, bringing across to the islands all the chill of the snow-covered hills of the continent, some happy evening it dies into a reasonable breeze, and while the sun sets you climb the snowy height and sweep with your eyes the whole circle of the horizon, with nothing to impede the view. Ah! how sad it looks in the dying light! Star Island close by with its silent little village and the sails of belated fishing-boats hurrying in over the dark water to the moorings. White Island afar off "kindling its great red star" on every side the long bleached points of granite stretching out into the sea, so cold and bleak, the line of coast sad purple, and the few schooners leaden and gray in the distance. Yet there is a hopeful glow where the sun went down suggestive of the spring, and before the ruddy sweetness of the western sky the melancholy east is flushed with violet, and up into the delicious color rolls a gradual moon, mellow and golden as in harvest-time, while high above her the great star Jupiter begins to glitter clear. On such an evening some subtle influence of the coming spring steals to the heart, and eyes that have watched the winter skies so patiently, grow wistful with the thought of summer days to come. On shore in these last weeks of winter one becomes aware, by various delicate tokens, of the beautiful change at hand, — by the deepening of the golden willow wands into a more living color, and by their silvery buds, which in favored spots burst the brown sheaths; by the reddening of bare maple-trees, as if with promise of future crimson flowers; by the sweet cry of the returning bluebird; by the alders at the river's edge. If the season is mild, the catkins begin to unwind their tawny tresses in the first weeks of March. But here are no trees, and no bluebirds come till April. Perhaps some day the delightful clangor of the wild geese is heard, and looking upward, lo! the long floating ribbon streaming northward across the sky. What joy they bring to hearts so weary with waiting! Truly a wondrous content is shaken down with their wild clamors out of the cloudy heights, and a courage and vigor lurk in these strong voices, that touch the listener with something better than gladness, while he traces eagerly the wavering lines that seek the north with steady, measured flight.

Gradually the bitter winds abate, early in March the first flocks of crows arrive, and they soar finely above the coves,

and perch on the flukes of stranded anchors or the tops of kellock-sticks that lie about the water's edge. They are most welcome, for they are never seen in winter; and pleasant it is to watch them beating their black ragged pinions in the blue, while the gulls swim on beyond them serenely, shining still whiter for their sable color. No other birds come till about the 27th of March, and then all at once the islands are alive with song-sparrows, and these sing from morning till night so beautifully, that dull and weary indeed must be the mortal who can resist the charm of their fresh music. There is a matchless sweetness and good cheer in this brave bird. The nightingale singing with its breast against a thorn may be divine, yet would I turn away from its tender melody to listen to the fresh, cheerful, healthy song of this dauntless and happy little creature. They come in flocks to be fed every morning the whole summer long, tame and charming, with their warm brown and gray feathers, striped and freaked with wood-color and little brown knots at each pretty throat! They build their nests and remain till the snow falls; frequently they remain all winter; sometimes they come into the house for shelter; once one fluttered in and entered the canaries' cage voluntarily, and stayed there singing like a voice from heaven all winter. Robins and blackbirds appear with the sparrows; a few blackbirds build and remain; the robins, finding no trees, flit across to the mainland. Yellow-birds and kingbirds occasionally build here, but very rarely. By the first of April the snow is gone, and our bit of earth is free from that dead white mask. How lovely then the gentle neutral tints of tawny intervals of dead grass and brown bushes and varying stone appear, set in the living sea! There is hardly a square foot of the bare rock that is n't precious for its soft coloring, and freshly beautiful are the uncovered lichens that with patient fingering have ornamented the rough surfaces with their wonderful embroideries. They flourish with the greatest vigor by the sea; whole houses at Star used to be covered with the orange-colored variety, and I have noticed the same thing in the pretty fishing village of Newcastle and on some of the old buildings by the river-side in sleepy Portsmouth city. Through April the weather softens daily, and by the 20th come gray, quiet days with mild northeast wind; in the hollows the grass has greened, and now the gentle color seems to brim over and spread out upon the ground in faint and fainter gradations. A refreshing odor springs from the moist earth, from the short sweet turf, which the cattle crop so gladly, — a musky fragrance unlike that of inland pastures, and with this is mingled the pure sea-breeze, a most reviving combination. The turfy gorges, boulder-strewn and still, remind one of Alexander Smith's descriptions of his summer in Skye, of those quiet, lonely glens, — just such a grassy carpet was spread in their hollows. By the 23d of April come the first swallow and flocks of martins, golden-winged and downy woodpeckers, the tiny ruby-crowned wren, and troops of many other kinds of birds; kingfishers that perch on stranded kellocks, little nuthatches that peck among the shingles for hidden spiders, and gladden the morning with sweet, quaint cries, so busy and bright and friendly! All these tarry only awhile in their passage to the mainland.

But though the birds come and the sky has relented and grown tender with its melting clouds, the weather in New England has a fashion of leaping back into midwinter in the space of an hour, and all at once comes half a hurricane from the northwest, charged with the breath of all the remaining snow-heaps on the far mountain ranges, — a "white-sea roarin' wind" that takes you back to January. In the afternoon, through the cold transparent heaven, a pale half-moon glides slowly over; there is a splendor of wild clouds at sunset, dusk heaps with scarlet fringes, scattered

flecks of flame in a clear crimson air above the fallen sun; then cold moonlight over the black sea, with the flash and gleam of white waves the whole night long.

But the potent spirit of the spring triumphs at last. When the sun in its journey north passes a certain group of lofty pine-trees standing out distinctly against the sky on Breakfast Hill in Greenland, New Hampshire, which lies midway in the coast line; then the Shoalers are happy in the conviction that there will be "settled weather," and they put no trust in any relenting of the elements before that time. After this there soon come days when to be alive is quite enough joy, — days when it is bliss only to watch and feel how

> "God renews
> His ancient rapture," —

days when the sea lies, colored like a turquoise, blue and still, and from the south a band of warm gray-purple haze steals down on the horizon like an encircling arm about the happy world. The lightest film encroaches upon the sea, only made perceptible by the shimmering of far-off sails. A kind of bloom, inexpressibly lovely, softens over the white canvas of nearer vessels, like a delicate veil. There is a fascination in the motion of these slender schooners, a wondrous grace, as they glide before a gentle wind, slowly bowing, bending, turning, with curving canvas just filled with the breeze, and shadows falling soft from sail to sail. They are all so picturesque, so suggestive, from the small tanned sprit-sail some young islander spreads to flit to and fro among the rocks and ledges, to the stately column of canvas that bears the great ship round the world. The variety of their aspects is endless and ever beautiful, whether you watch them from the lighthouse top, dreaming afar on the horizon, or at the water's edge, — whether they are drowned in the flood of sunshine on the waves, or glide darkly through the track of the moonlight, or fly toward you full of promise, wing and wing, like some magnificent bird, or steal away reddening in the sunset as if to

> "Sink with all you love below the verge."

I know nothing sadder than their aspect in the light of the winter sunsets, as they vanish away in the cold east, blushing for a fleeting moment, sweetly, faintly, under the last touch of the dropping day. To a child's imagination they are all full of charm and of mystery, freighted with heavenly dreams. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and the watching of the sails filled the lonely, lovely summer days of one young Shoaler with joy enough and to spare. How many pictures linger in my mind, — splendid stately apparitions of full-rigged, slender schooners, passing very near early in the breezy mornings of spring, every inch of canvas in a blaze of white light, and the whole vessel alive from keel to topmast. And well I remember on soft May evenings how they came dropping down from Cape Ann, while the sunset streaming through low bars of cloud just touched them with pale gold, and made them half luminous and altogether lovely. And how the fog clung in silver strips to the dark wet sails of vessels lying becalmed when all the air about was clear and free from mist! how the mackerel fleet surrounded the islands, five hundred craft sometimes between the islands and the coast, so that one might almost walk on shore from deck to deck. It was wonderful to wake on some midsummer morning and find the sea gray-green, like translucent chrysoprase, and the somewhat stormy sunrise painting the sails bright flame-color as they flew before the warm wild wind that blew strongly from the south. At night sometimes in a glory of moonlight a vessel passed close in with all sail set, and only just air enough to fill the canvas, enough murmur from the full tide to drown the sound of her movement, — a beautiful ghost stealing softly by, and passing in mysterious light beyond the glimmering headland out of sight. Here was suggestion enough for a night full of visions! Then the

scudding of sails before a storm, — how the ships came rushing in from the far, dim sea-line, racing by to Portsmouth Harbor, close reefed, or under darkened mainsail and jib only, leaping over the long swell, and plunging their sharp bowsprits into a cloud of snowy spray at every leap! Then when the storm had spent itself, how beautiful to see them stealing tranquilly forth from the river's mouth, flocking seaward again, shining white in the peaceful morning sunshine! Watching them in all their endless variety, coming and going, dreaming, drifting, or flying, many a time these quaint old rhymes occurred to me: —

"Ships, ships, I will descrie you
Amidst the main,
I will come and try you
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
What 's your end and aim?
Some go abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading.
Halloo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?"

As the winter is doubly hard, so are the gentler seasons doubly sweet and delightful, when one is shut out with them, as it were, and forced to observe all their changes and peculiarities with so few human interests to interrupt one's intercourse with nature. The rainy days in May at the Isles of Shoals have seemed to me more lovely than the sunshine in Paradise could be, so charming it was to walk in the warm showers over the island, and note all the mosses and lichens drenched and bright with the moisture, thick, sweet buds on the bayberry bushes, rich green leaves unfolding here and there among the tangled vines, and bright anemones growing up between. The lovely eyebright glimmers everywhere. The rain, if it continues for several days, bleaches the sea-weed about the shores to a lighter and more golden brown; the sea is gray and the sky lowers, but all these neutral tints are gentle and refreshing. The coasters rock lazily on the long swell toward Cape Ann, dim through low-hanging clouds; clearly the sandpipers call, and always the song-sparrows freshly surprise you with their outburst of cheerful music. In the last weeks of May comes a period of balmy days with a gentle, incessant southwest wind, the sea a wonderful gray-blue, with the faint impalpable haze lying over sails, islands, sea, and coast. A brooding warmth is everywhere. The sky is cloudless, but opaque, — a kind of milky effect in the atmosphere, through which the sun is seen as through smoked glass, and long before it sets one can bear to look at the crimson ball slow sinking in the rich red west; and the moon is like copper, throwing no light on the water. The islanders call this a "smoky sou'wester." Now come delicious twilights, with silence broken only by mysterious murmurs from the waves, and sweet, full cries from the sandpipers fluttering about their nests on the margin of the beaches, — tender, happy notes that thrill the balmy air, and echo softly about the silent moonlit coves. Sails in this twilight atmosphere gather the dusk within their folds; if the warm wind is blowing softly, there is enchantment in the sound of the lazily flapping canvas and in the long creak of the mast. A human voice borne through this breathing wind comes like a waft of music faintly heard across the water. The mornings now are exquisite, the delicate flush of the sunrise through this beautiful haze is indescribable. The island is indeed like

"A precious stone set in the silver sea,"

so freshly green, so flower-strewn and fragrant, so musical with birds, and with the continual caressing of summer waves. Now and then a bobolink pays us a flying visit, and, tilting on a blackberry spray, pours out his intoxicating song; some morning is heard the fairy bugling of an oriole; a scarlet tanager honors the place with half a day's sojourn, to be the wonder of all eyes; but commonly the swallows hold it in undisputed possession. The air is woven through and through with the gleam of their burnished wings and their clear happy cries. They are so

tame, knowing how well they are beloved, that they gather on the window-sills, twittering and fluttering, gay and graceful, turning their heads this way and that, eying you askance without a trace of fear. All day they build their nests about the eaves, nor heed how loving eyes do watch their charming toil. Walking abroad in these pleasant evenings, many a little sparrow's nest one finds, low down in the bayberry-bushes, smooth brown cups of woven grass, wherein lie the five speckled eggs, each full of silent music, each dumb miracle waiting for the finger of God to wake, to be alive, to drink the sunshine and the breeze, to fill the air with blissful sound. At the water's edge one finds the long ledges covered with barnacles, and from each rough shell a tiny brown filmy hand is thrust out, opening and shutting in gladness beneath the coming tide, feeling the freshness of the flowing water. The shore teems with life in manifold forms. As the darkness gathers, the ripples begin to break in pale flame against the rocks; if the tide is low enough, it is charming to steal down in the shadow, and, drawing aside the curtain of coarse sea-weed that drapes the face of some smooth rock, to write on the surface beneath. The strange fire follows your finger, and there is your name in weird flame, all alive, quivering and trembling, and finally fading and disappearing. In a still pool you drop a stone or touch the water with your hand, instantly a thousand stars break out and burn and vanish in a moment! It used to be a pleasant thing to bring a piece of drift-wood, water-soaked and shaggy with fine sea-weed, up from the shore, and from some dark corner suddenly sweep my hand across it; a sheet of white flame followed, startling the beholder.

June is of course the most delightful month here, everything is yet so fresh; later the hot sun dries and scorches the thin soil, and partially destroys the little vegetation which finds room upon the island. But through this month the ground is beautiful with starry purple stonewort; like little suns the blossoms of the lion's-foot shine in the thinnest of the soil; herb-robert blossoms; the slender arenaria steals up among the bushes, lifting a little white flower to the sun; here and there the sorrel lies in crimson stains; in wet places sturdy clumps of fern unroll their golden green with splendid vigor of growth, and from the swamp the rushes rise in ranks, like a faint green vapor, slowly, day by day. The few wild-cherry bushes have each its inevitable caterpillars' nest; one can but wonder how caterpillars and canker-worms find their way across the water. The presence of green snakes on these rocks may be explained by their having been found coiled on a piece of drift-wood many miles out at sea. Bees find their way out from the land in companies, seeking the white clover-blossoms that rise in cool, creamy, fragrant globes through the dark leaves and grass. The clover here is peculiarly rich. Many varieties of butterflies abound, the handsome moth of the American silkworm among them. One night in June, at sunset, we were kindling the lamps in the lighthouse, and because it was so mild and still outside, the little iron door of the lantern was left open. No breeze came in to stir the flame that quivered in the centre of each shining reflector, but presently glided through the door the pale green, exquisite Luna moth, with its wonderful crescents, its lines of velvet brown, and long under wings drawn out like the tail of a swallow. It sailed slowly round and round the dome above the lamps at first, but soon became agitated and would have dashed itself against the flames, but that I caught it. What a marvel it was! I never dreamed of the existence of so beautiful a creature. Titania herself could not have been more interesting to me.

In the quiet little coves troops of butterflies are often seen, anchored for the night, clinging to the thistle-blossoms to be safe from assailing winds. Crickets are never heard here till after the 1st of August. On the mainland

they begin about the 28th of May, a sad and gentle autumnal undertone which from that time accompanies the jubilant chorus of summer in a gradual crescendo, till finally the days pass on to no other music save their sweet melancholy chirrup. In August comes the ruby-throated humming-bird, and several pairs flutter about the little gardens for weeks. By the 1st of July the wild roses blossom, and every bit of swampy ground is alive with the waving flags of the iris, each flower of which is full of exquisite variety of tint and shade of gold and violet. All over the island patches of it diversify the surface, set like amethysts in the rich greens and browns of turf and mossy spaces. Through the tangle of leaves and grasses the spikes of golden-rod make their way upward slowly day by day, to be ready at the first beckoning of Autumn's finger to light their torches and join the fair procession. The pimpernel is awake, and the heavy, stout stalks of the mulleins uprear their woolly buds, that soon will break into squares of pallid gold. The world is at high tide of delight. Along the coast line the mirage races in flowing undulations of heat, changing the hill ranges into a solid wall, to dissolve them and again reunite them into clusters of gigantic towers and battlements; trees, spires, chimneys, lighthouses, become roofs and minarets and domes of some stately city of the clouds, and these melt in their turn, and the whole coast shrinks away to the merest line on the horizon immeasurably removed. Each of these changes, and the various aspects of their little world, are of inestimable value to the lonely children living always in that solitude. Nothing is too slight to be precious, — the flashing of an oar-blade in the morning light; the twinkling of a gull's wings afar off, like a star in the yellow sunshine of the drowsy summer afternoon; the water-spout waltzing away before the wild wind that cleaves the sea from the advancing thunder-cloud; the distant showers that march about the horizon, trailing their dusky fringes of falling rain over sea and land; every phase of the great thunder-storms that make glorious the weeks of July and August, from the first floating film of cloud that rises in the sky till the scattered fragments of the storm stream eastward to form a background for the rainbow; — all these things are of the utmost importance to dwellers at the Isles of Shoals. There is something especially delightful in the perfumes which stream across the sea after showers, like a heavenly greeting from the land; scents of hay and of clover, spice of pine woods, balm of flowers, come floating over the cool waves on the wings of the west-wind, and touch one like a breath from Paradise. Few sounds from the shore reach the islands; the booming of guns is audible, and sometimes, with a west wind, the air is pierced with distant car-whistles, so very remote, however, that they are hardly to be recognized except by a practised ear.

There is a superstition among the islanders that Philip Babb, or some evil-minded descendant of his, still haunts Appledore, and no consideration would induce the more timid to walk alone after dark over a certain shingly beach on that island, at the top of a cove bearing Babb's name, for there the uneasy spirit is oftenest seen. He is supposed to have been so desperately wicked when alive, that there is no rest for him in his grave. His dress is a coarse, striped butcher's frock, with a leather belt, to which is attached a sheath containing a ghostly knife, sharp and glittering, which it is his delight to brandish in the face of terrified humanity. One of the Shoalers is perfectly certain that he and Babb have met, and he shudders with real horror, recalling the meeting. This is his story. It was after sunset (of course), and he was coming round the corner of a work-shop, when he saw a wild and dreadful figure advancing toward him; his first thought was that some one wished to make him

the victim of a practical joke, and he called out something to the effect that he "was n't afraid"; but the thing came near with ghastly face and hollow eyes, and, assuming a fiendish expression, took out the knife from its belt and flourished it in the face of the Shoaler, who fled to the house and entered breathless, calling for the person whom he supposed had tried to frighten him. That person was quietly eating his supper, and when the poor fellow saw him he was much agitated, and his belief in Babb fixed more firmly than ever. One spring night some one was sitting on the broad piazza at sunset; it was calm and mild, the sea murmured a little; birds twittered softly; there was hardly a waft of wind in the still atmosphere. Glancing toward Babb's Cove, he saw a figure slowly crossing the shingle to the path which led to the house. After watching it a moment he called to it, but there was no reply; again he called, still no answer; but the dark figure came slowly on, and then he reflected that he had heard no step on the loose shingle that was wont to give back every footfall, and, somewhat puzzled, he slowly descended the steps of the piazza and went to meet it. It was not so dark but that he could see the face and recognize the butcher's frock and leather belt of Babb, but he was not prepared for the devilish expression of malice in that hollow face, and spite of his prosaic turn of mind he was chilled to the marrow at the sight. The white stripes in the frock gleamed like phosphorescent light, so did the awful eyes. Again he called aloud, "Who are you? What do you want?" and still advanced, when suddenly the shape grew indistinct, first thick and cloudy, then thin, dissolving quite away, and, much amazed, he turned and went back to the house, perplexed and thoroughly dissatisfied. These tales I tell as they were told to me. I never saw Babb, nor ever could, I think. The whole Babb family are buried in the valley of Appledore where the houses stand, and till this year a bowling-alley stood upon the spot, and all the balls rolled over the bones of all the Babbs; that may have been one reason why the head of the family was so restless; since the last equinoctial gale blew down the building, perhaps he may rest more peacefully. Babb's is, I believe, the only real ghost that haunts the islands; though in the loft at the parsonage on Star (a mere creep-hole under the eaves, unattainable by any steps or ladder) there is (in windy weather) the most extraordinary combination of sounds, as if two bluff old fellows were swearing at each other, gruffly, harshly, continually, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. Really, it is a most disagreeable racket! A lean, brown, hollow-eyed old woman from Star used to tell how her daughter-in-law died, in a way that took the color out of childish cheeks to hear, for the dying woman thought the ghosts were scratching for her outside, against the house. "Ma'y Hahner" (Mary Hannah), she said to me, "a whisperin', says she, 'Who 's that scratching, tearing the house down underneath the window?' 'No, it ain't nothin',' says I; 'Ma'y Hahner, there ain't nobody a tearin' the house down underneath the winder.' 'Yes, yes, there is,' says she, 'there is! I hear 'em scratching, scratching, tearing the house down underneath the winder!' And then I know'd Ma'y Hahner was goin' to die, and so she did afore mornin."

There is a superstition here and along the coast to this effect. A man gathering drift-wood or whatever it may be, sees a spade stuck in the ground as if inviting him to dig. He is n't quite ready, goes and empties his basket first, then comes back to investigate, and lo! there 's nothing there! and he is tormented the rest of his life with the thought that probably untold wealth lay beneath that spade, which he might have possessed had he only been wise enough to seize the treasure when it offered itself. A certain man named William Mace, living at Star long, long ago, swore that he had had this experience, and there 's a dim tradition that

another person seeing the spade passed by about his business, but hastening back, arrived just in time to see the last of the sinking tool, and to perceive also a golden flat-iron disappearing into the earth. This he seized, but no human power could extricate it from the ground, and he was forced to let go his hold and see it sink out of his longing ken.

Some young people, camping on the south side of Appledore, one summer, among the ancient graves, dug up a skeleton; the bones crumbled to dust, but the skull remained intact, and I kept it for a long time. The Shoalers shook their heads. "Hog Island would have no 'luck' while that skull remained aboveground." It had lain so long in the earth that it was no more repulsive than a bit of stone, yet a nameless dread invested it. At last I took it in my hands and pored over it till the shudder passed away forever, and then I was never weary of studying it. Sitting by the drift-wood blaze late into the still autumn nights alone at my desk, it kept me company, — a vase of brilliant flowers on one side, the skull on the other, and the shaded lamp between, equally lighting both. A curious head it was, thick as an Ethiop's, with no space above the eyes, high above the ears, and heavy behind them. But O, those hollows where the eyes once looked out, beholding the same sea and sky we see to-day! Those great, melancholy, empty hollows, — what sort of creature gazed from them? Cunning and malice, anger and hate, may have burned within them in sullen flame; who shall say if any beauty ever illumined them? If hate smouldered here, did love ever look out and transfigure the poor, dull face? did any spark from the far heaven ever brighten it? any touch of lofty thought or aspiration turn the clay to fire? And when so many years ago this being glided away from behind these awful windows and left them empty for ever and ever, did he find what in his life here he could not have possessed, with this head, which he did not make, and therefore was not responsible for? Many and many a question I put silently to the silent casket which had held a human soul; there was no sound to answer me save only the great, gentle whisper of the sea without the windows, and now and then a sigh from the autumn wind. There came to me a sense of the pathos of the infinite patience of humanity, waiting so helplessly and blindly for the unravelling of the riddle that has troubled every thoughtful soul since the beginning of time. Little roots of plants were clasped about the temples. Behind the right ear were three indentations, as if made by some sharp instrument, suggesting foul play. An Indian tomahawk might have made those marks, or a pirate's cutlass, who can say? What matter is it now? I kept the relic for months, till it crumbled so fast when I daily dusted it that I feared it would disappear entirely; so I carried it quietly back and laid it in the grave from which it had been taken, wondering, as I drew the shallow earth over it, who had stood round about when it was buried for the first time, centuries ago, what manner of people, and were they afraid or sorry. But there was no voice to answer me.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

WHEN Cain was driven from Jehovah's land
He wandered eastward, seeking some far strand
Ruled by kind gods who asked no offerings.
Save pure field-fruits, as aromatic things
To feed the subtler sense of frames divine
That lived on fragrance for their food and wine:
Wild joyous gods, who winked at faults and folly,
And could be pitiful and melancholy.
He never had a doubt that such gods were;
He looked within, and saw them mirrored there.
Some think he came at last to Tartary,
And some to Ind; but, howsoe'er it be,
His staff he planted where sweet waters ran
And in that home of Cain the Arts began.

Man's life was spacious in the early world:
It paused, like some slow ship with sail unfurled
Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled;
Beheld the slow star-paces of the skies,
And grew from strength to strength through centuries;
Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,
And heard a thousand times the sweet birds' marriage hymns.

In Cain's young city none had heard of Death
Save him, the founder; and it was his faith
That here, away from harsh Jehovah's law,
Man was immortal, since no halt or flaw
In Cain's own frame betrayed six hundred years,
But dark as pines that autumn never sears
His locks thronged backward as he ran, his frame
Rose like the orbéd sun each morn the same,
Lake-mirrored to his gaze; and that red brand,
The scorching impress of Jehovah's hand,
Was still clear-edged to his unwearied eye,
Its secret firm in time-fraught memory.
He said, "My happy offspring shall not know
That the red life from out a man may flow
When smitten by his brother." True, his race
Bore each one stamped upon his new-born face
A copy of the brand no whit less clear;
But every mother held that little copy dear.

Thus generations in glad idlesse throve,
Nor hunted prey, nor with each other strove;
For clearest springs were plenteous in the land,
And gourds for cups; the ripe fruits sought the hand,
Bending the laden boughs with fragrant gold;
And for their roofs and garments wealth untold

Lay everywhere in grasses and broad leaves:
They labored gently, as a maid who weaves
Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
And strokes across her hand the tresses soft,
Then peeps to watch the poiséd butterfly,
Or little burthened ants that homeward hie.
Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
There was no need for haste to finish aught;
But sweet beginnings were repeated still
Like infant babblings that no task fulfil;
For love, that loved not change, constrained the simple will.

Till hurling stones in mere athletic joy
Strong Lamech struck and killed his fairest boy,
And tried to wake him with the tenderest cries,
And fetched and held before the glazéd eyes
The things they best had loved to look upon;
But never glance or smile or sigh he won.
The generations stood around those twain
Helplessly gazing, till their father Cain
Parted the press, and said, "He will not wake;
This is the endless sleep, and we must make
A bed deep down for him beneath the sod;
For know, my sons, there is a mighty God
Angry with all man's race, but most with me.
I fled from out his land in vain! — 't is he
Who came and slew the lad, for he has found
This home of ours, and we shall all be bound
By the harsh bands of his most cruel will,
Which any moment may some dear one kill.
Nay, though we live for countless moons, at last
We and all ours shall die like summers past.
This is Jehovah's will, and he is strong;
I thought the way I travelled was too long
For him to follow me: my thought was vain!
He walks unseen, but leaves a track of pain,
Pale Death his footprint is, and he will come again!"

And a new spirit from that hour came o'er
The race of Cain: soft idlesse was no more,
But even the sunshine had a heart of care,
Smiling with hidden dread, — a mother fair
Who folding to her breast a dying child
Beams with feigned joy that but makes sadness mild.
Death was now lord of life, and at his word
Time, vague as air before, new terrors stirred,
With measured wing now audibly arose
Throbbing through all things to some unknown close.
Now glad Content by clutching Haste was torn,
And Work grew eager, and Device was born.
It seemed the light was never loved before,
Now each man said, "'T will go and come no more."
No budding branch, no pebble from the brook,

No form, no shadow, but new dearness took
From the one thought that life must have an end;
And the last parting now began to send
Diffusive dread through love and wedded bliss,
Thrilling them into finer tenderness.
Then Memory disclosed her face divine,
That like the calm nocturnal lights doth shine
Within the soul, and shows the sacred graves,
And shows the presence that no sunlight craves,
No space, no warmth, but moves among them all;
Gone and yet here, and coming at each call,
With ready voice and eyes that understand,
And lips that ask a kiss, and dear responsive hand.

Thus to Cain's race death was tear-watered seed
Of various life and action-shaping need.
But chief the sons of Lamech felt the stings
Of new ambition, and the force that springs
In passion beating on the shores of fate.
They said, "There comes a night when all too late
The mind shall long to prompt the achieving hand,
The eager thought behind closed portals stand,
And the last wishes to the mute lips press
Buried ere death in silent helplessness.
Then while the soul its way with sound can cleave,
And while the arm is strong to strike and heave
Let soul and arm give shape that will abide
And rule above our graves, and power divide
With that great god of day, whose rays must bend
As we shall make the moving shadows tend.
Come, let us fashion acts that are to be,
When we shall lie in darkness silently,
As our young brother doth, whom yet we see
Fallen and slain, but reigning in our will
By that one image of him pale and still."
For Lamech's sons were heroes of their race:
Jabal, the eldest, bore upon his face
The look of that calm river-god, the Nile,
Mildly secure in power that needs not guile.
But Tubal-Cain was restless as the fire
That glows and spreads and leaps from high to higher
Where'er is aught to seize or to subdue;
Strong as a storm he lifted or o'erthrew,
His urgent limbs like granite boulders grew,
Such boulders as the plunging torrent wears
And roaring rolls around through countless years.
But strength that still on movement must be fed,
Inspiring thought of change, devices bred,
And urged his mind through earth and air to rove
For force that he could conquer if he strove,
For lurking forms that might new tasks fulfil
And yield unwilling to his stronger will.
Such Tubal-Cain. But Jubal had a frame

Fashioned to finer senses, which became
A yearning for some hidden soul of things,
Some outward touch complete on inner springs
That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,
A want that did but stronger grow with gain
Of all good else, as spirits might be sad
For lack of speech to tell us they are glad.

Now Jabal learned to tame the lowing kine,
And from their udders drew the snow-white wine
That stirs the innocent joy, and makes the stream
Of elemental life with fulness teem;
The star-browed calves he nursed with feeding hand,
And sheltered them, till all the little band
Stood mustered gazing at the sunset way
Whence he would come with store at close of day.
He soothed the silly sheep with friendly tone
And reared their staggering lambs that, older grown,
Followed his steps with sense-taught memory;
Till he, their shepherd, could their leader be
And guide them through the pastures as he would,
With sway that grew from ministry of good.
He spread his tents upon the grassy plain
That, eastward widening like the open main,
Showed the first whiteness 'neath the morning star;
Near him his sister, deft, as women are,
Plied her quick skill in sequence to his thought
Till the hid treasures of the milk she caught
Revealed like pollen 'mid the petals white,
The golden pollen, virgin to the light.
Even the she-wolf with young, on rapine bent,
He caught and tethered in his mat-walled tent,
And cherished all her little sharp-nosed young
Till the small race with hope and terror clung
About his footsteps, till each new-reared brood,
Remoter from the memories of the wood,
More glad discerned their common home with man.
This was the work of Jabal: he began
The pastoral life, and, sire of joys to be,
Spread the sweet ties that bind the family
O'er dear dumb souls that thrilled at man's caress,
And shared his pains with patient helpfulness.

But Tubal-Cain had caught and yoked the fire,
Yoked it with stones that bent the flaming spire
And made it roar in prisoned servitude
Within the furnace, till with force subdued
It changed all forms he willed to work upon,
Till hard from soft, and soft from hard, he won.
The pliant clay he moulded as he would,
And laughed with joy when 'mid the heat it stood
Shaped as his hand had chosen, while the mass
That from his hold, dark, obstinate, would pass,

He drew all glowing from the busy heat,
All breathing as with life that he could beat
With thundering hammer, making it obey
His will creative, like the pale soft clay.
Each day he wrought and better than he planned,
Shape breeding shape beneath his restless hand.
(The soul without still helps the soul within,
And its deft magic ends what we begin.)
Nay, in his dreams his hammer he would wield
And seem to see a myriad types revealed,
Then spring with wondering triumphant cry,
And, lest the inspiring vision should go by,
Would rush to labor with that plastic zeal
Which all the passion of our life can steal
For force to work with. Each day saw the birth
Of various forms which, flung upon the earth,
Seemed harmless toys to cheat the exacting hour,
But were as seeds instinct with hidden power.
The axe, the club, the spikéd wheel, the chain,
Held silently the shrieks and moans of pain,
And near them latent lay in share and spade,
In the strong bar, the saw, and deep-curved blade,
Glad voices of the hearth and harvest-home,
The social good, and all earth's joy to come.
Thus to mixed ends wrought Tubal; and they say,
Some things he made have lasted to this day;
As, thirty silver pieces that were found
By Noah's children buried in the ground.
He made them from mere hunger of device,
Those small white disks; but they became the price
The traitor Judas sold his Master for;
And men still handling them in peace and war
Catch foul disease, that comes as appetite,
And lurks and clings as withering, damning blight.
But Tubal-Cain wot not of treachery,
Or greedy lust, or any ill to be,
Save the one ill of sinking into nought,
Banished from action and act-shaping thought.
He was the sire of swift-transforming skill,
Which arms for conquest man's ambitious will;
And round him gladly, as his hammer rung,
Gathered the elders and the growing young:
These handled vaguely and those plied the tools,
Till, happy chance begetting conscious rules,
The home of Cain with industry was rife,
And glimpses of a strong persistent life,
Panting through generations as one breath,
And filling with its soul the blank of death.

Jubal, too, watched the hammer, till his eyes,
No longer following its fall or rise,
Seemed glad with something that they could not see,
But only listened to, — some melody,

Wherein dumb longings inward speech had found,
Won from the common store of struggling sound.
Then, as the metal shapes more various grew,
And, hurled upon each other, resonance drew,
Each gave new tones, the revelations dim
Of some external soul that spoke for him:
The hollow vessel's clang, the clash, the boom,
Like light that makes wide spiritual room
And skyey spaces in the spaceless thought,
To Jubal such enlarged passion brought
That love, hope, rage, and all experience,
Were fused in vaster being, fetching thence
Concords and discords, cadences and cries
That seemed from some world-shrouded soul to rise,
Some rapture more intense, some mightier rage,
Some living sea that burst the bounds of man's brief age.

Then with such blissful trouble and glad care
For growth within unborn as mothers bear,
To the far woods he wandered, listening,
And heard the birds their little stories sing
In notes whose rise and fall seem melted speech —
Melted with tears, smiles, glances — that can reach
More quickly through our frame's deep-winding night,
And without thought raise thought's best fruit, delight.
Pondering, he sought his home again and heard
The fluctuant changes of the spoken word:
The deep remonstrance and the argued want,
Insistent first in close monotonous chant,
Next leaping upward to defiant stand
Or downward beating like the resolute hand;
The mother's call, the children's answering cry,
The laugh's light cataract tumbling from on high;
To suasive repetitions Jabal taught,
That timid browsing cattle homeward brought;
The clear-winged fugue of echoes vanishing;
And through them all the hammer's rhythmic ring.

Jubal sat lonely, all around was dim,
Yet his face glowed with light revealed to him:
For as the delicate stream of odor wakes
The thought-wed sentience and some image makes
From out the mingled fragments of the past,
Finely compact in wholeness that will last,
So streamed as from the body of each sound
Subtler pulsations, swift as warmth, which found
All prisoned germs and all their powers unbound,
Till thought self-luminous flamed from memory,
And in creative vision wandered free.
Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms upraised,
And on the dark with eager eyes he gazed,
As had some manifested god been there:
It was his thought he saw; the presence fair

Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
The mighty unborn spirit that doth ask
With irresistible cry for blood and breath,
Till feeding its great life we sink in death.

He said: "Were now those mighty tones and cries
That from the giant soul of earth arise,
Those groans of some great travail heard from far,
Some power at wrestle with the things that are,
Those sounds which vary with the varying form
Of clay and metal, and in sightless swarm
Fill the wide space with tremors: were those wed
To human voices with such passion fed
As does but glimmer in our common speech,
But might flame out in tones whose changing reach,
Surpassing meagre need, informs the sense
With fuller union, finer difference, —
Were this great vision, now obscurely bright
As morning hills that melt in new-poured light,
Wrought into solid form and living sound,
Moving with ordered throb and sure rebound,
Then — Nay, I Jubal will that work begin!
The generations of our race shall win
New life, that grows from out the heart of this,
As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
From out the dull unknown of unwaked energies."

Thus he resolved, and in the soul-fed light
Of coming ages waited through the night,
Watching for that near dawn whose chiller ray
Showed but the unchanged world of yesterday;
Where all the order of his dream divine
Lay like Olympian forms within the mine;
Where fervor that could fill the earthly round
With throngéd joys of form-begotten sound
Must shrink intense within the patient power
That lonely labors through the niggard hour.
Such patience have the heroes who begin,
Sailing the first toward lands which others win.
Jubal must dare as great beginners dare,
Strike form's first way in matter rude and bare,
And yearning vaguely toward the plenteous quire
Of the world's harvest, make one poor small lyre.

He made it, and from out its measured frame
Drew the harmonic soul, whose answers came
With guidance sweet and lessons of delight
Teaching to ear and hand the blissful Right,
Where strictest law is gladness to the sense,
And all desire bends toward obedience.
Then Jubal poured his triumph in a song, —
The rapturous word that rapturous notes prolong

As radiance streams from smallest things that burn
Or thought of loving into love doth turn.
And still his lyre gave companionship
In sense-taught concert as of lip with lip.
Alone amid the hills at first he tried
His wingéd song; then with adoring pride
And bridegroom's joy at leading forth his bride,
He said, "This wonder which my soul hath four
This heart of music in the might of sound,
Shall forthwith be the share of all our race
And like the morning gladden common space.
The song shall spread and swell as rivers do,
And I will teach our youth with skill to woo
This living lyre, to know its secret will,
Its fine division of the good and ill.
So shall men call me sire of harmony,
And where great Song is, there my life shall be."

Thus glorying as a god beneficent,
Forth from his solitary joy he went
To bless mankind. It was at evening,
When shadows lengthen from each westward thing,
When imminence of change makes sense more fine
And light seems holier in its grand decline.
The fruit-trees wore their studded coronal,
Earth and her children were at festival,
Glowing as with one heart and one consent, —
Thought, love, trees, rocks, in sweet warm radiance blent.

The tribe of Cain was resting on the ground,
The various ages wreathed in one broad round.
Here lay, while children peeped o'er his huge thighs,
The sinewy man embrowned by centuries;
Here the broad-bosomed mother of the strong
Looked, like Demeter, placid o'er the throng
Of young lithe forms whose rest was movement too, —
Tricks, prattle, nods, and laughs that lightly flew,
And swayings as of flower-beds where Love blew.
For all had feasted well upon the flesh
Of juicy fruits, on nuts, and honey fresh,
And now their wine was health-bred merriment,
Which through the generations circling went,
Leaving none sad, for even father Cain
Smiled as a Titan might, despising pain.
Jabal sat circled with a playful ring
Of children, lambs and whelps, whose gambolling,
With tiny hoofs, paws, hands, and dimpled feet,
Made barks, bleats, laughs, in pretty hubbub meet.
But Tubal's hammer rang from far away,
Tubal alone would keep no holiday,
His furnace must not slack for any feast,
For of all hardship work he counted least;

He scorned all rest but sleep, where every dream
Made his repose more potent action seem.

Yet with health's nectar some strange thirst was blent,
The fateful growth, the unnamed discontent,
The inward shaping toward some unborn power,
Some deeper-breathing act, the being's flower.
After all gestures, words, and speech of eyes,
The soul had more to tell, and broke in sighs.
Then from the east, with glory on his head
Such as low-slanting beams on corn-waves spread,
Came Jubal with his lyre: there 'mid the throng,
Where the blank space was, poured a solemn song,
Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
And measured pulse, with cadences that sob,
Exult and cry, and search the inmost deep
Where the dark sources of new passion sleep.
Joy took the air, and took each breathing soul,
Embracing them in one entrancéd whole,
Yet thrilled each varying frame to various ends,
As Spring new-waking through the creatures sends
Or rage or tenderness; more plenteous life
Here breeding dread, and there a fiercer strife.
He who had lived through twice three centuries,
Whose months monotonous, like trees on trees
In hoary forests, stretched a backward maze,
Dreamed himself dimly through the travelled days
Till in clear light he paused, and felt the sun
That warmed him when he was a little one;
Knew that true heaven, the recovered past,
The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast,
And in that heaven wept. But younger limbs
Thrilled toward the future, that bright land which swims
In western glory, isles and streams and bays,
Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze.
And in all these the rhythmic influence,
Sweetly o'ercharging the delighted sense,
Flowed out in movements, little waves that spread
Enlarging, till in tidal union led
The youths and maidens both alike long-tressed,
By grace inspiring melody possessed,
Rose in slow dance, with beauteous floating swerve
Of limbs and hair, and many a melting curve
Of ringéd feet swayed by each close-linked palm:
Then Jubal poured more rapture in his psalm,
The dance fired music, music fired the dance,
The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
Till all the circling tribe arose and stood
With glad yet awful shock of that mysterious good.

Even Tubal caught the sound, and wondering came,
Urging his sooty bulk like smoke-wrapt flame
Till he could see his brother with the lyre,

The work for which he lent his furnace-fire
And diligent hammer, witting nought of this, —
This power in metal shape which made strange bliss,
Entering within him like a dream full-fraught
With new creations finished in a thought.

The sun had sunk, but music still was there,
And when this ceased, still triumph filled the air:
It seemed the stars were shining with delight
And that no night was ever like this night.
All clung with praise to Jubal: some besought
That he would teach them his new skill; some caught,
Swiftly as smiles are caught in looks that meet,
The tone's melodic change and rhythmic beat:
'T was easy following where invention trod, —
All eyes can see when light flows out from God.

And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
Music their larger soul, where woe and weal
Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
Moved with a wider-wingéd utterance.
Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
"Hearing myself," he said, "hems in my life,
And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand,
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
The great clear voices. Such lands there must be,
Where varying forms make varying symphony, —
Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills
With other strains through other-shapen boughs;
Where bees and birds and beasts that hunt or browse
Will teach me songs I know not. Listening there
My life shall grow like trees both tall and fair
That spread and rise and bloom toward fuller fruit each year."

He took a raft, and travelled with the stream
Southward for many a league, till he might deem
He saw at last the pillars of the sky,
Beholding mountains whose white majesty
Rushed through him as new awe, and made new song
That swept with fuller wave the chords along,
Weighting his voice with deep religious chime,
The iteration of slow chant sublime.

It was the region long inhabited
By all the race of Seth, and Jubal said:
"Here have I found my thirsty soul's desire,
Eastward the hills touch heaven, and evening's fire
Flames through deep waters; I will take my rest,

And feed anew from my great mother's breast,
The sky-clasped Earth, whose voices nurture me
As the flowers' sweetness doth the honey-bee."
He lingered wandering for many an age,
And sowing music made high heritage
For generations far beyond the Flood, —
For the poor late-begotten human brood
Born to life's weary brevity and perilous good.

And ever as he travelled he would climb
The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,
The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But wheresoe'er he rose the heavens rose,
And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
Nought but a wider earth; until one height
Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore:
Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, "The world is great, but I am weak,
And where the sky bends is no solid peak
For me to stand on, but this panting sea
Which sobs as if it stored all life to be.
New voices come to me where'er I roam,
My heart too widens with its widening home:
But song grows weaker, and the heart must break
For lack of voice, or fingers that can wake
The lyre's full answer; nay, these chords would be
Too poor to speak the gathering mystery.
The former songs seem little, yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore
Tell what the earth is saying unto me:
The secret is too great, I hear confusedly.

"No farther will I travel: once again
My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
Where I and Song were born. There fresh-voiced youth
Will pour my strains with all the early truth
Which now abides not in my voice and hands,
But only in the soul, the will that stands
Helpless to move. My tribe will welcome me,
Jubal, the sire of all their melody."

The way was weary. Many a date-palm grew,
And shook out clustered gold against the blue,
While Jubal, guided by the steadfast spheres,
Sought the dear home of those first eager years,
When, with fresh vision fed, the fuller will
Took living outward shape in pliant skill;
For still he hoped to find the former things,
And the warm gladness recognition brings.

His footsteps erred among the mazy woods
And long illusive sameness of the floods,
Winding and wandering. Through far regions, strange
With Gentile homes and faces, did he range,
And left his music in their memory,
And left at last, when nought besides would free
His homeward steps from clinging hands and cries,
The ancient lyre. And now in ignorant eyes
No sign remained of Jubal, Lamech's son,
That mortal frame wherein was first begun
The immortal life of song. His withered brow
Pressed over eyes that held no fire-orbs now,
His locks streamed whiteness on the hurrying air,
The unresting soul had worn itself quite bare
Of beauteous token, as the outworn might
Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's light.
His full deep voice toward thinnest treble ran:
He was the rune-writ story of a man.

And so at last he neared the well-known land,
Could see the hills in ancient order stand
With friendly faces whose familiar gaze
Looked through the sunshine of his childish days,
Knew the deep-shadowed folds of hanging woods,
And seemed to see the selfsame insect broods
Whirling and quivering o'er the flowers, to hear
The selfsame cuckoo making distance near.
Yea, the dear Earth, with mother's constancy,
Met and embraced him, and said: "Thou art he!
This was thy cradle, here my breast was thine,
Where feeding, thou didst all thy life entwine
With my sky-wedded life in heritage divine."

But wending ever through the watered plain,
Firm not to rest save in the home of Cain,
He saw dread Change, with dubious face and cold
That never kept a welcome for the old,
Like some strange heir upon the hearth, arise
Saying, "This home is mine." He thought his eyes
Mocked all deep memories, as things new made,
Usurping sense, make old things shrink and fade
And seem ashamed to meet the staring day.
His memory saw a small foot-trodden way,
His eyes a broad far-stretching paven road
Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode;
The little city that once nestled low
As buzzing groups about some central glow,
Spread like a murmuring crowd o'er plain and steep,
Or monster huge in heavy-breathing sleep.
His heart grew faint, and tremblingly he sank
Close by the wayside on a weed-grown bank,
Not far from where a new-raised temple stood,

Sky-roofed, and fragrant with wrought cedar-wood.
The morning sun was high; his rays fell hot
On this hap-chosen, dusty, common spot,
On the dry withered grass and withered man:
The wondrous frame where melody began
Lay as a tomb defaced that no eye cared to scan.

But while he sank far music reached his ear.
He listened until wonder silenced fear
And gladness wonder; for the broadening stream
Of sound advancing was his early dream,
Brought like fulfilment of forgotten prayer;
As if his soul, breathed out upon the air,
Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
Quick with the various strains of life to be.
He listened: the sweet mingled difference
With charm alternate took the meeting sense;
Then bursting like some shield-broad lily red,
Sudden and near the trumpet's notes outspread,
And soon his eyes could see the metal flower,
Shining upturned, out on the morning pour
Its incense audible; could see a train
From out the street slow-winding on the plain
With lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries,
While men, youths, maids, in concert sang to these
With various throat, or in succession poured,
Or in full volume mingled. But one word
Ruled each recurrent rise and answering fall,
As when the multitudes adoring call
On some great name divine, their common soul,[1]
The common need, love, joy, that knits them in one whole.

The word was "Jubal!" . . . . "Jubal" filled the air
And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there,
Creator of the quire, the full-fraught strain
That grateful rolled itself to him again.
The aged man adust upon the bank —
Whom no eye saw — at first with rapture drank
The bliss of music, then, with swelling heart,
Felt, this was his own being's greater part,
The universal joy once born in him.
But when the train, with living face and limb
And vocal breath, came nearer and more near,
The longing grew that they should hold him dear;
Him, Lamech's son, whom all their fathers knew,
The breathing Jubal, — him, to whom their love was due.

All was forgotten but the burning need
To claim his fuller self, to claim the deed
That lived away from him, and grew apart,
While he as from a tomb, with lonely heart,
Warmed by no meeting glance, no hand that pressed,

Lay chill amid the life his life had blessed.
What though his song should spread from man's small race
Out through the myriad worlds that people space,
And make the heavens one joy-diffusing quire? —
Still 'mid that vast would throb the keen desire
Of this poor aged flesh, this eventide,
This twilight soon in darkness to subside,
This little pulse of self that, having glowed
Through thrice three centuries, and divinely strowed
The light of music through the vague of sound,
Ached smallness still in good that had no bound.

For no eye saw him, while with loving pride
Each voice with each in praise of Jubal vied.
Must he in conscious trance, dumb, helpless lie
While all that ardent kindred passed him by?
His flesh cried out to live with living men
And join that soul which to the inward ken
Of all the hymning train was present there.
Strong passion's daring sees not aught to dare:
The frost-locked starkness of his frame low-bent,
His voice's penury of tones long spent,
He felt not; all his being leaped in flame
To meet his kindred as they onward came
Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's face:
He rushed before them to the glittering space,
And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
Cried, "I am Jubal, I! . . . . I made the lyre!"

The tones amid a lake of silence fell
Broken and strained, as if a feeble bell
Had tuneless pealed the triumph of a land
To listening crowds in expectation spanned.
Sudden came showers of laughter on that lake;
They spread along the train from front to wake
In one great storm of merriment, while he
Shrank doubting whether he could Jubal be,
And not a dream of Jubal, whose rich vein
Of passionate music came with that dream-pain,
Wherein the sense slips off from each loved thing,
And all appearance is mere vanishing.
But ere the laughter died from out the rear,
Anger in front saw profanation near;
Jubal was but a name in each man's faith
For glorious power untouched by that slow death
Which creeps with creeping time; this too, the spot,
And this the day, it must be crime to blot,
Even with scoffing at a madman's lie:
Jubal was not a name to wed with mockery.

Two rushed upon him: two, the most devout
In honor of great Jubal, thrust him out,

And beat him with their flutes. 'T was little need;
He strove not, cried not, but with tottering speed,
As if the scorn and howls were driving wind
That urged his body, serving so the mind
Which could but shrink and yearn, he sought the screen
Of thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.
The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.

He said within his soul, "This is the end:
O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul:
I lie here now the remnant of that whole,
The embers of a life, a lonely pain;
As far-off rivers to my thirst were vain,
So of my mighty years nought comes to me again.

"Is the day sinking? Softest coolness springs
From something round me: dewy shadowy wings
Enclose me all around — no, not above —
Is moonlight there? I see a face of love,
Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong:
Yea, — art thou come again to me, great Song?"

The face bent over him like silver night
In long-remembered summers; that calm light
Of days which shine in firmaments of thought,
That past unchangeable, from change still wrought.
And there were tones that with the vision blent:
He knew not if that gaze the music sent,
Or music that calm gaze: to hear, to see,
Was but one undivided ecstasy:
The raptured senses melted into one,
And parting life a moment's freedom won
From in and outer, as a little child
Sits on a bank and sees blue heavens mild
Down in the water, and forgets its limbs,
And knoweth nought save the blue heaven that swims.

"Jubal," the face said, "I am thy loved Past,
The soul that makes thee one from first to last.
I am the angel of thy life and death,
Thy outbreathed being drawing its last breath.
Am I not thine alone, a dear dead bride
Who blest thy lot above all men's beside?
Thy bride whom thou wouldst never change, nor take
Any bride living, for that dead one's sake?
Was I not all thy yearning and delight,
Thy chosen search, thy senses' beauteous Right,
Which still had been the hunger of thy frame
In central heaven, hadst thou been still the same?
Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any god,

Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
Or thundered through the skies, as other share
Of mortal good, than in thy soul to bear
The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious breast?
No, thou hadst grasped thy lot with all its pain,
Nor loosed it any painless lot to gain
Where music's voice was silent; for thy fate
Was human music's self incorporate:
Thy senses' keenness and thy passionate strife
Were flesh of her flesh and her womb of life.
And greatly hast thou lived, for not alone
With hidden raptures were her secrets shown,
Buried within thee, as the purple light
Of gems may sleep in solitary night;
But thy expanding joy was still to give,
And with the generous air in song to live,
Feeding the wave of ever-widening bliss
Where fellowship means equal perfectness.
And on the mountains in thy wandering
Thy feet were beautiful as blossomed spring,
That turns the leafless wood to love's glad home,
For with thy coming melody was come.
This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
And that immeasurable life to know
From which the fleshly self falls shrivelled, dead,
A seed primeval that has forests bred.
It is the glory of the heritage
Thy life has left, that makes thy outcast age:
Thy limbs shall lie dark, tombless on this sod,
Because thou shinest in man's soul, a god,
Who found and gave new passion and new joy,
That nought but Earth's destruction can destroy.
Thy gifts to give was thine of men alone:
'T was but in giving that thou couldst atone
For too much wealth amid their poverty."

The words seemed melting into symphony,
The wings upbore him, and the gazing song
Was floating him the heavenly space along,
Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
Through veiling vastness, like the far-off bell,
Till, ever onward through the choral blue,
He heard more faintly and more faintly knew,
Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-wave,
The All-creating Presence for his grave.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A WEEK AT DULUTH.

AS the two little steamers found their way out from among the windings of the St. Louis River (where half the time one boat appeared, to those on board the other, to be gliding about, not on any stream, but breast-deep in a grassy sea of flat meadows), and desperately puffing and panting, put their noses into the white teeth of an easterly gale on St. Louis Bay, a bleak cluster of new-looking wooden houses, on a southward-fronting hill-side, was pointed out to us as the Mecca of our pilgrimage.

The first sight, to us shivering on deck, was not particularly cheering. But as we passed on into Superior Bay, and a stroke of light from a rift in the clouds fell like a prophetic finger on the little checkered spot brightening in the wilderness, the view became more interesting. The town lies on the lower terraces of wooded hills which rise from the water's edge, by easy grades, to the distant background of a magnificent mountain range, — a truly imposing site, to one who can look beyond those cheap wooden frames, — the staging whereby the real city is built, — and see the civilization of the future clustering along the shore, and hanging upon the benches of that ample amphitheatre.

The two bays were evidently once an open basin of the lake, from which they have been cut off, one after the other, by points of land formed by the action of its waves meeting the current of the river. Between the lake and Superior Bay is Minnesota Point, — an enormous bar seven miles in length, covered by a long procession of trees and bushes, which appear to be marching in solid column, after their captain, the lighthouse, across the head of the lake, towards the land of Wisconsin. It is like a mighty arm thrust down from the north shore to take the fury of the lake storms on one side, and to protect the haven thus formed on the other. Seated on the rocky shoulder of this arm, with one foot on the lake, and the other on the bay, is the infant city of Duluth.

Approaching a wharf on the bay side of the narrow peninsula, we perceive a very large crowd for so small a town awaiting our arrival. On landing, we are made fully aware of the hospitable intent of the citizens. They not only sent the two steamers up the river to fetch us, but here they are crowding to welcome and carry us off to their homes. As there is no hotel in the place (though spacious ones are building), we are glad to fall into the hands of these new friends, some of whom have hastened the completion of their summer-built houses on our account. We are regarded as no ordinary guests, the real fathers of the city being of our party. A few papers signed in Philadelphia have made a great Northwestern port and market possible — nay, inevitable — at this point. The idea of such a city had long been in the air; but it was these men who caught the floating germ and planted it here. In other words, it is the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad that builds Duluth, and they are the builders of the railroad.

The "avenue" laid out on Minnesota Point is not yet the remarkably fine thing it looks on paper, and is no doubt destined to be in the future, — a grand thoroughfare extending some seven miles along this natural breakwater, betwixt lake and bay. At present one sees but a rough, pebbly road, which looks more like a line of very tremendous handwriting, italicized by a wooden sidewalk drawn under it. It is flanked by a few stores, dwellings, and Indian huts, and by a good many trees in the neighborhood of the wharf; and it leads up thence to the real city front, half or three quarters of a mile above.

As we walk up thither (that is, such of us as are not lodged on the Point), under a strong escort of citizens on foot (carriages are still scarce in Duluth), we can hear the roar of the great lake on the other side of the bar, and catch glimpses of its white breakers and blue distance through openings among the trees.

Civilization is attracted to the line of a railroad like steel-filings to a magnet; and here appears to be the point of a magnet of more than ordinary power. "Four months ago," our guide tells us, as we mount the wooden steps which lead up to Superior Street, "there were only half a dozen houses in Duluth; now there are over a hundred." These are not mere shanties either, but substantial wooden buildings, for the most part. We look up and down Superior Street, and see stores, shops, dwellings, a church, a school-house, a post-office, a bank, a big hotel, and, strangest sight of all, a large jewelry store going up in the woods. In the midst of all which visible preparations for an early influx of trade an astonishing quiet reigns. There are unfinished roofs and open house-sides all round us, yet not a sound is heard.

Our first thought was that business had been suspended in honor of our arrival. Then we remembered that it was Sunday, — a fact which had been constantly jostled out of our consciousness by the secular circumstance of travel on that day, and of which we had been particularly reminded, I think, but once; that was, when a smile was raised by a worthy elderly gentleman going about in a very public manner, on the steamboat, innocently inquiring for a euchre pack.

Two of us are taken into custody by a dealer in hardware; and it is like getting home, after our journey through the wilderness, to find ourselves in comfortable quarters, with the prospect of a real bed to sleep in, dinner awaiting us, and the kind faces of Mr. N—— and his sister beaming upon us as if we were old friends, for whom enough cannot be done. We have front rooms, the windows of which command a view that can hardly be beaten by any windows in the world; on the left, the stormy lake tumbling shoreward its white surges; and in front, just across the dividing bar of Minnesota Point, the comparatively tranquil bay, studded with "floating islands," and stretching far off yonder, between forest-fringed shores, to Superior City, in Wisconsin, eight miles away.

The next morning (Monday, August 16th) shows a changed aspect of things. The wind has gone down, the weather is inviting, and we go out to view the town, which, so quiet the day before, is ringing now with the noise of axes and hammers and saws, and clanking wheels, and flapping boards flung down, and scenes of busy life on every side. Wood-choppers are cutting trees, piling sticks and brush, and burning log-heaps, — clearing the land, not for wheat and potatoes, but for the planting of a city. The streets have not yet been graded, but the rude wagon-tracks go curving over hillocks and through hollows, amid rocks and stumps and stones, and the plank sidewalks span many a deep gully and trickling stream.

The plan of the town well befits its really superb situation. Superior Street occupies the front of the lower terrace of the hills. Behind this, and parallel with it, are the numbered streets, — First, Second, Third, and so on, — rising step by step on the gentle acclivity. Crossing the streets are the avenues, which go cutting their tremendous gaps through the dense forest growth, up the wild mountain-side.

Going down to the lake shore, I am surprised to find under the cliff an old wharf and warehouse in the angle formed by Minnesota Point. I afterwards meet the owner and learn of him how they came here. Included in what is now Duluth is the old town of Portland, which had a name and a location at this point, but never any real existence. Here was an Indian agency, and that was about all. Good maps of the States show several such towns scattered along the north shore, — Clif-

ton, Buchanan, Burlington,—like flies on the back of that monstrous forefinger of the lake, which is seen pointing in a southwesterly direction across the continent. Of these paper towns Portland was always deemed the most important. Situated at the western extremity of the grandest lake and river chain in the world,—that vast fresh-water Mediterranean which reaches from the Gulf of St. Lawrence almost to the centre of North America,—it required no great degree of sagacity to perceive that here was to be the key to the quarter of a hemisphere,—here or hereabouts. Wherever was established the practical head of navigation between the northern range of States and the vastly more extensive undeveloped region beyond, there must be another and perhaps even a greater Chicago.

"This," said Mr. L——, "looked to me to be the spot. There 's no good natural harbor here; neither is there anywhere about the end of the lake. But here is the best chance to make a harbor. Superior Bay is deep enough for small vessels, and dredging will make it deep enough for large ones. On the lake side of the Point we have depth of water enough to float a navy; and it only needs a breakwater thrown out from the north shore, parallel with the Point, to make as much of a haven as is wanted. There are rocks on the hills that will dump themselves into the lake, only help 'em a little. I knew the expense of the thing was n't going to stand in the way of a good harbor here many years. My mistake was in thinking the millennium was coming so soon. There began to be talk of a railroad here fifteen years ago, and I thought we were going to have it right away. So I went to work and built a wharf and warehouse. I expected great quantities of lumber would be shipped and supplies landed at once. But the railroad did n't come, and the lumber did n't go. It cost me two hundred dollars a year to keep my wharf in repair, exposed, as you see it, to the lake storms, and I never got a cent for it."

Then it appeared that the railroad was not coming to the north shore at all, but to the other end of Superior Bay, in the State of Wisconsin. This was the project of Breckenridge and his Southern associates, who got a land-grant through Congress, and founded Superior City, and were going to have a stronghold of the slave power in the enemy's country,—a Northern metropolis to which they could bring their servants in summer, and enjoy the cool breezes of the great lake. Superior grew up at once to be a town of considerable size and importance, and stupendous hopes. But the war of the Rebellion came and put an end to schemes of that sort. The new city grew dejected, and fell into a rapid decline; if true, what its friends still loudly claimed for it, that it was "looking up," it must have been (like that other city a fellow-traveller tells of) because, lying flat on its back, it could not look any other way.

Portland, quite overshadowed for a while by the mushroom-umbrella of its rival, now peeped forth and took courage. Minnesota was determined, after all, to have the railroad which had so nearly fallen into the hands of her fair neighbor, Wisconsin. By running it from St. Paul to the north shore, crossing the St. Louis River at its falls, above Fond du Lac, she could keep it entirely within her own borders. But while the young State had abundant enterprise, she lacked the financial resources of her older sisters. Fortunately, when the project seemed on the point of failure, the attention of eminent capitalists of Pennsylvania was called to it, and its success insured. The bonds of the newly organized Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad Company—amounting to four and a half million dollars, secured by a lien upon its magnificent land-grant of over sixteen hundred thousand acres—were put upon the market by Jay Cooke, and sold within a week's time, so great was the confidence of financial men in the scheme and its supporters. An immense force of laborers was in the mean while

thrown upon the line of the road, and the work was pushed forward rapidly towards completion.

Then the three or four faithful ones, who had held on so long here under all discouragements, began to see their reward. A new town had been laid out, including Portland and that part of the township of Duluth lying on Minnesota Point and the head of the bay, and called Duluth (pronounced *Doolooth*), after the adventurous Frenchman, Daniel Greysolon Du Luth (or De Luth, or De Lut, or even Delhut, for his name appears spelled in various ways), a native of Lyons, — soldier, Indian-trader, and explorer, — whose canoes scraped the gravel on these shores nearly two hundred years ago. The land-owners made liberal grants to the railroad, and it has enriched them in return. One who came here fifteen years ago as an "Indian farmer" (sent out by the government to teach the Indians the cultivation of the soil) sells to-day, of land he "pre-empted" then, a single house-lot on Superior Street for forty-five hundred dollars.

The coast scenery is very fine. The waves break upon a beach of red shingle and sand, which stretches for miles along Minnesota Point (like an edge to that sickle), and crops out again in beautiful colored coves and basins under the jutting rocks and romantic wood-crowned cliffs of the north shore. The water is deep and transparent, and it is delightful in calm weather, afloat in a skiff, or lying on the shelf of a projecting ledge, to look down through the softly heaving, indolent, cool, crystal waves, and see the curiously tinted stones and pebbly mosaic at the bottom. The beaches abound in agates, which are constantly gathered, and which are as constantly washed up afresh by every storm. This shore is noted for them; and it is amusing to see newly arrived tourists run at once to the water, and, oblivious of all the grander attractions of the place, go peering and poking in the shingle for these not very precious stones.

Returning from a ramble on the rocks, I am attracted by a crowd on a street corner, discussing a murder committed on the spot a couple of days ago. Some Philadelphia roughs employed on the railroad got into a row at the door of a saloon from which they had been ejected, and made an attack upon a young man passing by, pursued him, crying, "Kill him! kill him!" and did kill with a stab from a knife his brother who came to his rescue. The victim was a brave young man, belonging to a highly respected family living here; his death created an intense excitement, and I hear stern-faced men talk with dangerous, settled calmness of tone of taking out the offenders and promptly hanging them, — justice being as yet scarcely organized in the place.

Nine of the rioters had been arrested, and were having an examination in the office of a justice of the peace close by. I look in, and see a hard-visaged set of fellows with irons on their legs, listening with reckless apathy to the testimony of the murdered man's brother. The history of one of the prisoners would serve to point the moral of a tale. Sitting there on the rude bench, in coarse, soiled clothes, one of the villanous-looking row, he is recognized by some of our party as the son of a wealthy and respectable Philadelphian, — a youth who might now be enjoying the advantages which money and social position can give, had he not preferred the way of the transgressor. The fable of Poor Tray does not apply to the case of one who can hardly have gone into company worse than himself. His father had given him up as irreclaimable; and here he was, at last, a day-laborer on a railroad, and the companion of assassins.

With no grand jury, and no jail in the State nearer than St. Paul, but with a powerful gang of railroad laborers at hand threatening the rescue of their comrades, it was certainly a strong temptation to a hot-blooded young town to solve the difficulty by the simple device of a vigilance committee and a rope. Better counsels

prevail, however, and five of the nine, proved to have been concerned in the murder, are imprisoned in a lager-beer brewery back of the town, where they spend a thirsty night, — lager, lager everywhere, and not a drop to drink. To prevent a rescue, the streets are patrolled after dark by a strong guard of citizens, who can be heard walking up and down on the sidewalks all night long, and challenging each other under our windows.

"Who goes there?"

"Friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

The countersign is whispered loud enough to let any one within easy earshot know that it is the popular name of the aforementioned innocent beverage; and once it is bawled out prematurely by an inexperienced sentinel.

"Who goes there?" is the challenge.

"Lager!" is the bold response; followed by the rather unmilitary rejoinder, "Advance, Lager, and give us a drink, will you?"

There is happily no rescue attempted; and the next day the five are sent off, under a sufficient escort, to be lodged in prison at St. Paul. I hope that when they come to be tried and sentenced, the jolt through the woods will be taken into merciful consideration, as something that should mitigate their final punishment.

While our business-men are conferring with the citizens, and discussing plans for dredging the inner harbor, building a breakwater for the outer harbor, and making one grand harbor of the two by cutting a canal across Minnesota Point, the rest of us have ample time to enjoy ourselves. One day we accompany them on a trip up the St. Louis River, to inspect the grade of the railroad at various points. Now it is a steamboat excursion down the bay to the end of Minnesota Point, where it tosses the seas upon the curved horn of a breakwater thrown out into the lake for the protection of Superior Harbor; and a visit to Superior City itself, lying on a low plateau across the channel, — a desolate-looking town of deserted wharves, broken-windowed warehouses, dilapidated shops and dwellings, and one hopeful newspaper which keeps up a constant warfare with the rival sheet at Duluth. Then it is a fishing excursion up the trout streams of the north shore, a morning or moonlight row upon lake or bay, and a visit to the "floating-islands."

These are among the most interesting curiosities of the place. They lie in full view of the town, mostly off Rice's Point, which separates Superior Bay from the bay of St. Louis, — a pretty sisterhood of green-wooded islets, each gracefully topped by the shaggy spires of its little group of tamaracks. They are actually floating, though anchored apparently by the roots of trees reaching down through them to the bottom of the shallow basin in which they rest. They undulate and rock in storms, and are sometimes moved from their moorings by high winds and seas, when they float about till lodged in some new position. Not long ago one of these green-masted ships parted its cables in a westerly gale, crossed the bay under a full sail of tamarack boughs, and grounded on Minnesota Point, where it still remains. We touched at it in one of our excursions, and found it to all appearances a mere raft of living roots imbedded in an accumulation of vegetable mould. It is overgrown with moss and bushes, and trees twenty or thirty feet high. We did not land upon it (if setting foot on such an amphibious, swampy mass could be called landing), but satisfied ourselves with thrusting our oars under it, as we rowed about its edge.

The existence of these islands appears a great mystery to most people; and it is amusing to hear the ingenious theories suggested regarding their origin. The phenomenon is not, however, peculiar to this region. Pliny the Younger noted, on a lake near Rome, reed-overgrown islands which sometimes floated off with sheep that had

ventured upon them from the shore. The "floating gardens" of Mexico, seen by the Spanish discoverers, were similar formations, which the natives had put to a picturesque use, by covering them with rich sediment from the lake bottom, planting them with the luxurious fruits of the tropics, and even building huts upon them. There are now on a lake in Prussia floating islands of sufficient size and solidity to give pasturage to herds of cattle. The great rivers of the world — those of South America, the Ganges, the Mississippi — frequently send forth from their mouths wandering islands, which are sometimes seen bearing out to sea the serpents, alligators, or wild animals that had found a home upon them. To these last the commonly received theory as to the origin of floating islands, — namely, that rafts of drift-wood became covered with flying dust and sand, forming a deposit in which plants could take root — may be applicable. But how about such curious appearances in waters where drift-wood is out of the question? There they must have had a very different beginning. I have myself witnessed, in the State of Vermont, a phenomenon which seems to afford a simple key to the riddle. There is in Rutland County a small lake or pond, at one end of which is a cove entirely overgrown, to the extent of two or three acres, I should say, by a substance very similar to that which forms the base of these islands of Superior Bay. It is very spongy, it heaves and shakes as you tread or jump upon it, and I have thrust a fish-pole through it into a greater or less depth of shallow water beneath. There are no large trees upon it, but it is covered with various water-loving shrubs and plants, whose roots form a compactly quilted mass, thinnest at the outer edge, where it appears still to be in process of formation. One can easily imagine how such a mass grew out from the land, pushing forward first perhaps a vegetable scum, "the green mantle of the standing pool," on which falling and drifting leaves lodge and decay, and which the minute fibres of shore plants soon penetrate and attach. The march of vegetation tends in the direction in which it finds sustenance; and soon, following the little foragers, an army of reeds and rushes and bushes advances even upon the unstable surface of the water, mortality in the ranks helping yearly to build the bridge on which the small feet find support, and so gradually preparing it for the approach of heavier battalions. This is no unfrequent phenomenon; and doubtless many ponds are at last quite quilted over in this way. If shallow, they may soon be filled by the thickening and sinking of the mass; or a subterranean lake may remain to astonish some future digger of well or cellar. But let the deposit take place on the borders of a larger body of water, let trees root themselves in it, then let fragments of it be torn off by storms, or the lifting and wrenching power of thick ice, and you have something very like the floating islands of Duluth.

Crossed by a forest road a little way northeast of the town are two mountain streams, — one of considerable size, — which fill the deep-wooded solitudes with their enticing music and pictures. They come down from the heights beyond, and fall into the lake through wild gorges, whose leaning rocks and trees overhang many a dark pool of fascinating depth and coolness, many a chasm of rushing rapids tumbling over ledges and stones, many a white cascade leaping clear from some high shelf, through an embroidered gateway of green boughs. A summer residence here, commanding a view of the lake on one side, and having a bit of nature's own park, with two or three of these delicious waterfalls in the rear, would not be very objectionable. Methinks one could hang up his hat here very contentedly during two or three months of the year.

The hillside immediately back of the town is not quite so enchanting, as I discover one morning, somewhat to my cost. Over the hummocks and hollows and springy places of the new clearing,

where hammers resound on the roofs of hotel, church, and dwellings, I pass on, — amid stumps and rocks and piles of lumber and cord-wood, — and enter a solitary "avenue," opened by the axe, and extending up the mountain slope. On each side is a perfect wall of woods, which it is not hard to fancy a wall of grand house-fronts twenty years hence. The morning is soft and still, a few birds twitter among the trees, but otherwise the silence of the place is broken only by the far-off hammers of the carpenters and the echoing strokes of axes at the upper end of the avenue. There wood-choppers are at work cutting still farther into the forest their gigantic swath. Straight, smooth stems of pale poplar and birch, of pine and cedar and spruce, fall before them, letting in sunlight upon the overgrown thicket. My way lies over cut boughs, strips of birch bark curled up on the ground, fresh chips, moss-covered, rotten trunks, a trickling brook bridged by a fallen fir-tree, and a few delicate, shade-loving plants nestled beside rocks and roots, — all soon to be swept from the pathway of a great thoroughfare.

The wood-choppers show me a track by which they say I can reach the end of another avenue west of them, and I think it will be pleasant to return to town that way. But there is some mistake; it is soon evident that the path is carrying me too far up the mountain-side. I quit it at length, and, plunging into the intricacies of the untrodden woods, make for a light space which seems to indicate the opening I am in search of. After a terrible scramble over and about tangled tree-tops and trunks fallen and crossed, gullies and rocks and springs, I reach the space, which turns out to be no avenue, but a forest windfall. Here the tweaking forefinger of a tornado had uptorn by the roots and thrown into twisted heaps a few acres of trees, to which fire had afterwards been set, leaving a melancholy waste of ruins. I now find that I have passed to the westward of the town, far above the reach of its avenues. The spot is the haunt of hawks, pigeons, cross-bills, small birds, and mosquitoes. The birds are there for the raspberries, which have sprung up profusely all about the windfall; and the hawks are after the birds. The mosquitoes seem to be there chiefly on my account. But for their too persistent attentions, I should be content to pass the residue of the morning in this spot. The berries are abundant and sweet; and from the summit of a ledge I look out upon a wondrous picture of the world, — the windings of the St. Louis River, the sister bays, the great lake itself, with floating islands, dividing points of land, and blue lines of forest sweeping round distant shores, all lying enchanted under a misty spell. A steamer coming up the bay, an idle schooner, and a canoe on the lake, appear suspended in the glassy stillness. With which exquisitely lovely scene before my eyes, I sit on a half-burnt log, and fight mosquitoes, and think what a fine place this would be to have a Rip Van Winkle nap, and wake up some years hence, when all this jungle shall have been displaced by the paved and spacious streets of a city overlooking a harbor thronged with shipping. Then what gentle and easy way of descent will there be, where now to reach the town by a short cut I am forced to pass through the fanged jaws of a wild beast of a thicket!

There linger about Duluth a few degenerate Indians, who hunt with white man's powder, fish with white man's nets, and drink white man's whiskey. The most distinguished figure among them is a young brave with heroically painted features and a feather in his hat, who gets a living by picking blueberries, and selling them for white man's money.

It is a region of mirages. Nearly every day we discover baseless promontories across the lake, and forests magnified or growing downwards; and I am told that it is no very uncommon thing to see two or three steamers when only one is approaching, — the real steamer on the water, another

inverted above that, and perhaps still another in the clouds. Wonderful sun-dogs and moon-dogs are seen here and throughout the State. "You think the sun is rising in two or three places at once," said a lady to me; who also told of having seen five moons in the heavens on a winter's night. Around the real moon was a luminous circle, and this was quartered by a cross formed by four bright bars extending to four mock moons through which the circle was drawn. That is, the central orb appeared as the hub of a wonderful celestial wheel with four spokes, and a mock moon at the juncture of each spoke with the rim.

The winters are milder and the summers cooler at Duluth than at St. Paul, — the immense body of the lake water serving to modify the extremes of temperature. The lake is not always closed over with ice in winter, and it opens to navigation quite as early in the spring as Huron and Michigan.

I have already intimated my belief that here is to be one of the foremost cities of the West. Not even the infancy of Chicago gave such promise of early greatness, for Chicago had no settled country behind it, whereas Duluth will enjoy at once, on the completion of its railroad, an immense traffic with the Upper Mississippi and the region beyond. All the railroads radiating from St. Paul, penetrating the State in every direction, will be tributary to this grand trunk, which is to unite, by a brief connecting link, the two great navigable fresh-water systems of North America. The head of Lake Superior lies four degrees of longitude farther west than the head of Michigan, yet it is practically no farther (by water communication) from New York and the ports of Europe. On the other hand, it is only one hundred and fifty miles distant, while the head of Michigan is near four hundred and fifty miles distant, by railroad from St. Paul. At least four fifths of the grain of Minnesota, which now seeks the markets of the East through other channels, — by railroad to Milwaukee or Chicago, or by water to some point of transshipment down the river, or by the hot and tedious passage of the Gulf, — will naturally find this easier and cheaper outlet. The shortening of the route, especially at the railroad end of it, — for it is the railroad transportation that costs, — will tend to raise the price of wheat in Minnesota, and to lower the price of flour in Boston; while the great returning tide of Eastern merchandise flowing to the far Northwest will be sure to pass this way.

Duluth has not immediately surrounding it the fertile prairies which attracted emigration, and fed the infant Chicago; but back of it lies a magnificent forest belt, invaluable in the first place for its timber, and next for its soil, which appears peculiarly adapted to grazing and wool-growing, and the cultivation of winter wheat. In the midst of the lumber district, where the railroad crosses the river, some twenty miles from its mouth, are the falls of the St. Louis, — the *dalles* of the French *voyageurs*, — which afford a water-power not inferior to that of St. Anthony. The *dalles* — flag-stones or steps over which the river falls — are the outcrop of one of the most extensive bodies of valuable slate in the world. It is available for all purposes to which slate is ordinarily applied; and experienced men, who have visited the quarries opened on the line of the road, declare that the whole surrounding country, and the entire valley of the Mississippi, may here be supplied with this useful material for centuries to come. Then there are the adjacent regions of copper and iron, whose importance in the future development of this now remote district cannot be calculated by any array of figures. With all which advantages of position, it is inevitable, as I see, that here must soon be built up a great commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing centre.

Yet here we are but just on the threshold of the great new empire of the Northwest. Here is the summit of the water-shed of near half a conti-

nent, the hills of Northeastern Minnesota pouring from their slope streams that flow to the lakes and the Atlantic on the east, to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and to Hudson's Bay on the north. The head of Lake Superior is about equidistant from Boston, New Orleans, and the sources of the Saskatchewan, towards which the course of empire is fast taking its way. Not far from this geographical centre we may look with Mr. Seward for the ultimate political centre of America; and it will not be many years before the frontier State of Minnesota will wake up and find herself in the heart of the Union.

A few landmarks show how powerfully the tide of human affairs is tending in this direction. In 1854 Minnesota had a population of twenty-four thousand. In 1864 she had sent more than that number of soldiers to the war. As late as 1858 she imported her breadstuffs. In 1868 she exported twelve million bushels of wheat, and was reckoned the fifth "wheat State" in the Union. This year (1869), with a population of near half a million, and more than a million acres of wheat under cultivation, — promising a crop of at least twenty million bushels, sixteen or seventeen millions of which will be for exportation, — she will take rank as the second or third wheat State; in a few years she will be the first, and that position she will retain until outstripped in her turn by some more youthful rival.

Rivals all about her she is destined soon to have. The North Pacific Railroad is now speedily to be built, running from the head of Lake Superior almost due westward to Puget Sound, through the most favored region of all the proposed transcontinental routes. It will sow cities on its borders, and link new States to the old. Already the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad — of which I have spoken in a former paper, and which is to unite with the North Pacific at Breckenridge — is penetrating the valley of the Red River of the North, and opening a way of communication with Lake Winnepeg, and our uneasy neighbors of the Selkirk settlement. Westward from this now isolated outpost of civilization lies by far the most fertile portion of British America, farther north indeed than Canada, but with a milder climate, which assimilates more and more closely to that of the same latitudes in Europe as we approach the Rocky Mountain spurs. Northward from the proposed line of the North Pacific Road one must travel some six hundred miles before he reaches the parallel of Edinburgh. What a region is here! rich in soils, rivers, forests, remote from the mother country, and adjoining our own, of which it must before many years form a part. Of the future of America, when all this old and new territory, stretching from Lake Superior to the Pacific coast, shall have become, with Minnesota, a cluster of populous and powerful States, who shall venture to prophesy?

It is Sunday again (August 22d), just a week after our arrival, when the larger of the two little steamers that brought us to Duluth is once more thronged, together with the wharf at which she lies, with a crowd of people. There is much cordial hand-shaking, and hurrying ashore, and hurrying aboard; and the crowd separates, one half remaining on the wharf, the other moving slowly away from it on the steamer's deck. A mutual waving of hats and fluttering of handkerchiefs, and adieu to Duluth, and its week-old friendships, and its never-to-be-forgotten hospitalities!

Down the bay we go tipsily staggering; the crank little "side-wheeler" rolling over first on one paddle-box and then on the other, to the breakwater at the end of Minnesota Point, where is moored a long, black-hulled lake steamer, the *St. Paul*, awaiting us; we are soon transferred on board of her; before us lies a dim horizon of waters, and soon behind us is trailing an endless black flag of smoke, miles away, over the darkening waves; and we are homeward bound.

ASPROMONTE.

BEAUTY made glad the day, — and sadness glad;
So, without sorrow, to the grove we wandered
Where lie the loved ones in their myrtle bed.
Till then I never knew peace-parted souls
Could unto souls on earth give benediction
Of peace like that which they enjoy in heaven.
For surely, as we sat there in the sun,
On the fresh turf, there seemed a "*Pax vobiscum*"
Descending on us with each dropping leaf;
And on their graves I think, almost, we laughed,
Recalling words of theirs, and pretty customs,
Until Death seemed, as 't were, a pleasant thing.
And when we mused, "At home we miss them so!"
One said, "They *are* at home, and He is with them
Who said so sweetly, 'Children, come to me!
And come to me, ye heavy-laden, worn,
And half-spent soldiers of the bitter battle,
And I will nurse you in my hospital.
The hospitality of heaven is mine:
I am the One Physician, — yours forever;
And, when your wounds are healed, we dwell as friends
In the same mansion, and in purer air
Than where you came from: that was fraught with peril —
O most destructive! I was also there.'"
At this there seemed a whispering from beneath
A certain mound that bare the name of "Mother";
And we all heard a voice as plain as this.

THE VOICE.

Matters nothing to me now
  Who dispraised or praises me;
I am gone where they and thou,
  Fondest friend! erelong must be.

Dread thou to severely scan
  Blame that is or may have been;
Meeter Judge there is for man
  Than his fellow-soul of sin.

I have known in evil hearts
  Rays of goodness, here and there;
And the saint, when he departs,
  Hath full need of human prayer.

All are brothers; and the sole
Hope of your hereafter rest
Is that Heaven may bless the whole,
For the One who was the Blest:

By that word he spake for them
Who had speared the Sinless through,
"Father, spare Thou to condemn
Souls that know not what they do."

OUR MONEY PROBLEM,

IN THE LIGHT OF THE EXPERIENCE OF ENGLAND WITH AN INCONVERTIBLE PAPER CURRENCY.

FROM 1797 to 1821, a period of twenty-four years, the use of coined money and of its representatives was lost in England, through causes much the same as those which produced a like result in this country eight years ago, and an inconvertible paper currency became the medium of domestic exchanges. In the monetary phenomena of that interesting period, and in the history of events connected with them, there is much to be found that runs closely parallel with our own passing experience, and from which more light upon the currency problem at present perplexing us is to be derived than we can look for from any other source. No doubt the lessons of the English era of inflated paper, in their bearing upon the questions now testing American statesmanship, have been carefully studied by many persons, and have contributed to the formation of intelligent opinions in many individual cases; but, strangely enough, there seems to have been no attempt, so far in the progress of the discussion of our monetary derangement, to place the facts of the two experiences in comparison before the public. Even an inadequate presentation of such a comparison is better than its neglect, and some errors may be corrected by the view in which the subject is here presented.

The suspension of cash payments in 1797 by the Bank of England, and, as a consequence, by all other banking institutions throughout the British kingdom, was permitted, or ostensibly commanded, by an act of Parliament, which became necessary by reason of an alarming stricture in the money market, resulting from the heavy expenditures of a costly war. That long conflict in which England had involved herself, first with revolutionary France, and afterwards with Napoleon, had then been four years in progress. The like causes which, in our more desperate internecine struggle, produced the same effects with rapidity, were slow in their operation. Even after the restriction of cash payments, gold retired tardily from the field of circulation, and several years passed before the depreciation of paper currency made itself observably manifest. The first clear symptom — for a long time misunderstood — of some departure in British trade from the general measurement of values appeared in the turning of the rates of foreign exchange against England. Exchange on Hamburg, for example, which had ruled low for several years, rose in 1801 to fourteen per cent, or seven per cent above the cost of transmitting gold, — a state of things for which no adverse balance of trade would ac-

count; although few economists of the day were prepared to look elsewhere for its explanation. When it had been found, however, and convincingly shown, that trade at the time was actually in favor of England, there seemed to be no escape from the conclusion that foreign bills were selling at a premium considerably above the cost of shipping gold, simply because the currency with which they were bought had lost something from its nominal value. Another token of the fact appeared about the same time in the advancement of the market price of gold bullion above the mint price. The "mint price" is that defined rate at which bullion is received at the Mint and returned in coin, — not so much a price, in fact, as a definition, by which the denominational terms of the money of barter and account are given an exact meaning, in fractions of an ounce of standard gold. At the period in question, the mint price of standard gold bullion in England was fixed at £3 17 *s.* 10½ *d.* per ounce. The market price, or the price of bullion purchased with bank-notes, had risen in 1804 to £4, in 1810 to £4 5 *s.*, and in 1813, by a more rapid advance, to £5 10 *s.*, — the highest quotation that I find recorded during the period of depreciated paper. When it sold at £4 5 *s.* in bank-notes, the ounce of bullion, which would exchange for only £3 17 *s.* 10½ *d.* in coined gold, showed what, in the wrong parlance of our day, we should call a "premium on gold" of 9$\frac{1}{16}$ per cent. At a market quotation of £5 10 *s.* the "premium" became 41 per cent, and the bank-note, which purported to be of the value of one pound sterling, or twenty shillings, exchanged for no more than fourteen shillings and two pence in gold.

It must be understood that no direct measurement of the market value of paper money against gold coin was allowed to be made at any time during the period of the suspension of cash payments, and that absolutely no such thing found opportunity to grow up as that gambling speculation in gold by which all the natural symptoms of the disease of paper depreciation have been so violently exaggerated in our own corresponding case. Under an old statute of Edward VI. it was held to be a penal offence to sell guineas of good weight for more than twenty-one shillings, or their par, in paper, although clipped and light-weight guineas, which might be lawfully melted for exportation, were freely sold at twenty-five and twenty-six shillings. As late as 1810 three men were at one time lying under conviction of the crime of dealing speculatively in gold coin; and although the verdict against them, and the law on which it rested, were ultimately set aside by the Court of Common Pleas, the idea of unlawfulness in that kind of speculation was so effectually impressed upon the mind of a public for whom penal law had more terrors than belong to it in these days and on this side of the Atlantic, that no quotable dealing in gold money as a commodity of the market ever took place. The sale and purchase of bullion for shipment abroad alone furnished occasion or opportunity for bringing the value of the now incontrovertible bank-note into comparison with the ancient standard from which it had departed. Of the dealing in bullion, there was just so much as the transactions of foreign commerce gave rise to, and no more. The notes of the Bank of England being receivable by the government for all taxes, no demand for gold, such as that created here by the exaction of customs dues in coin, existed, to keep at an active strain and in powerful tension, as it does with us, the divergency of the paper and the metallic currency from each other. Although the notes of the Bank of England were not formally declared legal tender until several years after their specie basis had been restored, they were practically made so, first by the supposed operation of the ancient statute before referred to, and later by a new enactment which took its place in 1810, whereby any attempt to make a difference, either in payment or

prices, between guineas and bank-notes, was declared to be a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment and fine. Compared with this vigorous legislation, the Legal-Tender Act of Congress in 1862 was but a mild measure for forcing the credit of an irredeemable paper currency.

It is easy to see, from the circumstances, that the maximum "premium" of forty-one per cent, to which gold bullion rose in the English market during the reign of paper values there, is no fair index of the real depreciation or debasement of the paper currency of that period, as compared with the extreme price of $2.85½ at which the dollar of gold coin was bought and sold among the brokers of Wall Street in the midsummer of 1864. In the one case, all the conditions attending, and most of the influences bearing upon, the inflation of paper were calculated to suppress or keep down those more immediate and palpable manifestations of its excess which the free and active marketing of gold as a commodity develops; while, in the other case, a wild and madly excited spirit of speculation has all the time been stimulating them to gross exaggeration. Mr. Fessenden said in his report as Secretary of the Treasury, in 1864, referring to the extraordinary fluctuations that had taken place that year in the gold market, or, more strictly speaking, in the arena of gold gambling: "In the course of a few days the price of this article rose from about $ 1.50 to $ 2.85 for $ 1.00 in specie, and subsequently fell in as short a period to $ 1.87, and then again rose as rapidly to $ 2.50; and all without any assignable cause traceable to an increase or decrease in the circulation of paper money, or an expansion or contraction of credit, or other similar influence on the market tending to occasion a fluctuation so violent. It is quite apparent that the solution of the problem may be found in the unpatriotic and criminal efforts of speculators, and probably of secret enemies, to raise the price of coin, regardless of the injury inflicted upon the country, or desiring to inflict it." So transparently true is this observation, not only of the extraordinary price to which gold was carried in 1864, but more or less, also, of the fluctuating quotations of the whole period since it became a commodity of the market in 1862, that it is impossible to say of any quoted "premium," at any time, how much represents actual dilution of the purchasing currency, how much represents doubt of the national stability or credit, and how much is the purely artificial product of conspiracy and speculation. Very certain it appears, that with us the price of gold, as a supposed measure of the depreciation of currency, has all the time grossly exaggerated it, while it is equally certain that in England the market price of gold bullion never indicated fully the real decline in relative value of the paper money for which it was exchanged. Had a "gold room" been in operation at London, from 1812, say, to 1819; had lines of telegraph been transmitting hourly reports of hourly fluctuating quotations to every corner of the kingdom; had every importing merchant been a necessary purchaser of gold to the average amount of fifty per cent of his foreign invoices, for payments at the custom-house; and had no penalties of law restrained the sale or exportation of guineas, — it is hardly to be doubted that under such circumstances a mark very far above forty-one per cent would have been touched in the "premium" of gold during that period.

If we wish to ascertain the actual degree of the inflation and depreciation of English currency in the period under review, for the purpose of comparing that experience of monetary derangement with the similar one which we are now suffering ourselves, we must look (1) at the volume of currency brought into circulation in the two cases, relatively to the population and trade existing in each; and (2) at the state of prices produced in the one instance and in the other. Before entering upon these examinations, however, it is best to mention some facts descriptive of

the banking system under which the note currency of England from 1797 to 1819 — and several years later, indeed — was created.

The Bank of England acquired in 1709, by act of Parliament, an exclusive monopoly in England and Wales of the privilege of issuing bills or notes, payable on demand, to circulate from hand to hand, except as such bills might be issued by private individuals on their single credit, or by a limited number of persons associated in mere partnership. The act in question prohibited any company of persons exceeding six in number from "borrowing, owing, or taking up money on their bills or notes payable to bearer on demand." At the period of this legislation, and until long afterwards, when the modern system of drawing checks upon deposits was introduced, the privilege so monopolized constituted the essential privilege of all banking business. The effect, therefore, of the act, renewed at every extension of the charter of the bank, was to forbid the existence, anywhere within England or Wales, of joint-stock banks, or of any considerable aggregations of capital in banking, to interfere with the gains or dispute the controlling monetary power of the great corporation at London, which bribed government by frequent heavy advances and by taking upon itself the management of the public debt. And this exclusive monopoly the Bank of England maintained until 1826, when it was so far modified as to permit the organization of joint-stock banks at points not within sixty-five miles of London. During the period under notice it was in full effect, and it gave birth, by necessary consequence, to a system, or no system, of private banking throughout England, which rivalled the loose and reckless "wild-cat" banking of a somewhat later day in the United States. The Bank of England established no branches, even in the larger cities outside of London, for the accommodation of the business of the country, nor could any other responsible organization of capital be formed for its accommodation. A swarm of private banks, of course, came into existence under these circumstances, multiplying thick and fast after the restriction of cash payments was enacted and the inflation of paper money began; banks without regulation by law, without public provision for the security of their obligations, without public question as to their management or the state of their affairs. "All sorts of petty tradesmen," as one historian of the time writes, "became bankers, each one the issuer of promissory notes *not* payable in gold, and finding abundant room for their circulation." In 1798 there were only about 270 of these banks in existence. Ten years later they had multiplied to 600; in 1810, to 782; in 1812, to 825; in 1813, to 922; and in 1814, the culminating year of inflation, and just before its first collapse, they numbered no less than 940. So entirely without surveillance of law was the management of these private banks, that no means ever existed for ascertaining, or even estimating by any nearer approximation than the merest guess-work, the amount of their notes in circulation. One witness examined before Mr. Peel's Bank Committee in 1819, — a prominent London banker, Mr. Lloyd, — testified his belief that the issues of the country banks amounted to £40,000,000 or £50,000,000, and that was after the crash of 1815–16 had swept over one hundred of them out of existence. The committee, however, in their report, — evidently disposed to make the facts appear as favorable as possible to the plan of resumption which they recommended, — declared that this country bank circulation had never exceeded £25,000,000. Mr. McLeod, in his "History of Banking," thinks it a very low estimate to calculate an average issue of £30,000 by each bank. Fairly judging from all that can be gathered upon the subject, it seems to be safe to assume that the paper currency set afloat by the private bankers in England amounted, at the period of greatest inflation, — say in the summer of 1814, — to not less than £35,000,000.

The issues of the Bank of England at the same time had risen to £24,801,080, by stages which appear in the following table, taken from the report of the Committee on the Bank Charter in 1832. It shows the average circulation of the Bank in each year from 1792 to 1815:—

1792	£11,307,380	1804	£17,077,830
1793	11,888,910	1805	17,871,170
1794	10,744,020	1806	17,730,020
1795	14,017,510	1807	16,950,680
1796	10,729,520	1808	18,188,160
1797	9,674,780	1809	18,542,860
1798	13,095,830	1810	21,019,600
1799	12,959,800	1811	23,360,220
1800	16,344,470	1812	23,408,320
1801	16,213,280	1813	23,210,930
1802	15,186,880	1814	24,801,080
1803	15,319,930	1815	27,261,650

The aggregate of currency set afloat in England and Wales (both Scotland and Ireland having distinct banking systems) by the Bank of England and the private bankers appears, therefore, to have been in 1814 not less than £60,000,000, against probably not more than £30,000,000 to £35,000,000 at the beginning of the century. Something more must be added for the circulation of the notes of the Scotch joint-stock banks in the English counties on the border, where they were in high credit and extensively used; and something more still for the silver coin that necessarily remained in circulation when the smallest bank-note permitted was for £1 (five dollars), and no such creation as "fractional currency" was dreamed of. Altogether, we can hardly err widely if we estimate the total of currency in use in England about the time mentioned at £70,000,000, or $350,000,000.

To state the amount of currency in use in the United States within the past eight years, for the comparison to be instituted, is no easy matter, and cannot be done with accuracy. The elements in the computation are, (1) the specie in circulation in 1860–61; (2) State bank circulation from 1860 to 1865; (3) national bank-note circulation from 1864; (4) United States legal-tender notes issued and outstanding since 1862, less amount held in treasury and amount held in national bank reserve; (5) fractional currency. Using all the data I have been able to obtain from official and other sources, the following is perhaps about as close an approximation as can be made to a correct statement of the currency actually in circulation in the United States each year from 1860 to 1869:—

1860	January	$407,152,032
1861	"	390,255,977
1862	"	418,938,945
1863	June	550,000,000
1864	October	606,000,000
1865	"	595,000,000
1866	June	580,000,000
1867	"	522,197,930
1868	"	553,866,033
1869	September	592,316,644

The increase here shown in 1868 and 1869 over 1867 is mainly due to a reduction of the amount of currency held in the treasury, and to the substitution of three-per-cent certificates for legal tenders in the bank reserves. The three-per-cent certificates are no doubt properly to be included in a statement of the volume of currency; but I have omitted them, as well as the compound-interest notes, for the reason that whatever function they may perform in connection with our currency is no doubt fully offset on the English side by a corresponding use of exchequer bills, which were extensively afloat during the period with which our comparisons are drawn. It is equally safe to leave gold coin out of the account on both sides, because, being wholly retired from ordinary circulation in each instance, its uses and influences in trade were probably about the same in each.

We have, then, as the maximum of inflation in England, a circulation of about $350,000,000, and as the maximum in the United States a circulating currency of $606,000,000. But the population (England and Wales in 1814) using the former amount of currency was scarcely 11,000,000, while the population in the United States (excluding that of the eleven States in rebellion) employing the latter sum was not less than 24,000,000, and more probably 25,000,000. The ratio of currency to population in England was nearly

$32 per head; in the United States it has been from $25 to $26. Population, however, as was forcibly argued by the Hon. George Walker in his instructive letter appended to the report of Commissioner Wells for 1868, is no proper measure of the relative requirements of currency in any two countries, except as one element in a comparison which takes account also of their wealth, of the magnitude and activity of their trade, and of the facility of transportation with which it is carried on. England, to-day, in a natural condition of things, requires no doubt a larger circulation of money than the United States, proportionate to the population employing it. But the England of fifty-odd years ago, with a total foreign trade, imports, domestic exports, and re-exports aggregating only $256,000,000 (against $1,955,000,000 in 1867), without railroads or steam-carriage, on the other hand, to accelerate the exchanges within her compact territory, can hardly be supposed to have had healthy use for a larger circulation per head than the United States in 1864. The necessary conclusion seems to be that the excess to which the volume of currency swelled in England, under the long restriction of cash payments after 1797, was at least as great as we have known at any time in this country since specie payments were suspended, in 1862.

If we look at the indication of general prices, comparing their advance in the two periods, above prices previously prevailing, we shall find reason to conclude that the depreciation of the value of currency in the English case, resulting from inconvertibility and excessive quantity, was fully equal to that we have experienced in our own. A remarkably valuable exhibit of the course of prices in England from 1784 to 1837, prepared for the Commons Committee on Commercial Distress in 1848, is quoted by Doubleday in his Life of Peel. It shows in centesimal proportions the comparative prices of ninety articles of commerce, averaged for successive periods of six years each, the price given in every case being without duty. We select from the table a few leading articles for citation. The price attached to each article at the beginning is taken as the standard, equal to 100: —

The Course of Prices in England from 1784 *to* 1837.

	£ s. d.	1784 to 1790.	1791 to 1797.	1798 to 1804.	1805 to 1811.	1812 to 1818.	1819 to 1825.	1826 to 1832.	1833 to 1837.
Candles, per dozen lbs.	0 7 8½	100	111	133	152	152	104	85	. .
Coals, Newcastle, per caldron	0 19 11	100	130	167	202	190	156	139	124
Coffee, Jamaica, best, per cwt.	4 7 6	100	118	158	151	124	153	106	128
Wheat, per bushel	0 5 8½	100	121	165	189	193	130	130	103
Barley, per quart'n	1 4 2	100	128	165	177	191	134	186	121
Rye " "	1 9 6	100	127	168	179	184	122	120	109
Oats " "	0 17 2	100	118	157	170	181	131	135	122
Flour, per sack	1 17 3	100	123	183	214	223	155	162	137
Iron, pig, British, per ton	5 18 6	100	130	144	151	151	148	115	96
Beef, per tierce	3 13 10	100	134	185	195	188	151	142	152
Pork, per barrel	2 19 7	100	124	179	168	176	133	121	111
Butter, per cwt.	2 18 6	100	120	142	174	197	159	140	145
Spirits, British, malt, per gal.	0 2 8½	100	166	193	233	230	193	112	82
Sugar, Jamaica, brown, per cwt.	1 9 8	100	158	150	139	181	107	93	104
Tallow, London, melted, per cwt.	2 8 2	100	113	143	164	169	112	98	102
Wool, Southdown, per lb.	0 0 10½	100	128	180	238	221	150	92	166
Average of 90 articles		100	120	150	174	177	125	104	104

It is to be noted that the period in which an advance of prices is first shown — that from 1791 to 1797 — was anterior to the suspension of cash payments. Within that period, therefore, the average advance of twenty per cent is solely attributable to the disturbance of production and trade by war. After that, the two causes operated together, very much as in our own case, although

to us the disturbing effects of war were, no doubt, brought nearer home, and were somewhat more violently felt.

From a lately published statement of the prices of breadstuffs and provisions in the New York market on the 1st day of January each year since 1860, I have prepared the following centesimal table similar to the above, for comparison with it. So far as may be judged from the

The Course of Prices at New York from 1860 *to* 1870.

	1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870
Flour (Western) per bbl. $5.29	100	100.5	103.9	118.1	130.4	197.5	168.2	215.1	180.5	113.4	82.2
Wheat (Mich.) per bus. 1.50	100	96.6	100	98	100	176.6	173.3	213.3	213.3	141.6	103.3
Corn (old Western) do. 0.90	100	80	71.1	86.6	144.4	207.7	105.5	124.4	156.6	122.2	122.2
Oats (Western) do. 0.46½	100	79.5	90.3	150.5	197.8	. .	133.3	148.4	187	167.7	139.8
Rye (Western) do 0.92	100	81.5	90.2	92.4	138	188	106.4	133.7	195.6	163	110
Pork (Mess) per bbl. 16.37	100	97.7	73.3	88.5	122.1	250.4	177.8	116.8	128.2	171	181.7
Beef (plain West'n) do. 9.50	100	94.7	115.8	136.8	126.3	226.3	189.4	168.4	168.4	147.3	147.3
Hams (pickled) per lb. 0.09¼	100	86.5	64.8	75.6	108.1	210.5	172.9	132.4	129.7	164.8	162.1
Lard do. 0.10½	100	98.7	82	88.	114.2	228.5	188	123.8	121.4	166.6	164.2
Butter (Western) do. 0.16	100	87.5	93.7	125	162.5	281.2	218.7	200	281.2	250	187.5
Cheese (Factory) do. 0.11	100	90.9	63.6	109	145.4	218.1	170.4	154.5	136.3	177.2	159
Average of 11 articles	100	90.3	86.2	106.2	135.4	218.5	164	157.3	172.5	162.2	141.7

comparison of these two tables, the average range of prices in England, during the twenty-one years from 1798 to 1819, must have been fully as high, relatively to prices prevailing before war commenced, as the range of prices in this country has been since 1863, when their advance began. It is true that in the latter of the two tables the year 1865 shows an upward bound to a height very far transcending the highest mark made in the former; but the prices given in the English table, it must be remembered, represent each the average of a period of six years, and it is more than probable that in some single years — within the interval from 1812 to 1818, for example — the extraordinary level of 1865 must have been closely approached. Indeed, I learn from another table, in which the prices of wheat, rye, barley, and oats are given for each year from 1797 to 1815, that in 1812 the prices of those grains were at an average nearly three times greater than their prices before the war. For the whole period from 1798 (the year following the first restriction of cash payments) until 1825 (four years after resumption took place), the average of the prices of the ninety articles embraced in the English table was 56 per cent greater than their ante-war prices. For the whole period from the beginning of 1863 until 1870 the average of the prices of the eleven articles embraced in the New York table was 57 per cent greater than their prices in 1860.

By the comparison of prices, then, as well as by a comparison of the relative volumes of inconvertible paper money afloat in the two instances, we seem to be led to the conclusion that the state of monetary derangement in England which followed the suspension of specie payments in 1797 bore a very close resemblance, in seriousness of extent, as well as otherwise, to that which has prevailed in the United States since 1862. The Parliamentary statesmen of England at that period had to deal with almost identically the same problem that our own legislators are now attempting to master, and these latter, it is plain, can look nowhere for surer instruction than is to be gathered from the operation of the measures that were tried by the former.

As before noted, it was not until several years after the restriction of cash payments in England, that the phenomena of the resulting monetary derangement began to be observed. They were developed rapidly after 1806 by the growth of speculation, incited, first, by the "paper blockades" which Napoleon's Berlin Decree and the English retaliating Orders in Council had established, and then further inflamed

by the occurrences which opened to British enterprise those Spanish American colonies that were still supposed to be inexhaustible depositories of mineral wealth. Under the influence of a speculative mania, for the stimulation of which all the conditions were prepared, the effects delineated, of an inflated and depreciated currency, were quickly produced. It was long, however, before their real significance and nature were discerned by more than a very few men of advanced intelligence. The whole banking and commercial world persisted for many years in attributing the rise of prices wholly "to the effect of the war," and in considering the so-called "premium" upon bullion as absolutely an advance in the value of gold, induced by scarcity resulting from unfavorable exchanges. The famous report of the Bullion Committee of 1810 found very few prepared to accept its incontrovertible principles. In that remarkable report, chiefly the work of Francis Horner, the now accepted principles of monetary science were first fairly defined. It erred unquestionably in taking the market price of bullion as an exact measure of the depreciation of paper currency, and in concluding that a summary restoration of the lost standard, by resumption of cash payments within two years, was at that period practicable; but it made thoroughly and with scientific precision a diagnosis, so to speak, of the disease of the time. Supported only by a small party in Parliament, who became known as the "Economists," its views encountered overwhelming opposition, and it was rejected by a large majority. More effectually to condemn and extinguish its heretical doctrine, that the currency of the country had undergone depreciation, and that values had lost all definiteness of measurement, a defiantly contradicting resolution was carried by the Ministry of the day, and Parliament reposed upon its work. Nine years later the doctrines of the Bullion Report had become the prevailing creed, and Sir Robert Peel, who voted against them in 1810, became the instrument of their practical application.

The next four years after 1810 were marked by a prodigious extension of enterprise in all directions, and particularly in agricultural improvement. What railroad building became at a later time, and what the mania of oil production, under similar circumstances, became in this country a few years ago, the reclaiming of waste lands and the fertilizing of unproductive soils was in England in 1812. Men lost all sense, apparently, of the natural limits within which capital could profitably invest itself in farming. It was believed that permanence had been given to the high price of wheat, by the Corn Law of 1804, establishing a minimum price of sixty-three shillings per quarter, below which importation was prohibited by a duty of twenty-four shillings and three pence per quarter. Money was abundant. The banks, checked by no thought of a "pay-day" for their obligations, put no limit upon their discounts. Men with small means, or with no means, found themselves able to command and to handle the boundless capital of credit. Of course they were venturesome with it. Of course they were enterprising, and, as we have seen in our own country, under like circumstances, within these seven years last past, a wondrous unsubstantial and illusive show of prosperous activity grew out of the opening of a wide opportunity for risking really little to gain possibly much.

Toward the close of 1814 the crash came. Peace had been temporarily attained with Napoleon in exile at Elba, and the act restraining cash payments required their resumption within six months after a declaration of peace. At the first movement of preparation for resuming, the bubble began to fall to pieces, and, notwithstanding a prompt re-enactment of the restriction, the following year found the whole fabric of overgrown enterprise and speculation totally prostrate. Eighty-nine country banks went into bankruptcy at once, and those that did struggle through the

crisis so curtailed their issues that the currency from that source which had been in circulation is believed to have been diminished in amount nearly one half. The Bank of England, as a measure of relief to business, increased its issues about £3,000,000; but still there must have been a suddenly created vacuum left of £8,000,000 or £10,000,000.

This destructive catastrophe of "contraction" in 1814–1816 is one of the most important facts of the history to which we are reverting. It explains the possibility of the measure of resumption adopted three years later, and teaches by what a disastrous method the heroic cure of these monetary diseases is of necessity accomplished.

Two years of half-paralyzed trade and stagnant enterprise caused an accumulation of bullion in the vaults of the Bank of England, and lowered its market price from £5 8*s.* per ounce in February, 1814, to £3 18*s.* 6*d.* in October, 1816. At the latter quotation the market price of bullion had dropped to within seven pence halfpenny per ounce, or about four fifths of one per cent of the par of the Mint. Under these circumstances, the Bank felt itself able to undertake a partial resumption of cash payments, and was permitted in the autumn of 1816 to issue notices, offering the redemption of all its notes dated prior to January 1, 1812. Early in the following year another step in the same direction was taken by notice of the redemption of all notes of the Bank of England dated prior to January 1, 1816; and in October, 1817, the notice was still further extended to all notes except the issues of that year. When these steps were first taken, had prudent measures been adopted for restraining the general volume of currency within the limit to which it had been reduced by the collapse of 1814–15, there seems to be no reason for doubting that resumption might at that time have been made complete very easily, and with little if any addition to the effects of the existing prostration. The business of the country was nearly flat; general prices had sunk enormously, and, in fact, everything had tumbled almost to the specie bottom, as it was. But, fatuously enough, a new expansion of the currency was begun simultaneously with the undertaking of the experiment of partial resumption. The Bank of England had increased its issues from £26,000,000 in the summer of 1816 to £29,000,000 in the autumn of 1817. The country banks, as they recovered their footing, threw out an increasing volume of paper again; and so, very soon, depreciation began to manifest itself anew. At the first offering of redemption by the Bank of England, the demand for gold seems to have been remarkably slight. But it steadily increased, and almost every ounce drawn from the Bank by the presentation of its notes was got by speculators for shipment abroad. Mr. Peel, in a subsequent speech, estimated the drain at £6,000,000, and as the market price of bullion rose above £4 per ounce, it became evident before the close of 1817 that the experiment of resumption must cease. An act of Parliament was accordingly passed, releasing the Bank from the fulfilment of its notices, and once more the suspension of specie payments was complete.

Three or four years of the state of things which thus recurred would unquestionably have brought affairs again to as bad a pass as they were in four years before. Speculation revived; prices readvanced; an enormous importation of foreign goods took place, and the old bursted bubble was refilling itself as fast as it well could. But those who apprehended the meaning of these symptoms were now more numerous than in 1810, and Parliament took alarm. A committee to report upon the state of the Bank, with Sir Robert Peel for its chairman, was appointed during the winter of 1819, and from that committee came the plan of resumption by a "sliding scale," which we often hear referred to nowadays, but very seldom intelligently discussed. The provisions of the bill in which

this plan was submitted to Parliament may be briefly recapitulated as follows: —

The acts restraining cash payments were to continue in force until May 1, 1823; but

After February 1, 1820, and until October 1, 1820, the Bank should be required to pay its notes on demand, in amounts not less than of the value or price of sixty ounces, at £4 1*s.* per ounce, in standard *gold bullion*, stamped and assayed at the Mint.

After October 1, 1820, and until May 1, 1821, it should be required to pay its notes in the same manner at the rate of £3 19*s.* 6*d.* per ounce of standard bullion.

After May 1, 1821, and until May 1, 1823, the rate of payment should be £3 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce, or the mint price of bullion, giving two years during which the notes of the Bank should be maintained at par *in bullion*, before payments in cash or coin should be undertaken. After May 1, 1823, the Bank must redeem in coin.

Within the first period mentioned, the Bank might pay, if it chose, at a rate less than £4 1*s.*, but not less than £3 19*s.* 6*d.* on giving three days' notice; and in the second period it might pay at a rate not less than £3 17*s.* 10½*d.* If it once lowered the rate, however, it had no permission to raise it again.

The payments of the Bank were to be made in bars or ingots of sixty ounces each, and fractional sums of less than the value of forty ounces in silver coin.

All former restrictions upon trade in bullion and coin were totally repealed.

Such were the essential details of the law known as "Peel's sliding scale," under which the resumption of specie payments was accomplished in England. It encountered considerable resistance, both in Parliament and out, its chief opponents being a party which maintained ideas corresponding with those now inculcated in this country by Mr. Pendleton and his disciples. These persons objected to the restoration of the ancient metallic standard of value, upon the ground that the vast debt of the nation, and the great amount of private obligations incurred during the previous twenty-two years, had been contracted in a depreciated currency, and could only with justice be paid by the same measure; that the restoration of the old standard after twenty-two years of suspension, became a public and private fraud. They contended that the Bank should regulate the payment of its notes, not by a fixed standard, but by the price of gold, whatever it might be. Then, as now, however, these specious arguments were powerless to corrupt the better sense of public honesty which prevailed, or to confuse in the minds of the majority a shrewd perception of the folly of attempting to carry on a successful foreign commerce with a currency not conformed to the common standard of exchangeable value. Mr. Peel in his speech said: "It is in vain to think that foreign nations can be imposed upon by such a deception, or that in their dealings with us they will not calculate upon the depreciation." To that consideration, at least, there was no answer to be made.

The bill passed Parliament without a division in May, 1819. At the time of its passage, the difference to be overcome between value in paper money and in gold was asserted by Mr. Ricardo and other economists to be no more than five per cent. They were betrayed into a great mistake, however, by accepting the market price of bullion as a true index of that difference. Had it really been so, the transition to cash payments would have been easily and safely accomplished. Within three months after the passage of the act, the market price of bullion had fallen to the mint price, and the accumulation of gold by the Bank was so rapid that early in 1821 — two years in advance of the time fixed by law — it asked and obtained permission to resume payments in cash. But meantime mischievous consequences had been wrought, in which the real length of the leap taken to solid ground was dis-

closed. A ruinous fall of prices set in simultaneously with the passage of the Bank Act, and failures in every department of business followed thick and fast throughout the year. Whether these were consequences or coincidences remains to this day a question in dispute between different writers in England. But there can hardly be a reasonable doubt that, although the general fall of prices may have been considerably helped by the occurrence of a heavy harvest, and although the results of excessive importation may have been inevitable in any event, the commercial disasters of 1819 were mainly, nevertheless, the immediate consequence of the anticipation of diminished nominal values, produced by the passage of the Bank Act.

Six years afterwards, when the operation of the act was made a subject of Parliamentary investigation, the Directors of the Bank of England asserted that no contraction of currency took place under it, and that it had no practical effect upon resumption. Mr. Tooke also claims, I believe, that the circulation of notes and coin in 1822 was actually greater than the circulation of notes in 1819. But if it be true that no contraction of currency took place, then all the more marked do we see the moral effect of the apprehension of it, and the practical mischief of the sudden preparation of every business man for a new system of things ordered and fixed in time by an act of legislation. The contrivance of the sliding scale of resumption obviously worked with no appreciable effect in the manner intended, and failed utterly to distribute the strain of the transition from one measure of values to another over a protracted period of time. So far as can be discovered, the passage was accomplished no less by one perilous leap than if the act had omitted altogether its careful scale, and had commanded resumption absolute to take place on the first day of January following. If the whole shock of transition was not felt in 1819, the little that was spared must have gone into the tremendous revulsion of 1825, only six years afterwards, which is remembered as one of the most destructive financial catastrophes that England ever knew. It is claimed that Mr. Ricardo, before he died, acknowledged that he had been entirely mistaken in supposing that the return to cash payments would make no more than five per cent difference in the value of the currency, confessing that the fall of prices had shown it to have been not less than twenty-five.

And now that we have reviewed the history of the long experience through which England passed with an inconvertible and depreciated paper currency, what conclusions can we deduce from it that will apply to the treatment of our own corresponding case? Can they be such as will favor the plans of those who would arbitrarily compel the restoration of specie payments, either by an act of Congress fixing some certain date on and after which the banks and the government shall pay their obligations in coin, or by an act of Congress establishing a graduated scale of rates at which notes shall be exchanged for coin, diminishing from month to month until all difference between the two is extinguished? I think not, and for several reasons: —

1. The operation of the restoring act of 1819 in England was preceded by one great collapse of the bubble of inflation, and yet, after that, was accompanied by a repetition of disaster throughout the kingdom.

2. Although the *actual* transposition of values to be made in our case, as we now stand, seems, by the comparison of general prices, to be not far from the same that it was in England in 1819, yet the *apparent* difference in value between coin and paper currency is far greater, and the practical difficulties of an enforced resumption are complicated with us by that speculative or gambling employment of gold in the market for which no opportunity was allowed in England.

3. It is plain that after 1815 the re-

sumption of specie payments would have naturally followed in no long course of time, without other interference by Parliament than the repeal of its restriction, if the issues of the English banks had been restrained within any limit, and had not been free to re-expand themselves at will. In our case the currency has that limitation, and every inch we have gained in the return toward substantial values we have held by reason of it.

4. The effect of contraction which for England was to be produced in no other way than by the disastrous operation of a great commercial catastrophe, we have had more fortunately prepared for us. The restored South since 1865 has been gradually absorbing millions of the currency which before that found its circulation in the Northern States alone. The new system of free labor now fairly established in that section requires, for the payment of wages and for the more complicated modes of dealing introduced, a far more considerable use of circulating money than was needed in the old slaveholding era; so that, month by month, as the development of a prosperous industry goes on, the South is acting like a thirsty sponge upon our currency, drinking up the excess. The same process goes on in the expanding West, and in those great mid-Territories into which trade has been carried by the opening of the transcontinental line of rail. Nevada and California, too, on the farther slope, monetarily isolated from us hitherto, are preparing themselves for some use, at least, of the lawful currency of the nation, as the necessary consequence of a closer commercial intimacy. More than the effectual contraction of currency produced in this natural way by a steadily expanding need the country cannot bear without disaster.

If there is, then, a lesson to be drawn from the history that we have reviewed, in its comparison with the circumstances of our own monetary situation, I should write it thus: Let the currency alone, and wait a little for the needs of the country to grow until they have stretched this shrunken paper out to the full dimensions of the ancient standard of value. It will be but a year or two, — America grows fast, — and we can better afford to wait than to risk the production of a ruinous catastrophe by impatient force.

THE DUEL OF THE SPANISH BOURBONS.

(LETTER FROM MADRID.)

IF there is one fact which shows more clearly than others the lack of modern civilization in Spain, it is the continued subservience of the better classes to the point of honor. In England the duel has fallen into the same disrepute in which it is held in America. In Germany it is given over to boys. In France it is a rare occurrence that a gentleman fights. The daily rencounters in the Bois de Boulogne are invariably among journalists and jockeys, — men uncertain of their position and standing, who feel in their uneasy self-consciousness the necessity to *donner des preuves*. The hired bravo of the Empire is Mr. Paul de Cassagnac, whose real name is Paul Granier. He has fought six duels with men who called him by his proper name, and the press of Paris has been cowed into accepting his usurped agnomen. He has great coolness, great skill in the use of arms, great readiness of foul invective, but there is probably no man in Paris less respected, unless we except his Imperial master.

But in Spain the duel is the resort of

gentlemen. The point of honor is absolute in society. The phrase itself has been used so much, that its angles have been worse off and the three words rubbed into one, — *pundonor* (*punto de honor*). Not satisfied with that, the Spaniards have started from the basis of this barbarous abbreviation to build an adjective, *pundonoroso*, which conveys the highest compliment you can pay to a cavalier of Castile. To be touchy and quarrelsome, — bizarre, as they term it, — is the sure index of a noble spirit. If you are not bellicose yourself, you must at least always be ready to accept a quarrel with alacrity. This is a *corvée* to which every one is subject who pretends to be in the world.

You must not be too nice, either, in the choice of an adversary. The son of one of the most important families of the kingdom was recently killed in a duel with a man of greatly inferior social position. The Governor of the Philippine Islands fought a few weeks ago with a young clerk, whom he had imprisoned at Manilla for not taking off his hat when His Excellency passed by for his airing. The clerk bided his time and buffeted the Governor at the door of the Casino in Madrid, and hence the fight.

Neither youth nor age is a just cause of exemption. Two gray-haired lieutenant-generals went out this winter for a friendly interchange of shots. Two boys at the military school rode in from Guadalajara with their friends and fought before sunrise in the shadow of the monument of the Dos de Mayo in the Prado. One was left dead in the frosty grass at the foot of the obelisk, and the rest mounted their horses and hurried back to be in time for morning prayers at the college.

The duel is, therefore, in Spain not the absurd anachronism that it is in countries more advanced. It is a portion of the life of the people. It is an incident of the imperfect civilization which still exists in the Peninsula. It is believed in and respected as a serious and dignified end to a quarrel. There are men who see the utterly false and illogical character of the custom; but even these, while deploring it, do not dare oppose it.

It is natural, in consequence of this attitude of public opinion in the country, that the duel which has just resulted in the death of Prince Henry of Bourbon, at the hands of his cousin the Duke de Montpensier, should meet with very different appreciation in Madrid from that which it receives in all other capitals. Yet we cannot but be pleased to see that even here it has occasioned wide discussion, and from the standing of the parties concerned has attained a vast publicity which must result in a salutary change of public sentiment.

No duel so important in the position of the parties, or in probable results, has taken place in recent times. The fight of Burr and Hamilton alone is to be compared to it. The combatants were both princes of the blood royal of Spain and France, — not only high in the hierarchy of two dethroned families, but of great importance in the actual situation, and factors of value in the problems of the future. Both were men of mature age and fathers of families. Montpensier is forty-five and Prince Henry was a year older. The first is a captain-general in the army, the second was an admiral in the navy. Both professed liberal sentiments. Both were exiled before the Revolution as dangerous to the dynasty, and the battle of Alcolea, in which neither took part, opened to both the gates of the country.

Here the parallel ceases. Montpensier returned rich, powerful, the head and hope of a large and active party, — the most prominent candidate for the vacant throne. Prince Henry came back poor, with few friends, with no interest, and so little influence that the government refused to restore him to his active rank in the navy of which he had been unjustly stripped by the government of Bravo. He was a man of a curious scatter-brained talent. He had great historical knowledge, a bright

and quick imagination, and in conversation a vivid and taking style, which would have been florid were it not subdued and flavored by a dry, hard cynicism, which found only too inviting a field of exercise in the politics of his country. He was an ardent Republican, — of the school of younger brothers, like Philippe Égalité, and Prince Napoleon, and Maximilian of Austria, whose Republicanism was the fruit perhaps more of *ennui* and unemployed powers than a profound conviction. It was hard to resist the brilliant and picturesque talk of Prince Henry while you were with him, and yet no one seemed to trust the witty blond Bourbon, and Monarchists and Republicans alike treated him with cold civility, and rather feared his assistance. His preference for the Republic was frankly and openly expressed; but "then," he would add with the same fatal frankness, "we Republicans are not honest nor sensible enough as yet. Orense will think it an outrage if Castelar is president, and Castelar will sulk if we elect Orense. We cannot do without our First Tenor, or our Heavy Father. We must take refuge in the provisional. Espartero is our only choice. He has no brains, but he is a noble old figure-head, and will launch us cleverly on our way for a year or two, and we must learn how to take care of the government before he dies."

It may easily be imagined that, with such a taste for the dangerous luxury of speaking his mind, Don Enrique did not get on rapidly in favor with either the situation or the opposition. He would not flatter the regency nor train with the Republicans. If he had confined himself to talking, it would have been far better; but from time to time he found an unlucky pen in his way and issued preposterous manifestoes which everybody read and most people laughed at, but which nevertheless always had some uncomfortable barbs that pierced and stayed in the sensitive vanity of men whom he had better have conciliated. So while other inferior men got place and influence, the Ex-Infante was left to corrode his own heart in poverty and neglect. He was too proud to ascribe this to anything but his name. "I have an unlucky name," he would say, "but I did not give it to myself, and it seems to me unworthy of a democracy to proscribe a name. I am no better for being a Bourbon but — *dame!* I am no worse. There are Bourbons and Bourbons. They call me descendant of Philip V. *Eh bien!* I am descendant of Henry IV. as well. I cannot afford to hide my name, like my friend Montpensier." There was some little of bravado, even, in his resolving, after the Revolution, when the walls of Madrid were covered with curses on his name, to drop his title of Duke of Seville, which he gave to his son, and to assume his abhorred patronymic for constant wear. Enrique de Borbon, a Spanish citizen, was all the title he claimed.

Montpensier was always his special detestation. There was something in the grave formal life of the Duke, in his wealth, in his intense respectability, that formed perhaps too striking a contrast to the somewhat Bohemian nature of Don Enrique. He grew more and more violent as he saw his chances for rehabilitation in the navy fading away. He wrote a long letter to Serrano, which he sent through that irregular medium, the public press, and which caused great wincing in high quarters by its trenchant criticism and *naïve* indiscretion. It is remembered that Montpensier read it in Seville in his palace of San Temlo, and, crumpling the paper in his hand, said, "That man will be my ruin yet." Don Enrique appeared to have a like instinctive antipathy. When informed that Montpensier had come to Madrid he started, turned pale, and said, "*El ó yo!*" He or I!

The Duke passed through Madrid in February on his way to the baths of Alhama. In Spain people go to watering-places when they need the waters, with a shocking disregard of fashions or the calendar. He remained a few weeks at Alhama, and on his way back to Seville stopped at Madrid, — as if a

gentleman on his way from New York to Boston should halt for a rest at Washington. As in that case you would ask "what he was *after*," so asked the Madrileños of the Duke, although the Castilian language lacks the graphic participial force which we give to that useful abverb. The curiosity grew so irritating that Mr. Cruz Ochoa, the youthful Neo-Catholic, interpellated the government, sternly asking what the Duke was doing in Madrid. To which the government, speaking through the phlegmatic oracle of Don John Prim, replied that the Duke was in Madrid because he chose to be, — that Spain was a free country, and the Duke of Montpensier was a soldier on leave, and could fix his domicile where he liked. The only thing noticeable in the speech of Prim was that he called the Duke Don Antonio de Borbon, whereas the Duke calls himself, and all that love him call him, Orleans.

His position thus, in a manner, made regular and normal by the explanations of the government, Montpensier began a course of life which, though unobjectionable in itself, was calculated to annoy his enemies beyond measure. It was the season of Lent, and he went regularly to church. It was the end of a hard winter in Madrid, and he fed droves of paupers at his gate every morning. It was touching to see the squalid army, encamped before his pretty palace in the Fuencarral, patiently waiting for the stout angel to come and give them bread. The laurels of Peabody seemed to trouble his sleep. He projected a home for indigent printers, and asked the municipal government for some vacant lots to build it on. The municipal government promptly refused, but the indigent printers felt kindlier to Montpensier than before. The ragged and hungry squad he fed day by day were all voters too; and noisy and unemployed, of the class who could afford to devote all their leisure, which is to say all their waking hours, to politics.

That there was something like a panic among the opponents of the Duke is undeniable. After his defeat last winter for Oviedo, he had seemed so utterly impossible as a candidate, that the attacks on him had become less frequent. But now he seemed to be regaining that faint appearance of popularity which might be used as a justification of a sudden election by the government and Cortes. He was the only candidate, — he had at least one ardent supporter in Admiral Topete, — he needed watching.

All this inflamed to the highest point the animosity of Prince Henry. He could not brook even the tepid goodwill his wealthy cousin was gaining in Madrid. He listened to imprudent or interested advisers, — it is widely rumored that the first impulse started from the Tuileries, — and resolved to put upon Montpensier an affront which, by the canons of Spanish honor, could only be met by a challenge *à mort*. Henry was a brave man, but he had accustomed himself to thinking so highly of Montpensier's prudence and so ill of his spirit, that he probably thought the insult would pass unnoticed. The same opinion was openly entertained and expressed by the entire Isabelino and Napoleon interest in Madrid.

It was probably, therefore, with no apprehension and little excitement that Don Enrique wrote and published that extraordinary manifesto to the Montpensierists, in which he declared himself not only not subservient to the Duke, but his decided political enemy, with a profound contempt for him personally; and further denounced Montpensier as a charlatan in politics, and ended by calling him a "bloated French pastry-cook."

It is difficult to imagine a man of sense taking so absurd a document seriously. Yet all Madrid was in a flurry of excitement over it. The question asked everywhere in the places where the idlers congregate was, "Will he fight?" And upon the answer depended the good name of Montpensier in Spain. The two or three days that elapsed before the duel showed plainly

that he was falling in public estimation by his presumed patience.

The patience was only apparent. As soon as the paper fell into his hands he sent his aide-de-camp to ask Don Enrique if it was genuine. The Infante promptly sent him a copy with his autograph signature, avowing his full responsibility. The case was made up. The cousins were face to face, and, under the rules that both recognized, neither could recede. The next step of either must be over the prostrate body of the other.

The first proceeding of Montpensier was excessively politic. Instead of selecting his seconds from among his own personal and political friends, he sent for General Alaminos, the bosom friend of Prim, a leading Progresista, belonging to the faction which has been hitherto most hostile to the Orleans candidature. He associated with him General Cordova — the venerable Inspector-General of Infantry, a man of great and merited influence in the army — and Colonel Solis.

These veterans carried to the house of Prince Henry the hostile message of his relative. Several days elapsed before Don Enrique responded. The delay was occasioned, partly by his consulting the Masonic fraternity, of which he was a member of high rank, — of the 33d degree, — and whose sanction he received in the matter; and partly by the difficulty he found in procuring men of character and position to act as his seconds. Several grandees of Spain refused, — a circumstance unheard of in their annals. At last three Republican deputies consented to act. But they put in writing their protest against being considered as in the least responsible for the acts or opinions of their principal. This evident isolation seems powerfully to have impressed the unfortunate Prince.

The duel took place at eleven o'clock, in a desolate sandy plain southwest of the city, used as a ground for artillery practice. The officers on duty gathered round to enjoy this agreeable distraction from the monotony of garrison life. Sentries were posted at convenient distances to keep away any officers of the law who might be prowling in the neighborhood, and to check the curiosity of the peasants of the vicinity, who had no right to be curious in affairs of honor. The parties were placed ten metres apart in the stubble, which was beginning to grow green with the coming spring. Fortune was obstinately favorable to Don Enrique. He won the choice of pistols, choice of ground, and the first shot. The Duke, a large and powerful man, stood before him with his arms folded. His seconds had difficulty in making him assume an attitude more *en règle*. Don Enrique fired and missed. Montpensier fired and missed. The Infante fired again, with the same result. Montpensier fired the second time, and his bullet struck the barrel of Prince Henry's pistol, splitting, and tearing his coat with the fragments. At this point Montpensier's veteran seconds thought the affair might be properly terminated. But the other party, after consultation, decided that the conditions of the meeting were not yet fulfilled.

There seems a cool ferocity about this decision of Don Enrique's seconds that is hard to comprehend out of Spain. If a duel is necessary, it must be serious. A great scandal was made a short time ago by two generals going out to settle a difference, supported by three other generals on a side; and on the ground they were reconciled, without a shot, by one of the seconds throwing his arms around their necks and saying that Spain had need of them, — two such gallant fellows must not cut each other's throats for a trifle. The party came in to breakfast in great glee, but all Madrid frowned ominously, and will not forgive them for forgiving each other. On the other hand, I have heard Spanish gentlemen speak with great enthusiasm of the handsome behavior in a recent duel of two naval officers of high rank, intimate friends, who had quarrelled over their cups. They fought twenty paces apart, to ad-

vance to a central line and fire at will. One walked forward, and when near the line the other fired and hit him. The wounded man staggered to the line and said: "I am dead. Come thou up and be killed." The other came up until he touched the muzzle of his adversary's pistol, and in a moment both were dead, — like gentlemen, added my informant.

It is possible that another motive may have entered into the considerations of the Republican deputies who stood as godfathers — for this is the name given to these witnesses in Spain — to Prince Henry. They could not help thinking that if Montpensier fell, he would be safely out of the way; and if he killed his cousin, he would be greatly embarrassed by it.

However this may be, they stood up for another shot, Prince Henry a little disordered by the shock of the last bullet. "The Duke has got my range," he said. He fired and missed. Montpensier, who had remained perfectly cool, fired, and Don Enrique turned slowly and fell, his life oozing out of a wound in the right temple, and staining his flaxen curls and the dry stubble and the tender grass.

Montpensier, when it was too late, began to think of what he had done. When informed of the death of his cousin, he was terribly agitated, so that Dr. Rubio, who was one of Don Enrique's seconds, thought best to accompany the Duke to his palace. When they reached the gate the Duke could scarcely walk to his door. When the crowd of mendicants saw him leaning heavily on the arm of the physician, they concluded he was wounded, and burst out in loud lamentation, fearing that the end of his bread-giving was near.

In an hour the whole city was buzzing with the news. The first impression was singularly illogical. Every one spoke kindly of Montpensier, and every one said he had lost his chance of the crown. But the general feeling was one of respect for the man who would toss away so brilliant a temptation at the call of honor. His prestige among army people was certainly improved. It seems that not a single voice was raised against him. The day had been fixed for the interpellation of Castelar. He heard of the duel a few minutes before the session opened, and was compelled to change the entire arrangement of his speech to avoid referring to Montpensier.

When the evening journals appeared, the same dignified reticence was observed. The *Universal*, which had been attacking Montpensier daily for months, stated in a paragraph of one line that the Infante Don Enrique had died suddenly that morning. The *Época*, the organ of the restoration, went further, and announced that the Prince was accidentally shot while trying a pair of pistols in the Campamento. The widely circulated *Correspondencia* made no mention whatever of the occurrence.

But the next day it became evident that the traditional treatment of silence could not be followed in this case. The Republican journals, without exception, made the incident the occasion of severe and extended comment. It was plain that the Spain of tradition and decorum had ceased to exist; that the democracy proclaimed by the Constitution was a living fact; and that this event, like all others, was to be submitted to the test of publicity. Heretofore it has never been the custom for newspapers to make any mention of duels. When death resulted, a notice was published in the usual form, announcing the decease of the departed by apoplexy, or some equally efficient agency, and no journal has ever dared hint a doubt of it. But in this instance the organs of absolutism and the advocates of the fallen dynasty vie with the Republicans in condemning an act that they hope may be used for their especial ends. As the hidalgos refused to act as Prince Henry's witnesses because he was a Democrat, so the Bourbon newspapers call for justice on Montpensier because he is an aspirant for a throne they claim.

I cannot help thinking that this shows progress. Party spirit is an incident of a better civilization than chivalry.

The first judicial proceedings were eminently characteristic. The gentlemen who witnessed the duel went before the Judge of Getafe, within whose jurisdiction the event occurred, and testified upon their honor and conscience, each with his hand on the hilt of his sabre, that the death of Don Enrique Maria Fernando de Borbon was pure accident; that he went out with his well-beloved cousin, my Lord of Montpensier, to try some new pistols; that while they were trying them one was unpremeditatedly discharged, and the ball entered the head of the said Don Enrique, causing his untimely death; that my Lord of Montpensier was overwhelmed with grief at this mournful fatality, and was unable to appear and testify. This was the solemn statement of two veteran generals, gray-headed and full of honors, who would have the life of their brother, if he cast a doubt on their veracity.

But if the truth was considered too precious to be wasted on a lawyer and a civilian, they did not spare it in reporting the facts to the Minister of War, President of the Council, acting Autocrat of all the Spains, John Prim. He heard the whole story, said everything was regular, and advised them all to keep quiet a day or two, and the town would forget it, and the clatter of tongues would cease.

The people of Madrid, the lower classes, who from the mere fact of being wretched should sympathize with the unfortunate, gathered in great masses around the house where Prince Henry lay. It was, perhaps, not so much sympathy as the morbid appetite for horrors, so common in the Celtic races. It is probable that many of these beggars came full of meat from Montpensier's palace gate, to howl for vengeance on him at the modest door of his dead rival.

Every means was taken to make the funeral a political demonstration, with indifferent success. Placards were posted, inviting all Spaniards to come and do honor to a Spaniard who had died to vindicate the honor and independence of his country. On his house a verse, equally deficient in reason and rhyme, was posted, importing, "Here lived a Spaniard, the only loyal Bourbon, who, for telling the truth, died on the field of honor." A great crowd of idlers followed the Prince to his grave. But the means taken to attract the crowd kept away the better class. Mr. Luis Blanc, a man born with a predestinate name, made a little speech at the cemetery, in which he explained his presence there, by saying he came to the funeral of a Spanish citizen slain by a Frenchman.

If all this excitement results in subjecting duelling in Spain to the severe judgment of the press, and the impartial cognizance of the tribunals, Don Enrique will have done more good in his death than he could have done in life.

In a wider sense, there will be another result to this honorable fratricide that the world will not greatly regret. It places another barrier between Bourbons and thrones. I do not ignore the merits of the Orleans branch. There are good and bad Bourbons, and they are the best. But the whole family has been judged by history, and the case had better not be reopened.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Stories. By FR. BRET HARTE. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE most surprising things in that very surprising publication, "The Overland Monthly," have been the stories or studies of early California life, in which Mr. Harte carried us back to the remote epochs of 1849 and 1850, and made us behold men and manners now passing or wholly passed away, as he tells us. Readers who were amazed by the excellent quality of the whole magazine were tempted to cry out most of all over "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and the subsequent papers by the same hand, and to triumph in a man who gave them something new in fiction. We had reason indeed to be glad that one capable of seeing the grotesqueness of that strange life, and also of appreciating its finer and softer aspects, had his lot cast in it by the benign destiny that used to make great rivers run by large towns, and that now sends lines of railway upon the same service. But we incline to think that nothing worth keeping is lost, and that the flower born to blush unseen is pretty sure to be botanized from a bud up by zealous observers. These blossoms of the revolver-echoing cañon, the embattled diggings, the lawless flat, and the immoral bar might well have been believed secure from notice, and were perhaps the last things we should have expected to unfold themselves under such eyes as Mr. Harte's. Yet this happened, and here we have them in literature not overpainted, but given with all their natural colors and textures, and all their wildness and strangeness of place.

The finest thing that could be said of an author in times past was that he dealt simply, directly, and briefly with his reader, and we cannot say anything different about Mr. Harte, though we are sensible that he is very different from others, and at his best is quite a unique figure in American authorship, not only that he writes of unhackneyed things, but that he looks at the life he treats in uncommon lights. What strikes us most is the entirely masculine temper of his mind, or rather a habit of concerning himself with things that please only men. We suppose women generally would not find his stories amusing or touching, though perhaps some woman with an unusual sense of humor would feel the tenderness, the delicacy, and the wit that so win the hearts of his own sex. This is not because he deals often with various unpresentable people, for the ladies themselves, when they write novels, make us acquainted with persons of very shocking characters and pursuits, but because he does not touch any of the phases of vice or virtue that seem to take the fancy of women. We think it probable that none but a man would care for the portrait of such a gambler as Mr. John Oakhurst, or would discern the cunning touches with which it is done, in its blended shades of good and evil; and a man only could relish the rude pathos of Tennessee's partner, or of those poor, bewildered, sinful souls, The Duchess and Mother Shipton. To the masculine sense also must chiefly commend itself the ferocious drollery of the local nomenclature, the humor with which the most awful episodes of diggings life are invested by the character of the actors, and the robust vigor and racy savor of the miners' vernacular; not that these are very prominent in the stories, but that they are a certain and always noticeable quality in them. Mr. Harte could probably write well about any life he saw; but having happened to see the early Californian life, he gives it with its proper costume and accent. Of course, he does this artistically, as we have hinted, and gets on without a great use of those interconsonantal dashes which take the sinfulness out of printed profanity. You are made somehow to understand that the company swear a good deal, both men and women, and are not examples to their sex in any way; yet they are not offensive, as they might very well be in other hands, and it is the life beneath their uncouth exteriors that mainly interests. Out of this Mr. Harte has been able to make four or five little romances, which we should call idyls if we did not like them better than most recent poetry, and which please us more and more the oftener we read them. We do not know that they are very strong in plot; perhaps they are rather weak in that direction; but the world has outlived the childish age in fiction, and will not value these exquisite pieces the less because they do not deal with the Thrilling and the Hair's-

breadth. People are growing, we hope, — and if they are not, so much the worse for people, — to prefer character to situations, and to enjoy the author's revelations of the former rather than his invention of the latter. At any rate, this is what is to be liked in Mr. Harte, who has an acuteness and a tenderness in dealing with human nature which are quite his own, and such a firm and clear way of handling his materials as to give a very complete effect to each of his performances.

Amongst these we think "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is the best, for the range of character is greater, and the contrasts are all stronger than in the others; and, in spite of some sentimentalized traits, Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, is the best figure Mr. Harte has created, if, indeed, he did not copy him from life. The whole conception of the story is excellent; — the banishment of Oakhurst, Uncle Billy, The Duchess, and Mother Shipton from Poker Flat, their sojourn in the cañon, where they are joined by the innocent Tommy Simson, eloping with his innocent betrothed; Uncle Billy's treacherous defection with the mule; the gathering snows, the long days spent round the camp-fire listening to Tommy's version of Pope's Homer; the approaches of famine, and the self-sacrifice of those three wicked ones for the hapless creatures whose lot had been cast with theirs. As regards their effort to adapt their conduct to Tommy's and Piney's misconception of their characters and relations, the story is a masterpiece of delicate handling, and affecting as it is humorous. Mr. Harte does not attempt to cope with the difficulties of bringing those curiously assorted friends again into contact with the world; and there is no lesson taught, save a little mercifulness of judgment, and a kindly doubt of total depravity. Perhaps Oakhurst would not, in actual life, have shot himself to save provisions for a starving boy and girl; and perhaps that poor ruined Mother Shipton was not really equal to the act ascribed to her: but Mr. Harte contrives to have it touch one like the truth, and that is all we can ask of him. "It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton — once the strongest of the party — seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. 'I 'm going,' she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, 'but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it.' Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. 'Give 'em to the child,' she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. 'You 've starved yourself,' said the gambler. 'That 's what they call it,' said the woman, querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away."

Even in "Miggles," which seems to us the least laudable of these stories, the author, in painting a life of unselfish devotion, succeeds in keeping the reader's patience and sympathy by the heroine's unconsciousness of her heroism, and the simple way in which she speaks of it. She has abandoned her old way of life to take care of Jim, a paralytic, who in happier days "spent all his money on her," and she is partially hedged in by a pet grizzly bear which goes about the neighborhood of her wild mountain home with her. If you can suppose the situation, the woman's character is very well done. When the "judge" asks her why she does not marry the man to whom she has devoted her youthful life, "Well, you see," says Miggles, "it would be playing it rather low down on Jim to take advantage of his being so helpless. And then, too, if we were man and wife now, we 'd both know that I was bound to do what I now do of my own accord." Of course all the people are well sketched; in fact, as to manners, Mr. Harte's touch is quite unfailing. The humor, too, is good, as it is in all these pieces. Miggles's house is papered with newspapers, and she says of herself and Jim: "When we are sitting alone, I read him these things on the wall. Why, Lord," says Miggles, with her frank laugh, "I 've read him that whole side of the house this winter."

The Idyl of Red Gulch suffers from some of the causes that affect the sketch of Miggles unpleasantly, but it is more natural and probable, and the interview between Miss Mary and Tommy's mother is a skilful little piece of work. But we believe that, after "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," we have the greatest satisfaction in "Tennessee's Partner," though even in this we would fain

have stopped short of having the partners meet in Heaven. Tennessee is a gambler, who is also suspected of theft. He has run away with his partner's wife, and has got himself into trouble by robbing a stranger near the immaculate borders of Red Dog. The citizens rise to take him, and in his flight he is stopped by a small man on a gray horse.

"The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply 'reckless.' 'What have you got there? I call,' said Tennessee, quietly. 'Two bowers and an ace,' said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. 'That takes me,' returned Tennessee; and, with this gamblers' epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor."

Tennessee refuses to make any defence on his trial before Judge Lynch. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," he says, and his partner appears in court to buy him off, to the great indignation of the tribunal, which sentences Tennessee at once. "This yer is a lone hand played alone, without my pardner," remarks the unsuccessful advocate, turning to go, when the judge reminds him that if he has anything to say to Tennessee he had better say it now. "Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, 'Euchred, old man!' held out his hand. Tennessee's partner took it in his own, and saying, 'I just dropped in as I was passing to see how things was getting on,' let the hand passively fall, and adding that it was 'a warm night,' again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew." So Tennessee was hanged, and his body was given to his partner, who invited the citizens of Red Dog to attend the funeral. The body was borne to the grave in a coffin made of a section of sluicing and placed on a cart drawn by Jinny, the partner's donkey; and at the grave this pathetic speech was made: —

"'When a man,' began Tennessee's partner, slowly, 'has been running free all day, what 's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here 's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering.' He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: 'It ain't the first time that I 've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he could n't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and "Jinny" have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up, and so fetched him home, when he could n't speak, and did n't know me. And now that it 's the last time, why — ' he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve — 'you see it 's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen,' he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, 'the fun'l 's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble.'"

As to the "Luck of Roaring Camp," which was the first and is the best known of these sketches, it is, like "Tennessee's Partner," full of the true color of life in the diggings, but strikes us as less perfect and consistent, though the conception is more daring, and effects are achieved beyond the limited reach of the latter. As in "Miggles," the strength and freshness are in the manners and character, and the weakness is in the sentimentality which, it must be said in Mr. Harte's favor, does not seem to be quite his own. His real feeling is always as good as his humor is fresh.

We want to speak also of the author's sentiment for nature, which is shown in sparing touches, but which is very fine and genuine. Such a picture as this: "A hare surprised into helpless inactivity sat upright and *pulsating* in the ferns by the roadside, as the *cortège* went by," — is worth, in its wildness and freshness, some acres of word-painting. The same love of nature gives life and interest to "High-Water Mark," "A Lonely Ride," "Mliss," and some other pieces (evidently written earlier than those we have just been speaking of), with which Mr. Harte has filled out his book. These pieces, too, have the author's characteristic cleverness; and the people in "Notes by Flood and Field" are almost as lifelike as any in his recent work. The dog "Boonder" is a figure entirely worthy to appear in the most select circles of Red Dog or Poker Flat.

The Mystery of Life and its Arts. By JOHN RUSKIN. New York: John Wiley and Son. pp. 45.

THIS little book comes to us in the American edition without any explanatory

preface or introduction of any sort. It appears to be a lecture delivered before some society of young people in Ireland, the subject requested being Art. The lecturer, however, apologizes gracefully, — just relieving the reader from the fear of a touch too strong of egotism, — for not keeping exactly to the letter of his requirement, and proceeds to preach an excellent sermon on the text, "What is your life? It is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." In truth, Mr. Ruskin seems admirably fitted for the sacred desk, — we say it in all soberness, and not in the least as satire. His discourse is serious, earnest, and eloquent, blurred a little with the author's besetting infirmity of paradox and lack of homogeneousness in doctrine, and pervaded with a tone of sadness, as much from his own confessed disappointment and failure in having convinced the world of the truth and importance of his views of art, as from a sense of the deep mystery of life in general.

In Mr. Ruskin's mind all art is inseparably connected with life, character, religion, motive. So that in treating of the Mystery of Life he is treating of Art. The prevailing apathy of men about the future life (which Mr. Ruskin seems to think the same thing as being without high religious motives in life) is the first great mystery to him. Are we sure, he asks, that there is a heaven and a hell? And if we are not sure, and do not care to be sure, "how can anything we think be wise: what honor can there be in the arts that amuse us, or what profit in the possessions that please?" This apathy is a mystery of life. But at least, he says, we might have expected the great teachers to throw light on this future life. Have they done it? Dante and Milton, according to Mr. Ruskin, "are the highest representatives of men who have searched out these deep things." They are his representative men as *seers* (to sustain which *rôle* we suppose never entered their heads, certainly not Milton's), and he thus criticises their shortcomings and vagaries in this line: —

"Do you know, as I strive more sternly with this strange lethargy and trance in myself, it seems daily more amazing to me that men such as these should dare to play with the most precious truths (or the most deadly untruths) by which the whole human race, listening to them, could be informed or deceived; — all the world their audiences forever, with pleased ear and passionate heart; — and yet to this submissive infinitude of souls, and evermore succeeding and succeeding multitude, hungry for bread of life, they do but play upon sweetly modulated pipes; with pompous nomenclature adorn the councils of hell; touch a troubadour's guitar to the courses of the suns; and fill the openings of eternity, before which prophets have veiled their faces, and which angels desire to look into, with idle puppets of their scholastic imagination, and melancholy lights of frantic faith, in their lost mortal love."

Now all this is very beautifully expressed, but it strikes us as a poetic flying away from the question, which seems almost too evident for argument. And yet we can fancy young and enthusiastic people thinking it all sound reasoning. But did Dante or Milton choose heaven and hell for their themes with the least idea that their readers would take their wonderful imaginings for facts, or even for crude and imperfect sketches of what they really believed? Is it not clearly understood that they are poets, not seers, not clairvoyants? And why is Mr. Ruskin so amazed that such poets as they are should people the great unknown world with the creations of their imagination? Is not every one free to paint what pictures he pleases on the great, dark, void spaces which the wisest mortal could never penetrate, and which are made easy and cheap and legible only to a blind faith in the letter of the Scriptures? And why is the mysterious future more sacred than the mysterious present in which we live?

In fine, the author, by a strange mental confusion, confounds here the office of seer and teacher with that of the poet, just as he confounds high art with religion.

He next proceeds to criticise Homer and Shakespeare from the same point of view. Concerning the latter, it is a mystery of life to Mr. Ruskin that he is not something different from what he is, — that the heavens are not ever open to him, — that so great an intellect and genius does not teach the perpetual presence of the Deity, — and that we find in his writings *only* the consciousness of a moral law, and the confession that "there 's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

Then the author questions the wise religious men and the wise contemplative men in vain. Next he shows that the practical people of the world, whose motives are self-

ish, — the wise worldly men, — don't clear up the mystery of life any better. But, lastly, he confesses to getting some light on the subject out of the sincere, honest workers of the earth. And here he seems to touch upon sounder doctrine; and concludes with several pages of wholesome, humane, and wise matter upon clothing, food, and houses for the working classes. The religious opinions he inculcates here are so broad and healthy in comparison with those expressed in the first part of his discourse, that we quote his words, wondering how the same writer could find room for both in the same creed. After speaking of the needs of the people for a proper social environment, and of the value of right action, and subservience to duty, he says: —

"On such holy and simple practice will be founded, indeed, at last, an infallible religion. The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. Helpful action, observe! for there is just one law, which obeyed, keeps all religions pure, — forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the Devil's power. That is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving, — 'Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are.' At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good, (and who but fools could n't?) then do it; push at it together; you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push: but the moment that even the best men stop pushing and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it 's all over."

The truth must be that Mr. Ruskin, like many men of genius, is a man of moods; and this may account for much inconsistency. In this lecture, for instance, he begins in despair, and ends in hope. He is invited to talk of art; but he tells his hearers that "the main thing he has to say is that art must not be talked about." What a confession for Mr. Ruskin to make!

Modestly or despairingly he talks as if he had spent much vain labor in writing about art, though still holding to his old convictions. He hints, too, that his power of saying apt and beautiful things is declining. We do not see any falling off in ideas or expression or rhetorical beauty. But we think that we do see that his moods color and even shape his ideas. And if this be so, it may help to give us a key by which we may in a measure explain much in his writings that seems paradoxical and capricious.

Casimir Maremma. By ARTHUR HELPS, Author of "Friends in Council" and "Realmah." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

HAD not Miss Martineau's "Illustrations of Political Economy" been discontinued some thirty years ago, this might pass for one of the series. The moral is emigration, which it was the hero's mission to organize and inaugurate. The author here gets him as far as matrimony and embarkation, and the next volume is to give his experiences in the colony. We are not to have him among us in these parts, though, for he is going among "intelligent Indians."

This may mean Boston, however, for Mr. Helps is not strong on American affairs; he thinks it would be much better if this Union were divided into three or four large States (p. 61), and he complains that for want of organized emigration "the great towns of the New World have nearly the same amount of squalidity, unhealthiness, and abject misery" as those of the Old (p. 383). He probably bases his whole comparison on New York; yet as New York has but 15,000 paupers out of a million inhabitants, while London has 150,000 out of three million, even this extreme case shows a rather hasty style of generalization. For the rest the story can be read, which "Realmah" could not (at least by this present witness), and is not more tiresome than most of the genteeler class of English novels. For his scheme of organized emigration, it is much like a hundred other schemes that we have seen rise and fall in America, and does not inspire any great interest. It is infinitely pathetic, however, to think of a nation where the prime object of statesmanship is to send the people out of the country; and where the interest of the experiment is so great, that families have to be "evicted" by hundreds to take part in it, their houses being pulled down over their heads to make "organized emigration" look more attractive.

The Bible in the Public Schools. Arguments in the Case of John D. Minor *et al. versus* the Board of Education of the City of Cincinnati *et al.* Superior Court of Cincinnati. With the Opinions and Decisions of the Court. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The Question of the Hour. The Bible and the School Fund. By RUFUS W. CLARK, D. D. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

A NEW storm is fairly upon us. It has been a long time grumbling in the distance, but now the loud thunder rolls over our heads, the lightning flashes into our very eyes, the big drops have begun to fall, and everybody whose business calls him to face it must reckon upon a tolerable drenching before he again sees the peaceful domestic hearth. The Catholic hierarchy, stimulated by the hope of inducing the state to divide the school fund, and set off a portion of it to their distinctive use, keep up a portentous howl over the injustice done the children of Catholics by the formal reading of the Bible in the common schools. And the Protestants, under pretext of the notorious enmity borne and sworn by the Catholic priesthood to the principles of civil and religious liberty, insist that the state shall maintain the reading of the Bible in the common schools as the safeguard of those principles. But the alternative is idle. For suppose it to be true that the blind fealty which the Catholic bishops pledge to the see of Rome makes them virtually the enemies of the human race, certainly the way to diminish their prestige, and abridge the power they already possess over their ignorant followers, is not to give them a respectable grievance, or colorable ground of complaint against any one else, but to leave them resolutely alone, that they may show themselves for what they are in the broad light of our modern day, and so perish at last of men's practical contempt or indifference. But so long as this obligatory reading of the Bible is kept up in the common schools, they have that exact ground of quarrel they desire with the state of things around them, in order to cover their spiritual indigence from sight, and attract a chance public sympathy. Let the state, then, resolutely vacate this plausible pretext, by ceasing to enforce the statute complained of, or rather by taking it off the statute-book forever, and we shall hear no more of the claim of the Catholics to a distinctive portion of the school fund, that is, to the state's recognition.

Of course all this will be very objectionable to Dr. Clark and his fellow-zealots. It is obviously Dr. Clark's idea that the Bible will cease to exert any influence in favor of civil and religious liberty the moment it is excluded from the public schools. At least all his reasonings proceed upon this tacit postulate. We have diligently read his little book, and we can discover nothing whatever in it which does not run into the following syllogism: The state is bound to provide its offspring with moral and religious principles; now the Bible is identified with those principles; the state, therefore, is bound to make familiarity with the Bible a necessity of common-school education. Both the major and the minor premise of this conclusion are inadmissible. It is not true, in the light of modern science, that it is the duty of the state to provide its subjects with moral and religious culture. Neither is it true, in the light of our modern conscience, that the Bible is at all identified with such culture. No one, indeed, can deny that the Bible has done an inappreciable service to mankind in stimulating the free evolution of human life in every sphere of its manifestation. But this is heaven-wide of maintaining that the existence of such freedom any longer needs the authentication of the Bible. The Bible, doubtless, was the fixed star which cheered and guided human hope during the long night of its struggle with priestly despotism. But now that that despotism has given place to the right of private judgment, or the consecration of our secular consciences, every man possesses a mariner's compass in his private bosom, exempting him from any necessity to consult the stars. If we believe the fundamental truth of Christianity, heaven has come down to earth to reproduce itself evermore in all the features of our homely natural experience; and no man has any need henceforth to seek a heaven outside of himself and his kind.

But it is the major premise of this syllogism which invites special denial. The state is *not* bound to provide its children with moral and religious principles. It is bound to provide them with just and equal laws, and to leave their moral and religious culture to the benign social atmosphere thus engendered. The state has absolutely no responsibility for the spiritual welfare of its subjects, but only for their material welfare; and this it promotes in no other way

than by resolutely eliminating every vestige of privilege, ecclesiastical or political, which it finds surviving among them, and so removing every obstacle to the free evolution of their spontaneous life, their long latent but really infinite social and æsthetic force. It is surprising that Dr. Clark and those who reason with him do not see how directly they are playing into the hand of their adversaries by the view they take of the state's function. For if the state is bound to furnish religious training to its children, then our Catholic fellow-citizens have exactly the same right with any other to have their ideas respected and represented.

But, in opposition to what we have here said, we may be pointed to our prisons and scaffolds, and asked whether these institutions do not argue on the part of the state a just sense of its responsibility for at least the *moral* welfare of its subjects? To this we reply, that the state undoubtedly punishes Catholic and Protestant both alike, whenever they overtly injure the person or property of their neighbor. But why? Simply because the state alone represents the principle of force in the community, or is alone chargeable with the care of its material interests; and accordingly, whenever any of its citizens is found usurping the state's prerogative and forcibly helping himself at the expense of his neighbor, the state is bound to avenge the affront, and restore equilibrium by the summary punishment of the offender. The state represents the principle of force or necessity in the community, and this exclusively; but it does so only on behalf of those higher interests of freedom with which the life of the community is identified, so that whenever these interests are outraged by any person, the state is pledged to restore harmony by the removal of the evil-doer. But surely this is a very different office from conveying moral instruction to its subjects. The state is simply indifferent to the morals of its subjects, provided they do not result in any actual injury to person or property; in that case the state is bound to interfere, and to interfere remorselessly, until every man's freedom to lead a peaceable and honest life becomes universally respected. A man may, indeed, freely cherish in his private bosom any conceivable amount of selfishness or ill-will to his kind; but so long as this unholy and unhappy temper of mind begets no actual injustice or injury to others, the state exhibits the same kindly providence towards him that it does to all the world.

The title of the first book under notice sufficiently describes its character. All our readers have been made familiar by the newspapers with the recent controversy before the local courts in reference to the right of the Board of Education of Cincinnati to exempt the common schools of the State from the operation of the statute enjoining the reading of the Bible in those schools. The volume before us brings the controversy down to its present point of suspense; and we have found the various pleadings *pro* and *con* interesting reading. But the whole question at issue is prejudged, as it appears to us, by our acknowledged constitutional maxims. Dr. Clark's book is extremely loose in point of logic, though there is a good deal of incidental right sentiment to be found in it. He is ludicrously inconsequent with himself when he supposes that the exclusion of Bible-reading as a school exercise is going to abate the public reverence of the Bible. Surely every friend of the Bible would be bound in his judgment to become only all the more active and energetic in diffusing the influence of its vital principles.

A Day by the Fire, and other Papers hitherto uncollected. By LEIGH HUNT. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

IF any lover of Leigh Hunt's were called upon to tell exactly why he liked that author, we think he would find it a hard matter, though he would never therefore doubt the fact of his liking, but would probably be all the more convinced of it because of the elusive nature of his reasons. You cannot say of Leigh Hunt that he is a great poet, or a fine wit, or an exquisite humorist, or, in fact, any of those compact and sententious things in which you are fond of expressing the quality of your favorite authors. You are aware that much of his poetry lies dangerously near the borders of prose; that his wit is often faint enough, and his humor pallid and thin; yet you know of at least one poem of his that is enchanting, and you recall some of his essays that are perfectly charming in spirit. He was an eminently graceful observer of literature and life, and his heart was so kind that he loved men almost as well as letters. He wrote about both in a facile and contented way, and as if he did not think that any book or soul would quite come to be damned, though he must have known that in strict justice a good many de-

served something like it. Yet he was very far from a sentimentalist, and he despised meanness of any kind heartily, and suffered, and was always ready to suffer, for what he believed the right in politics or literature. We all know how he spent two years in prison for saying that the Prince of Wales was an Adonis of fifty, and how he was a friend of Keats when there was nothing more contemptible than friendship with "Keats and Kangaroo-land," as Lord Byron, who had a delicate, light wit of his own, called the new poetic school. Hunt had a truly generous and manly spirit. As a critic he belongs to what you may call the Charles Lamb school, and is apt to pick a grain of wheat out of the bushels of chaff in an old poet, and to give you the idea that the rest is like it; he has Lamb's keen relish for titbits, and he helped on the bad fashion of judging work in parts rather than the whole. But his taste was more catholic than Lamb's, and his reading wider. We do not think of any essayist who affords the unlearned reader so much information about the whole body of poetical literature, in such a very graceful and pleasing way. Preferably he deals here with the lyrical and idyllic poets, but he has a great pleasure in the story-telling sort, though he will most likely make you think better of them than is just. His talent is so potent that he can almost tell you something about a subject of which he knows nothing, as, for instance, in this volume, where he speaks so entertainingly about a Welsh translation of Milton. "*Here*," says he, quoting a passage of the Welsh, "*are some fine words to the eye.*" He does not pretend to understand them, and he is never wittingly dishonest, and when he writes of poetical themes and properties rather than particular poets, he is doubtless entirely trustworthy. In "A Day by the Fire, and other Papers" he has this advantage, and is often at his best in essays about the genii of the ancients, and of the poets, and of the East, about fairies, about tritons and mermaids, satyrs and nymphs, as they exist in poetry and superstition. These occupy him for half the volume, and the rest is made up of various desultory essays, which are each to be enjoyed. He is very desultory, as an essayist should be, and if the thread of his discourse grows a little thin, he splices it, true essayist fashion, with strands of gold from a poet, often taking all the poor fellow had; and he is apt at any time to help himself out with some quaint or dainty bit of prose. So he never fails to instruct and interest you; and if you will yield to the placid humor in which he writes, he is delightful. In the first of these papers, "A Day by the Fire," he is in one of his most characteristic moods, full of subtile observation and comment, happy in his quotations and allusions, and, as ever, quite unaffected.

Those who like Leigh Hunt will be glad of the papers, which a very ardent lover of him has rescued from the uncertainty, if not oblivion, of old periodicals, identified as his, and here collected; and if this volume should persuade others to make the essayist's acquaintance, it will be in the interest of good taste and sweet and sound literature. Another affectionate and invaluable editorial labor is added to those which Americans have already performed for English authors; and to Mr. J. E. Babson, to whose taste and discrimination we are all indebted for it, we are glad to acknowledge the pleasure it has given us.

Hans Breitmann in Church, with other new Ballads. By CHARLES G. LELAND. Third Series of the Breitmann Ballads. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

WE remember with tenderness quite unbecoming a critic the pleasure which former ballads of Hans Breitmann have given us, and we cannot condemn these with anything like the suitable ferocity. Yet we must say that Hans Breitmann has not gained in humor by going back to Germany (where Mr. Leland wrote the present ballads), and that in his absence he is edited after a fashion to make one shudder, if one has due terror of friendly pride and officiousness. In the preface the obvious points of the book are turned to the light, and the clear passages explained with an exultant satisfaction that is queer enough, and far too great for the modest merit of the poems. In these the keys touched before are touched again; there is a war-ballad, a legend, and a love-song, and neither is so good as previous pieces of the same kind. Whether the kind is susceptible of very much more reproduction, and whether it is not time for something mortal to occur to Hans Breitmann, are questions which Mr. Leland can ponder with equanimity greater than he could feel if his humor must perish with its creature.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

No. CLI. MAY, 1870.

CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW NOVEL IN "EVERY SATURDAY."—The publication of a new serial story by Charles Dickens in the pages of EVERY SATURDAY is the leading literary event of the season. The announcement, several months since, that "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" would first be laid before the American public in this journal added thousands of names to its subscription-list; and the appearance of the opening chapters of the novel has still further increased its very large circle of readers. The first instalment of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" was published in EVERY SATURDAY, dated April the 9th. The larger portion of the pictorial department of that number was devoted to subjects illustrative of Charles Dickens and his works. Among these engravings were a fine large-sized portrait of the author and two views of his home at Gad's Hill. Mr. Eytinge's capital cartoon of "Mr. Pickwick's Reception" also accompanied this issue. The following editorial notices of the "Dickens number," as it was called, are selected from innumerable articles of the same tenor.

The *New York Tribune* says: "The current number of 'Every Saturday' (April 9th) contains the first and second chapters of the new story by Charles Dickens, 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood,' and the publishers celebrate the occasion by giving up a great part of the periodical to subjects connected with the author and his works. A two-page cartoon, on tinted paper, drawn by Mr. Eytinge, shows Sam Weller introducing the principal characters in Dickens's novels to Mr. Pickwick, who may be considered the ancestor of that interesting family. Mr. Eytinge has caught a good deal of the spirit of his subject, and his group will repay study. A portrait of the novelist adorns the first page, and there are two pictures of his house at Gad's Hill Place. The new story deals with a phase of life which Dickens has not hitherto attempted to portray,—namely, clerical life in an English cathedral town,—and from the brief glimpses thus far afforded us, we see no reason to regret that he has stepped aside from his accustomed path. A scrap of conversation between "Mr. Tope, Chief Verger," and the Dean, is delicately flavored with Mr. Dickens's characteristic humor, and an interview between Mr. Jasper, the lay precentor, and Edwin Drood his nephew, over a cosey dinner in the precentor's lodgings, reminds us of some of the brightest domestic scenes in the earlier novels, at the same time that it hints at the Mystery to be developed hereafter. The author's power of terrible and fantastic description is illustrated in the opening chapter,—a scene in a resort of opium-smokers, and this is the passage which the artist, Mr. Fildes, has chosen for the employment of his pencil."

The *New York Times* says: "The fresh number of 'Every Saturday' has the distinction of containing the first chapter of Mr. Dickens's new story, 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood,' from the novelist's own advance sheets, with the illustrations drawn for the English edition by Mr. Fildes, and it will consequently without doubt be very much in demand. A copy of Mr. Fildes's picture, 'Houseless and Hungry,' which was the means of drawing the attention of Mr. Dickens to the comparatively unknown artist, is also given. Besides this there are a remarkably good portrait of Mr. Dickens, two views of his country house at Gad's Hill Place, and a cartoon issued as a Supplement, called 'Mr. Pickwick's Reception,' drawn by Mr. S. Eytinge, Jr., and introducing a procession of the popular author's characters. There are also other miscellaneous articles of interest. This issue is well termed a Dickens number. 'Every Saturday' has certainly become an excellent illustrated paper, and it exhibits in a marked degree the great improvement which has been made in such publications during the past ten years."

The *Cleveland Herald* says: "With this increased attraction 'Every Saturday' will undoubtedly greatly increase its already large circulation. And just here we put on record our agreeable disappointment in regard to the result of the change from the old form of this delightful weekly. We regretted the loss of the old handy octavo size, and even the handsome pictures failed to compensate for the loss of the familiar features of our favorite. But we have become thoroughly convinced that it was all for the best. In its new form 'Every Saturday' has all the literary merits of the old series, with an immensely greater attractiveness in the illustrations."

To conclude, the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* says: "This number of 'Every Saturday' shows the energy and resources which its publishers can command to render their weekly the best and handsomest pictorial in the country."

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, AND OTHER SKETCHES, by Francis Bret Harte, the editor of the "Overland Monthly," is a delightful summer volume. Mr. Harte's stories are inimitable of their kind, and the kind is novel. We have had few American sketches so full of racy character and local coloring as "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Tennessee's Partner," and "The Idyl of Red Gulch." These are studies as artistic and uncommon as Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales."

AMONG MY BOOKS, by Professor James Russell Lowell, was published simultaneously in Boston and London. Mr. Lowell is one of the few American authors who are extensively read in England, where the "Biglow Papers" have made his name a familiar word. This fresh collection of biographical and critical essays has been very warmly received by his English friends. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a review of "Among My Books," remarks: "His patriotism is of a thoroughly rational kind, and he can tell Americans of their weaknesses with as much point and vigor as he uses in addressing ourselves. He has, in short, a substratum of thorough shrewdness which is extremely refreshing in a poetical critic; he never talks nonsense or gives quarter to nonsense, and keeps his head very fairly even in describing Shakespeare's surpassing merits. The humor which was predominant in the "Biglow Papers" serves to keep him straight; he can laugh at the foibles of the Puritans, though it is

always a kindly laugh; and chuckles audibly when he finds a Puritan divine doubting whether it be right to tolerate any longer the devil-worship of the Indians, considering how much need there is that 'The Lord should deliver them into our hands,' in order that 'we might have men, women, and children enough to exchange for Moores.' This is one of several pleasant touches which he extracts from the rather dry remains of old New England annals. Add to this that the over-refined sensibility of the American breed has in him taken the form of very genuine poetical feeling, and moreover that he is a scholar of wide and accurate reading in modern literature, and we may safely say that he is a critic whose opinions should find favor with all readers who can be content with something more solid than the flimsy materials of which most periodical literature is composed. He is scarcely, we should guess, a very fluent writer; but he is — what is much better — a very full one; and there are good sense and lively feeling forcibly and tersely expressed in every page of his writing."

MR. MOUNTFORD'S "MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT," is attracting a great deal of attention among the more thoughtful classes of readers. The *Banner of Light* thinks that "the publication of Mr. Mountford's book on 'Miracles, Past and Present,' is destined to work like a subsoil plough, in the field of human thought and reflection. By his calm, patient, spiritual, and really scientific investigation into profane and what is called sacred history, he makes it so palpably plain that the currents of Divine power have not been dammed or deflected since the days styled ancient, that multitudes who have, as a habit, taken for granted what was told them with such an air of authority, will be persuaded of the truth of his clear conclusions on the first careful perusal of his volume."

HEDGED IN. — This new work by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps promises to make as deep and lasting impression on the public mind, and to be as widely discussed, as "The Gates Ajar." The subjoined appreciative criticism from the pen of a well-known writer appeared in a late number of the *New York Tribune*: —

"The problem which supplies the motive of this novel is one of the most serious of all that perplex the reformer and philanthropist. Can a woman who has once fallen from virtue be restored, not only to the favor of God, but to the smiles of society? Is there nothing left for the penitent but a life in sackcloth and ashes? No way out of the mire but through the doors of an asylum? If people in real life resemble the lifelike people whom we find in novels, we might say that Miss Phelps had given a satisfactory answer to the question. But, if we may be pardoned the bull, the most lifelike characters of fiction are apt to be very different from the people who make up the society of our modern villages and cities. Miss Phelps has shown us what ought to be, what in some rare and exceptional case perhaps might be; but that she has done much to break down the cruel barrier which hedges in the unfortunate class of whom we speak, we ought not to affirm. Her novel is the story of a young girl, Nixy Trent, an outcast from birth, brought up in the slums of a great city, seduced and deserted when she is almost too ignorant to comprehend the nature of her sin, striving after the birth of her child to "keep honest," but dreading an asylum more than death, and repulsed by all good Christians as soon as her story is known. On the brink of destruction she is rescued by Margaret Purcell, a widow lady who "has ideas"; she is taken into the family and educated with Margaret's daughter Christina. She becomes a lovely and accomplished woman. In the course of a few years she determines to reclaim the child whom she had abandoned. She does not love it; she knows that it is well cared for in a public institution; she knows that to bring it home will proclaim to all the world the secret which only Margaret Purcell and Christina know; still she thinks it her duty to take care of it, and braves disgrace. The disgrace of course comes, and it is even harder to bear than she had feared; but her two friends support her, and in time the world acknowledges its injustice. Miss Phelps treats the subject with true religious feeling, but she has carefully avoided a parade of pious sentiment and Scripture commonplaces, and she makes a plenty of fun of well-meaning ladies who think they have done their whole duty when they subscribe to a Magdalen Asylum and disgust the unfortunate with cant phrases. Nor should we omit to say that she treats it with equal delicacy and boldness, with the courage of a Christian and the most perfect womanly refinement.

"The literary merits of the book deserve still warmer praise than its purpose and spirit. If Miss Phelps has not created new types of character, she has chosen types somewhat apart from the common novelist's collection, and drawn them with a free dashing hand, that suggests more than it paints, and is fertile in the realistic touches which betray the genuine artist. The characters of Margaret Purcell, the innocent, loving, and thoroughly human Christina, and the conventionally pious Mrs. Myrtle, are scarcely more than outlined; but they are so distinct and truthful that we seem to have known their counterparts in the flesh. The strength of the book, however, is concentrated in Nixy Trent. From the miserable tenement whence, with her three-weeks baby, she runs away in dread of a benevolent doctor who talks to her about an 'asylum,' through the degradation and suffering of her wanderings in search of 'God's folks,' through the development of her better nature under Margaret's care, through the trials of her penitent life, to the last scene where she is found dead in her room at the foot of a cross, the pictures of this heroine are perfect. She is not converted by a miracle, but the uneducated heart and conscience, never wholly corrupt, are developed by slow degrees, and the process of this development, described as it is without false sentiment or a paltering with the difference between right and wrong, is the best part of the novel. There is a very truthful and powerful scene describing Nixy's first awakening — long after Mrs. Purcell has given her a home — to a burning, overpowering shame of her past sin; there is a touching and equally powerful scene when Christina, who has been kept in ignorance of Nixy's history, accidentally learns it, and for a while is stupefied at the discovery what this woman was that she had learned to love. The last chapters are nearly all tragedy, but it is tragedy of a healthy and elevating tone, and there is peace at last, even on this side of the grave, for those who suffer and persevere."

MUSIC-HALL SERMONS, by the Rev. W. H. H. Murray. In the sermons constituting this series Mr. Murray has carefully described and commended the fundamental religious and moral truths upon which Christian opinion and action are generally based, the while he has exhibited the causes and effects of the theological changes which, in their nature, demand modifications of opinion and practice in the Christian community. He preaches like a man who has something to say, in the truth and importance of which he thoroughly believes, and which he is sure he can make his hearers believe too. Like the sermons of Robertson, and Brooke, and Beecher, they subordinate theological speculation to a resolute application of Christian thought to the circumstances and needs of the time. Consequently they deserve a wide circulation among all denominations. They are the pro-

ductions of a warm-hearted, wise, and discriminating lover of his kind and friend to their best interests, and should be specially read and considered by every citizen who desires to know how he can best improve the physical, moral, and religious condition of his fellows.

EMERSON'S SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE. — Mr. Emerson's new volume of essays is a rich addition to the thoughtful portion of American literature. "One piece of advice which Mr. Emerson gives in this volume," says the *Independent*, "we earnestly invite every one to disregard, — at least, in this instance. Mr. Emerson recommends that no one shall read a book that is not a year old; and we, on the contrary, recommend every one to read 'Society and Solitude' as soon as he can lay his hands upon it."

A late number of *Hearth and Home*, an excellent family paper edited by Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, contains the following passages touching Mr. Emerson's new work: —

"It is no longer necessary to discuss the claims of Mr. Emerson to a position among authors of the highest rank; he has ascended to that place by his own genius and power, and is established there with the sanction of cultivated minds at home and abroad. He ranges freely in these essays through subjects more than commonly various and extensive. Society, civilization, art, and eloquence are handled with the same apparent easy mastery. Mr. Emerson's sympathies range freely beyond the formal bounds which in ordinary cases confine the intellectual taste, and we find him equally free from the taint of Puritanic prejudices as from the insidious plausibilities of latitudinarianism. In his essay on 'Domestic Life,' we recognize not only the naked facts as he presents them to us, but an explanation of those facts which is beyond dispute. After glancing briefly at some of the evils of our social system, he says: —

"'But the way to set the axe at the root of the tree is to raise our aim. Let us understand, then, that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always to good and true persons; a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have aims; they cannot pause for trifles.'

"The chapters on farming, clubs, books, and courage are vigorous in diction, admirable in spirit, and contain much valuable practical matter. The essay on 'Work and Play' is particularly fitted for the display of the author's highest gifts, and in it his philosophic mind and literary skill find their freest scope and exercise. Bold in the use of words, happy in metaphor, and pure in thought, Mr. Emerson will perhaps now, as heretofore, be best appreciated by an 'audience fit though few,' but even those who may feel themselves incompetent to judge his highest efforts will find much in them to reward attentive study."

The subjects treated of are Civilization, Art, Eloquence, Domestic Life, Books, Clubs, Courage, Success, Old Age, etc. The essays are marked by the best characteristics of Mr. Emerson's later style of writing; more pregnant and informed with wider experience and more varied illustrations than his earlier essays. They abound with fine passages, quite as much so as any that have gone before them, and will give pleasure to a greater number of people, perhaps, than the author has ever reached before.

HAWTHORNE'S ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS, in two volumes, uniform with the passages from his American journals, are certainly among the most important of recent publications, though these embrace works by Emerson, Bryant, and Lowell. The material of the "English Note-Books" is entirely new and of a most interesting character, recording his observations and experiences in England and Scotland. The picture of his consular life in Liverpool, which he used so effectively in several chapters of "Our Old Home," is drawn in his best manner. A correspondent of the *Tribune* says of these volumes: "The artistic finish and photographic accuracy of all Hawthorne's descriptions will make his Note-Books sought after even as guide-books for Americans visiting the localities to which his excursions were made; and his pictures of the University towns in these journals have probably never been matched anywhere."

This collection, like its predecessor, is edited by Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE is the title of a unique pictorial sheet that fills a hitherto unoccupied space in the field of advertising. It might be supposed that the resources of invention had been exhausted in this direction, but the appearance of this sheet proves the versatility of inventive genius. American Enterprise consists of a series of exquisite designs by our best artists, printed on heavy tinted paper, each engraving worthy of a frame and a prominent place on the walls of the dwelling, office, or store. The fact of their use as advertising mediums does not destroy their value as works of art, while the connection of the demands of business with the gratification of taste, fixes the former in the mind by association in a manner impossible by any other method.

A writer in the *New York Evening Mail* gives the following description of this illustrated novelty: "This new illustrated sheet is entitled American Enterprise, and is gotten up mainly in the interests of the advertisers in its columns. It is an eight-page sheet, twenty inches by fifteen, printed on fine tinted paper. It lays its claim to appreciation and admiration solely on the excellence of the designs, perfection of the engraving, and the unexceptionable way in which the printer has done his part of the work. It is safe to base popularity on this alone. The Enterprise will not only be eagerly sought for and admired when found, but it will achieve to the full the leading object of the publishers, prove of eminent advertising value to those who purchase space on its pages, and pay for the services of the best artists to put them in good shape thereupon.

"On the first page we have Booth's Theatre advertised by an excellent design by Hennessy; on the second we have Mason and Hamlin immortalized by the same artist, by a very pleasing picture illustrative of the witching charms of music. The third page picture does service for Fields, Osgood, & Co., telling several pleasant stories, for the sequel of which see 'Young Folks.' The next is a double page illustration, by Hennessy also, entitled 'Bacchus in America, — The Old Wine God and the New,' an allegorical picture with much to admire in it. Prang & Co., of Boston, and the Travellers' Insurance Company are introduced to us in such fashion on the sixth page that we feel to be without chromos or a policy of insurance would be to be without friends in this world or hope in the world hereafter. The seventh illustration is in the interest of the American Watch Company, and from the facile and prolific pencil of Bellew. This is a very remarkable illustration, and is alone worth four times the price of the number. There is a dollar's worth of fun in it, not to put a price on its morality. F. O. C. Darley is seen on the last page in an original drawing fully worthy of his ac-

knowledged talent. It is a happy picture of the sunny side of the farmer's life.

"The engraving is by W. J. Linton, and it is thoroughly artistic. There are few engravers, very few indeed, in whose hands the artist's work loses nothing: Linton is assuredly one of them."

American Enterprise is published at ten cents a copy, and is the handsomest illustrated sheet ever printed in this country or abroad.

THE MONTHLY PART OF "EVERY SATURDAY" for April is the most attractive number of an illustrated magazine ever issued in this country. It contains the first three instalments of Dickens's new novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," with the original illustrations by Fildes, and in addition to an unusually large number of full-page engravings, it is accompanied by three very striking cartoons, — "Mr. Pickwick's Reception," from the pencil of Mr. Eytinge; "Edwin Booth as Hamlet," and "Charles Fechter as Hamlet," drawn by Mr. W. J. Hennessy and superbly engraved by Linton. These pictures, printed carefully on heavy plate paper, are issued as supplements, and do not increase the price of the number in which they appear. They were all designed expressly for EVERY SATURDAY, and in the weekly parts have won general admiration.

BRYANT'S HOMER. — A recent critic says: "To adequately note the merits, literary and mechanical, of the new edition of 'The Iliad of Homer,' as translated into English blank-verse by William Cullen Bryant, and the first volume of which is now published by Fields, Osgood, & Co., would require research, quotation, and space for which we have neither time nor limit. Of the latter portion of its merits — the mechanical — we can truly say that it is worthy the former, being one of the noblest issues of the American press realized for many a long day, — being of royal octavo size, printed in large and handsome type, on thick and tinted paper, and bound in bevelled boards and green cambric with simple lettering, constituting a *perfect book*, fit to delight the eye of refinement or the most exacting connoisseurship. But this outward semblance is only the reflex of an inward grace. The translation itself is from the first American poet, a skilled proficient in the use of his mother-tongue, and the grandest versifier of the style adopted that can be named. Mr. Bryant enters a field of critical interpretation of the great Greek poet that, it must be confessed, has been well filled, and yet he gives us such a result, differing from all preceding ones, that we feel intuitively it must be accepted as the most satisfactory in the English language. He has genius, taste, moderation, felicity of expression, wealth of diction, — and these qualities, all, have served his laudable ambition to make this the masterpiece of his long and honorable literary life. Whatever one may think of the sweetness of rhyme, or the simplicity of the ballad, or the melody of the hexameter, he cannot fail to be pleased with the dignity and massiveness of the measure employed by the author in this translation. It seems, in its majestic tread, as here exhibited, better fitted to narrate the great events that stirred the muse of mythologic history than any other form that could be adopted."

We hold, says a writer in the *New York Independent*, "that America may fairly claim to have produced the standard English translation of Homer. William Cullen Bryant's is a version alike for the academy and for the people. Any one who, knowing no word of Greek, has made himself master of this translation, is qualified to judge of Homer, not merely as a story-teller, but as a poet; and has filled his mind with the spirit, the grandeur, the beauty, almost even the melody, of the greatest epic poem of all time."

MEDBERY'S MEN AND MYSTERIES OF WALL STREET. — Mr. Medbery's entertaining volume promises, and certainly deserves, to be one of the most popular books of the season. The *Philadelphia Press* remarks: "With this key we arrive at the true history of the recent gold and other stock exchange manœuvres and frauds. Nor are these developments limited to New York, though the system is rankest there. It prevails, though in mitigated degrees, in Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and the great cities of the West, stretching on even to the Pacific seaboard. Interesting as is the subject treated by Mr. Medbery, it is rendered doubly so to the general reader by the forcible manner in which it is presented. As a description of the methods and machinery of speculation, it is a unique revelation, arresting and enchaining our attention, whether narrating some of the sharp and fevered struggles for wealth in the 'Gold Room,' or describing some of the peculiar habits and humors of 'the street.' A brief biography of the great operators, and an account of their more important operations, together with many curious incidents of Wall Street, lend piquancy to one of the most satisfactory accounts ever published of the transactions of these financial kings. The uninitiated reader, whose conservatism has held him back from the whirlpool of speculation, gains a better understanding of the real life of the broker and speculator, and acquires a clearer perception of many features of the Stock Boards and the *argot* in which their transactions are conducted."

The work is neatly illustrated with original engravings from designs by Messrs. Jewett and Bush. The pictures are entitled 'The Gold Room,' 'Long Room,' 'Broad Street,' 'Bulls and Bears,' 'Gold Indicator,' and 'The Regular Board.'"

THE ATLANTIC ABROAD. — Speaking of a late number of the "Atlantic Monthly," an English critic makes the following admission: "It is flattering to think that it is due to the fact that in England magazines are many, and in America few, that we are flooded with verse (and bad at that), while the 'Atlantic Monthly' presents us with poetry. 'Balder's Wife' and 'Even-Song' are things we don't get here once a twelvemonth, with all our magazines!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANIES. Vol. V., completing the *Household Edition* of THACKERAY'S Works, and including, Catherine: A Story, Titmarsh among Pictures and Books; Fraser Miscellanies; The Christmas Books; Selections from Punch; Ballads. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 631. Green morocco cloth, $1.25.

This *Household Edition* of THACKERAY'S Works includes his Novels in six volumes, and his Miscellanies — more complete than any other edition — in five volumes. Price, $1.25 a volume; or $7.50 for the Novels and $6.25 for the Miscellanies. Half calf, $15.00 for the Novels, $12.50 for the Miscellanies, — *sold only in sets.*

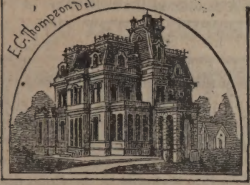
MEN AND MYSTERIES OF WALL STREET. By JAMES K. MEDBERY. With original illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 344. Morocco cloth, $2.00.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, and other Sketches. By FRANCIS BRET HARTE. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 246. Morocco cloth, $1.50.

THACKERAY'S NOVELS. *Illustrated Library Edition.* Vol. III. THE VIRGINIANS. With 46 illustrations by the author. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 542. $2.00.

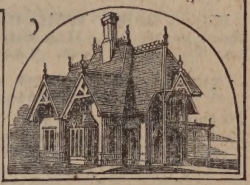
These books can be procured of Booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., Boston.

WOODWARD'S STANDARD SERIES OF Architectural and Agricultural BOOKS.



Harney's Barns, Outbuildings, and Fences. Just published, containing Designs and plans of Stables, Farm Barns, Outbuildings, Gates, Gateways, Fences, Stable Fittings and Furniture, fully described, with nearly **200** Illustrations. Royal quarto extra. Post-paid **$10.**

Suburban Homes for New-Yorkers. 25c.



Woodward's National Architect. 1,000 Designs, Plans, and Details for Country, Suburban, and Village Houses; with Perspective Views, Front and Side Elevations, Sections, Full Detail Drawings, Specifications, and Estimates. Also Detail Drawings to working scale, of Brackets, Cornices, French Roofs, Sectional and Framing Plans of French Roofs, Dormer Windows for French Roofs, Bay Windows, Inside Shutters, French Windows, Balconies, Verandas, Porches, Lattice Work, Stairs, Newels, Balusters, Sliding Doors, Window Casings, Gable Finish, Finials, Crestings, Canopies, Hoods, Observatories, Base, Architraves, Plaster Finish, Cornices, Ceilings, Hard Wood Mantels, and all that is required by a Builder to design, specify, erect, and finish in the most approved style. One superb quarto volume, post-paid, **$12.**

Woodward's Cottages and Farm-Houses. 188 Designs and Plans of low-priced Cottages, Farm-Houses, and Outbuildings. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Woodward's Suburban and Country Houses. 70 Designs and Plans, and numerous examples of the French Roof. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Woodward's Country Homes. 150 Designs and Plans, with Descriptions of the Manner of Constructing Balloon Frames. Post-paid, **$1.50,**

Woodward's Graperies and Horticultural Buildings. With Plans for Hot and Cold Graperies, Conservatories, Orchard Houses, &c., &c. Forcing Houses, Hot Beds, Cold Pits, &c. Post-paid. **$1.50.**

Wheeler's Rural Homes. Houses suited to Country Life. Post-paid, **$2.00.**

Wheeler's Homes for the People. 100 Original Designs, with full Descriptions, and Constructive and Miscellaneous Details. Post-paid, **$3.00.**

Jacques's Manual for the House. How to Build Dwellings, Barns, Stables, and Outbuildings of all kinds. **126** Designs and Plans. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Rural Church Architecture. Exemplified in Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details. By Upjohn, Renwick, &c. One folio volume, printed in colors, **45** Plates. Post-paid, **$12.**

Jacques's Manual of the Garden, Farm, and Barn-Yard. Embracing the Cultivation of Vegetables, Fruit, Flowers, all Field Crops, Details of Farm work and Rearing Domestic Animals. New and revised edition. One vol. Post-paid, **$2.50.**

Todd's Young Farmer's Manual. Vol. I. The Farm and the Workshop, with practical directions for laying out a Farm, Erecting Buildings, Fences, Farm Gates, Selecting good Farm and Shop Tools, and performing Farm Operations. Fully Illustrated. Post-paid, **$2.50.**

Todd's Young Farmer's Manual. Vol. II. How to Make Farming Pay, with Full Details of Farm Management, Character of Soils, Ploughing, Management of Grass Lands, Manures, Farm Implements, Stock, Drainage, Planting, Harvesting, etc. Illustrated. Post-paid, **$2.50.**

Elliott's Lawn and Shade Trees. For Planting Parks, Gardens, Cemeteries, Private Grounds, and Avenues. Fully Illustrated and described. Post-paid. **$1.50.**

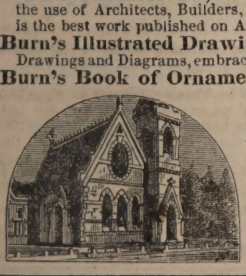
Fuller's Forest Tree Culturist. The Cultivation of Forest Trees for Shade, for Shelter, for Fuel, for Timber, and for Profit. Illustrated. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Husmann's Grapes and Wine. The Cultivation of the Native Grape and Manufacture of American Wine. By Geo. Husmann, of Missouri. Post-paid, **$1.50.**

Burn's Architectural, Engineering, and Mechanical Drawing-Book. A Self-Instructor for the use of Architects, Builders, Students, &c., with upwards of **300** Illustrations. Price, **$2.00,** post-paid. This is the best work published on Architectural Drawing.

Burn's Illustrated Drawing-Book. For Schools, Students, and Artisans. With **300** Illustrative Drawings and Diagrams, embracing Pencil Sketching, Perspective and Isometrical Drawing. Price, **$2.00,** post-paid.

Burn's Book of Ornamental Drawing and Architectural Design. With upwards of **200** examples, giving instructions in Decorative Drawing, and Architictural Plans for Practice. Price, **$2.00,** post-paid.



Woodward's Architecture. New Designs and Hints on Building, with Illustrated Priced Catalogue of all Books on Architecture and Agriculture. Quarterly, **25c.**

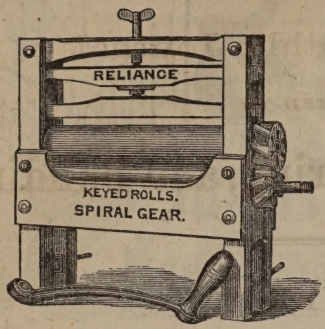
Address,

GEO. E. WOODWARD,

Publisher, 191 Broadway, N. Y.

Reliance Wringer.

IMPROVED.



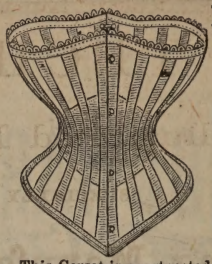
Keyed Rolls. White Rubber Spiral Cogs. Easy Working. Has Curved Clamp. Fits any Tub. The Best. The Cheapest. Try it.

PROVIDENCE TOOL CO.,

29 Beekman St., N. Y. **PROV., R. I.**

PET SEWING MACHINE.—The Wonder of the World! Price $5. Send $5 by your Express-man or by mail for one. Call and see it. Send Stamps for sample of work and circular. Agents wanted. Address

PET SEWING MACHINE CO.,
7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.



FANNING'S

PATENT

KID FITTING

SKELETON

CORSET.

This Corset is constructed on an entirely new principle, being *open*, and thereby allowing the freest circulation possible, besides giving perfect ease and comfort to the wearer, and at the same time possessing all the advantages of the common Corsets in giving support to the body.

For **Health, Grace, and Comfort** they are UNRIVALLED IN THE MARKET. They are particularly recommended for summer wear, and warm climates, although equally well adapted to all seasons of the year. They are highly recommended by medical and scientific men.

For circulars, prices, &c. address the

WORCESTER SKIRT CO.,
Worcester, Mass.

STAMMERING

Permanently cured by Bates's Patent Scientific Appliances. They received Medals, etc. at the last London and Paris Exhibitions, and are favorably reviewed in the *Illustrated London News* and *Medical Times*. For Pamphlet, and drawings describing the same, address

SIMPSON & CO., Box **5076**, New York.

U.S. PIANO CO. N.Y.

Beautiful rosewood case—carved legs—large square grand overstrung scale—French action—iron plate—7 octaves—pure, sweet, rich, and powerful tone—boxed and sent everywhere for trial—warranted 5 years—Price **$290.**—Circulars mailed free.—*Address*—UNITED STATES PIANO CO., No. **650** Broadway, New York.

THE

Laws of Discursive Thought:

BEING A

TEXT BOOK OF FORMAL LOGIC.

BY JAMES McCOSH, LL. D.,

President of New Jersey College, Princeton. Formerly Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Queen's College, Belfast.

12mo. Price, $1.50.

JUST PUBLISHED BY

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,
530 Broadway, New York.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

For ten years past we have been using in our establishment Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines, and also Sewing Machines of other manufacturers; and after so many years we have arrived at the conclusion that Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines are *greatly superior to all others.*

All the parts of their mechanism are so strong that the expense for repairs is merely a trifle. Besides, they can execute a larger variety of sewing than all other machines. The simplicity of their mechanism makes the repairs easy; they do not tire the operator, and make very little noise in running. In a word, they cannot fail to be of great value to persons in want of Sewing Machines.

SISTER DOROTHEE,
Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN

NEWSPAPERS.

Advertisements received for every Newspaper in Great Britain, India, China, the Colonies, the Continent, and Foreign Countries. Established 1846. References to Bankers and United States Journals.

FREDERIC ALGAR,
8 Clements Lane, Lombard Street, London.

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

Illustrated Library Edition.

☞ Published with the Author's sanction. Complete in 2 vols. 12mo. Cloth, $3.50; Half Calf, $7.00.

"A superb edition of *The Novels of George Eliot*, in two volumes. The illustrations are numerous, and not unworthy of the text. The splendid power of these novels, which rank with the first literary productions of the century, entitle them to the highest typographical honors such as in this instance they have received."—*Boston Traveller.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

THE TECHNOLOGIST:

An Illustrated Monthly Journal

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO

Engineering, Manufacturing, and Building.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The publishers of THE TECHNOLOGIST have determined to put their journal into the hands of the public at the very lowest figure consistent with sound business principles and the ample capital at their command. They have consequently fixed upon the following

Subscription Price: One Copy, Two Dollars per year, in advance.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

Five Copies	at $2.00 per year,		$2.50	premium.	Thirty Copies	at $2.00 per year	$15.00 premium.
Ten Copies	"	"	5.00	"	Forty Copies	" "	20.00 "
Fifteen Copies	"	"	7.50	"	Fifty Copies	" "	25.00 "
Twenty Copies	"	"	10.00	"	Seventy-five Copies	" "	37.50 "
Twenty-five Copies	"	"	12.50	"	One Hundred Copies	" "	50.00 "

That is, fifty cents for each individual subscription on all orders for five or more copies.

Single Copies, Twenty Cents each. Specimen Copies will be sent, postage free, on receipt of Ten Cents.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A clear idea of the value of THE TECHNOLOGIST as an advertising medium can be obtained only by taking into consideration these facts: Firstly, the publishers pledge themselves to give it an average monthly circulation of at least twenty thousand copies. Secondly, THE TECHNOLOGIST will circulate not only among the industrial classes, but also largely among the masses of the people, and particularly among that intelligent portion of the community which includes the best paying customers. This is evident from the fact that each number will contain one or more superb engravings of manufacturing, architectural, or engineering works that are at the moment attracting the attention of the public. Thirdly, it is a well-known fact that class journals, which, in view of their character and circulation, command the respect and attention of the general community at the outset, are the best mediums for the advertiser. Fourthly, for a journal of its class, and for the circulation which will be given it, the rates for advertising are unusually low. Finally, the publishers will be prepared, upon the presentation of bills for advertising, to give satisfactory evidence that they have fulfilled their pledges. Attention is called to the following:

ADVERTISING RATES.

Inside pages, forty cents per line each insertion.

Last page and inside pages of cover, sixty cents per line each insertion.

Back page of cover, eighty cents per line each insertion.

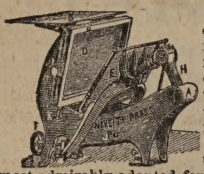
For special notices in our business columns there will be a charge of fifty cents per line.

Liberal discounts from these rates will be made upon time advertisements.

THE INDUSTRIAL PUBLICATION CO.,

176 Broadway, New York.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.



The reputation of the **Novelty Job Printing Press** is thoroughly established as meeting all the requirements of a first-class press, with which to "*do your own printing*," and as being second to none for the use of *general Job Printers*. Many printers are using them, and find them most admirably adapted for job work. Many young men have bought them, and are doing all the printing for the house which employs them, thereby materially adding to their salaries. TRADERS and MANUFACTURERS are finding them great aids to their business. Principals of Schools are finding them very useful assistants; and boys are finding them a never-failing source of instruction, pleasure, and profit. Most lads of fourteen, with one of these presses and a few dollars' worth of material, are perfectly capable of doing all the printing for their father's business, and will be thereby gaining instruction. **Prices of Presses, $15, $30, $32, $50.** Send for full descriptive illustrated circular, with testimonials from all parts of the country, and specimens of plain and color printing done on the press, and specimen sheets of types, cuts, &c., to **BENJ. O. WOODS,** Manufacturer, 351 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS., dealer in every description of printing material; or to the following Agents: — C. C. THURSTON, No. 16 College Place, New York; KELLY, HOWELL, & LUDWIG, 917 Market St, Philadelphia, Pa.; A. C. KELLOGG, 68 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

$2,000 A YEAR AND EXPENSES to agents to sell the celebrated

WILSON SEWING MACHINES.

The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* ONE MACHINE WITHOUT MONEY.

For further particulars address

THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

ONLY 25 CENTS.

A HANDSOME ALBUM holding 20 card pictures. Full gilt cover Novel, new, and serviceable. Sent free on receipt of 25 cents.

SAMUEL BOWLES & CO., Springfield, Mass.

SERMONS

BY

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

$2.00.

"Mr. Brooke possesses, with a strong sympathy in what was best and noblest in his friend Robertson, a quality of religious thought very nearly akin. The qualities by which his sermons impress the reader are their great seriousness and devoutness of tone; their breadth of topics, and freedom of handling; the constant, reverential, intelligent exposition of Scripture in its spiritual or moral sense, and the directness with which they apply the religious thought to the actual experiences of the life, or the actual condition of the nation." — *Christian Examiner.*

"They come nearer to my ideal of Christian sermons than anything that has appeared from the press within my remembrance." — A. P. PEABODY, D. D.

"I am not disappointed to find in these discourses the same delicacy of perception and grace of expression, the same unaffected sympathy with nature and with life, which had already prepared me to welcome any volume by the biographer of Robertson." — PROF. J. H. SEELYE.

"I bought Brooke's Sermons as soon as they came West, and value them very highly. I think they are worthy of the biographer of Robertson, and that is saying a good deal. The preacher goes directly into his subject, and talks man-fashion very much as Beecher does, and talks, not to his own sect merely, but to the common head and heart of us, the 'common sense of most.'" — ROBERT COLLYER.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

LAW AND BANKING OFFICE.

PITKIN C. WRIGHT,

DEWITT, CLINTON CO., IOWA.

Money loaned for a term of years on unencumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, net, payable annually. Interest collected when due. *All charges* paid by borrower. Have been in business over nine years. **PARTIES HAVING MONEY TO INVEST, PLEASE NOTICE.**

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON'S DIARY.

2 vols. $4 00. Half Calf, $7 50.

"It is a work to which no review can do full justice. In order to be thoroughly appreciated, it must be read from beginning to end. We cannot more truthfully characterize and more justly commend the volumes before us than by pronouncing them invaluable to every student of English literature, and indispensable additions to every well-selected and really precious collection of English books." — *North British Review.*

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

Recommended by Physicians and Scientific Men. For Lungs and Throat. The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Get the genuine. Prices, $1, and 50 cts.

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, MOLASSES, OR SORGHUM, in Ten Hours, without using drugs.

For Circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE

FOR FAMILY USE — *simple, cheap, reliable,* KNITS EVERYTHING. AGENTS WANTED. Circular and sample stocking FREE. Address HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Me., or 176 Broadway, New York.

THE NEW FOOD.

Sea-Moss Farine.

This new and elegant preparation, made from Irish Moss, or Carrageen, is conceded to be the cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world. As a delightful table dessert it has no equal, and as a light and delicate food for Invalids and Children. It is superior to all kindred preparations.

The new article of food has everywhere won "golden opinions" of all sorts of people, and the housekeepers of the land generally regard it in the double light of a staple necessary and a delicious luxury, for while it lessens the expense of living, the exquisite dishes prepared from it cannot be obtained, even at an extravagant cost, from any other source. For twenty-five cents you can buy a package which will make sixteen quarts of Blanc Mange, and a like quantity of Puddings, Custards, Creams, Charlotte Russe, &c.

RAND SEA-MOSS FARINE CO.,
53 Park Place, New York.

THE GREAT SPRING TONIC.

Plantation Bitters.

This wonderful vegetable restorative is the sheet anchor of the feeble and debilitated. As a tonic and cordial for the aged and languid it has no equal among stomachics. As a remedy for the nervous weakness to which women are especially subject, it is superseding every other stimulant. In all climates — tropical, temperate, or frigid — it acts as a specific in every species of disorder which undermines the bodily strength and breaks down the animal spirits.

Wherever it is introduced it becomes a standard article, — a medicinal staple. It is to-day the best and purest tonic, and the most popular medicine in the civilized world. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Druggists.

PAYNE'S IMPROVED, OR THE COMMON-SENSE FRUIT PRESERVER!

The above cut represents an improved apparatus for **Preserving by Steam,** Fruits, Vegetables, &c.; an arrangement regarded by scientific judges as the most *complete* for that purpose ever offered to the public. Its construction is perfectly simple and easy to manage. Six or more jars can in as many minutes be preserved, with one-fourth the labor and fuel usually required by any other process. The fruits retain all their **Solidity, Flavor & Beauty,** requiring *no sugar*, unless preferred. As a practical fruit-packer, the inventor speaks advisedly. When perfect jars are used (those represented in the cut, with **Mason's** *Union and Standard*, are regarded by him as among the best), and our directions followed, *success is guaranteed!* **Price of Preservers:**—Single pipe, $3; two pipes, $4; four pipes, $5; six pipes, $6.

Liberal arrangements made with the trade and good canvassers. For particulars, address
WILLIAMS & CHASE, 35 Park Place, N. Y. City.

The Ladies' Sorosis Club, of New

York, recently changed their discussions from woman's suffrage to Hair preparations and Pimple Banishers. They declared that where Nature had not endowed them with beauty, it was their right — yea, their duty — to seek it where they could. So they all voted that Magnolia Balm overcame Sallowness, Rough Skin, and Ringmarks, and gave to the complexion a most *distingué* (Sorosian) and marble-like appearance (dangerous to men, no doubt); and that Lyon's Kathairon made the Hair grow thick, soft, and awful pretty; and moreover prevented it from turning gray. If the proprietors of these articles did not send the sisters an invoice, they are not smart.

WHISKERS, MUSTACHE, or **HAIR** warranted to grow on man or boy in 21 days or money refunded. Sent free for 50 cents. Address
E. H. COLVIN, Hadleys' Station, Illinois.

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

Advertising Agents,

40 PARK ROW, N.Y.

BRYANT'S HOMER.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Translated into English Blank Verse by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

In two volumes. Imperial octavo. Uniform with LONGFELLOW'S DANTE. Vol. I. now ready.

Price, $5.00. [Vol. II. will be published in May next.]

"The appearance of this work is in more senses than one an event in our literary history. Next in importance to the production of great original works is the naturalization in another land and language of the masterpieces of literature. We cannot say that the labor of translation has hitherto been undervalued; but it has rarely, in our tongue, been performed with that abnegation of the translator's personality, through which alone the original author can receive justice. The fact that our two most distinguished poets, independently undertaking their separate tasks, substantially agree in their method — and that method unquestionably the correct one — confirms us in the hope that the great poets of other lands and ages may receive their fittest English speech through American authors.

"Three years ago we welcomed Mr. Longfellow's *Divina Commedia*, — a translation which, for the first time in English, gives the very spirit and atmosphere of the original text. We believe that Mr. Bryant has now given us the standard English Iliad, which is destined to supersede all previous versions. In any case, he has produced a work which reflects the highest honor on himself, and on the country whose literature he has already so nobly enriched." — *New York Tribune.*

In all the more impassioned portions of the tale of Troy, the reader feels the power of the English master, and even in those passages where "Homer nods," such as the description of the ships, there is a dignity of movement in the verse that redeems it from the wearisome. The blank verse of Mr. Bryant has a sustained and majestic movement. It is individual, while wholly free from mannerism, and, though conformed to the inexorable law of quantity in its structure, as different from the blank verse of other masters of this measure as the murmur of the pines from the roar of the tempest; as the voice of the mountains from the voice of the sea." — *New York Evening Post.*

MUSIC-HALL SERMONS.

By W. H. H. MURRAY, Author of "Adirondack Adventures." 1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.

This volume contains the twelve remarkable discourses which Mr. Murray has preached to crowded and eagerly attentive audiences, on successive Sunday evenings of this season, in Boston Music Hall. Mr. Murray has dwelt little on disputed points of doctrine, but has devoted his efforts to elucidating and enforcing those essential moral and religious truths which all Christians hold in common, and which form the basis of all social order and all personal worth. The variety and practical character of the volume are indicated in its

CONTENTS.

THE TENDERNESS OF GOD.
THE UNION OF MORAL FORCES.
THE RELATION OF BELIEF TO PRACTICE.
TO YOUNG MEN.
BURDEN-BEARING.
NEARNESS TO GOD.
DIVINE FRIENDSHIP.
HOPE FOR THE FALLEN.
THE MINISTRY OF THE WORD.
THE CHURCH, — ITS OBJECT AND CAPACITY.
THE POWER OF CITIES.
THE MORAL CONDITION OF BOSTON, AND HOW TO IMPROVE IT.

"The Sermons strike us as among the most remarkable of the generation. Mr. Murray has succeeded in avoiding whatever could offend, without compromising a single fundamental truth." — *Protestant Churchman.*

"None of them are long, there is nothing superfluous in any of them, they are not rhetorical. They have confessedly been a great power in Boston. What is the secret? They are the plain, simple, powerful appeals of faith; they touch, with a kindly and yet a firm hand the vital things of life and eternity; they glow with the earnestness of the speaker; they go straight to the mark, in nervous, limber, forceful language; they are living with happy illustration and vivid but chaste imagery. In reading them we are at no loss to see how it was that they drew and held the most absorbed audiences." — *Hartford Courant.*

THACKERAY'S NOVELS.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION.

1. **Vanity Fair.** With 39 Illustrations by the Author. 1 volume.
2. **Pendennis.** With 46 Illustrations by the Author. 1 volume.
3. **The Virginians.** With 46 Illustrations by the Author.

Handsomely bound in morocco cloth, uniform with the Illustrated Library Editions of DICKENS, SCOTT, and GEORGE ELIOT. $2.00 a volume.

The three remaining volumes will be issued in April and May. This edition will be the most desirable and cheapest of all the Illustrated editions of Thackeray for the Library.

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. $2.00.

"He ranges over whole fields of discovery, science, literature, that he may drop hither and thither, as wanted by those who fly far below him, the seeds of golden grain that shall nourish in their tardy following. Hence, when, as here, he gives his best thoughts on society and solitude, civilization, art, eloquence, domestic life, farming, works and days, books, clubs, courage, success, and old age — enriched by study, enlarged by observation — what an infinitude of knowledge, what a fountain of inspiration, is tendered to the advantage of the world!" — *Boston Commonwealth.*

MIRACLES,

PAST AND PRESENT.

By REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD. 1 vol. 12mo. 520 pages. $2.00.

This remarkable work is an important contribution to religious literature, particularly to the discussion of some questions to which the development of Spiritualism has given special prominence. The author has devoted to these subjects the careful study of years, and the conclusions to which his observations, experiences, and reverent seeking have led, possess a deep interest for all candid and thoughtful minds.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

AUTHOR'S COPYRIGHT EDITION.

Uniform with "Idyls of the King," bound in cloth, $1.00.

Uniform with *Farringford* Tennyson, paper, 25 cents.

Uniform with *Half-Dollar* Tennyson, 10 cents.

"Those who have read the 'Idyls of the King' will be prepared for the exquisite and altogether wonderful productions which, under the name of the *Holy Grail*, are now offered to their loving study; for the two books are really but detached fragments of one greater work. We have in the present instalment the same qualities of thought and expression with which all the readers of Tennyson's more mature poetry have become familiar. Unquestionably the vision and the faculty divine are here; depth of imaginative insight, wisdom of serene spiritual intuition, splendor of idea and grouping, a creative and unifying force, an exaltation, breadth, and intensity of thought which gives health and consolation as well as excitement, and language the perfect garment of this body of life." — *The Independent.*

A PHYSICIAN'S PROBLEMS.

By CHARLES ELAM, M. D., M. R. C. P.

1 vol. 16mo. $1.75.

CONTENTS. — Natural Heritage; On Degenerations in Man, On Moral and Criminal Epidemics; Body *vs.* Mind; Illusions and Hallucinations; The Demon of Socrates; The Amulet of Pascal; On Somnambulism; Revery and Abstraction.

"Full of mature reflection. Its illustrative facts constitute a very quaint and curious collection." — *Albany Express.*

"An unusually suggestive as well as instructive book." — *Philadelphia Press.*

AMONG MY BOOKS.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. $2.00. *Third Edition.*

"A permanent addition to the literature of genial scholarship and large-minded criticism. . . . . With a never-failing grace, Mr. Lowell carries the large burden of a ripe and widely gathered scholarship, and while there is that in his manner which must attract the unlearned, the wisest of us cannot fail to gain instruction from his ample stores." — *Buffalo Courier.*

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By HORACE GREELEY. $1.50.

"We know of nothing in literary or political history for persistent effort and unabating courage and industry to compare with Mr. Greeley's exploitations in behalf of the principle of a Protective Tariff. The subject has been his first and last love. To overrate the influence of his labors on our national prosperity would be difficult; for, whether they be considered beneficial or injurious, that they have been positive and extensive no one will deny. For our own part, we need hardly say that we regard them as in the highest degree beneficent, and that the people of this country, the laboring classes, the farmers, and the manufacturers, are more indebted to him for the prosperity and consideration they enjoy than to any other man who has been known to our people for the past thirty years." — *The Independent.*

THE CATHEDRAL.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1 vol. 16mo. With three Illustrations. $1.25.

"The Cathedral better represents Mr. Lowell's depth, his mental robustness, his subtilty, his wealth of conception, his sweetness of tone, and his admirable self-poise, than any other single thing that he has heretofore given us. In the higher poetic qualities, this one effort leaves him without a peer in America." — *Morning Star.*

THE COMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

By JOHN D. SHERWOOD.

1 vol. 12mo. With 60 original Illustrations by HARRY SCRATCHLY. $2.50.

THIRD EDITION NOW READY.

"As a history the book has merits of no ordinary kind." — *N. Y. Times.*

"One can hardly take it up and begin to read at all without being insensibly drawn on by its pleasant, genial, and smoothly flowing style." — *Independent.*

"Full of a sly, dry, smiling humor, which overlies a basis of real earnestness." — *Providence Press.*

A TALE OF ETERNITY AND OTHER POEMS.

By GERALD MASSEY.

1 vol. 16mo. *Cabinet Edition.* $2.00.

"Massey is the poet of reform. He has a distinct and noble purpose. A great heart beats in his breast, and he evidently strives to better the condition of the class from which he sprang. This grand fidelity to the interests of the working class has endeared him to an immense circle of sympathetic readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Tennyson is the Laureate of the Queen, Massey of the people." — *Chicago Journal.*

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

LEE AND SHEPARD'S MAY BULLETIN.

NOW READY.

ALASKA
And its Resources.

By W. H. DALL,

DIRECTOR OF THE SCIENTIFIC CORPS OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION.

Full Octavo, with nearly **100 Elegant Illustrations,** engraved by the late JOHN ANDREW, from drawings by the Author.

☞ This volume contains not only the record of a THREE YEARS' residence in Alaska — made under the most favorable circumstances for explorations — but a complete history of the country gathered from every available source.

It is very full in details of Productions, Climate, Soil, Temperature, Language, the Manners and Customs of its peoples, etc., etc., and is

THE MOST VALUABLE,

as well as

THE MOST AUTHENTIC

HISTORY OF ALASKA;

and is one of

THE MOST ELEGANT

books issued in America.

"Let the Public School System go to where it came from, — THE DEVIL." — THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, DEC. 11, 1869.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR:

THE BIBLE AND THE SCHOOL FUND.

BY REV. RUFUS W. CLARK, D. D.

Paper, 40 cents. Cloth, 75 cents.

From the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D., of Harvard College.

"We are, it seems to me, approaching a great religious crisis. There is a tendency to the creation and consolidation of three parties in the religious world, — believers in the authority of the Bible; believers in ecclesiastical tradition and authority as parallel with, or paramount to, the Bible; and believers in their own (so-called) intuitions. The friends and adherents of the Bible ought to draw more closely together, if they would be successful early (as, if God be true, they must be ultimately), in this tripartite war. They waste a great deal of ammunition against one another which might be used with good purpose, as in these sermons of yours gospel ammunition is used against the common enemy."

BOOKS IN MAY.

The Young Ship-Builders of Elm Island.

BY REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG.

1 vol. Illustrated. $1.25. Being Vol. 5 of

THE ELM ISLAND STORIES.

5 vols. 20 Illustrations.

1. Lion Ben.
2. Charlie Bell.
3. The Ark.
4. The Boy Farmers.
5. The Ship-Builders.

The genial humor and sturdy common sense of the good old times of the last century are graphically portrayed and made living examples for the

Youth of the Present Age.

The Boys of the Grand Prè School.

BY PROF. JAMES DE MILLE.

1 vol. 16mo. Illustrated. $1.50. Being Vol. 2 of the

B. O. W. C. SERIES.

Vol. 1, B. O. W. C.
Vol. 2, The Boys of Grand Prè School.

The remarkably rapid sale of B. O. W. C. evidences that the author of "The Dodge Club" is equally at home with boys as with those of maturer years. No juvenile, with the exception of those by Oliver Optic, has had, of late days, so wide a sale as B. O. W. C., and thousands of youth will hear with pleasure of the second book in the series.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Williams College Biographical Annals.

BY REV. CALVIN DURFEE.

With an Introduction by REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D. D.

LIFE AND ALONE.

A NOVEL.

16mo. $1.50.

THE

GOD-MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CREDO."

Uniform in size and price.

A prominent Clergyman of Boston says of

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE.

"After a thorough examination I placed it in the hands of my son whom I could not get to read. From being a constant reader of that Magazine, he has acquired a love for reading. Now he reads History, Travels, and books of general information. If he ever amounts to anything, I owe it to

OLIVER OPTIC.

I read his Magazine every week with great interest, and only wish his readers may include **all the Youth of America."**

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE

IS PUBLISHED

Every Week and Every Month,

and furnishes more first-class American reading matter, and at less cost, than any similar publication.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE, For Either Issue . Single Subscription, One Year, $2.50.

For terms to local agents and club prices, also club rates with other periodicals, address the publishers.

☞ Specimens sent *free* by mail, on application to the publishers.

LEE AND SHEPARD'S Publications for sale by all Booksellers, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

LEE AND SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

HAVE PITY ON THE STOMACH.

Forbear to nauseate it with loathsome pills. Don't drench it with sickening potions. All the purgative, corrective, and anti-bilious elements necessary for the cure of constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, and nervous debility are combined in that exhilarating and delicious draught — TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. It is anti-febrile, purifying, invigorating, alterative. In fact, it is half a dozen sanitary blessings mingled in one cooling, foaming febrifuge.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.

With Drawings by Hennessy, Darley, Eytinge, Bellew, Forbes, and Others. Engraved by W. J. Linton.

A handsome folio sheet; tinted paper. Price, 10 cents.

This illustrated paper is designed to show how the best art may be rendered tributary to the most practical business interests.

The drawings and engravings are confidently presented *as the best ever done in an illustrated paper.* The best quality of paper and printing has been employed to render the result as near perfection as possible.

"The idea is a novelty, and in this first issue well carried out, enabling purchasers for ten cents to obtain a series of pictures of decided merit; whilst learning at the same time of the best things of various kinds in the market. For instance, "California Wines" are introduced by an emblematic drawing, mythological and modern; "Our Young Folks" is put before the public with a series of domestic scenes; the title-page is Booth in various characters and a representation of his theatre. Indeed the whole issue is a costly and elegant effort to enable trade and commerce to do much towards educating the public taste. This original affair deserves to be examined, as quite an exhibition, for its peculiar style of announcements, and when examined can hardly fail of being popular." — *Boston Transcript.*

"A series of exquisite engravings by our best artists, printed on heavy tinted paper, each one worthy of a frame and a prominent place." — *Hartford Post.*

Published for the Proprietors, by

The American News Company,

New York, and

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS-DEALERS.

MEN AND MYSTERIES OF WALL STREET.

By JAMES K. MEDBERY.

With six Original Illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo. $2.00.

This volume gives a graphic and truthful picture of the method and machinery of speculation at the great money centre of the country. It not merely gratifies curiosity, but teaches some most important lessons by its revelations of the extent and uses of the vast power termed "Wall Street."

CONTENTS.

The New York Stock Exchange.
A Day at the Boards.
The Machinery of Speculation.
Margins and the Loan Market.
The Methods of Speculation.
Concerning Stock Brokers.
Habits and Humors of "The Street."
The Great Operators.
The Outsiders.
The Mobility of Stock.
In the Gold Room.
The Gold Brokers.
The Mining Board.
Before 1837.
From '37 to '60
Prospective.

"Mr. Medbery's topic will attract a large class of readers, for, in addition to the fact that many people like to read accounts of fights of all sorts, there is the special interest awakened by the attention given, for some time past, to the gambling battles of Wall Street. Mr. Medbery seems to know all about the Wall Street operations, and he portrays in a very lively and graphic way its noted bulls and bears, their methods of operation, and the leading events in the history of their gambling in stocks and gold." — *Worcester Spy.*

**** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANIES.

HOUSEHOLD EDITION COMPLETE.

I. Barry Lyndon, The Great Hoggarty Diamond, Burlesques, Diary of C. Jeames De la Pluche, Esq., The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan, A Legend of the Rhine, Rebecca and Rowena, The History of the next French Revolution, and Cox's Diary.

II. The Paris Sketch Book, the Memoirs of Mr. C. J. Yellowplush, The Irish Sketch Book, and A Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo.

III. The Book of Snobs, Sketches and Travels in London, Character Sketches, Denis Duval, Men's Wives, and Stories, including the Bedford Row Conspiracy, A Little Dinner at Timmins's, and the Fatal Boots.

IV. The Four Georges, the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century, Charity and Humor, Roundabout Papers, The Second Funeral of Napoleon, Little Travels and Roadside Sketches, the Fitz Boodle Papers, and other Sketches.

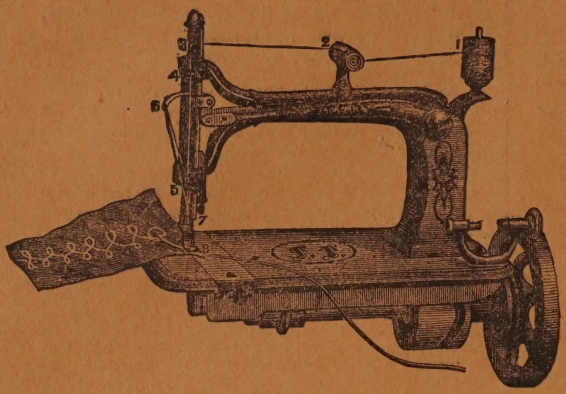
V. Catherine: A Story, Titmarsh among Pictures and Books, Fraser Miscellanies, The Christmas Books, Selections from Punch, Ballads.

The tasteful, compact, and remarkably popular *Household Edition* of THACKERAY'S Works, is now finished, including his Novels in six volumes, and his Miscellanies — more complete than any other edition — in five volumes. Price, $1.25 a volume; or $7.50 for the Novels, and $6.25 for the Miscellanies. Half Calf, $15 for the Novels, $12.50 for the Miscellanies, — *sold only in sets.*

**** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

WEED "FAMILY FAVORITE" SEWING MACHINE



BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 28th, 1869.

GENTLEMEN: It gives me the greatest pleasure to add my testimony in favor of the Weed Sewing Machine. For (12) *twelve years* I have used in my family what was universally considered "the best" Machine, and I tried the Weed more as an experiment than otherwise. A trial, however, of a few weeks proved to me that it was so much superior to my old one that nothing would induce me to part with it, and I am equally well satisfied with it now, at the expiration of two years. I have no difficulty about running over seams and uneven surfaces, and it goes from a thin to a thick piece of goods without being obliged to change the tension. My hemmer works splendidly. Would advise every lady before purchasing to examine the "Weed Family Favorite."

Respectfully,

MRS. L. F. CUTLER,
No. 512 Tremont Street.

"SHUTTLE," "STRAIGHT NEEDLE," "SELF-ADJUSTING TENSION,"

not complicated in construction; easy to regulate and to clean; not liable to get out of order; simple to learn and to operate; guaranteed to do a wider range of work *without change* than *any* other machine

☞ **Agents wanted.**

WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.,

349 Washington St., Boston; 613 Broadway, New York.
Manufactory, Hartford, Ct.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.

SKETCHES.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP.
THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT.
MIGGLES.
TENNESSEE'S PARTNER.
THE IDYL OF RED GULCH.
HIGH-WATER MARK.
A LONELY RIDE.
THE MAN OF NO ACCOUNT.

STORIES.

MLISS.
THE RIGHT EYE OF THE COMMANDER.
NOTES BY FLOOD AND FIELD.

BOHEMIAN PAPERS.

MISSION DOLORES.
JOHN CHINAMAN.
FROM A BACK WINDOW.
BOONDER.

Several of these Stories have already gained a popularity second to none ever written in this country. The *New York Evening Post* pronounces them "a series of Tales and Sketches, all of which have very great merit, while several are almost perfect in their way and of their kind. 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' is a most natural and charming sketch of rough life subdued by the tender influences of an unconscious child; it abounds with humor and pathos, and we should pity the reader who could restrain either his laughter or his tears while reading it." The same charming qualities of thought and style run through all the stories and sketches in this volume.

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

Electrotyped and Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.'S

NEW BOOKS,

To be Published during May and June, 1870.

Reade's New Novel.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

By CHARLES READE. Household Edition in 1 vol. 16mo. Price, $1.00. Uniform with the Household Edition of Charles Reade's Novels. (By arrangement with Messrs. Sheldon & Co.) (*Immediately.*)

SCIENTIFIC RESULTS OF A JOURNEY IN BRAZIL.

By LOUIS AGASSIZ and his Travelling Companions. Comprising The Geology and Physical Geography of the Atlantic Provinces of Brazil. By CH. FRED. HARTT, Professor of Geology in Cornell University. With 100 Illustrations and Maps. 1 vol. 8vo. $5.00.

THE NATURALIST'S GUIDE.

By C. J. MAYNARD. With Illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo. $2.00.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

Translated by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Vol. II., completing the Work. 8vo. $5.00.

☞ *The two volumes bound in half calf, price,* $20.

THE SEAT OF EMPIRE.

By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN ("CARLETON"). With Original Illustrations and Maps. 1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.

THE NEWCOMES.

By W. M. THACKERAY. Illustrated Library Edition. With 45 Illustrations by RICHARD DOYLE. 1 vol. 12mo. $2.00.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

By W. M. THACKERAY. Illustrated Library Edition. With 20 Illustrations by FREDERICK WALKER. 1 vol. 12mo. $2.00.

HENRY ESMOND AND LOVEL THE WIDOWER.

By W. M. THACKERAY. Illustrated Library Edition. With 14 Illustrations by GEORGE DU MAURIER and the Author. 1 vol. 12mo. $2.00.

☞ *These Volumes complete the Illustrated Library Edition of Thackeray's Novels, uniform with Dickens, Scott, and George Eliot.*

Hawthorne's English Notes.

PASSAGES FROM THE ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. 2 vols. 16mo. $4.00. Uniform with Hawthorne's Works. (*On Saturday, June* 4th.)

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers,

124 Tremont St., Boston.

SMITH'S
AMERICAN ORGANS.

Attention is called to these splendid instruments. The Manufacturers have the longest experience of any house in New England; they have a large and thoroughly furnished Factory, containing all the latest improvements in labor-saving machinery; their materials are the best obtainable; they have a corps of skilled workmen, and the advice of accomplished musicians.

With these unequalled facilities they believe they make

THE BEST REED INSTRUMENTS.

The EXCELLENCE THEY HAVE ATTAINED IS NOT THE RESULT OF CHANCE, but follows their well-devised system, so that EACH ORGAN IS PERFECT OF ITS KIND, and there is no more chance for inferior work than in the Armory at Springfield.

☞ *But it is not claimed that the* AMERICAN ORGAN *is sold at the lowest price,—as the manufacturers have no desire to waste their time upon feeble and characterless instruments, nor to furnish a supply of dissatisfaction, even at the low price of* $50 *each. Nothing worthy can be produced for such a sum, by any house whatever. They mean to make* only the best *reed Organ, and they are satisfied that a discriminating public is willing to pay the value of what it gets. They submit their prices* WITH THEIR INSTRUMENTS.

Among the many flattering testimonials they have received, they desire to call attention to the following letter from CARL ZERRAHN, Esq., the eminent Conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society, of the Boston Symphony Concerts, and principal Conductor of the Monster Chorus and Orchestra of the late PEACE JUBILEE.

Messrs. S. D. & H. W. SMITH:

Gentlemen:—My attention was particularly called to your American Organs by one which was used in the public performance recently of the oratorio of the "Creation," under my conductorship. It rendered valuable service in the support of the choruses and accompaniments of the recitatives.

The purity and sweetness of tone were excellent, and I was especially struck with the great power of the sub bass notes. This has led me to make a careful examination of your different styles of organs and the interior workmanship, at your manufactory.

The quality of tone bears the closest resemblance to the pipe organ; and I cheerfully testify to their great superiority in this respect, as well as in the finish of the mechanical parts.

Respectfully Yours, CARL ZERRAHN.

THE AMERICAN ORGAN is exclusively used at the NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC in BOSTON, the largest music school in the world.

After a thorough examination of rival instruments, the AMERICAN ORGAN was adopted for the new MASONIC TEMPLE in Boston. It is used also at Odd Fellows Hall.

Twenty Years established. Thirty Thousand in use!

An Illustrated Circular, containing full descriptions and prices, will be sent postpaid, on application.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH, BOSTON, MASS.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XXV. — JUNE, 1870. — NO. CLII.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLEMENTINA returned to the city without having made any very satisfactory discovery. Her parting was therefore conventionally tender: she even thanked Joseph for his hospitality, and endeavored to throw a little natural emphasis into her words as she expressed the hope of being allowed to renew her visit in the summer.

During her stay it seemed to Joseph that the early harmony of his household had been restored. Julia's manner had been so gentle and amiable, that, on looking back, he was inclined to believe that the loneliness of her new life was alone responsible for any change. But after Clementina's departure his doubts were reawakened in a more threatening form. He could not guess, as yet, the terrible chafing of a smiling mask, of a restraint which must not only conceal itself but counterfeit its opposite, of the assumption by a narrow, cold, and selfish nature of virtues which it secretly despises. He could not have foreseen that the gentleness, which had nearly revived his faith in her, would so suddenly disappear. But it was gone, like a glimpse of the sun through the winter fog. The hard, watchful expression came back to Julia's face, the lowered eyelids no longer gave a fictitious depth to her shallow, tawny pupils, the soft roundness of her voice took on a frequent harshness, and the desire of asserting her own will in all things betrayed itself through her affected habits of yielding and seeking counsel.

She continued her plan of making herself acquainted with all the details of the farm business. When the roads began to improve, in the early spring, she insisted in driving to the village alone, and Joseph soon found that she made good use of these journeys in extending her knowledge of the social and pecuniary standing of all the neighboring families. She talked with farmers, mechanics, and drovers; became familiar with the fluctuations in the prices of grain and cattle; learned to a penny the wages paid for every form of service; and thus felt, from week to week, the ground growing more secure under her feet.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Joseph was not surprised to see that his aunt's participation in the direction of the household gradually diminished. Indeed, he scarcely noticed the circumstance at all, but he was at last forced to remark her increasing silence and the trouble of her face. To all appearance the domestic harmony was perfect, and if Rachel Miller felt some natural regret at being obliged to divide her sway, it was a matter, he thought, wherein he had best not interfere. One day, however, she surprised him by the request: —

"Joseph, can you take or send me to Magnolia to-morrow?"

"Certainly, Aunt!" he replied. "I suppose you want to visit Cousin Phebe; you have not seen her since last summer."

"It was that, — and something more." She paused a moment, and then added, more firmly: "She has always wished that I should make my home with her, but I could n't think of any change so long as I was needed here. It seems to me that I am not really needed now."

"Why, Aunt Rachel!" Joseph exclaimed, "I meant this to be your home always, as much as mine! Of course you are needed, — not to do all that you have done heretofore, but as a part of the family. It is your right."

"I understand all that, Joseph. But I 've heard it said that a young wife should learn to see to everything herself, and Julia, I 'm sure, does n't need either my help or my advice."

Joseph's face became very grave. "Has she — has she —?" he stammered.

"No," said Rachel, "she has not said it — in words. Different persons have different ways. She is quick, O very quick! — and capable. You know I could never sit idly by, and look on; and it 's hard to be directed. I seem to belong to the place and everything connected with it; yet there 's times when what a body ought to do is plain."

In endeavoring to steer a middle course between her conscience and her tender regard for her nephew's feelings Rachel only confused and troubled him. Her words conveyed something of the truth which she sought to hide under them. She was both angered and humiliated; the resistance with which she had attempted to meet Julia's domestic innovations was no match for the latter's tactics; it had gone down like a barrier of reeds and been contemptuously trampled under foot. She saw herself limited, opposed, and finally set aside by a cheerful dexterity of management which evaded her grasp whenever she tried to resent it. Definite acts, whereon to base her indignation, seemed to slip from her memory, but the atmosphere of the house became fatal to her. She felt this while she spoke, and felt also that Joseph must be spared.

"Aunt Rachel," said he, "I know that Julia is very anxious to learn everything which she thinks belongs to her place, — perhaps a little more than is really necessary. She 's an enthusiastic nature, you know. Maybe you are not fully acquainted yet; maybe you have misunderstood her in some things: I would like to think so."

"It is true that we are different, Joseph, — *very* different. I don't say, therefore, that I 'm always right. It 's likely, indeed, that any young wife and any old housekeeper like myself would have their various notions. But where there can be only one head, it 's the wife's place to be that head. Julia has not asked it of me, but she has the right. I can't say, also, that I don't need a little rest and change, and there seems to be some call on me to oblige Phebe. Look at the matter in the true light," she continued, seeing that Joseph remained silent, "and you must feel that it 's only natural."

"I hope so," he said at last, repressing a sigh; "all things are changing."

"What can we do?" Julia asked, that evening, when he had communicated to her his aunt's resolution; "it would be so delightful if she would stay, and yet I have had a presentiment that she would leave us — for a little while only, I hope. Dear, good Aunt

Rachel! I could n't help seeing how hard it was for her to allow the least change in the order of housekeeping. She would be perfectly happy if I would sit still all day and let her tire herself to death; but how can I do that, Joseph? And no two women have exactly the same ways and habits. I 've tried to make everything pleasant for her: if she would only leave many little matters entirely to me, or at least not think of them, — but I fear she cannot. She manages to see the least that I do, and secretly worries about it, in the very kindness of her heart. Why can't women carry on partnerships in housekeeping as men do in business? I suppose we are too particular; perhaps I am just as much so as Aunt Rachel. I have no doubt she thinks a little hardly of me, and so it would do her good — we should really come nearer again — if she had a change. If she *will* go, Joseph, she must at least leave us with the feeling that our home is always hers, whenever she chooses to accept it."

Julia bent over Joseph's chair, gave him a rapid kiss, and then went off to make her peace with Aunt Rachel. When the two women came to the tea-table the latter had an uncertain, bewildered air, while the eyelids of the former were red, — either from tears or much rubbing.

A fortnight afterwards Rachel Miller left the farm and went to reside with her widowed niece, in Magnolia.

The day after her departure another surprise came to Joseph in the person of his father-in-law. Mr. Blessing arrived in a hired vehicle from the station. His face was so red and radiant from the March winds, and perhaps some private source of satisfaction, that his sudden arrival could not possibly be interpreted as an omen of ill-fortune. He shook hands with the Irish groom who had driven him over, gave him a handsome gratuity in addition to the hire of the team, extracted an elegant travelling-satchel from under the seat, and met Joseph at the gate, with a breezy burst of feeling: —

"God bless you, son-in-law! It does my heart good to see you again! And then, at last, the pleasure of beholding your ancestral seat; really, this is quite — quite manorial!"

Julia, with a loud cry of "O pa!" came rushing from the house.

"Bless me, how wild and fresh the child looks!" cried Mr. Blessing, after the embrace. "Only see the country roses on her cheeks! Almost too young and sparkling for Lady Asten, of Asten Hall, eh? As Dryden says, 'Happy, happy, happy pair!' It takes me back to the days when *I* was a gay young lark; but I must have a care, and not make an old fool of myself. Let us go in and subside into soberness: I am ready both to laugh and cry."

When they were seated in the comfortable front room, Mr. Blessing opened his satchel and produced a large leather-covered flask. Julia was probably accustomed to his habits, for she at once brought a glass from the sideboard.

"I am still plagued with my old cramps," her father said to Joseph, as he poured out a stout dose. "Physiologists, you know, have discovered that stimulants diminish the wear and tear of life, and I find their theories correct. You, in your pastoral isolation and pecuniary security, can form no conception of the tension under which we men of office and of the world live. *Beatus ille*, and so forth, — strange that the only fragment of Latin which I remember should be so appropriate! A little water, if you please, Julia."

In the evening when Mr. Blessing, slippered, sat before the open fireplace, with a cigar in his mouth, the object of his sudden visit crept by slow degrees to the light. "Have you been dipping into oil?" he asked Joseph.

Julia made haste to reply. "Not yet, but almost everybody in the neighborhood is ready to do so now, since Clemson has realized his fifty thousand dollars in a single year. They are talking of nothing else in the village. I heard yesterday, Joseph, that Old Bishop has taken three thousand dollars' worth of stock in a new company."

"Take my advice, and don't touch 'em!" exclaimed Mr. Blessing.

"I had not intended to," said Joseph.

"There is this thing about these excitements," Mr. Blessing continued: "they never reach the rural districts until the first sure harvest is over. The sharp, intelligent operators in the large cities — the men who are ready to take up soap, thimbles, hand-organs, electricity, or hymn-books, at a moment's notice — always cut into a new thing before its value is guessed by the multitude. Then the smaller fry follow and secure their second crop, while your quiet men in the country are shaking their heads and crying 'humbug!' Finally, when it really gets to be a humbug, in a speculative sense, they just begin to believe in it, and are fair game for the bummers and camp-followers of the financial army. I respect Clemson, though I never heard of him before; as for Old Bishop, he may be a very worthy man, but he'll never see the color of his three thousand dollars again."

"Pa!" cried Julia, "how clear you do make everything. And to think that I was wishing — O wishing *so* much! — that Joseph would go into oil."

She hung her head a little, looking at Joseph with an affectionate, penitent glance. A quick gleam of satisfaction passed over Mr. Blessing's face; he smiled to himself, puffed rapidly at his cigar for a minute, and then resumed: "In such a field of speculation everything depends on being initiated. There are men in the city — friends of mine — who know every foot of ground in the Alleghany Valley. They can smell oil, if it 's a thousand feet deep. They never touch a thing that is n't safe, — but, then, they know *what* 's safe. In spite of the swindling that 's going on, it takes years to exhaust the good points; just so sure as your honest neighbors here will lose, just so sure will these friends of mine gain. There are millions in what they have under way, at this moment."

"What is it?" Julia breathlessly asked, while Joseph's face betrayed that his interest was somewhat aroused.

Mr. Blessing unlocked his satchel, and took from it a roll of paper, which he began to unfold upon his knee. "Here," he said, "you see this bend of the river, just about the centre of the oil region, which is represented by the yellow color. These little dots above the bend are the celebrated Fluke Wells; the other dots below are the equally celebrated Chowder Wells. The distance between the two is nearly three miles. Here is an untouched portion of the treasure, — a pocket of Pactolus waiting to be rifled. A few of us have acquired the land, and shall commence boring immediately."

"But," said Joseph, "it seems to me that either the attempt must have been made already, or that the land must command such an enormous price as to lessen the profits."

"Wisely spoken! It is the first question which would occur to any prudent mind. But what if I say that neither is the case? And you, who are familiar with the frequent eccentricities of old farmers, can understand the explanation. The owner of the land was one of your ignorant, stubborn men, who took such a dislike to the prospectors and speculators, that he refused to let them come near him. Both the Fluke and Chowder Companies tried their best to buy him out, but he had a malicious pleasure in leading them on to make immense offers, and then refusing. Well, a few months ago he died, and his heirs were willing enough to let the land go; but before it could be regularly offered for sale, the Fluke and Chowder Wells began to flow less and less. Their shares fell from 270 to 95; the supposed value of the land fell with them, and finally the moment arrived when we could purchase for a very moderate sum. I see the question in your mind: why should we wish to buy when the other wells were giving out? There comes in the secret, which is our veritable success. Consider it whispered

in your ears, and locked in your bosoms, — torpedoes! It was not then generally exploded (to carry out the image), so we bought at the low figure, in the very nick of time. Within a week the Fluke and Chowder Wells were torpedoed, and came back to more than their former capacity; the shares rose as rapidly as they had fallen, and the central body we hold — to which they are, as it were, the two arms — could now be sold for ten times what it cost us!"

Here Mr. Blessing paused, with his finger on the map, and a light of merited triumph in his eyes. Julia clapped her hands, sprang to her feet, and cried: "Trumps at last!"

"Ay," said he, "wealth, repose for my old days, — wealth for us all, if your husband will but take the hand I hold out to him. You now know, son-in-law, why the indorsement you gave me was of such vital importance; the note, as you are aware, will mature in another week. Why should you not charge yourself with the payment, in consideration of the transfer to you of shares of the original stock, already so immensely appreciated in value? I have delayed making any provision, for the sake of offering you the chance."

Julia was about to speak, but restrained herself with an apparent effort.

"I should like to know," Joseph said, "who are associated with you in the undertaking?"

"Well done, again! Where did you get your practical shrewdness? The best men in the city! — not only the Collector and the Surveyor, but Congressman Whaley, E. D. Stokes of Stokes, Pirricutt and Company, and even the Reverend Doctor Lellifant. If I had not been an old friend of Kanuck, the agent who negotiated the purchase, my chance would have been impalpably small. I have all the documents with me. There has been no more splendid opportunity since oil became a power! I hesitate to advise even one so near to me in such matters; but if you knew the certainties as I know them, you would go in with all your available capital. The excitement, as you say, has reached the country communities, which are slow to rise and equally slow to subside; all oil stock will be in demand, but the Amaranth, — 'The Blessing,' they wished to call it, but I was obliged to decline, for official reasons, — the Amaranth shares will be the golden apex of the market!"

Julia looked at Joseph with eager, hungry eyes. He, too, was warmed and tempted by the prospect of easy profit which the scheme held out to him; only the habit of his nature resisted, but with still diminishing force. "I might venture the thousand," he said.

"It is no venture!" Julia cried. "In all the speculations I have heard discussed by pa and his friends, there was nothing so admirably managed as this. Such a certainty of profit may never come again. If you will be advised by me, Joseph, you will take shares to the amount of five or ten thousand."

"Ten thousand is exactly the amount I hold open," Mr. Blessing gravely remarked. "That, however, does not represent the necessary payment, which can hardly amount to more than twenty-five per cent, before we begin to realize. Only ten per cent has yet been called, so that your thousand at present will secure you an investment of ten thousand. Really, it seems like a fortunate coincidence."

He went on, heating himself with his own words, until the possibilities of the case grew so splendid that Joseph felt himself dazzled and bewildered. Mr. Blessing was a master in the art of seductive statement. Even where he was only the mouthpiece of another, a few repetitions led him to the profoundest belief. Here there could be no doubt of his sincerity, and, moreover, every movement from the very inception of the scheme, every statistical item, all collateral influences, were clear in his mind and instantly accessible. Although he began by saying, "I will make no estimate of the profits,

because it is not prudent to fix our hopes on a positive sum," he was soon carried far away from this resolution, and most luxuriously engaged, pencil in hand, in figuring out results which drove Julia wild with desire, and almost took away Joseph's breath. The latter finally said, as they rose from the session, late at night: —

"It is settled that I take as much as the thousand will cover; but I would rather think over the matter quietly for a day or two before venturing further."

"You must," replied Mr. Blessing, patting him on the shoulder. "These things are so new to your experience, that they disturb and — I might almost say — alarm you. It is like bringing an increase of oxygen into your mental atmosphere. (Ha! a good figure: for the result will be, a richer, fuller life. I must remember it.) But you are a healthy organization, and therefore you *must* see clearly: I can wait with confidence."

The next morning Joseph, without declaring his purpose, drove to Coventry Forge to consult Philip. Mr. Blessing and Julia remaining at home, went over the shining ground again, and yet again, confirming each other in the determination to secure it. Even Joseph, as he passed up the valley in the mild March weather, taking note of the crimson and gold of the flowering spice-bushes and maple-trees, could not prevent his thoughts from dwelling on the delights of wealth, — society, books, travel, and all the mellow, fortunate expansion of life. Involuntarily, he hoped that Philip's counsel might coincide with his father-in-law's offer.

But Philip was not at home. The forge was in full activity, the cottage on the knoll was repainted and made attractive in various ways, and Philip would soon return with his sister to establish a permanent home. Joseph found the sign-spiritual of his friend in numberless little touches and changes; it seemed to him that a new soul had entered into the scenery of the place.

A mile or two farther up the valley a company of mechanics and laborers were apparently tearing the old Calvert mansion inside out. House, barn, garden, and lawn were undergoing a complete transformation. While he paused at the entrance of the private lane, to take a survey of the operations, Mr. Clemson rode down to him from the house. The Hopetons, he said, would migrate from the city early in May: work had already commenced on the new railway, and in another year a different life would come upon the whole neighborhood.

In the course of the conversation Joseph ventured to sound Mr. Clemson in regard to the newly formed oil companies. The latter frankly confessed that he had withdrawn from further speculation, satisfied with his fortune; he preferred to give no opinion, further than that money was still to be made, if prudently placed. The Fluke and Chowder Wells, he said, were old, well-known, and profitable. The new application of torpedoes had restored their failing flow, and the stock had recovered from its temporary depreciation. His own venture had been made in another part of the region.

The atmosphere into which Joseph entered, on returning home, took away all further power of resistance. Tempted already, and impressed by what he had learned, he did what his wife and father-in-law desired.

CHAPTER XV.

HAVING assumed the payment of Mr. Blessing's note, as the first instalment upon his stock, Joseph was compelled to prepare himself for future emergencies. A year must still elapse before the term of the mortgage upon his farm would expire, but the sums he had invested for the purpose of meeting it when due must be held ready for use. The assurance of great and certain profit in the mean time rendered this step easy; and, even at the worst, he reflected, there would be no difficulty in procuring a new mortgage whereby to liquidate the old. A notice, which

he received at this time, that a second assessment of ten per cent on the Amaranth stock had been made was both unexpected and disquieting. Mr. Blessing, however, accompanied it with a letter, making clear, not only the necessity but the admirable wisdom of a greater present outlay than had been anticipated. So the first of April — the usual business anniversary of the neighborhood — went smoothly by. Money was plenty, the Asten credit had always been sound, and Joseph tasted for the first time a pleasant sense of power in so easily receiving and transferring considerable sums.

One result of the venture was the development of a new phase in Julia's nature. She not only accepted the future profit as certain, but she had apparently calculated its exact amount and framed her plans accordingly. If she had been humiliated by the character of Joseph's first business transaction with her father, she now made amends for it. "Pa" was their good genius. "Pa" was the agency whereby they should achieve wealth and social importance. Joseph now had the clearest evidence of the difference between a man who knew the world and was of value in it, and their slow, dull-headed country neighbors. Indeed, Julia seemed to consider the Asten property as rather contemptible beside the splendor of the Blessing scheme. Her gratitude for a quiet home, her love of country life, her disparagement of the shams and exactions of "society," were given up as suddenly and coolly as if she had never affected them. She gave herself no pains to make the transition gradual, and thus lessen its shock. Perhaps she supposed that Joseph's fresh, unsuspicious nature was so plastic that it had already sufficiently taken her impress, and that he would easily forget the mask she had worn. If so, she was seriously mistaken.

He saw, with a deadly chill of the heart, the change in her manner, — a change so complete that another face confronted him at the table, even as another heart beat beside his on the dishallowed marriage-bed. He saw the gentle droop vanish from the eyelids, leaving the cold, flinty pupils unshaded; the soft appeal of the half-opened lips was lost in the rigid, almost cruel compression which now seemed habitual to them; all the slight dependent gestures, the tender airs of reference to his will or pleasure, had rapidly transformed themselves into expressions of command or obstinate resistance. But the patience of a loving man is equal to that of a loving woman: he was silent, although his silence covered an ever-increasing sense of outrage.

Once it happened, that after Julia had been unusually eloquent concerning "what pa is doing for us," and what use they should make of "pa's money, as I call it," Joseph quietly remarked: —

"You seem to forget, Julia, that without my money not much could have been done."

An angry color came into her face; but, on second thought, she bent her head, and murmured in an offended voice: "It is very mean and ungenerous in you to refer to our temporary poverty. You might forget, by this time, the help pa was compelled to ask of you."

"I did not think of it!" he exclaimed. "Besides, you did not seem entirely satisfied with my help, at the time."

"O, how you misunderstand me!" she groaned. "I only wished to know the extent of his need. He is so generous, so considerate towards us, that we only guess his misfortune at the last moment."

The possibility of being unjust silenced Joseph. There were tears in Julia's voice, and he imagined they would soon rise to her eyes. After a long, uncomfortable pause, he said, for the sake of changing the subject: "What can have become of Elwood Withers? I have not seen him for months."

"I don't think you need care to know," she remarked. "He 's a rough,

vulgar fellow: it 's just as well if he keeps away from us."

"Julia! he is my friend, and must always be welcome to *me*. You were friendly enough towards him, last summer: how is it that you have not a good word to say, now?"

He spoke warmly and indignantly. Julia, however, looked at him with a calm, smiling face. "It is very simple," she said. "You will agree with me, in another year. A guest, as I was, must try to see only the pleasant side of people: that 's our duty; and so I enjoyed — as much as I could — the rusticity, the awkwardness, the ignorance, the (now, don't be vexed, dear!) — the vulgarity of your friend. As one of the society of the neighborhood, as a resident, I am not bound by any such delicacy. I take the same right to judge and select as I should take anywhere. Unless I am to be hypocritical, I cannot — towards you, at least — conceal my real feelings. How shall I ever get you to see the difference between yourself and these people, unless I continually point it out? You are modest, and don't like to acknowledge your own superiority."

She rose from the table, laughing, and went out of the room humming a lively air, leaving Joseph to make the best of her words.

A few days after this the work on the branch railway, extending down the valley, reached a point where it could be seen from the Asten farm. Joseph, on riding over to inspect the operations, was surprised to find Elwood, who had left his father's place and become a sub-contractor. The latter showed his hearty delight at their meeting.

"I 've been meaning to come up," he said, "but this is a busy time for me. It 's a chance I could n't let slip, and now that I 've taken hold I must hold on. I begin to think this is the thing I was made for, Joseph."

"I never thought of it before," Joseph answered, "and yet I 'm sure you are right. How did you hit upon it?"

"*I* did n't; it was Mr. Held."

"Philip?"

"Him. You know I 've been hauling for the Forge, and so it turned up by degrees, as I may say. He 's at home, and, I expect, looking for you. But how *are* you now, really?"

Elwood's question meant a great deal more than he knew how to say. Suddenly, in a flash of memory, their talk of the previous year returned to Joseph's mind; he saw his friend's true instincts and his own blindness, as never before. But he must dissemble, if possible, with that strong, rough, kindly face before him.

"O," he said, attempting a cheerful air, "I am one of the old folks now. You must come up —"

The recollection of Julia's words cut short the invitation upon his lips. A sharp pang went through his heart, and the treacherous blood crowded to his face all the more that he tried to hold it back.

"Come, and I 'll show you where we 're going to make the cutting," Elwood quietly said, taking him by the arm. Joseph fancied, thenceforth, that there was a special kindness in his manner, and the suspicion seemed to rankle in his mind as if he had been slighted by his friend.

As before, to vary the tedium of his empty life, so now, to escape from the knowledge which he found himself more and more powerless to resist, he busied himself beyond all need with the work of the farm. Philip had returned with his sister, he knew, but after the meeting with Elwood he shrank with a painful dread from Philip's heart-deep, intimate eye. Julia, however, all the more made use of the soft spring weather to survey the social ground, and choose where to take her stand. Joseph scarcely knew, indeed, how extensive her operations had been, until she announced an invitation to dine with the Hopetons, who were now in possession of the renovated Calvert place. She enlarged, more than was necessary, on the distinguished city position of the family, and the impor-

tance of "cultivating" its country members. Joseph's single brief meeting with Mr. Hopeton — who was a short, solid man, in ripe middle age, of a thoroughly cosmopolitan, though not a remarkably intellectual stamp — had been agreeable, and he recognized the obligation to be neighborly. Therefore he readily accepted the invitation on his own grounds.

When the day arrived, Julia, after spending the morning over her toilet, came forth resplendent in rosy silk, bright and dazzling in complexion, and with all her former grace of languid eyelids and parted lips. The void in Joseph's heart grew wider at the sight of her; for he perceived, as never before, her consummate skill in assuming a false character. It seemed incredible that he should have been so deluded. For the first time a feeling of repulsion, which was almost disgust, came upon him as he listened to her prattle of delight in the soft weather, and the fragrant woods, and the blossoming orchards. Was not, also, this delight assumed? he asked himself: false in one thing, false in all, was the fatal logic which then and there began its torment.

The most that was possible in such a short time had been achieved on the Calvert place. The house had been brightened, surrounded by light, airy verandas, and the lawn and garden, thrown into one and given into the hands of a skilful gardener, were scarcely to be recognized. A broad, solid gravel-walk replaced the old tan-covered path; a pretty fountain tinkled before the door; thick beds of geranium in flower studded the turf, and veritable thickets of rose-trees were waiting for June. Within the house, some rooms had been thrown together, the walls richly yet harmoniously colored, and the sumptuous furniture thus received a proper setting. In contrast to the houses of even the wealthiest farmers, which expressed a nicely reckoned sufficiency of comfort, the place had an air of joyous profusion, of a wealth which delighted in itself.

Mr. Hopeton met them with the frank, offhand manner of a man of business. His wife followed, and the two guests made a rapid inspection of her as she came down the hall. Julia noticed that her crocus-colored dress was high in the neck, and plainly trimmed; that she wore no ornaments, and that the natural pallor of her complexion had not been corrected by art. Joseph remarked the simple grace of her movement, the large, dark, inscrutable eyes, the smooth bands of her black hair, and the pure though somewhat lengthened oval of her face. The gentle dignity of her manner more than refreshed, it soothed him. She was so much younger than her husband that Joseph involuntarily wondered how they should have come together.

The greetings were scarcely over before Philip and Madeline Held arrived. Julia, with the least little gush of tenderness, kissed the latter, whom Philip then presented to Joseph for the first time. She had the same wavy hair as her brother, but the golden hue was deepened nearly into brown, and her eyes were a clear hazel. It was also the same frank, firm face, but her woman's smile was so much the sweeter as her lips were lovelier than the man's. Joseph seemed to clasp an instant friendship in her offered hand.

There was but one other guest, who, somewhat to his surprise, was Lucy Henderson. Julia concealed whatever she might have felt, and made so much reference to their former meetings as might satisfy Lucy without conveying to Mrs. Hopeton the impression of any special intimacy. Lucy looked thin and worn, and her black silk dress was not of the latest fashion: she seemed to be the poor relation of the company. Joseph learned that she had taken one of the schools in the valley, for the summer. Her manner to him was as simple and friendly as ever, but he felt the presence of some new element of strength and self-reliance in her nature.

His place, at dinner, was beside Mrs. Hopeton, while Lucy — apparently by accident — sat upon the other side of

the hostess. Philip and the host led the conversation, confining it too exclusively to the railroad and iron interests; but these finally languished, and gave way to other topics in which all could take part. Joseph felt that while the others, except Lucy and himself, were fashioned under different aspects of life, some of which they shared in common, yet that their seeming ease and freedom of communication touched, here and there, some invisible limit, which they were careful not to pass. Even Philip appeared to be beyond his reach, for the time.

The country and the people, being comparatively new to them, naturally came to be discussed.

"Mr. Held, or Mr. Asten, — either of you know both," — Mr. Hopeton asked, "what are the principal points of difference between society in the city and in the country?"

"Indeed, I know too little of the city," said Joseph.

"And I know too little of the country, — here, at least," Philip added. "Of course the same passions and prejudices come into play everywhere. There are circles, there are jealousies, ups and downs, scandals, suppressions, and rehabilitations: it can't be otherwise."

"Are they not a little worse in the country," said Julia, "because — I may ask the question here, among *us* — there is less refinement of manner?"

"If the external forms are ruder," Philip resumed, "it may be an advantage, in one sense. Hypocrisy cannot be developed into an art."

Julia bit her lip, and was silent.

"But are the country people, hereabouts, so rough?" Mrs. Hopeton asked. "I confess that they don't seem so to me. What do you say, Miss Henderson?"

"Perhaps I am not an impartial witness," Lucy answered. "We care less about what is called 'manners' than the city people. We have no fixed rules for dress and behavior, — only we don't like any one to differ too much from the rest of us."

"That's it!" Mr. Hopeton cried; "the tyrannical levelling sentiment of an imperfectly developed community! Fortunately, I am beyond its reach."

Julia's eyes sparkled: she looked across the table at Joseph, with a triumphant air.

Philip suddenly raised his head. "How would you correct it? Simply by resistance?" he asked.

Mr. Hopeton laughed. "I should no doubt get myself into a hornet's-nest. No; by indifference!"

Then Madeline Held spoke. "Excuse me," she said; "but is indifference possible, even if it were right? You seem to take the levelling spirit for granted, without looking into its character and causes; there must be some natural sense of justice, no matter how imperfectly society is developed. We are members of this community, — at least, Philip and I certainly consider ourselves so, — and I am determined not to judge it without knowledge, or to offend what may be only mechanical habits of thought, unless I can see a sure advantage in doing so."

Lucy Henderson looked at the speaker with a bright, grateful face. Joseph's eyes wandered from her to Julia, who was silent and watchful.

"But I have no time for such conscientious studies," Mr. Hopeton resumed. "One can be satisfied with half a dozen neighbors, and let the mass go. Indifference, after all, is the best philosophy. What do you say, Mr. Held?"

"Indifference!" Philip echoed. A dark flush came into his face, and he was silent a moment. "Yes: our hearts are inconvenient appendages. We suffer a deal from unnecessary sympathies, and from imagining, I suppose, that others feel them as we do. These uneasy features of society are simply the effort of nature to find some occupation for brains otherwise idle — or empty. Teach the people to think, and they will disappear."

Joseph stared at Philip, feeling that a secret bitterness was hidden under his careless, mocking air. Mrs. Hope-

ton rose, and the company left the table. Madeline Held had a troubled expression, but there was an eager, singular brightness in Julia's eyes.

"Emily, let us have coffee on the veranda," said Mr. Hopeton, leading the way. He had already half forgotten the subject of conversation: his own expressions, in fact, had been made very much at random, for the sole purpose of keeping up the flow of talk. He had no very fixed views of any kind, beyond the sphere of his business activity.

Philip, noticing the impression he had made on Joseph, drew him to one side. "Don't seriously remember my words against me," he said; "you were sorry to hear them, I know. All I meant was, that an over-sensitive tenderness towards everybody is a fault. Besides, I was provoked to answer him in his own vein."

"But, Philip!" Joseph whispered, "such words tempt me! What if they were true? — it would be dreadful."

Philip grasped his arm with a painful force. "They never can be true to you, Joseph," he said.

Gay and pleasant as the company seemed to be, each one felt a secret sense of relief when it came to an end. As Joseph drove homewards, silently recalling what had been said, Julia interrupted his reflections with: "Well, what do you think of the Hopetons?"

"She is an interesting woman," he answered.

"But reserved; and she shows very little taste in dress. However, I suppose you hardly noticed anything of the kind. She kept Lucy Henderson beside her as a foil: Madeline Held would have been damaging."

Joseph only partly guessed her meaning; it was repugnant, and he determined to avoid its further discussion.

"Hopeton is a shrewd business man," Julia continued, "but he cannot compare with her for shrewdness, — either with her, or — Philip Held!"

"What do you mean?"

"I made a discovery before the dinner was over, which you — innocent, unsuspecting man that you are — might have before your eyes for years, without seeing it. Tell me now, honestly, did you notice nothing?"

"What should I notice, beyond what was said?" he asked.

"That was the least!" she cried; "but, of course, I knew you could n't. And perhaps you won't believe me, when I tell you that Philip Held, — your particular friend, your hero, for aught I know your pattern of virtue and character and all that is manly and noble, — that Philip Held, I say, is furiously in love with Mrs. Hopeton!"

Joseph started as if he had been shot, and turned around with an angry red on his brow. "Julia!" he said, "how dare you speak so of Philip!"

She laughed. "Because I dare to speak the truth, when I see it. I thought I should surprise you. I remembered a certain rumor I had heard before she was married, — while she was Emily Marrable, — and I watched them closer than they guessed. I 'm certain of Philip: as for her, she 's a deep creature, and she was on her guard; but they are near neighbors."

Joseph was thoroughly aroused and indignant. "It is your own fancy!" he exclaimed. "You hate Philip on account of that affair with Clementina; but you ought to have some respect for the woman whose hospitality you have accepted!"

"Bless me! I have any quantity of respect, both for her and her furniture. By the by, Joseph, our parlor would furnish better than hers; I have been thinking of a few changes we might make, which would wonderfully improve the house. As for Philip, Clementina was a fool. She 'd be glad enough to have him now, but in these matters, once gone is gone for good. Somehow, people who marry for love very often get rich afterwards, — ourselves, for instance."

It was some time before Joseph's excitement subsided. He had resented Julia's suspicion as dishonorable to Philip, yet he could not banish the conjecture of its possible truth. If

Philip's affected cynicism had tempted him, Julia's unblushing assumption of the existence of a passion which was forbidden, and therefore positively guilty, seemed to stain the pure texture of his nature. The lightness with which she spoke of the matter was even more abhorrent to him than the assertion itself; the malicious satisfaction in the tones of her voice had not escaped his ear.

"Julia," he said, just before they reached home, "do not mention your fancy to another soul than me. It would reflect discredit on you."

"You *are* innocent," she answered. "And you are not complimentary. If I have any remarkable quality, it is tact. Whenever I speak, I shall know the effect beforehand: even pa, with all his official experience, is no match for me in this line. I see what the Hopetons are after, and I mean to show them that we were first in the field. Don't be concerned, you good, excitable creature, you are no match for such well-drilled people. Let me alone, and before the summer is over *we* will give the law to the neighborhood!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE bare, repulsive, inexorable truth was revealed at last. There was no longer any foothold for doubt, any possibility of continuing his desperate self-deceit. From that day all the joy, the trust, the hope, seemed to fade out of Joseph's life. What had been lost was irretrievable: the delusion of a few months had fixed his fate forever.

His sense of outrage was so strong and keen, — so burned upon his consciousness as to affect him like a dull physical pain, — that a just and temperate review of his situation was impossible. False in one thing, false in all: that was the single, inevitable conclusion. Of course she had never even loved him. Her coy maiden airs, her warm abandonment to feeling, her very tears and blushes, were artfully simulated: perhaps, indeed, she had laughed in her heart, yea, sneered, at his credulous tenderness! Her assumption of rule, therefore, became an arrogance not to be borne. What right had she, guilty of a crime for which there is no name and no punishment, to reverse the secret justice of the soul, and claim to be rewarded?"

So reasoned Joseph to himself, in his solitary broodings; but the spell was not so entirely broken as he imagined. Sternly as he might have resolved in advance, there was a glamour in her mask of cheerfulness and gentleness, which made his resolution seem hard and cruel. In her presence he could not clearly remember his wrongs: the past delusion had been a reality, nevertheless; and he could make no assertion which did not involve his own miserable humiliation. Thus the depth and vital force of his struggle could not be guessed by Julia. She saw only irritable moods, the natural male resistance which she had often remarked in her father, — perhaps, also, the annoyance of giving up certain "romantic" fancies, which she believed to be common to all young men, and never permanent. Even an open rupture could not have pushed them apart so rapidly as this hollow external routine of life.

Joseph took the earliest opportunity of visiting Philip, whom he found busy in forge and foundry. "This would be the life for you!" he said: "we deal only with physical forces, human and elemental: we direct and create power, yet still obey the command to put money in our purses."

"Is that one secret of your strength?" Joseph asked.

"Who told you that I had any?"

"I feel it," said Joseph; and even as he said it he remembered Julia's unworthy suspicion.

"Come up and see Madeline a moment, and the home she has made for me. We get on very well, for brother and sister, — especially since her will is about as stubborn as mine."

Madeline was very bright and cheerful, and Joseph, certainly, saw no signs

of a stubborn will in her fair face. She was very simply dressed, and busy with some task of needle-work which she did not lay aside.

"You might pass already for a member of our community," he could not help saying.

"I think your most democratic farmers will accept me," she answered, "when they learn that I am Philip's housekeeper. The only dispute we have had, or are likely to have, is in relation to the salary."

"She is an inconsistent creature, Joseph," said Philip. "I was obliged to offer her as much as she earned by her music-lessons, before she would come at all, and now she can't find work enough to balance it."

"How can I, Philip, when you tempt me every day with walks and rides, botany, geology, and sketching from nature?"

So much frank, affectionate confidence showed itself through the playful gossip of the two, that Joseph was at once comforted and pained. "If I had only had a sister!" he sighed to Philip, as they walked down the knoll.

The friends took the valley road, Joseph leading his horse by the bridle. The stream was full to its banks, and crystal clear: shoals of young fishes passed like drifted leaves over the pebbly ground, and the fragrant water-beetles skimmed the surface of the eddies. Overhead the vaults of the great elms and sycamores were filled with the green, delicious illumination of the tender foliage. It was a scene and a season for idle happiness.

Yet the first words Philip spoke, after a long silence, were: "May I speak now?" There was infinite love and pity in his voice. He took Joseph by the hand.

"Yes," the latter whispered.

"It has come," Philip continued; "you cannot hide it from yourself any longer. My pain is that I did not dare to warn you, though at the risk of losing your friendship. There was so little time —"

"You *did* try to warn me, Philip! I have recalled your words, and the trouble in your face as you spoke, a thousand times. I was a fool, a blind, miserable fool, and my folly has ruined my life!"

"Strange," said Philip, musingly, "that only a perfectly good and pure nature can fall into such a wretched snare. And yet 'Virtue is its own reward,' is dinned into our ears! It is Hell for a single fault: nay, not even a fault, an innocent mistake! But let us see what can be done: is there no common ground whereon your natures can stand together? If there should be a child —"

Joseph shuddered. "Once it seemed too great, too wonderful a hope," he said, "but now, I don't dare to wish for it. Philip, I am too sorely hurt to think clearly: there is nothing to do but to wait. It is a miserable kind of comfort to me to have your sympathy, but I fear you cannot help me."

Philip saw that he could bear no more: his face was pale to the lips and his hands trembled. He led him to the bank, sat down beside him, and laid his arm about his neck. The silence and the caress were more soothing to Joseph than any words; he soon became calm, and remembered an important part of his errand, which was to acquaint Philip with the oil speculation, and to ask his advice.

They discussed the matter long and gravely. With all his questions, and the somewhat imperfect information which Joseph was able to give, Philip could not satisfy himself whether the scheme was a simple swindle or a well-considered business venture. Two or three of the names were respectable, but the chief agent, Kanuck, was unknown to him; moreover, Mr. Blessing's apparent prominence in the undertaking did not inspire him with much confidence.

"How much have you already paid on the stock?" he asked.

"Three instalments, which, Mr. Blessing thinks, is all that will be called for. However, I have the money for a fourth, should it be necessary. He

writes to me that the stock has already risen a hundred per cent in value."

"If that is so," said Philip, "let me advise you to sell half of it, at once. The sum received will cover your liabilities, and the half you retain, as a venture, will give you no further anxiety."

"I had thought of that; yet I am sure that my father-in-law will oppose such a step with all his might. You must know him, Philip; tell me, frankly, your opinion of his character."

"Blessing belongs to a class familiar enough to me," Philip answered; "yet I doubt whether you will comprehend it. He is a swaggering, amiable, magnificent adventurer; never purposely dishonest, I am sure, yet sometimes engaged in transactions that would not bear much scrutiny. His life has been one of ups and downs. After a successful speculation, he is luxurious, open-handed, and absurdly self-confident; his success is soon flung away: he then good-humoredly descends to poverty, because he never believes it can last long. He is unreliable, from his over-sanguine temperament; and yet this very temperament gives him a certain power and influence. Some of our best men are on familiar terms with him. They are on their guard against his pecuniary approaches, they laugh at his extravagant schemes, but they now and then find him useful. I heard Gray, the editor, once speak of him as a man 'filled with available enthusiasms,' and I guess that phrase hits both his strength and his weakness."

On the whole, Joseph felt rather relieved than disquieted. The heart was lighter in his breast as he mounted his horse and rode homewards.

Philip slowly walked forwards, yielding his mind to thoughts wherein Joseph was an important but not the principal figure. Was there a positive strength, he asked himself, in a wider practical experience of life? Did such experience really strengthen the basis of character which must support a man, when some unexpected moral crisis comes upon him? He knew that he seemed strong, to Joseph; but the latter, so far, was bearing his terrible test with a patience drawn from some source of elemental power. Joseph had simply been ignorant: *he* had been proud, impatient, and — he now confessed to himself — weakly jealous. In both cases, a mistake had passed beyond the plastic stage where life may still be remoulded: it had hardened into an inexorable fate. What was to be the end of it all?

A light footstep interrupted his reflections. He looked up, and almost started, on finding himself face to face with Mrs. Hopeton.

Her face was flushed from her walk and the mellow warmth of the afternoon. She held a bunch of wild-flowers, — pink azaleas, delicate sigillarias, valerian, and scarlet painted-cup. She first broke the silence by asking after Madeline.

"Busy with some important sewing, — curtains, I fancy. She is becoming an inveterate housekeeper," Philip said.

"I am glad, for her sake, that she is here. And it must be very pleasant for you, after all your wanderings."

"I must look on it, I suppose," Philip answered, "as the only kind of a home I shall ever have, — while it lasts. But Madeline's life must not be mutilated because mine happens to be."

The warm color left Mrs. Hopeton's face. She strove to make her voice cold and steady, as she said: "I am sorry to see you growing so bitter, Mr. Held."

"I don't think it is my proper nature, Mrs. Hopeton. But you startled me out of a retrospect, which had exhausted my capacity for self-reproach, and was about to become self-cursing. There is no bitterness quite equal to that of seeing how weakly one has thrown away an irrecoverable fortune."

She stood before him, silent and disturbed. It was impossible not to understand, yet it seemed equally impossible to answer him. She gave one glance at his earnest, dark gray eyes, his handsome, manly face, and the sprinkled glosses of sunshine on his golden hair, and felt a chill strike to

her heart. She moved a step, as if to end the interview.

"Only one moment, Mrs. Hopeton — Emily!" Philip cried. "We may not meet again — thus — for years. I will not needlessly recall the past. I only mean to speak of my offence, — to acknowledge it, and exonerate you from any share in the misunderstanding which — which made us what we are. You cannot feel the burden of an unpardoned fault; but will you not allow me to lighten mine?"

A softer change came over her stately form. Her arm relaxed, and the wild-flowers fell upon the ground.

"I was wrong, first," Philip went on, "in not frankly confiding to you the knowledge of a boyish illusion and disappointment. I had been heartlessly treated: it was a silly affair, not worth the telling now; but the leaven of mistrust it left behind was not fully worked out of my nature. Then, too, I had private troubles, which my pride — sore, just then, from many a trifling prick, at which I should now laugh — led me to conceal. I need not go over the appearances which provoked me into a display of temper as unjust as it was unmanly, — it is enough to say that all circumstances combined to make me impatient, suspicious, fiercely jealous. I never paused to reflect that you could not know the series of aggravations which preceded our misunderstanding. I did not guess how far I was giving expression to *them*, and unconsciously transferring to you the offences of others. Nay, I exacted a completer surrender of your woman's pride, because a woman had already chosen to make a plaything of my green boy-love. There is no use in speaking of any of the particulars of our quarrel; for I confess to you that I was recklessly, miserably wrong. But the time has come when you can afford to be generous, when you can allow yourself to speak my forgiveness. Not for the sake of anything I might have been to you, but as a true woman, dealing with her brother-man, I ask your pardon!"

Mrs. Hopeton could not banish the memory of the old tenderness which plead for Philip, in her heart. He had spoken no word which could offend or alarm her: they were safely divided by a gulf which might never be bridged, and perhaps it was well that a purely human reconciliation should now clarify what was turbid in the past, and reunite them by a bond, pure though eternally sad. She came slowly towards him, and gave him her hand.

"All is not only pardoned, Philip," she said, "but it is now doubly my duty to forget it. Do not suppose, however, that I have had no other than reproachful memories. My pride was as unyielding as yours, for it led me to the defiance which you could not then endure. I, too, was haughty and imperious. I recall every word I uttered, and I know that you have not forgotten them. But let there be equal and final justice between us: forget my words, if you can, and forgive me!"

Philip took her hand, and held it softly in his own. No power on earth could have prevented their eyes from meeting. Out of the far-off distance of all dead joys, over all abysses of fate, the sole power which time and will are powerless to tame, took swift possessions of their natures. Philip's eyes were darkened and softened by a film of gathering tears: he cried in a broken voice: —

"Yes, pardon! — but I thought pardon might be peace. Forget? Yes, it would be easy to forget the past, if — O Emily, we have never been parted until now!"

She had withdrawn her hand, and covered her face. He saw, by the convulsive tremor of her frame, that she was fiercely suppressing her emotion. In another moment she looked up, pale, cold, and almost defiant.

"Why should you say more?" she asked. "Mutual forgiveness is our duty, and there the duty ends. Leave me now!"

Philip knew that he had betrayed himself. Not daring to speak another word, he bowed and walked rapidly

away. Mrs. Hopeton stood, with her hand pressed upon her bosom, until he had disappeared among the farther trees: then she sat down, and let her withheld tears flow freely.

Presently the merry whoops and calls of children met her ear. She gathered together the fallen flowers, rose and took her way across the meadows towards a little stone school-house, at the foot of the nearest hill. Lucy Henderson already advanced to meet her. There was still an hour or two of sunshine, but the mellow, languid heat of the day was over, and the breeze winnowing down the valley brought with it the smell of the blossoming vernal grass.

The two women felt themselves drawn towards each other, though neither had as yet divined the source of their affectionate instinct. Now, looking upon Lucy's pure, gently firm, and reliant face, Mrs. Hopeton, for the second or third time in her life, yielded to a sudden, powerful impulse, and said: "Lucy, I foresee that I shall need the love and the trust of a true woman: where shall I find it, if not in you?"

"If mine will content you," said Lucy.

"O my dear!" Mrs. Hopeton cried; "none of us can stand alone. God has singular trials for us, sometimes, and the use and the conquest of a trouble may both become clear in the telling of it. The heart can wear itself out with its own bitterness. You see, I force my confidence upon you, but I know you are strong to receive it."

"At least," Lucy answered, gravely, "I have no claim to strength unless I am willing to have it tested."

"Then let me make the severest test at once: I shall have less courage than if I delay. Can you comprehend the nature of a woman's trial, when her heart resists her duty?"

A deep blush overspread Lucy's face, but she forced herself to meet Mrs. Hopeton's gaze. The two women were silent a moment; then the latter threw her arms around Lucy's neck, and kissed her.

"Let us walk!" she said. "We shall both find the words we need."

They moved away over the fragrant, shining meadows. Down the valley, at the foot of the blue cape which wooed their eyes, and perhaps suggested to their hearts that mysterious sense of hope which lies in landscape distances, Elwood Withers was directing his gang of workmen. Over the eastern hill, Joseph Asten stood among his fields, hardly recognizing their joyous growth. The smoke of Philip's forge rose above the trees to the northward. So many disappointed hearts, so many thwarted lives! What strand shall be twisted out of the broken threads of these destinies, thus drawn so near to each other? What new forces — fatal or beneficent — shall be developed from these elements?

Mr. Hopeton, riding homewards along the highway, said to himself: "It's a pleasant country, but what slow, humdrum lives the people lead!"

DRIVES FROM A FRENCH FARM.

I.

To Mount Beuvray.

THE farm from which these drives were taken is situated exactly in the middle of a great basin, the bed of an ancient lake surrounded by hills of various height, the chief of which is Mount Beuvray. According to the Emperor Napoleon III. and other antiquarians, the mount was occupied in the time of Julius Cæsar by a Gaulish place of strength called Bibracte, but

according to an opinion which until very recently has been much more generally received, the Bibracte of the Gauls is identical in point of situation with the Roman city of Augustodunum, now known by its abbreviated name of Autun. It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with this quarrel of antiquaries just now, because the details of it will become much more interesting to him when he knows the ground, and something of the people most concerned.

I had lived five years in the middle of the basin of Autun, seeing the Beuvray every day, yet without once ascending it. The distance to the base of the hill was about twenty English miles, and that is a distance often sufficiently considerable to make one postpone a little effort which may be made at any time, and that one always hopes to have time to make in the future. The mount, as it appeared from the farm, was artistically very valuable as a distance; being remote enough to look blue in many conditions of the atmosphere, and not near enough ever to lose, even on the very clearest days, the mystery which appeals to the imagination. I call it the mount, because that word conveys better to the mind of an Englishman the sort of hill which the Beuvray really is than the word "mountain" would. It is a large *mamelon* surrounded by a number of lower mamelons. It has nothing of the peak or needle-like character, but resembles rather the mass of a great sea-wave, the lines festooning a little from the summit to the mamelons on the sides. In England and Scotland we have hills of the same elevation, which have the true mountain character much more decidedly. The summit of the Beuvray is two thousand six hundred and seventy-eight English feet above the level of the sea, a height sufficient to give you the sublimities of rocky summits in the English lake district or in the Hebrides; but the Beuvray is simply a large mound, richly wooded to the very top.

I left the farm about four in the afternoon of a bright day near the end of June, and after a brisk drive of about fifteen miles, arrived at a straggling village, where I put up the pony, going forward as a pedestrian, with a knapsack. The road wound about like a mountain stream, to avoid the low hills that are scattered round the base of the Beuvray. The whole of the ground was curved very beautifully, with great groups of magnificent old chestnuts, and there were little woods of slender ash and birch, and sometimes clusters of beeches nestling in the hollows. The country was admirably rich. The corn waved on every little hill, and the bottom of every miniature valley was occupied by a green meadow, watered by tiny streams. There were occasional glimpses of wider scenery in rich compositions. Coming near the foot of the Beuvray, I left the high road and followed a footpath, which after skirting some fields of wheat plunged into the vast forest which covers the slopes of the mountain.

It was already twilight, and nearly dark in the heart of the forest; but the path or road (for there were wheel-marks upon it) was quite clear of impediments, and there was nothing, even if it had been perfectly dark, to cause any serious anxiety. There are, it is true, both wolves and wild boars in the forest; but, so far as my experience goes, these animals would appear to live in the greatest retirement, for they never trouble anybody except hunters who go to disturb their peace.

The reader very likely wonders what could induce me to climb Mount Beuvray precisely as it was getting dark, it being desirable to have as much daylight as possible, when the purpose of a journey is the enjoyment of vast horizons.

An antiquary well known in these parts, the learned President of the Eduen Society, has for the last three years encamped during the summer months on the summit of the mountain, for the purpose of directing certain excavations, the object of which is to

bring to light the Gaulish antiquities of the locality. I was sure of a hospitable welcome at the camp, if once I could find it; but it was not so certain whether, with the somewhat vague verbal indications which had been given me, I should be able to hit upon it without a guide. When at last I got out of the wood on the summit of the hill, it was only to discover that there was no sign of an encampment in the open space there. The camp was in the forest, then! It is not easy to find an encampment in a large forest after dark; but as I knew it to be near the top of the hill, it seemed best to march all round the hill, through the wood, at a distance of about two hundred yards below the plateau. I had a mariner's compass in my pocket, and a box of matches, so there was no very great danger of being lost, and if the camp should not be discoverable after all, I could pass the night comfortably enough in a large, warm plaid which I carried in my knapsack. There was plenty of gorse, too, and with that and a few branches I could make myself a small refuge almost impenetrable to wind and rain.

In pursuance of my plan, I descended the hill about two hundred yards on the other side, and then struck off at once to the left. In ten minutes I came upon a rude wigwam which was empty, but it gave promise of human habitation, and immediately afterwards I found the camp snugly hidden in a hollow of the wood. The antiquary had a hut for himself and another for his servant, with various little constructions round about for fuel, provisions, etc. He received me with great warmth, and finding that I had eaten nothing for nine hours, proceeded at once to get me a good supper. Amongst other things I had some boiled eggs, and by way of egg-cup, a fragment of the neck of an amphora, which, having lain idle in the earth for two thousand years, was now once more enlisted in the service of mankind. The supper was excellent, and the guest brought with him an appetite worthy of the occasion. The antiquary produced a bottle of more than commonly fine Burgundy, and after the meal was ended his domestic served coffee, — *that* coffee which France loves and which England knoweth not!

The hut was simply constructed of rough boards, with plenty of shelves. The roof was thatched, and the walls protected with straw, — a useful precaution both against rain and against the extremes of heat and cold. Having had considerable experience of camp life myself in various ways, it interested me to see how my friend, the French antiquary, had made his arrangements. His task had been easier than mine, because he had from the first set up a camp which was frankly permanent, whereas my own camp life had been divided into three phases: first, I had tried a semi-portable camp, or a camp portable with some difficulty, which gradually by the accumulation of things supposed to be necessary to comfort ceased to be portable and became permanent, — its second phase. After that I had a really portable camp, of three tents, discarding wooden huts altogether. The various shades of transition from portability to non-portability and from permanence to portability again had cost me much thought and some money, which the antiquary, by the simplicity of his purpose, had spared. His camp was set up in one spot, and not intended ever to be set up anywhere else, and this allowed him to make better arrangements of all kinds than are ever made in a camp intended to be removed from place to place. For instance, he had a well of the purest spring-water, arched over with stone, and a small stone cellar well supplied with stores of everything that a French cellar usually contains. Then he had separate little sheds or wigwams for wood and other matters, and a wonderfully picturesque little building in the retirement of the forest, the utility of which it may be left to the reader's sagacity to divine. On the whole, it was one of the best-appointed little camps I had ever seen.

As it was already night when I ar-

rived at the camp, it was useless to go down to the excavations; but when we had finished drinking our coffee, my host, M. Bulliot, proposed a walk on the crest of the hill to see an effect of moonlight over the plain. The moon had risen since my arrival.

The summit of the Beuvray is unlike the summit of any hill I ever visited. It is an open space of natural lawn, about thirty acres in extent (this is a guess), with broom growing on it in great abundance. In calling it a natural lawn, I mean that where the ground is clear of broom, it is nearly as even as an artificial lawn, and covered with very short grass, the feeling in walking over it being exactly the feeling that one has in walking on a well-kept croquet-ground, — a sensation which the philosophic reader might perhaps define for himself as the luxury of the feet. Round this open space there is a belt of very ancient trees, chiefly beeches, and just beyond the beeches there is a sudden rise of two or three feet in the lawny ground, and then a steep slope on the other side. This is the innermost Gaulish rampart, that which defended the very summit of the hill.

We walked towards the belt of trees, and having passed through it, found ourselves on the brow of the hill, in a place where the ground was clear of wood, so that the view was uninterrupted. The plains below us stretched away towards the Loire and lost themselves in a gray mist. The moon hung exactly over Mont Blanc, but Mont Blanc was not visible that night. The white dome with all its attendant pinnacles may be seen from the place where we stood, but only on rare occasions, — in the morning or evening, in clear weather, before rain. The distance is a hundred and sixty miles. I have never enjoyed that wonderful and glorious spectacle. The greatest distance from which I ever saw Mont Blanc was a hundred miles, clear; but I saw it from the level of the plain, and it seemed so wonderfully near and distinct that the additional sixty miles would leave it still gigantic. And consider the advantage of an observatory two thousand feet above the plain! What you see from the plain is really nothing but the snowy dome, whereas from this high ground something more of the mountain becomes visible, notwithstanding the curve of the earth's surface.

The reader will, no doubt, fully enter into my feelings, when I confess that a place from which the Alps may be seen five or six times in a year has for me a certain sublimity all the year round which does not belong to it visibly. When you are told that Mont Blanc is *there*, just before you, and that you would see him distinctly if the veil were removed, your mind invests the landscape which you see with something of the glory of the unseen.

"Mont Blanc is *there*," said my friend, the antiquary, "just under the moon, behind that purplish-gray mist"; and suddenly the landscape became grander to my imagination, and the immemorial beeches told me in the whisperings of their leaves how often the rare vision had revealed itself to *them*, in the centuries of their watching.

There were two or three small lakes in the valleys below us, and one of them was so nearly under the moon that I said: "Let us go thirty yards to the right, and we shall get its reflection." The result was one of the most curious effects I ever saw. The outline of the little lake was not distinguishable, but the image of the moon lay in the water as bright as the reality above. The time was exactly midnight, and, from the height we were on, the view seemed visionary and illimitable. It was strange to see the moon in the *land* below us; this was the illusion produced by an inability to distinguish the water round the reflection. Presently there came a little breeze upon the lake, and silvered it all over, destroying the moon's single image to cover all its surface with brightness, and then, of course, we saw the lake's shores mapped out for us plainly enough.

There is a stone cross on the sum-

mit of the Beuvray, dedicated to Saint Martin, who preached there; and my companion excused himself for a few minutes that he might say his customary prayer. So he went to the foot of the cross, and knelt on the stone before it, and prayed bareheaded, in the silence of the night. I have seen the Catholic worship under very impressive aspects; but rarely, I think, under an aspect more impressive than this. Every night my friend goes to the foot of this rude stone cross, and prays there with no witnesses but the grim old trees and the stars, and no sound to disturb him but the wind as it sweeps across the summit from abyss to abyss.

"When this cross was dedicated," said my companion, when his prayer was over, "Monseigneur Landriot, the present Archbishop of Rheims, performed the ceremony of consecration in the presence of a great concourse of people. After it he preached to them, and for want of a better pulpit got upon a bullock-cart and addressed the multitude thence. The oxen remained yoked during the sermon, the people stood round, the cart was decorated with branches and garlands, and these things, with the peculiarity of the situation, the vast prospects on every side, and the traditions connected with the place, produced an effect which, in its combination of the picturesque with the poetical, I shall remember as long as I live."

It being already past midnight when we returned to the camp, we deferred historical and antiquarian discussions till the succeeding evening, and were soon asleep in our respective huts. The antiquary had a loaded revolver and a fowling-piece for self-defence in case of nocturnal attack, and the precaution did not seem altogether superfluous, as there had been three cases of assassination in the neighborhood during the fortnight immediately preceding my arrival. In this neighborhood, however, there are few robberies, and no assassinations for purposes of robbery. When a man is murdered the motive to the crime is either vengeance or jealousy, invariably; and as my friend the antiquary was not a person likely to incur the effects of either of these evil passions, I felt pretty tranquil both about his safety in general and my own whilst I remained his guest. He incurred, it is true, a great deal of animosity, and very virulent animosity, but his enemies stabbed with the pen rather than the dagger, and belonged to a class in society whose longing for revenge is satisfied when the victim is made to suffer mentally. Slander is enough to achieve this result, and my host was the most persistently slandered man in the department of Saône-et-Loire.

It is my custom to write every morning until *déjeûner*, and that under all circumstances, whether on mountain-tops or elsewhere; so I did not stir from the hut during the morning hours. Between ten and eleven a solitary priest made his appearance on the little space of green before the camp, and then came another.

"Two priests!" I thought, and went on with my writing. But on looking up again there were four of them.

"Four priests!" I thought, and resumed my labors. But on looking up again there were six priests.

"A clerical invasion!" I said to myself, and the pen trotted on as before.

"I wonder what these priests are doing!" So I looked out of the little window once again. This time there were eight of them! Fascinated by the spectacle of ever-multiplying black creatures, and marvelling whence they sprang, I continued to gaze, and the pen suspended its toil. Two more priests emerged from the wood, and then came, not a priest, but a gray horse with a cart; and the cart contained provisions, amongst which prudent clerical forethought had not forgotten to include a sufficiency of wine. It was a clerical picnic.

A clerical picnic! How suggestive of enjoyment is the combination of that adjective with that substantive! To be a priest, a being deprived of domes-

tic joys and consolations, living on narrow means in the solitude of the presbytery, obliged to wear a grave outward demeanor in his village, excluded from the *café*, from the billiard-table, from the dance, and after months of this perpetual gravity, solitude, compression, to get into a pleasant spot, out of sight and hearing of one's parishioners, and let human nature have its way for one brief, one merry hour! — what felicity, save that of the released schoolboy, can be equal to this felicity?

My host issued from the hut and saluted the holy band. As they had seen me through the window, I presented myself also, and was immediately invited to share the viands in the cart, which were to be spread out in some cool and shady recess, *sub tegmine fagi*. But it would have been cruel to spoil that feast by the presence of a critical layman, and the cordial invitation was declined.

After *déjeûner* with the antiquary, I accompanied him to his excavations, which were four or five hundred yards lower down the hill. There were also some interesting excavations close to the camp itself, including part of a Gallo-Roman aqueduct, a Gaulish house, and other structures in fair preservation. At the time of my visit M. Bulliot was employing from twelve to twenty workmen, who were excavating a part of the hill where the houses stood as thickly as they do at Pompeii.

The Gauls, be it remembered, were by no means clever builders. They were, it seems to me, rather surprisingly behindhand in that art, when we consider how respectably they could work in metal. Of course after the Romans had taught them how to build they became clever enough, but their own unaided civilization had not gone far in the way of building when the Romans found them. They took rough stones as they came from the quarry, and set them in clay with the flattest side outwards; and as such a wall was not very strong of itself, they strengthened it with wooden posts, which were both set up at intervals in front of the wall and used as *throughs*. In modern works what reminds one most of a Gaulish wall is a sea-jetty with its facing of oak beams and posts, only the jetty is made of incomparably better stone-work. People who have never had the opportunity of examining the rude work of the Gauls for themselves have often very erroneous notions about it; they give credit to these barbarians for constructive powers far superior to what they really possessed. No Gaulish wall of the pre-Roman times could have lasted till our day if it had not been buried; the action of the weather alone would have brought it down in a heap.

What I actually *saw* at these excavations may be very soon described. A narrow street paved with small stones, and about fourteen dwellings close to each other, very rude in construction and not large. Besides these dwellings there were some workshops which contained evidence that they had been used by iron-smiths. This evidence would often have escaped the attention of people not accustomed to look out for such indications. The reader is probably aware that the sparks from a blacksmith's anvil are in reality minute fragments of red-hot iron, which on cooling remain on the floor of his workshop as small grains of metal. Well, in examining these ancient Gaulish workshops, the explorers are always careful to see whether the soil contains any such indications, and in this way it can not only be shown that in such a place a worker in metal must have labored, but it can be proved in what particular metal. Thus whilst I was present a blacksmith's forge was discovered, and not far from it the house of a coppersmith or worker in bronze. In the first were found tools, a hammer and pincers, and plenty of iron sparks in the soil; in the second were found crucibles and metallic residues. The rude pottery of the Gauls is found here in such abundance, that the soil is covered with fragments of it, and only the most perfect or the most rare speci-

mens are preserved. Coins and ornaments are also very frequently met with, and indeed not a single hour passes without a find of some sort.

I have just said that only twelve or fourteen houses were visible at the excavation; but the reader must not conclude that the discoveries have been confined to what is visible. The owner of the land requires the excavations of one year to be filled and levelled before those of the succeeding year are begun; and although this may appear at first sight a barbarous sacrifice of curious remains on the altar of self-interest, it is not so barbarous as it looks. The Gauls built without mortar, and their walls would soon be utterly ruined by the mere action of the rain and frost, if they were not protected by burial. To bury them again is consequently the only way to preserve them for the antiquaries of the future, who will know where to find every house, every workshop, every fragment of rampart and other fortification, by the careful map in which the present explorer records, year by year, the progress of his labors.

It is time now to say something more about the explorer himself. He has devoted, for some years past, the whole of his time to the very interesting, but by no means lucrative, occupation of studying Gaulish antiquities. Formerly a partner in the principal wine firm in the neighborhood, he found business less attractive than study, and quitted it to have leisure for his favorite pursuits. Now, in England and France (I don't know how it may be in America) it is an invariable law of nature that whenever a gentleman in a provincial town studies anything, unless it be for the purpose of qualifying himself to earn money, he is looked upon with suspicion; and if he persists in studying, he is called "eccentric"; and if it is known that his studies cost him pecuniary sacrifices, he is said to be "mad." It is sometimes said that a father cannot contribute more effectually to the happiness of his children, than by imbuing their minds while yet tender with a taste for intellectual pursuits. That depends upon their power to endure solitude and calumny and contempt. The best way to live happily amongst men in provincial towns is to know no more than your neighbors.

Monsieur Bulliot is an inhabitant of Autun, the Augustodunum of the Romans, believed also during many generations to have been the still more ancient Bibracte of the Gauls. For reasons which will be given later, M. Bulliot became convinced that Autun could not be Bibracte, and that the true site of the Gaulish *oppidum* would be found on the summit of Mount Beuvray. One or two excavations on a small scale having been made successfully, M. Bulliot had the mountain surveyed at his expense and the ancient ramparts traced. The Emperor was persuaded of the truth of M. Bulliot's views, and openly adopted them in the "Life of Cæsar," supplying at the same time funds for the excavations. As the excavations went on, great quantities of things were discovered, proving beyond question that there *had* been a Gaulish town on the Beuvray, whether it were the one called Bibracte by Cæsar or not.

Now the Autun people were not pleased by the promulgation of these novel theories, which appeared to rob their ancient city of a portion of its great past. They had believed it to be of pre-historic antiquity, a Gaulish place of strength for ages before the arrival of the Cæsars, and now this profane investigator would limit its age to two thousand years. A strong local feeling was aroused against M. Bulliot and his theories, and he became the object of unsparing attack. The public irritation found a mouthpiece in a local writer, who pursued M. Bulliot for years with the utmost virulence and acerbity. Meanwhile the antiquary continued his labors patiently, constantly sending new objects to the museum at St. Germain and accumulating evidence every day. The answer made to this material evidence

was as follows: "M. Bulliot says that he finds coins on the Beuvray. The thimblerigger finds what he has put." It was actually asserted that M. Bulliot buried antiquities on the mountain, that his workmen might dig them up again; which is just like saying that the Neapolitan antiquaries buried Pompeii on purpose to make a noise in the world by finding it.

One of the commonest resources of the artful calumniator is to send out a rumor that the man he wishes to injure asserts something quite different from his real opinion, something so contrary to reason that even the most ordinary intelligences may perceive its absurdity. The way in which this trick was played, and successfully played, against M. Bulliot is an excellent instance of that kind of warfare. His enemies did not circulate the rumor merely that he placed Bibracte on the Mount Beuvray, but that he placed Augustodunum itself there, which would be as absurd (if any human being were insane enough to advance such a proposition) as it would be to affirm that the Rome of Augustus was built on the Alban Mount. So the *bourgeois* about Autun, entering its Roman gates whenever they drove into the town, and seeing in their museums many objects which (as they were informed by trustworthy persons) were certainly Roman, and being, further, able to trace for themselves something of the vast circuit of the Roman wall, laughed at M. Bulliot as a pitiable imbecile because he resisted all evidence, and put the Roman city on the top of a lofty hill, a day's journey to the westward; and even to this day, in spite of all that has been printed on the subject, in the Emperor's "Life of Cæsar" and elsewhere, M. Bulliot is credited with this monstrous absurdity. For example, I said a page or two back that a party of ten priests had come to the mount to enjoy a clerical picnic there. After their *déjeûner*, these gentlemen came down to look at the excavations, and the very first thing that their leader and spokesman said to M. Bulliot was, "And so this is the place where you believe the Roman Augustodunum to have been situated?" Of course, when once a confusion of this kind has got into the head of a whole population, there is no getting it out again. The people cannot separate the two ideas of Bibracte, the Gaulish stronghold, and Augustodunum, the great colonial city of the Romans. The two ideas have got associated in their minds, and no power on earth can dissociate them. If Bibracte goes to the top of the Beuvray, Augustodunum must go there too. But is it not the most exquisite of all imaginable tortures for a true student and antiquary to know that such an outrageous misrepresentation of his views is generally received as an accurate account of them? To say that you are mistaken in what you *do* affirm is a kind of opposition which every one ought to be prepared to endure patiently; but when people say that you think this silly thing or that silly thing, which you never so much as imagined, and pity you and laugh at you for your supposed opinions, then you have need of all your philosophy to keep your temper from turning sour. It was very interesting to me to observe the effect of so much popular misunderstanding and personal slander on the mind of my host the antiquary. It had not soured or imbittered him, and it had not interrupted his work, or diminished his personal activity; but it had saddened him and made him more reserved, not with me, but with people in general, than he was intended to be by nature. When a man gets the sort of pay from his neighbors which men usually do get when they make themselves singular by devotion to some branch of study, he is driven back into himself, and is often compelled to bury himself in his own pursuits, as an animal buries itself in its hole, to get out of the way of the hounds.

Life, however, brings its own compensations. The years move towards us, and the coming time brings compensation with it. No one who, in a provincial town, devotes himself to

study of any kind can hope to escape from depreciation. If he is talked about at all (and he *will* be talked about if he makes himself singular by studying anything), the tone of the current gossip about him will infallibly be depreciatory. On the other hand, he will find friends and allies who will have been made indignant by this continual babble of depreciation, and who will be attracted to him far more strongly than if there had been more of it. M. Bulliot has some rather powerful supporters, —the Emperor, the Archbishop of Rheims, and other learned and distinguished personages, — so that he can very well afford to despise the misrepresentations of his fellow-citizens. But every one who has gone through such an experience as his, every one who has been the butt of the idle tongues in a locality for a year or two, comes out of it an altered man. It is not possible to devote one's self very ardently to the service of one's fellow-citizens after that; and though the kind encouragement of cultivated people at a distance is no doubt very cheering and very welcome, and a real support in one's labors, it cannot altogether efface the recollection of perpetual neighborly ill-nature.

No one, however, could bear that with more perfect dignity than M. Bulliot has done. He goes forward with his work in silence, year after year, quietly registering every portable object found, before sending it to the Imperial Museum, and mapping every house in the buried city, as it comes to light for a brief month before its return to the gloom of reinterment. Hitherto, not a single excavation has been prosecuted in vain, but the excavations are costly and therefore slow. It costs two hundred and fifty dollars an acre to bring these antiquities to light, and as no allowance is made by the government, the only help coming in the shape of annual grants from the Emperor's privy purse, the work may last a good many years yet. When it is done, and the camp removed from the hill, M. Bulliot will bring out a book containing a simple account of what has been discovered, but not replying to his enemies in any more direct way.

I hope, in a succeeding paper, to give the reader further particulars about these diggings and the things found there, and the controversy which has raged here about the Gaulish stronghold of Bibracte. Without tiring the reader with dry antiquarian details, it will be easy, I hope, to put him in possession of all the most interesting facts.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.*

AMONG English essayists William Hazlitt is distinguished for his psychological revelations. Less companionable than Steele, less erudite than De Quincey, without Addison's classic culture and Leigh Hunt's *bonhomie*, he is more introspective than any one of these. The speculative exceeds the literary element in his equipment. To think rather than to learn was his prevalent tendency; intuition rather than acquisition was his resource. The cast of his mind, the quality of his temperament, and the nature of his experience combined to make him thoughtful, individual, and earnest; more abstract than social, more intent than discursive, more original than accomplished, he contributed ideas instead of fanta-

* List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, chronologically arranged; with Notes Descriptive, Critical, and Explanatory; and a Selection of Opinions regarding their Genius and Character. By Alexander Ireland. London: John Russell Smith.

sies, and vindicated opinions instead of tastes. Zest was his inspiration; that intellectual pleasure which comes from idiosyncrasies, moods, convictions, he both felt and imparted in a rare degree; he thirsted for truth; he was jealous of his independence; he was a devotee of freedom. In him the animal and intellectual were delicately fused. Few such voluminous writers have been such limited readers. Keenly alive to political abuses, bred in the atmosphere of dissent, prone to follow out his mental instincts with little regard to precedent or prosperity, there was a singular consistency of purpose in his career. Undisciplined by academic training, his mind was developed by a process of reflection, both patient and comprehensive; and so much was it to him a kingdom, that only the pressure of necessity or the encouragement of opportunity would have won him from vagrant musing to elaborate expression. He looked within for the materials of his essays, — drawing upon reason and consciousness, outward influences being the occasions rather than the source of his discourse. So far as he was a practical writer he was a reformer, and, as a critic, he wrote from æsthetic insight, and not in accordance with any conventional standard. Accordingly, while excelled in fancy, rhetoric, and fulness of knowledge by many of his class, he is one of the most suggestive; he may amuse less, but he makes us think more, and puts us on a track of free and acute speculation or subtle intellectual sympathy. He makes life interesting by hinting its latent significance; he reveals the mysterious charm of character by analyzing its elemental traits; he revives our sense of truth and defines the peculiarities of genius; and to him progress, justice, and liberty seem more of personal concern from this very perception of the divine possibilities of free development. His defects and misfortunes confirmed these tendencies. A more complete education would probably have weakened his power as a writer; more extensive social experience, less privation and persecution, would have bred intellectual ease, and higher birth and fortune modified the emphasis of his opinions. But, thrown so early upon his own resources, left to his wayward impulses, and taught to think for himself, he garnered in solitude the thoughts which circumstances afterwards elicited, and had the time and the freedom to attain certain fixed views and realize his own special endowments by experiment. His earliest tendency was metaphysical, his most congenial aptitude artistic. The spontaneous exercise of his devouring intelligence was in the sphere of abstract truth; the fondest desire of his youth was to be a painter; and from these two facts in the history of his mind, we can easily infer all his merits as an essayist: for while, on the one hand, he brings every subject to the test of consciousness, on the other, his sensuous love of beauty and curious delight in its study give, at once, a philosophical and a sympathetic charm to his lucubrations, in which consists their special attraction. It was disappointment in his ambition to become an artist that renewed his speculative vein, and the necessity of making this more winsome to the public that made him a popular author. The details of such a career and the traits of such a character are worthy of study; and the volume of Leigh Hunt already cited is a grateful evidence of intellectual obligation, the sources of which we shall endeavor to indicate as they are revealed in the life and writings of William Hazlitt.

Bostonians of the liberal school, who visited England in the early days of packet-ships, must have felt disappointed at the obscure and unenviable position of the scattered representatives of their faith there. Accustomed to associate superiority with everything English, from cloth and cutlery to books and scholars, and leaving a community where culture and competence were identified with Unitarianism, the small, bare chapels and isolated labors of the most intellectual class of dis-

senters in Britain doubtless proved a painful surprise. The contrast they offered to the luxury and ostentation of the Established Religion deepened this impression. And yet, with this despised minority originated much of the humane and independent thinking which has brightened and beautified our civilization. Political justice and religious toleration upheld and illustrated by earnest and courageous minds, whose crusade was sanctioned by rare personal worth and frugal probity, found by degrees that popular recognition which now makes principles once persecuted as dangerous the salubrious leaven in the inert mass of traditional wrong and deadening superstition. In such a school, unendowed by the state, unheralded by titles, unrecognized by the great world, William Hazlitt was born and bred.

John Hazlitt, an Irish Protestant, emigrated from the county of Antrim to the neighborhood of Tipperary, and there established himself as a flax factor; his son William graduated at Glasgow in 1761, joined the Unitarians, and crossed over to England, where, for many years, in various rural places, he was settled over small congregations. He was a man of unimpeachable integrity, of learning and piety, but destitute of ambition; simple in his tastes, of frugal and studious habits, and a remarkably modest and contented disposition. The aspect under which he was best remembered by his children was "poring over old folios," and watching with pleasure the growth of his vegetable-garden. He was a beautiful type of the English pastor as delineated by Goldsmith, with the difference that to a scholar's habits and a good man's peaceful benignity he added a vivid sympathy for the advancement and welfare of his race, and a keen interest in philosophic inquiries. Accordingly, despite a small salary and frequent clerical migrations, he sustained casual relations with the foremost thinkers of his day; he was a warm friend to our country during the Revolutionary War, and of essential service to the American prisoners at Kinsale, near where he was then living. He knew Franklin, and was a friend and correspondent of Priestley and Price. He married Grace Loftus, a farmer's daughter of decided personal charms and attractive qualities of character. He had three children, — John, who became a distinguished artist, Peggy, and William, the youngest the subject of this notice, who was born in Mitre Lane, Maidstone, April 10, 1778. Two years after the family removed to Ireland, where the elder Hazlitt took charge of a parish at Bandon in the county of Cork; and, at the close of the war in which he had taken so deep an interest, and when his son William was five years old, they visited America.

In May, 1783, the Hazlitts arrived in New York, and soon after went to Philadelphia. The New Jersey Assembly being in session at Burlington, Mr. Hazlitt, by invitation, preached before them; and during the fifteen months he remained in Philadelphia frequently addressed congregations, and also delivered a course of lectures on the Evidences of Christianity. He then made a brief visit to Boston, where he founded the first Unitarian Church. His son, the artist, left in the New World several fruits of his pencil, in the shape of portraits; and the earliest likeness of his brother William was executed here, and represents a handsome bright boy of six, with blue eyes, and long, curly brown hair. The latter's recollections, however, did not extend to this early period; the memories of childhood were associated with Wem in Shropshire, where his father established himself on his return from America, in 1786–87, and remained until his death. It was here in the neighborhood of Salisbury, in a humble parsonage, that the boyhood and youth of the future essayist was passed; and he fondly reverts to the walks, talks, reading, and musing which consecrated this region to his memory. Two or three letters written at eight and ten years of age, to his father when temporarily absent,

give an inkling of the mature character of his mind, and his innate disposition to moralize and speculate. "I shall never forget," he writes, "that we came to America. I think, for my part, it would have been a great deal better if the white people had not found it out." At ten he tells his brother, in a serious epistle, "we cannot be happy without being employed. I want to learn how to measure the stars." And again he informs his father of his manner of passing his time while on a visit to London: "I spent a very agreeable day yesterday, as I read sixteen pages of Priestley. On Sunday we went to church, the first time I ever was in one, and I do not care if I never go into one again. The clergyman, after he had gabbled over half a dozen prayers, began his sermon, which had neither head nor tail. I was sorry so much time should be thrown away on nonsense." Here we recognize the embryo critic and reformer; and that his spirit of free inquiry and independent faith was encouraged by the good pastor down in Shropshire is evident from the paternal replies to these frank and filial letters. "The piety your letter displayed," writes Hazlitt *père*, "was a great refreshment to me; nothing can truly satisfy us but the acquisition of knowledge and virtue." In 1791, at the age of thirteen, Hazlitt may be said to have begun his crusade in behalf of justice and freedom. His young heart swelled with indignation at the outrages perpetrated in Benningham upon Priestley, because of his obnoxious opinions; and he boldly entered the field against those who attempted to excuse, if not to justify, the destruction of the liberal philosopher's house by a mob. This juvenile protest was published in the Shrewsbury Chronicle. But Hazlitt dates his conscious mental awakening a year later; when fourteen years old, coming out of church, he heard an earnest discussion between his father and an old lady, in regard to the corporation and test acts and the limits of religious toleration. He was inspired by what he heard to "frame a system of political rights and general jurisprudence"; and many years afterwards, when engaged in the advocacy of his principles of liberal reform, he alludes to this incident in the Preface to his "Project for a New Theory of Civil and Criminal Legislation," to show that his convictions on the subject were not accidental and recent, but instructive and long considered. "It was," he wrote, "the first time I ever attempted to think; it was from an original bias, *a craving to be satisfied of the reason of things*."

This reminiscence gives the key-note to Hazlitt's intellectual character. When placed at Hackney to be educated with a view to the ministry, he neglected the prescribed theme, and gave, as an excuse, that he had been occupied with another subject, namely, an Essay on Laws; so novel a course won him encouragement to write on the Political State of Man, and to meditate a treatise on Providence; and these youthful speculations bore fruit in after years, when his work on "Human Actions" appeared, — to the last his pride, and confessedly able and original, but never successful in the ordinary sense of the term. These abstract experiments soon received human inspiration, when Coleridge made his appearance at the Wem parsonage; this was an epoch in Hazlitt's life from which he dates a new relish of existence, and a revelation of the infinite possibilities of intellectual activity and enjoyment. The description he wrote, long after, of his talks and walks with Coleridge, of his visit to him at Nether Stowey, of the sermon he rose before day and plodded ten miles through the mud to hear him preach, is vital with an almost rapturous sense of sympathy, admiration, and delight. He lamented he was not a poet, in order to apostrophize the road between Wem and Shrewsbury, along which he listened to the mystic and musical utterance of the most richly endowed and eloquently suggestive being he had ever known. His gratification was complete when Coleridge recognized a metaphysical discovery in

his young votary's conversation. One would almost believe that, with the new ideas and vivid fancies imparted by this remarkable man, Hazlitt had imbibed somewhat of his procrastinating, discursive, *dolce for niente* tendency; for the luxury of thinking beguiled him from active enterprise and seemed to extinguish ambition, until it took a new direction, and painting usurped the place of philosophy.

From childhood Hazlitt had been familiar with the process and principle of the painter's art through his brother's prosperous activity therein; it was at his house that he lived during the frequent visits he made to London; between that and the Wem parsonage his early years were passed; but he does not seem to have attained any sympathetic appreciation of the art until a view of the treasures at Burleigh House, in 1795, awakened all his latent enthusiasm for the old masters. He tried his hand, from time to time, until he had such command of the pencil as to receive a commission to copy some of the famous pictures in the Louvre, just then enriched by the trophies of Napoleon's victories in Italy. This visit to Paris was, perhaps, the most charming episode of his life, certainly of his youth. The impressions then received, the tastes then and there confirmed, became permanent. Day after day, for a few happy weeks, he worked assiduously in the peerless galleries, reproducing with rare fidelity many of the finest traits of the originals, over which he lingered with intense admiration; he made copies of two or three masterpieces of Titian, of some of Raphael's best heads, and several studies for his own benefit; he developed a remarkable facility in seizing the general effect and working out the expressive details, so that his "style of getting on" was noticed, with encouraging commendation, by French writers and his own countrymen. For the first time his application was regular and productive, his mind tranquilly occupied, his pride and pleasure earnestly identified with his vocation. He dreamed, in after years, of this heyday of his youth; he remembered the works then on the walls of the Louvre with unabated delight; the knowledge and love of art then acquired became thenceforth an inspiration. He cherished two or three of his copies with the attachment of an enthusiast, not so much for their merit as their associations. Returning to England, Hazlitt made a professional tour in the provinces and executed numerous portraits; among others, those of Hartley Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his own father, — the latter a labor of love both to artist and sitter; and a likeness, said to be his last, of Charles Lamb in the costume of a Venetian orator. But his standard was high; and he was too honest a critic not to estimate justly his own attempts in a sphere with whose grandest exemplars he was fondly intimate; accordingly the failure to realize his ideal, the want of correspondence between his executive power and his clear and high conceptions, discouraged him profoundly. Candid friends agreed with him in recognizing certain defects in his portraits, and (with what pain we may infer from his eloquent essay on the "Pleasures of Painting," and "A Portrait by Vandyke,") he decisively relinquished the pursuit he so loved. Whether patience and perseverance would have overcome his difficulties it is impossible to say; Northcote always declared he abandoned the experiment too soon, and would have made a great painter. But few of his works exist that are not seriously injured by *magilp*; there are enough, however, in the possession of his descendants, in a sufficiently good condition to enable us to perceive how much of the true feeling and the natural skill in art he possessed, and to lament, for his own sake, that he had not awhile longer clung to the pencil and palette. It is said that he was "very impatient when he could not produce the designed effect, and has been known to cut the canvas to ribbons." Few Britons have shown a deeper love of art. "If I could produce a head like Rembrandt in a year," he says, "it would be glory and

felicity and wealth and fame enough for me." The discipline and delight of this brief but fervent dalliance with art were, notwithstanding, of permanent advantage; thereby he came better to understand the "laws of a production," the worth of beauty, the elements of character; his perception was quickened, his insight deepened, and his powers, as observer and analyst, enlarged. It was during this vivid Paris experience that he learned to admire Napoleon the First, to have faith in his star, to believe in his mission as that of political regeneration, and to glory in his genius, — a feeling so prevalent and pervasive, that when his hero's fortunes waned Hazlitt suffered in health and spirits, as from a personal calamity.

Reverting, after the life of a painter was denied him, to his original proclivity, he finished and published, in 1804, his essay on the "Principles of Human Action," which, while it gained him the high opinion of a few thinkers, was profitless both to author and publisher. His next venture was a kind of digest, with comments, of a series of articles which Coleridge had contributed to the Morning Post, and which excited Hazlitt's political vein; the pamphlet entitled "Free Thoughts on Public Affairs" had but a limited sale; it was followed by a select compilation from the speeches of British statesmen, with notes, — a desirable and useful work, but one which did not add to his means; a more congenial and elaborate literary task was an abridgment of "Tucker's Light of Nature"; and one which elicited his logical acuteness and was the first to impress the critics of the day with his acumen and scope as a thinker, chiefly because it related to a subject of immediate interest, is his "Reply to Malthus." Thus far authorship, as a resource, had proved no more satisfactory than painting; and for some time Hazlitt appears to have reposed, not upon his laurels, which were yet to be won, but upon his sensations and ideas, wherein he found no inadequate compensation for the want of a successful career. Indeed, with a certain competence, he would have been content, as he declared, "to live to think," though it soon became apparent that he must "think to live." Meantime, however, he enjoyed his immunity from stated employment; like all genuine literary men, as distinguished from scholars and the professional tribe, he had the instinct of freedom and vagabondage, delighted in yielding to moods instead of rules, and fancies instead of formulas; he could walk about Wem in spring and autumn, he could see first-rate acting, he could observe "the harmless comedy of life," he could solve metaphysical problems, follow, in imagination, the campaigns of the great Corsican, chat with an artist or poet, lie in bed in the morning, sup with original characters at the coffee-house, and, in short, be William Hazlitt.

A peculiar and valuable social resource had also intervened which must have insensibly attuned his mind to a more genial species of literary work, as well as given scope and impulse to his expressive faculty. He had become intimate with Charles Lamb; with him and his few but choice friends he discussed the merits of old authors, speculated on subjects connected with the mysteries of life, and the humors of character, and the singularities of taste; the drama was a favorite recreation, conversation an unfailing pastime. "Charles and Hazlitt are going to Sadler's Wells," writes Mary Lamb, in the summer of 1806; and the former was Elia's companion on the memorable occasion he has so quaintly described, when his play was damned. The same correspondence lets us into the secret that a certain liking had developed between Hazlitt and Sarah Stoddart, an intimate companion of the Lambs, who seems to have vibrated, for some time, between three or four "followers," — lovers they can hardly be called, as, judging from the tone of her friend's letters, the young lady, if not exactly a coquette, was somewhat undecided and variable as to her conjugal views. It appears that she finally came

back to Hazlitt, but whether the hesitation was owing to her or him is not clear. That the union was brought about by circumstances rather than passion is evident from the one half-playful and wholly tranquil letter from her future husband which has been preserved. Miss Stoddart appears to have been better read than the average of Englishwomen of her class; she was remarkably candid and independent, wherein we imagine lay her chief attraction for Hazlitt, who was impatient of conventionalities and a lover of truth. She had an income of a hundred and fifty pounds, and owned a little house at Winterslow; her brother was ceremonious and exacting, and perhaps his fastidiousness had interfered with her previous settlement. The pair were ill assorted, for she was not expert in household duties, and he did not find the sympathy he needed; but things went smoothly enough at first, for he liked the domestic retirement of the country, and had time enough there to cogitate and ramble. "I was at Hazlitt's marriage," Lamb writes to Southey, August 9, 1815, "and had liked to have been turned out several times. Anything awful makes me laugh," — a reference to the event more characteristic than satisfactory. Mrs. Hazlitt, we afterwards discover, was of the "free-and-easy" style of woman, hated etiquette, and had no taste in dress. Evidently the withdrawal of the pair to their rural home was a privation to Lamb. He missed the companionship of Hazlitt. The delightful "Wednesday evenings" of which we have so many pleasant glimpses lost not a little of their charm. "Phillips makes his jokes," says Mary Lamb, writing to Mrs. Hazlitt, "and there is no one to applaud him; Rickman argues, and there is no one to oppose him. The worst miss of all is that, when we are in the dismals, there is no hope of relief in any quarter. Hazlitt was most brilliant, most ornamental as a Wednesday man; but he was a more useful one on common days, when he dropped in after a quarrel or a fit of the glooms." After many delays and frequent disappointments, Lamb and his sister paid a visit to the Hazlitts, which was not only a rare pleasure, but became a fond reminiscence; they walked over the country around Winterslow, when Nature was in her fairest array; renewed their old free, fanciful, and argumentative intercourse, and gained health and spirits by the change of air, the "mutton-feasts," and agreeable exercise. It was during this visit that Lamb explored "Oxford in Vacation," of which experience he afterwards wrote so winsome an account. Soon after their return a letter from their hostess mentioned what promised to be a lucrative discovery on Hazlitt's premises, — that of a well, where wells were much needed and seldom found; the anticipation proved fallacious; but while the delusion lasted, Hazlitt used to hide near the precious spring to overhear the talk of his neighbors on the subject, and "it happened occasionally," we are told, "that the eavesdropping metaphysician found the germ of some subtle chain of thought in the unsophisticated chit-chat of these Arcadians." He also read Hobbes, Berkeley, Priestley, Locke, Paley, and other philosophic writers, with deliberate zeal, and wrote the outline of an English Grammar subsequently published by Godwin. The birth of a son made it indispensable for him to increase his wife's little income, and he went up to London to live by his pen. His equipment for this career was unique; he had thought much, read little, and his only practice in writing had been of a kind the reverse of popular. His first place of residence was in York Street, Westminster; the house, according to tradition, had once been occupied by Milton, and was owned by, and overlooked the garden of, Jeremy Bentham. Hazlitt soon began to turn to account his favorite studies. He procured an engagement to deliver before the Russell Institution a course of lectures on the English Philosophers and Metaphysicians. He next undertook the parliamentary reports for the Morning

Chronicle, and soon after was engaged in the more congenial work of theatrical critic of the Courier. Thus in 1814 he had fairly embarked in the precarious career of a writer for the London journals.

Thenceforth, as long as he lived, we find him engaged, with occasional recreative intervals and episodes of travel or illness, in contributing to reviews, weekly literary journals, and monthly magazines, and, from time to time, gathering these critical, reminiscent, and æsthetic papers into volumes. It is a method having singular advantages for a mind like his, discursive, fluctuating in glow with mood and health, active in relation to vital questions of social and civic reform, and at the same time prone to bask in the mellow light of the past and to concentrate upon themes of recondite speculation. From a prolonged and continuous task a man so constituted often shrinks; his inspiration is not to be controlled by will; he must write as he feels; and in a brief but keen effort is more efficient than in prolonged labor. Gradually the animation of town-life and the encouragement of candid discussion diversified his scope and enriched his vocabulary. The habit of frequent and familiar communication with the public made his style incisive and colloquial; he emerged betimes from the abstract into humane generalizations; as reporter of debates and stage critic he learned to express himself with force and facility; and when the "Round-Table" department of the Examiner was dedicated to essays on life, manners, and books, he and his friends Lamb and Hunt revived with fresh and individual grace and insight the kind of writing so congenial to British taste, which had been memorably initiated by Steele and Addison. He wrote on art in the "Champion," and was soon enlisted by Jeffrey as an Edinburgh Reviewer; his first article was a kind of critical digest of the British novelists, *à propos* of a review of Dunlap's "History of Fiction," and Madame D'Arblay's "Wanderer"; then came papers on Sismondi's "Literature of the South of Europe," and Schegel's "Lectures on Shakespeare." The Examiner made him acquainted with the Hunts, for whose short-lived serial, the "Yellow Dwarf," he wrote fifteen articles. These labors of the pen alternated with courses of lectures delivered before the Surrey Institution, at Glasgow and elsewhere, on such subjects as the "Comic Writers," "The English Poets," etc.

And now ensued, or rather there had long accompanied, his literary career that base system of persecution whereby the government organs of Great Britain so disgracefully sought to baffle and mortify writers of genius in the realm whose political creed was obnoxious. If ever the history of opinion is written by a philosophical annalist, the details of this brutal interference with the natural development of free thought and honest conviction will be recorded as one of the most shameful anomalies of modern civilization. Hazlitt experienced all the reckless abuse incident then and there to an author who ventured to combine literary with political disquisition, unawed by power and unmoved by scorn. When his "Characters of Shakespeare," collected from the Chronicle, were published, the work was hailed by readers of critical taste and national pride with delight; the first edition was sold in a few weeks, republished in America, and a new one printed, when the book was attacked by the Quarterly Review — a periodical "set up by the ministers," as Southey acknowledged, established by the agents of the government for the express purpose of putting down liberal writers — in terms so unjust and malignant that the sycophantic herd ignored it, with genuine English obtuseness, as the work of a Bonapartist, a radical, an incendiary, and cockney scribbler. Hazlitt wrote an indignant letter to Gifford, "the government tool," exposing the shameless mendacity of the statements to his discredit. His crime consisted in the fact, not that he had written one of the

best critical estimates of Shakespeare that had appeared in Britain, but that he had also published a volume of Political Essays, gleaned from his contributions to the Examiner and other journals, in which he had exposed the abuses and advocated the reform of the British government, on the same principles which Bright, Mill, Goldwin Smith, and other enlightened publicists advocate progress and freedom to-day. Meantime, of the five poets who had at the beginning of the century melodiously sounded the tocsin of democracy, Byron and Shelley had become exiles, and died abroad in their youth; and Southey and Wordsworth lapsed from their youthful ardor as reformers, and became conservative philosophers; while William Hazlitt, who "wanted the accomplishment of verse," continued to fight the battle in the heart of the enemy's camp. How far the injustice he suffered embittered his soul and tainted the "calm air of delightful studies," wherein he was so sequestered in appearance, and yet so exposed in reality to the shafts of detraction, we may infer from many a burst of indignation and stroke of irony. He met an old fellow-student on the Continent, some years later, and says of their interview: "I had some difficulty in making him realize the full length of the malice, the lying, the hypocrisy, the sleek adulation, the meanness, and the equivocation of the Quarterly Review, the blackguardism of the Blackwood, and the obtuse drivelling prolificacy of the John Bull. Of the various periodicals for which Hazlitt wrote, none was so auspicious as the London Magazine; he was ill-treated by the managers of the dailies; his articles in the Edinburgh were manipulated by Jeffrey, and several of the other vehicles he adopted were, on the score of remuneration or duration, unsatisfactory. But the first editor of the London Magazine was an appreciative and sympathetic purveyor in the field of letters; his contributors were his friends, and accordingly they were mutually efficient; there the most exquisite papers of Elia first saw the light, and Hazlitt's "Table-Talk" grew into the delectable and suggestive volume it became. During all these years, when his pen was so busy, he migrated from one lodging to another, made frequent rural excursions, stole away to the "Hut" at Winterslow to elaborate some favorite theme, was a regular attendant on Lamb's Wednesday evenings, took his mutton occasionally with Haydon, was welcomed to Basil Montagu's fireside, visited the picture-galleries of the kingdom, associated with Leigh Hunt and Barry Cornwall, kept a sharp eye on politics and a fond one on the stage, and was an *habitué* of the Southampton Coffee-House, where he had a special seat, as did Dryden of old at Wills, a favorite waiter, and a knot of originals of various callings, whose talk entertained or whose characters interested him. The "Liberal," started by Byron and Shelley for Hunt's benefit, elicited something characteristic from Hazlitt during its short career; and the Academy exhibitions, as well as the drama and its representatives, continued to afford him salient topics of discussion. He was present on the memorable night of Kean's first success, when he played Shylock at Drury Lane, and Mrs. Siddons, Kitty Stephens, and other eminent histrionic contemporaries found critical appreciation at his hands. In the midst of this vagrant work and pastime his domestic affairs reached a climax. The only tie that bound him and Mrs. Hazlitt in mutual feeling was love for their boy. Hazlitt, in these later quarters of his, lived apart from her. And then occurred the most remarkable of the moral vicissitudes of his life. He had such a love of beauty united to a craving for truth, that women were a delicious torment to him, and at times he must have felt for them the kind of fear poor Leopardi so vividly describes. There are traces all through his life of attachments, or perhaps we should say admirations, sometimes what the Germans would call "affinities"; he often eloquently alludes to faces, forms, and places associated

with the tender passion; Lamb joked about a rustic idol Hazlitt met while an itinerant portrait-painter, for which love-dream the swains threatened to duck him. We have references to a Liverpool fair one, to a high-born lady, whose beauty was rather enhanced than marred, in his imagination, by the ravages of small-pox; and even the calm, virgin figure of Miss Wordsworth has been evoked from its maidenly sequestration as a supposed "intended" of Hazlitt. One who inherits his name and reveres his memory says: "I believe he was physically incapable of fixing his affections upon a single object." There is, however, no more common fallacy than that which regards youth as the only or the chief period when the tender passion takes the deepest hold: nothing can exceed the possible intensity of feeling in a mature man who has seen the world without becoming hardened or perverted thereby, and who has escaped strong attractions, if he encounters one thus, as it were, with "the strong necessity of loving" full upon him, and especially if, like Hazlitt, he combines passion with insight, an acute, vigilant observation with an eager heart. Therefore when Hazlitt fell in with Sarah Walker, the daughter of his tailor landlord, with her Madonna face, and to him fascinating figure, form, and "ways," and found her an "exquisite witch," he was enamored to a degree and in a manner perfectly accountable, when we consider his temperament, nature, and circumstances. His fevered wooing, his fitful distrust, his "hopes and fears that kindle hope," his tenderness, curiosity, and despair, as recorded in the "Liber Amoris," are a genuine psychological revelation, — "the outpourings of an imagination always supernaturally vivid and now morbidly so." His agony is too well described not to have originated in the most terrible conflict between perceptions singularly keen and an attraction irresistible. The writing and printing of this baffled lover record seems most indelicate and imprudent, until we remember that the retrospect of an "honest hallucination" has for a psychologist a curious interest as a study of consciousness and observation, and accept De Quincey's explanation, — "it was an explosion of frenzy; the sole remedy was to empty his overburdened heart." To add to the "curiosities of literature" and "the infirmities of genius" involved in this matter, Hazlitt carried a copy of "Liber Amoris" to Italy, bound in velvet, on a bridal tour with his second wife; and the first literary job he undertook after his love-sorrow was to describe a prize-fight, and that with no small zest and minuteness.

It is always difficult to distribute justly the blame in cases of divorce by mutual consent. When Hazlitt and his wife went to Scotland, and, after many delays and the usual technical forms, succeeded in effecting a legal separation, there appeared no bitterness of feeling on either side; he was miserable from an unreciprocated attachment and harassed for want of money. Mrs. Hazlitt, sharing the latter difficulty, was singularly practical, self-possessed, and business-like in her conduct; both were solicitous about the immediate comfort and future prospects of their son. We often hear expressions of surprise, and not infrequently of indignation, when the widow of a gifted and renowned man forms a second alliance. But in the case of artistic or literary fame, we are apt to forget that the endowments this distinction implies, so far from being auspicious, are often detrimental to conjugal sympathy. There are, indeed, memorable exceptions, beautiful instances, where women are so constituted as to feel a deep sympathy with such pursuits, and to love as well as honor their worthy votaries; but, on the other hand, the egotism these pursuits are apt to breed and the self-absorption they exact leave no adequate scope for the affections; the conjugal are secondary to the professional claims; and in such cases, however conscientious a man's life-companion may be in wifely duty and devotion, she may,

if of rich womanly instincts, find greater happiness in her more complete and less interrupted relations with a man whose vocation is comparatively incidental and whose heart is wholly hers. "Women," writes Hazlitt in a letter of counsel to his son, "care nothing about poets, philosophers, or politicians; they go by a man's looks or manners." He told his wife she never appreciated him; and there is an objective way of alluding to his eccentricities in her diary and letters, which shows how little affinity there was between them. Having obtained his divorce and failed to secure the "exquisite witch" for a wife, he seems to have overcome the immediate effects of his disappointment with marvellous celerity; and we hear of him erelong as married to a widow named Bridgewater, who had some property as well as attractions, and with whom and his son he at once started on a Continental tour, the record of which he sent to a leading journal, and afterwards published in a volume under the title of "Notes of a Tour to France and Italy." This memorial of travel is eloquent of enjoyment, observation, and thought. He revelled again over what remained of his favorite pictures in the Louvre; he lingered fondly in the Tribune and the Vatican; hailed the scene of the Decameron and the sublimity of Chamouni; criticised the viands by the way, and "drank the empyrean" amid the Alps. He had glimpses of Lucien Bonaparte and Mezzofanti, and talks with Landor; passed a delightful summer at Vevay, loitered in the garden of the Tuileries, and felt when the air of an Italian spring fanned his worn and weary brow as if his life had begun anew. The picture-galleries were his favorite resource; in the midst of the grandest scenery he writes, "I swear that St. Peter Martyr is finer." His conversation, said one who fell in with him on the journey, "I thought better than any book on the art pictorial I had ever read." His moods and independence are alike evident in his written impressions; strange to say, Rome and the Correggios at Parma disappointed him; he recognized in the Northern Italians a race that only required "to be let alone," to prosper and progress; he liked the manners of the priesthood and relished the church ceremonies. "I am," he writes, "no admirer of pontificals, but I am slave to the picturesque." Curiously enough, he was taken with Ferrara, then a desolate old city. "Of all places I have seen in Italy," he remarks, "it is the one which I should by far most care to live in." The reformer, however, is never lost in the art-lover. The sight of captive doves fluttering he compares to nations trying to fly from despotic sway; and he turned aside from the highway "to lose in the roar of Velino tumbling from its rocky height, and the wild freedom of nature, his hatred of tyranny and tyrants." He came home through Holland, which country he graphically describes, bringing his son, but leaving his wife with her relatives abroad, and she never rejoined him; so that his second matrimonial venture does not appear to have succeeded any better than the first. He was soon at work again in London lodgings; engaged upon his "Conversations with Northcote," contributions to the Weekly Review, and the "Life of Napoleon," — to him a labor of love, but unsuccessful as a literary enterprise. The paternal sentiment was strong in Hazlitt, and intellectual society continued to be his chosen pastime to the last. Never robust, although an expert cricket-player, and a good pedestrian, the gastric ailment to which he was liable increased with the inroads of study and disappointment, so that his health gradually failed, and on the 18th of September, 1830, he calmly expired at his lodgings in Frith Street, with his son and his old friend Lamb beside him. "Well, I have had a happy life," is the last audible phrase from his lips. It strikes one familiar with the vicissitudes of his career, and the sources of irritation inherent in his organization, with surprise, until the compensatory nature of intellectual re-

sources, the relish of a keen mind and voluptuous temperament, even amid privations and baffled feeling, is remembered; to appreciate what life was to William Hazlitt, we must understand the man, and not dwell exclusively on his outward experiences.

Seldom have the idiosyncrasies and inmost experience of an author been more completely revealed; it has been truly remarked of Hazlitt that there are "few salient points and startling passages in his life that he has omitted to look upon or glance at" in his essays. The processes and impression of his own mind had such an interest for him, that it was a delight to record and speculate on them. In treating of a work of art or a favorite author, he brought to bear on their interpretation the sympathetic insight born of experience. We know his tastes and antipathies, his prejudices and passions, not only as a whole, but in detail. Authorship was to him a kind of confessional; incidentally he lets us into many of the secrets of his consciousness. As to the outward man and the habits of his life, carelessness, want of method, and caprice were stamped thereon. His personal appearance, it is certain, was often neglected, notwithstanding Haydon's sarcasm at finding him absorbed on one occasion before a mirror, and the effective figure he is said to have made when in full dress he went to dine with Curran. When fairly warmed by conversation, his manner was earnest and unconscious; but among strangers he was shy, and his way of shaking hands and taking one's arm was the reverse of cordial. He admitted that he had little claim to be thought a good-natured man. His landladies were annoyed because he scribbled notes for his essays on the mantel-piece. He was a wretched correspondent; variable in his moods, partly from ill-health and more from a nervous temperament; he was yet remarkably industrious, as the amount of his writings prove; but it required the stimulus of necessity or the attraction of a subject to enlist his attention. His mind was naturally clear, fervid, and sensitive. "In his natural and healthy state," says Lamb, "one of the wisest and finest spirits I ever knew." "Without the imagination of Coleridge," says Procter, "he had almost as much subtlety and far more steadfastness of mind." Apparently an idler until thirty, he was, at the same time, a desultory but devoted reader and a constant thinker. He was a notable illustration of "imperfect sympathy." Lamb, with whom he was most consistently intimate, failed to satisfy him, because he was no partisan, — an æsthetic rather than a reformer; he was disgusted with Moore's aristocratic proclivities; his admiration of Scott was modified by hatred of his toryism; he almost alienated Hunt by abusing Shelley, and never forgave Southey and Coleridge for their defection from the political faith of their youth; he recoiled from friendly Montagu, because he imagined he put on airs, and Haydon's egotism offended as much as his art displeased him; he took De Quincey to task for repeating his anti-Malthusian argument without credit: thus, at some point, he always diverged even from minds whose endowments were such as to command his respect and attract his sympathy; and this distinct line of affinity and repulsion is equally manifest in his estimate of old authors and historical characters. As a writer he is often paradoxical and exaggerated, but usually so either to emphasize a truth, press home a conviction, or give play to a humor, and not from any indifference to truth or levity of feeling. "I think what I please," he used to say, "and say what I think; it has been my business all my life to get at the truth as well as I could, to satisfy my own mind." It has been noted that even in his analysis of Shakespeare characters, — profoundly as he admired their human consistency and authentic traits, — there is a cool discrimination which indicates shortcomings or incongruities. In such essays as those on "A Portrait by Vandyke," "Knowledge of One's Self,"

"The Feeling of Immortality in Youth," and "People we should wish to have seen," the sincerity and refinement of his intellectual sympathy and moral sentiment are evident. His ideal was well defined and high, and he was too much in earnest not to deeply feel his own failure. What he says in reference to the disappointment of his artistic aspirations illustrates this: "If a French artist fails, he is not discouraged; there is something else he excels in; if he cannot paint he can dance. If an Englishman fails in anything he thinks he can do, enraged at the mention of his ability to do anything else, and at any consolation offered him, he banishes all thought but of his disappointment, and, discarding hope from his breast, neither eats nor sleeps, — it is well if he does not cut his throat, — will not attend to anything in which he before took an interest, and is in despair till he recovers his good opinion of himself in the point in which he has been disgraced." Although this is exactly the difference between self-esteem and vanity, and so far nationally characteristic, it is especially true of the individual Englishman who wrote it. Nor should we lose sight of the fact that Hazlitt, while a votary of art and literature, was also an enthusiastic and baffled reformer. "He went down to the dust," says one of his gifted contemporaries, "without having won the crown for which he had so bravely struggled." When thought and feeling were enlisted strongly in his work, his style is vigorous and vivid; sometimes from the inevitable "job" — the will instead of the mood — it lapsed into what is called "mechanical description." Judged by his legitimate utterance, his writings are what he called them, — the thoughts of a metaphysician uttered by a painter. "As for my style," he says, "I thought little about it. I only used the word which seemed to me to signify the ideas wanted to convey, and I did not rest till I had got it; *in seeking for truth I sometimes found beauty.*" George Daniel, in 1817, portrayed him, and John Hunt testified to the authenticity of the portrait: "Wan and worn, with a melancholy expression, but an *eager* look and a *dissecting* eye." His rejoinder to the savage attacks of his opponents was: "I am no politician, and still less can I be said to be a party man; but I have a hatred for tyranny and a contempt for its tools, and this feeling I have expressed as often and as strongly as I could. The success of the great cause to which I had vowed myself was to me more than all the world."

Hazlitt's life has been described as a "conflict between a magnificent intellect and morbid, miserly, physical influences"; and one of the warmest admirers of his talents accuses him of "an amazing amount of wilful extravagance" in the expression of his thoughts. How far his social defects were owing to material causes it is impossible to determine; but that temperament had quite as much to do with his isolation as temper there is no doubt. Indeed, he admits, towards the close of his life, that he had quarrelled with almost all his friends; and, although in an exigency like that which obliged him to write to Patmore "off Scarborough," when writhing under his unfortunate love affair, "what have I suffered since I parted from you; a raging fire in my heart and brain; the steamboat seems a prison-house," yet his ideal of friendship was chiefly intellectual; he says, for instance, of Northcote: "His hand is closed, but what of that? His eye is ever open and reflects the universe. I never ate or drank in his house, but I have lived on his conversation with undiminished relish ever since I can remember." When engaged as a reporter, and obliged to remain late at night in the gallery of the House of Commons, he formed the baneful habit of resorting to stimulants to counteract the effects of exposure and exhaustion upon a frame naturally sensitive; but, before this practice had made any serious inroads upon his constitution, warned by illness and medical advice, he abandoned it and maintained this voluntary abstinence heroically to the end of his

life. There are several anecdotes which indicate his nervous dread of burglars and fire. Intended for a Unitarian preacher, by nature a metaphysician, and by choice a painter, he became "a writer under protest"; and he explains what seems paradoxical in his essays thus: "I have to bring out some obscure distinction, or to combat some strong prejudice, and in doing this, with all my might, I have overshot the mark." It is remarkable how soon the art of expression came, even when first resorted to, at an age when the habits are usually formed. "I had not," he writes in 1812, "until then been in the habit of writing at all, or had been a long time about it, but I perceived that with the necessity the fluency came." One of the earliest cheering circumstances of his literary career was the appearance of an American edition of his "Character of Shakespeare," a few weeks after it was published in England, with the Boston imprint. It was for him "a genuine triumph." His idea of pastime was "a little comfortable cheer and careless indolent chat"; he shrank from the formal routine of society, and thought that to have his own way, and do what he pleased when he pleased, even at the cost of some lack of luxury and show, was infinitely preferable to the most successful official or commercial life. A cup of strong tea and to go to the play afterwards was better to him than all the solemn magnificence of London society; and yet no one better appreciated the freedom and opportunities of metropolitan intercourse. "London," he writes, "is the only place where each individual in company is treated according to his value in company and for nothing else." He was, however, keenly alive to the indifference of the crowd as regards intellectual claims and the estimate of an author: "They read his books, but have no clew to penetrate into the last recesses of his mind, and attribute the height of abstraction to a more than ordinary share of stupidity." He deemed it comparatively easy to be amiable if not in earnest. "Coleridge," he observes, "used to complain of my irascibility, though if he had possessed a little of my tenaciousness and jealousy of temper, the cause of liberty would have gained thereby." By nature, indeed, Hazlitt loved the tranquil pleasures of thought; hence partly his appreciation of art; the sight of a noble, calm head made him resolve to be in future self-possessed and allow nothing to disturb him; to be, in a word, the character thus delineated. "I want," he declared, "to see my vague notions float, like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briers of controversy." What such a man and mind could be to intimate and congenial associates we can easily imagine. The death of Hazlitt was to Lamb not only a bereavement in the ordinary sense, but his relish of life was thenceforth greatly diminished; an element of sympathetic and acute appreciation through and with which he had enjoyed and analyzed its phenomena was taken away. A poem, a play, a story, or a character needs for its complete zest a *bon convive*, quite as much as feasts of a material kind. It is, indeed, the redeeming charm of the literary life, where an honest and superior capacity therefor exists, that we are made as in no other way to feel how great are the native resources and how insignificant comparatively the material luxuries of life. All this world of enjoyment, this fervent communion with the genius of the past, this curious investigation of the mysteries of humanity, this benign and refreshing "division of the records of the mind," this noble pursuit of truth and appreciation of knowledge and love of beauty and sympathy with what is magnanimous, original, and glorious, — these charming Wednesday evenings at Lamb's, and exhilarating walks with Coleridge, and poetic readings with Wordsworth, and critical commentaries, brilliant repartees, ingenuous humors, have no dependence on or relation to the costly and artificial routine and arrangements which, to the unaspiring and the vain, consti-

tute life; often and chiefly, rather, are they associated with frugal households, with humble homes, limited prospects, ay, with drudgery and self-denial.

The most pleasant and perhaps the most profitable influence derived from Hazlitt is intellectual zest, the keen appreciation and magnetic enjoyment of truth and beauty in literature, character, and life. He was an epicurean in this regard, delighting to renew the vivid experience of the past by the glow of deliberate reminiscence, and to associate his best moods for work and his most genial studies with natural scenery and physical comfort: no writer ever more delicately fused sensation and sentiment; drew from sunshine, fireside, landscape, air, viands, and vagabondage more delectable adjuncts of reflection. He delighted to let his mind "lie fallow" and hated "a lie, and the formal crust of circumstances, and the mechanism of society"; and, moreover, had a rare facility in escaping both. "What a walk was that!" he exclaims in allusion to a favorite road at Winterslow; "I had no need of book or companion; the days, the hours, the thoughts of my youth are at my side and blend with the air that fans my cheek; the future was barred to my progress, and I turned for consolation and encouragement to the past. I lived in a world of contemplation, not of action. This sort of dreamy existence is the best." He went on a pilgrimage to Wisbeach in Cambridgeshire, to see the town where his mother was born, and the poor farm-house where she was reared, and the "gate where she told him she used to stand, when a child of ten, to look at the setting sun." The sight of a row of cabbage-plants or beans made him, through life, think of the happy hours passed in the humble parsonage-garden at Wem, which he tended with delight when a boy; and he never saw a kite in the air without feeling the twinge at the elbow and the flutter at the heart with which he used to let go the string of his own when a child. Every aspect of nature during his memorable first walk with Coleridge is remembered: "As we passed along between Wem and Salisbury, and I eyed the blue tops of the Welsh mountains seen through the wintry branches, or the red leaves of the sturdy oak-trees by the roadside, a sound was in my ears as of a siren's song." And again, returning from the town where he had heard him preach: "The sun, still laboring pale and wan through the sky, obscured by thick mists, seemed an emblem of the good cause, and the cold, dank drops of dew that hung half melted on the beard of the thistle had something genial and refreshing in them, for there was a spirit of youth and hope in all nature." Never, perhaps, had Madame de Staël's maxim — "when we are much attached to our ideas we endeavor to attach everything to them" — a more striking illustration than Hazlitt's idiosyncrasy. After parting with Coleridge and in anticipation of a visit to him, he tells us: "I went to Llangollen vale by way of initiating myself in the mysteries of natural scenery; that valley was to me the cradle of a new existence; in the river that winds through it my spirit was baptized in the waters of Helicon." And again, speaking of the folios in his father's library, and the impression the sight of them made on his childhood, "there was not," he writes, "one striking reflection, one sally of wit; yet we can never forget the feeling with which not only their appearance, but the names of their authors on the outside, inspired us; we would rather have this feeling again for one half-hour, than to be possessed of all the acuteness of Boyle or the wit of Voltaire." It is easy to imagine from such inklings of experience how completely he must have fraternized with Rousseau and why the Nouvelle Heloïse was the favorite of his youth. "I was wet through, and stopped at an inn," he says, describing an excursion, "and sat up all night reading Paul and Virginia. Sweet were the showers that drenched my body and sweet the drops of pity that fell upon the book I read"; and what a zest is implied in this statement; "I recollect walking

out while reading the 'Simple Story,' to escape from one of the tenderest parts, in order to return to it again with double relish. An old crazy hand-organ was playing Robin Adair, and a summer shower dropt manna on my head and slaked my feverish thirst of happiness." Pondering a catalogue of the Louvre before he crossed the Channel, he says: "The pictures, the names of the painters, seemed to relish in the mouth." A march of ten miles in fine weather, with a pleasant retreat and dinner in prospect at the end, was his ideal of enjoyment, and none of the genial company of English authors ever better knew the "luxury of an inn." "Tired out," he writes, "between Farnham and Alton, I was shown to a room in a wayside inn, a hundred years old, overlooking an old-fashioned garden with beds of larkspur and a leaden Mercury. It was wainscoted, and had a dark-colored portrait of Charles the Second over a tiled chimney-piece. I had 'Love for Love' in my pocket and began to read; coffee was brought in a silver coffee-pot; the cream, bread, and butter were excellent, and the flavor of Congreve's style prevailed over all." When travelling in Switzerland, he came upon a place that won his preference at once, and for these reasons: "It was a kind of retreat where there is nothing to surprise, nothing to disgust, nothing to draw the attention out of itself, uniting the advantages of society and solitude, of simplicity and elegance and self-centred satisfaction." One more illustration of this rare capacity for enjoyment derivable from personal endowment and instinct, acting on circumstances of the humblest and most familiar kind must suffice. It is a reminiscence of his provincial tour as an artist: "I once lived on coffee for a fortnight, while I was finishing the copy of a half-length portrait of a Manchester manufacturer who died worth a plum. I rather slurred over the coat, which was of a reddish-brown, of a formal cut, to receive my five guineas, with which I went to market and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes; and, while they were getting ready and I could hear them hissing in the pan, read a volume of Gil Blas containing the account of the fair Aurora. Gentle reader, do not smile! neither Monsieur de Nevy nor Louis XVIII. over an oyster *paté*, nor Apicius himself, ever understood the meaning of the word *luxury* better than I did at that moment." It was this zestful spirit, this association of ideas, that enabled him through intense sympathy to enter intelligently into the characters of Shakespeare, and to analyze the poets, actors, and comic writers; while it also placed him wisely in relation with "The Spirit of the Age," which he so eloquently illustrated, gave him that thorough appreciation of the benignity of freedom, which nerved him to battle for her triumph, identified him with the feeling of the old masters in art, and equipped and inspired him to write acutely and with the charm of independent thought of the laws, phenomena, and mysteries of human life and character.

IN JUNE.

So sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see;
So blithe and gay the humming-bird a-going
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee.

So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,
The calling, cooing, wooing, everywhere;
So sweet the water's song through reeds and rushes,
The plover's piping note, now here, now there.

So sweet, so sweet from off the fields of clover,
The west-wind blowing, blowing up the hill;
So sweet, so sweet with news of some one's lover,
Fleet footsteps, ringing nearer, nearer still.

So near, so near, now listen, listen, thrushes;
Now plover, blackbird, cease, and let me hear;
And water, hush your song through reeds and rushes,
That I may know whose lover cometh near.

So loud, so loud the thrushes kept their calling,
Plover or blackbird never heeding me;
So loud the mill-stream too kept fretting, falling,
O'er bar and bank, in brawling, boisterous glee.

So loud, so loud; yet blackbird, thrush, nor plover,
Nor noisy mill-stream, in its fret and fall,
Could drown the voice, the low voice of my lover,
My lover calling through the thrushes' call.

"Come down, come down!" he called, and straight the thrushes
From mate to mate sang all at once, "Come down!"
And while the water laughed through reeds and rushes,
The blackbird chirped, the plover piped, "Come down!"

Then down and off, and through the fields of clover,
I followed, followed, at my lover's call;
Listening no more to blackbird, thrush, or plover,
The water's laugh, the mill-stream's fret and fall.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

AN illustrated popular literature is the creation of our century and of the English people. The English have made the largest use of wood engraving as an adjunct of the art of book-making. The pictured page of the magazine, made for a great reading public, charms and instructs the eye and stimulates the curiosity; and it would be difficult to say whether children or grown people enjoy it more.

Wood engraving is the modest art of our home life; and from the old Dutch Bible, with its curious cuts of literal art, to the last Christmas Almanac, what a simple and attractive service it has rendered to literature! Discovered at nearly the same time as printing, it has always marched hand in hand with it, illustrating and popularizing the thoughts and imaginations of poets and artists, and enlarging the experience of the eye. None of the later arts, like lithography or photography, have succeeded in displacing it, and in England it holds the first place.

Since the making of the first book the desire to adorn the most precious has always found an art of illustration close to our need. In the *Bibliothèque Impériale* at Paris, one may see, under glass and screened from light, the gemmed covers and painted pages of mediæval missals. The heavy binding crusted with rich profusion of rare stones, and curious with work in silver and gold, the parchment sheets adorned with delicate and complicated designs in vivid colors, fanciful and grotesque and *naïve*, attest the beautiful office of an abandoned art, — a costly art naturally practised when books were few and in the hands only of princes and priests.

When printing rendered the multiplication of books an easy matter, the grave and simple design drawn and cut upon the wood was made to adorn the printed page with much of the skill, but none of the glittering glory and splendor, of the monk's vellum sheet. Now instead of a few costly volumes, we have cheap and beautiful books from a press productive like time. Our modern art is not to illuminate a few books, but to illustrate thousands of them; yet the chromo-lithograph would enable us to duplicate the most costly examples of mediæval color. At present, however, the use of the chromo-lithograph for magazines is not as satisfactory as the engraving upon wood.

In the art of book illustration the French and English are our masters. It is to the credit of English book-makers that they first secularized the art of book illustration, and first placed the woodcut at the service of the people. The English originated the Penny Magazine, which determined the character and publication of the more artistic *Magasin Pittoresque* for the French public. But the English make the largest use of the illustrated magazine for the pleasure of home-life and the instruction of the people. The French have no publications corresponding to such illustrated magazines as The Cornhill, London Society, Good Words, The Sunday Magazine, and Once a Week, magazines which minister through art and literature to *domestic* life, and express the conservatism of the English character.

The Englishman thinks of ministering to his purely private life, and in his illustrated magazine he shares with his countrymen, by his own fireside, the pleasure meant for the home circle. This is one of those significant facts which tell us that the centre of the Englishman's life is *home*. For Frenchmen public life has the dominating attraction. But it would be a misrepresentation to say the French make an

inadequate provision for the home life simply because they have not a batch of illustrated magazines like the English.

French social life is full of beautiful exceptions, and the popular literature of the French is admirably illustrated in such unequalled publications as the *Magasin Pittoresque* and *La Vie à la Campagne.*

The custom of the English publishers, which is to give the text of a story into the hands of the designer to illustrate, somewhat exclusively practised in England, seems to me not so good because not so instructive and varied as the plan of the French publishers, who give the principal place to woodcuts or etchings after celebrated contemporary paintings and of picturesque or historical places. The illustrations in *La Vie à la Campagne* and *Magasin Pittoresque* afford me greater pleasure and instruction, certainly stimulate my curiosity more, than the designs in English magazines by Walker, Millais, Leighton, or Du Maurier, illustrative of stories of contemporary life. The French illustrated magazine seems to elicit more variety, and requires a greater versatility of talent in its designers.

A volume of *La Vie à la Campagne*, which I have before me, gives upon the first page an admirable engraving of one of Rosa Bonheur's most celebrated and perfect paintings, — the *Rendezvous de Chasse*, — which represents in a frosty morning a group of French hunters and dogs; it is certainly more instructive and pleasing than any bit of English character, sentiment, or society, drawn upon the block by Walker, Millais, or Keene, yet the talent of the English artist is not less capable of producing work equally instructive and pleasing. The *groove* into which the English system sooner or later throws all of their famous draughtsmen for magazines places the English illustrated publication below the French in point of interest and art. The designs by Leech were an exception, for he always derived the *motif* of his sketches from nature, not from stories or poems. Many of Leech's and Keene's drawings for Punch have all the freshness and force of work from the life; they are not "made up."

The French magazine to which I have referred is illustrated with landscapes by Daubigny; charming, crisp, and brilliant sketches by Andrieux; with full-page engravings after carefully studied pictures, illustrative of life in the country, by Horace Vernet, Courbet, Thiollet, Yan' Dargent, Lalanne, Jacques, and Laurens. Many of the vignettes are evidently bits from nature, and gratify the artistic sense by their style, which is always free and often brilliant.

The *Magasin Pittoresque* gives beautiful engravings upon wood of parts of famous cathedrals, chateaux, and bridges, — of celebrated or recently discovered fragments of antique or mediæval art; of anything and everything interesting and instructive or beautiful; and it generally avoids vulgar and ephemeral subjects. It contained a marvellous rendering of Decamp's "Oriental Butcher Shop," and a superb portrait of the artist, which is a most vigorous piece of wood engraving. In fact, most of what is finest in art or nature, sooner or later, is drawn and engraved for the *Magasin Pittoresque*, which at the same time does not fall exclusively under the classification of an art magazine, but remains fully at the service of the general and varied subjects of social and civilized life.

I must think that our own illustrated magazines would be much improved and do an excellent work in giving full-page drawings after the most remarkable contemporary American pictures, — the three or four best pictures of the annual exhibition of our Academy of Design, for example. Good wood engravings or etchings, after the pictures of Johnson, Gifford, Kensett, McEntee, Griswold, Wyant, Martin, Homer, Vedder, Lafarge, and Hennessy would be a great help to all people who are interested in art, but are not able to visit its great centre in this

country. But I have to consider our masters, and I must invite attention to famous English and French designers.

Tony Johannot, Doré, and Morin in France; Gilbert, Millais, Walker, Bennet, Du Maurier, and Pinwell in England, are the masters of the art of illustrating books and magazines, while Darley, Homer, Sheppard, Hows, Eytinge, Vedder, Cary, Fenn, Lafarge, Parsons, and Hennessy have done the best work for American publications.

John Gilbert is conventional in his drawing, but always picturesque, rich, and often splendid in his effects; he is a greater master of grouping figures, and can represent a crowd better than any other English artist. But Gilbert's work is now almost wholly set aside by what may be called the new school of English designers upon the block, beginning with Rossetti and Millais, and reaching a more liberal expression in Walker and Du Maurier.

Gilbert and Birket Foster are not comparable to Walker, Du Maurier, and Millais; and the French landscape draughstman Lalanne surpasses Foster. Gilbert and Foster are mannered and general; they have a tricky style, — a style that lowers one's sense of nature and places the imitator wholly in subjection to the pictorial element.

Walker's drawings for the Cornhill Magazine, Du Maurier's book illustrations, and Millais's work for Once a Week and Good Words, are the best things that have been done in England. Millais is first in delicacy of sentiment and refined perception; Du Maurier, in invention, variety, and brilliant and suggestive execution; Walker, in positive and frank style. The last has a natural and poetical sense of his subject, and his work seems to be the most thorough, while it is delightfully free. Some of his drawings, in beautiful and flowing lines, firm and sure, cannot be excelled. Du Maurier is lighter, more artistic, has a certain sparkling and rapid touch, which makes his work the most attractive of any of the contemporary draughtsmen upon the wood, save the daring and admirable work of Morin, the French illustrator.

Very charming and childlike and admirably engraved by Swain, is Millais's sketch of a curly-headed child repeating the immortal child's prayer taught under English and American roofs. I remember another drawing by Millais that recalls the work of Velasquez. It indicates the same qualities as the painting of the illustrious Spanish master, — it is delicate, sympathetic, natural, vivid.

The women and girls and children of Millais are unrivalled as expressions of the most cherished and appropriate qualities of grace, refinement, simplicity, and purity, which properly belong to them. But Millais always draws civilized and well-dressed children. Barbarian boys have no place in his world; not one so sturdy and hearty as Whittier's Barefoot Boy or Hawthorne's Little Cannibal and Glutton, who swallowed two Jim Crows, several camels and elephants, and sundry other gingerbread figures between sunrise and dinner, and threatened to demolish the whole gingerbread menagerie in good Hepzibah's shop.

It should give pleasure to consider the most noticeable of the illustrations of the English draughtsmen. Frederick Walker's drawings for Thackeray's Phillip, and for Miss Thackeray's Village on the Cliff, are excellent *pictures*, and I may venture to say no other English artist would have done the work so well. A little drawing called "The Meeting," another called "The Vagrants," another delineating Miss Thackeray's "René," and still another representing two boys of the last century over an old chest, examining a pistol, are admirable examples of drawing upon the wood, and by their character and form mark the culmination of Walker's delightful and honest style. The drawing entitled "The Vagrants" is full of undefinable sentiment and poetry. The standing figure of the gypsy girl is comparable to the work of the finest of the French painters, Jules Breton, whose *genre* of subject it re-

calls. Pinwell has made some very artistic and many careful drawings. One specimen of his work now before me, slightly and spiritedly pencilled, seems to me a model of masterly drawing upon the wood. The best drawings upon the block are either very black or very gray, and the very gray are oftenest the most unsatisfactory. If an artist does not see any force, or emphasis of shadow, or effect, in nature, he would do best in using the pure line to express his subject.

It is to be remarked that the style of French draughtsmen upon wood is larger and bolder and simpler than the English; the style of the English is more detailed; they are more scrupulous about accessories than the French. The English are not so successful as the French in composition, in groups of figures, or in rendering *action;* but, on the other hand, they are superior to the French in expressing character, and their work has a higher value as a rendering of the minor sacred or domestic sentiments of life. The French artist is satisfied with the drawing of a type of character; the Englishman always seeks to render the individual, and is contented only with a positive and particular personality. Bennet was one of the most English of English draughtsmen; he had no sense of beauty, but he was an intense and uncommon physiognomist, and was as literal as Holbein. Doyle was an unerring satirist, very clever and very comic, but not much of an artist. Small's illustrations of "Griffith Gaunt" are creditable and careful; he is one of the most indefatigable of English draughtsmen for the illustrated magazines, and he is also one of the most tiresome. He maintains his work at a good level, but is without a touch of genius. The only two English illustrators, — after Gilbert, — who have genius, are Du Maurier and Millais; they are never commonplace; when they are bad they are very bad; when they are at their best they are individual and unrivalled. Houghton's Eastern subjects are sprawling and unsatisfactory. Tenniel is the most formal and academic in his style of any English draughtsman. He may be said to know the academy model well. His full-page drawings for Punch are positive and excellent works. Their hard and thorough style of drawing is in marked contrast with the slovenly and slight lithographic caricatures for *Charivari.* Keene, the successor of Leech, is an excellent draughtsman upon the block, close to nature, and master of a better style than the lamented Leech. But of all living English draughtsmen upon the wood, Du Maurier — who is claimed as a Frenchman in Paris, and the claim is sustained by Du Maurier's name and style — seems to me entitled to the first place. For variety of character, great invention, unfailing sense of beauty, and brilliant, rapid, effective style, he is unrivalled in England. He has the quick hand, the rapid intellect, the active fancy, and lively sympathy with all forms of life, characteristic of the artistic nature. My high appreciation of Du Maurier is based upon his illustrations of Douglas Jerrold's "Story of a Feather."

There are many clever women illustrators of books and magazines in England. Miss E. Edwards seems to be the best. But not one of them is capable of putting upon the block such a spirited and well-drawn picture as that made for the Paris Guide by Rosa Bonheur, representing a drove of cattle, on the high road, in full movement.

The French book and magazine illustrators introduce us to a more varied and entertaining world than the English. They take us outside of the narrow circle of home life, so dear to Englishmen, and through an exquisite pictorial art make us acquainted with the whole of our inheritance in time.

Morin, Doré, Brown, Grevin, Marcelin, Lalanne, Preault, Daubigny, Yan' Dargent, Francais, Chevignard, Celestin Nanteuil, Brion, and Bida are the most celebrated living French illustrators. Lalanne's drawings of Paris are full of the most admired French qualities, — suggestiveness, precision, and

force of style. Morin — spotty, blotchy, swift, and elegant and delicate in his drawings — has the most remarkable style of any of the French draughtsmen. Nothing could apparently be slighter than his drawing; nothing more broken and lost, and rapidly caught again, than his fine pencil strokes; yet his work is full of nature. I believe him to be the man of most genius for drawing upon the block, the man most brilliant, natural, effective, among the living book illustrators. He deals with contemporary nature, as all the best men do, — Paris, its people, streets, squares, parks, palaces, bridges, and balls. His sketches in the Paris Guide — "Coming out of the Ball of the Opera," "Café Concert," "The Gallery of Goupil & Co.," "The Flower Market," "The Rowing Club on the Seine" — are inimitable and admirable. The *Sortie du Bal de l'Opéra* is surprisingly effective; it renders the flickering, flaring lights, the dazzle and movement, and general aspect of the street in front of the Opera, on a stormy night of winter, as every Parisian has seen it. The design is full of color, and in absolute contrast with the work of English draughtsmen. Morin is the type of the Parisian artist, the model of a dozen draughtsmen upon the block, but still an inimitable master, showing the most ungraspable qualities. He is daring, suggestive, rapid, spirited, in his work; he is an intelligent and incessant observer of nature, an elegant mind, never mannered or conventional, and he has an astonishing facility of execution; he is beyond all others the artist of *fêtes*, of the brilliant, seductive, and varied life of the world of elegance in Paris; the representative artist upon wood of the gay capital of France, the centre of art and science. His designs are scattered through the pages of *La Vie Parisienne*, *Paris Caprice*, *Semaine des Enfants*, and the Paris Guide.

It is not necessary to characterize Doré's drawings, for they are well known. He is French rather than Parisian. The illustrations of Balzac's *Contes Drôlatiques* are Doré's best work, and hold the proper relation to the letter-press. In his Dante and Don Quixote the illustrations override the printed page, and subordinate the story to its pictorial element. In illustrated magazines or books, a few full-page pictures and numerous vignettes and fanciful head-letters make the most delightful work. This is the plan of two model French magazines for the people.

In examining the illustrated art magazines of England and France, we see at once that the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* is a finer publication than the London Art Journal. The steel-plate engraving, the most inartistic means to render a picture, is used as the leading illustration in the London Art Journal. The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* gives the preference to etching for its leading picture; all its beautiful minor illustrations are woodcuts. The English public did not sustain their best illustrated art publication, — the Fine Arts Quarterly Review.

Illustrated magazines are very costly publications, but they are a means of education for the people second only to art galleries and museums.

French illustrated literature is more varied, instructive, and interesting than English, not only because the French have a greater aptitude for the illustrative and ornamental arts, but because of the vast museums and galleries of France which instruct and enrich the French artist. The *Cabinet des Estampes* is almost as much *felt* in French illustrated work as the *Louvre* in French painting.

In contemporary subjects, such as we find in *illustrated papers*, the English, with their practical and energetic spirit, have produced the best. The Graphic, the London Illustrated News, and Punch reach a higher point of merit in their illustrations than *Le Monde Illustré* and *Charivari*.

It remains for me briefly to consider modern engravers upon the wood. The fathers of wood engraving, who had the simplest method, did not aim to reach the results of the modern engraver.

They did not dream of any of the subtle effects of atmosphere and fine gradation of surface which are now produced by French and English engravers. They were laconic and elementary, but precise, vigorous, and always intelligible, and I think they illustrated the distinctive character of the art of engraving upon wood. Holbein's designs are rude and vigorous, but sure and expressive in line. Albert Dürer's are vigorous and simple. None of the old draughtsmen upon wood made so much use of black or color as the modern designers. They seemed to think the line a sufficient means of expression. They aimed to be literal and natural, and did not trouble themselves about "imitation" or the textures of objects. They sought for strength and correctness of line; and strength and correctness of line are the fundamental essentials of drawing and engraving.

It is said of Albert Dürer, whose style is so grand upon the block, that his work teaches the concise and "male manner," which should always be expressed in wood engraving; that when he designed for the wood engraver, he renounced all demi-tints and fine transitions; he drew grandly, aimed to be vigorous and imposing, and to make a work that should impress itself upon the memory.

The draughtsman gives the law to the engraver in tracing the design, which the engraver is scrupulously to follow; and he follows it just so far as his temperament will permit him: for it is to be remarked that if he be dry and cold, his work will be dry and cold, which is fatal to a drawing made by the hand of a man of fervid and rich nature, like Delacroix, for example. It is because of this positive but subtle action of the sentiment of the engraver upon his work, this play of his own nature modifying his rendering of another's work, that it is best to let the artist or draughtsman select his own engraver.

The French engravers seem more varied in style than the English. Pisan has produced some very beautiful work; Boetzel is called the most artistic, that is, free, accurate, and fine; and his sister, Mlle. Boëtzel, is entitled to high consideration as an artist. Boetzel, Marias, Moller, Pisan, Soltain, Delduc, Coste, Sargent, Lefevre, Joliet, Gerard, Gillot, Gillaumont, Peulot, and Ansseau hold the first place in France.

In spite of the great cost of wood engraving, which threatens to make it give place to the various "processes" derived from photography, it is the most democratic of illustrative arts, and lends itself to every subject. It is the intelligible and pleasant accompaniment of our most charming literature, the literature of the affections, — and it may be said to be consecrated by its place in the service of home and the family. As a means of education for vast populations compelled to forego the liberating experience of travel, and out of the reach of museums and art galleries, it is invaluable. The illustrated magazine and the illustrated paper, which are scattered over our country, are positive and rapidly civilizing influences. When not vulgar or brutal, they are elevating, refining, and stimulating to the mind, beyond any other habitual and general influence in our village or provincial life.

It would be a sufficient work, meriting the gratitude of a nation, to make a popular and artistic illustrated magazine for children and grown people. What is truly interesting to the former should interest the latter. It is said that the venerable editor and director of the *Magasin Pittoresque*, Edouard Charton, — the ancient representative of the people, secretary of the Minister of Public Instruction in France in 1849, — cherishes no part of his public services so much as his gift of the *Magasin Pittoresque* to the French people. The plan and execution of that work could come only from a liberal head and a corps of useful writers and intelligent artists. As an illustrated magazine for young and old, it is the model publication of our century.

I must conclude that the *Gazette des*

Beaux Arts and the *Magasin Pittoresque* — the last for the general public, old and young, the first for a cultivated and particular public — are the most perfect examples of illustrated magazine literature, and offer us the best examples of artistic taste. That they are sustained by the art-wealth of the Continent, and especially of Paris, is the sufficient reason for their superiority. The habit of French artists is to sketch from nature, and study the great examples of art which are happily accessible to them.

For unthinking persons and simple minds, knowledge — and, in fact, all the charm of a beautiful narrative — remains dull without the help of such objective and concrete proofs of travel, character, and distant events as we may look upon in a picture. The illustration may be said to give body and reality to the written story; and words, to a mind conversant only with things, gain an additional interest, and force the sluggish attention, when they are accompanied with pictures. Of all our modern illustrative arts, save etching, wood engraving seems the best adapted to all subjects. I prefer an etching of Notre Dame, or of a fishing village on the French coast, to a photograph of either subject; and if not an etching, a wood engraving is the next best artistic means of illustration.

Whoever has succeeded in giving a good illustrated literature to children and grown people has accomplished a delightful work, the enjoyment of which grows with its most intelligent development. Such a work as Hetzel and Charton have done for the French public. Can it be done for us?

The illustrated magazine in the family may be compared to the presence of a liberal and cultivated friend, rich in souvenirs of travel, at times eloquent, and always discreet, illuminating the minds about him, and giving a zest to knowledge. In the home circle, by the light of the evening lamp, through the winter nights, what pleasure and what profit to the indoor life are his simple communications, which, while enriching us, do not impoverish him. A home circle without an illustrated magazine is torpid and poor in its sources of pleasure. It has neither eyes for art or nature, nor a liberal interest in anything but its routine and mechanical existence. I consider the illustrated magazine one of the essentials of a beautiful home life; while we sit by the fireside, the pictured page lets us see the art and science, the habits and customs, of all the great historic ages, and at the same time represents to us the remarkable or beautiful things scattered over our contemporary world.

SONG.

THE clover-blossoms kiss her feet,
She is so sweet,
While I, who may not kiss her hand,
Bless all the wild-flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,
She is so blest.
I 'm jealous of its arms of gold:
O that her form these arms might fold!

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,
She is so fair.
Let flowers and sun and breeze go by;
O dearest! love me, or I die.

OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

THE GHOST IN THE MILL.

"COME, Sam, tell us a story," said I, as Harry and I crept to his knees, in the glow of the bright evening firelight, while Aunt Lois was busily rattling the tea-things, and grandmamma was quietly setting the heel of a blue-mixed yarn stocking at the other end of the fireplace.

In those days we had no magazines and daily papers, each reeling off a serial story. Once a week the "Columbian Sentinel" came from Boston with its slender stock of news and editorial; but all the multiform devices, pictorial, narrative, and poetical, which keep the mind of the present generation ablaze with excitement, had not then even an existence. There was no theatre, no opera; there were in Oldtown no parties or balls, except perhaps the annual election or Thanksgiving festival; and when winter came, and the sun went down at half past four o'clock and left the long dark hours of evening to be provided for, the necessity of amusement became urgent. Hence in those days chimney-corner story-telling became an art and accomplishment. Society then was full of traditions and narratives which had all the uncertain glow and shifting mystery of the firelit hearth upon them. They were told to sympathetic audiences, by the rising and falling light of the solemn embers, with the hearth crickets filling up every pause. Then the aged told their stories to the young, — tales of early life, tales of war and adventure, of forest days, of Indian captivities and escapes, of bears and wild-cats and panthers, of rattlesnakes, of witches and wizards, and strange and wonderful dreams and appearances and providences.

In those days of early Massachusetts, faith and credence were in the very air. Two thirds of New England was then dark, unbroken forest, through whose tangled paths the mysterious winter wind groaned and shrieked and howled with weird noises and unaccountable clamors. Along the iron-bound shore the stormful Atlantic raved and thundered and dashed its moaning waters, as if to deaden and deafen any voice that might tell of the settled life of the old civilized world, and shut us forever into the wilderness. A good story-teller in those days was always sure of a warm seat at the hearth-stone, and the delighted homage of children; and in all Oldtown there was no better story-teller than Sam Lawson.

"Do, do tell us a story," said Harry, pressing upon him and opening very wide blue eyes, in which undoubting faith shone as in a mirror; "and let it be something strange, and different from common."

"Wal, I know lots o' strange things," said Sam, looking mysteriously into the fire. "Why, I know things that ef I should tell, why people might say they wa'n't so; but then they *is* so, for all that."

"O *do*, do tell us."

"Why, I should scare ye to death, mebbe," said Sam, doubtingly.

"O pooh! no you would n't," we both burst out at once.

But Sam was possessed by a reticent spirit, and loved dearly to be wooed and importuned; and so he only took up the great kitchen tongs and smote on the hickory forestick, when it flew apart in the middle and scattered a shower of clear, bright coals all over the hearth.

"Mercy on us, Sam Lawson!" said Aunt Lois, in an indignant voice, spinning round from her dish-washing.

"Don't you worry a grain, Miss Lois," said Sam, composedly. "I see that are stick was e'en a'most in two, and I thought I 'd jest settle it. I 'll sweep up the coals now," he added,

vigorously applying a turkey-wing to the purpose, as he knelt on the hearth, his spare, lean figure glowing in the blaze of the firelight, and getting quite flushed with exertion.

"There, now," he said, when he had brushed over and under and between the fire-irons, and pursued the retreating ashes so far into the red, fiery citadel that his finger-ends were burning and tingling, "that are 's done now as well as Hepsy herself could 'a' done it. I allers sweeps up the haarth; I think it 's part o' the man's bisness when he makes the fire. But Hepsy 's so used to seein' me a doin' on 't that she don't see now kind o' merit in 't. It 's just as Parson Lothrop said in his sermon, — folks allers overlook their common marcies — "

"But come, Sam, that story," said Harry and I, coaxingly, pressing upon him and pulling him down into his seat in the corner.

"Lordy massy, these 'ere young uns!" said Sam, "there 's never no contentin' on 'em; ye tell 'em one story, and they jest swallows it as a dog does a gob o' meat, and they 're all ready for another. What do ye want to hear now?"

Now the fact was that Sam's stories had been told us so often that they were all arranged and ticketed in our minds. We knew every word in them and could set him right if he varied a hair from the usual track, and still the interest in them was unabated. Still we shivered and clung to his knee at the mysterious parts, and felt gentle, cold chills run down our spines at appropriate places. We were always in the most receptive and sympathetic condition. To-night, in particular, was one of those thundering stormy ones when the winds appeared to be holding a perfect mad carnival over my grandfather's house. They yelled and squealed round the corners. They collected in troops and came tumbling and roaring down chimney. They shook and rattled the buttery door and the sink-room door and the cellar door and the chamber door, with a constant undertone of squeak and clatter, as if at every door were a cold, discontented spirit, tired of the chill outside, and longing for the warmth and comfort within.

"Wal, boys," said Sam, confidentially, "what 'll ye have?"

"Tell us 'Come down, come down,'" we both shouted with one voice. This was in our mind a No. 1 among Sam's stories.

"Ye mus' n't be frightened, now," said Sam, paternally.

"O no, we ar' n't frightened *ever*," said we both in one breath.

"Not when ye go down the cellar arter cider?" said Sam, with severe scrutiny. "Ef ye should be down cellar and the candle should go out now?"

"I ain't," said I; "I ain't afraid of anything; I never knew what it was to be afraid in my life."

"Wal, then," said Sam, "I 'll tell ye. This 'ere 's what Cap'n Eb Sawin told me, when I was a boy about your bigness, I reckon.

"Cap'n Eb Sawin was a most respectable man; your gran'ther knew him very well, and he was a deacon in the church in Dedham afore he died. He was at Lexington when the fust gun was fired agin the British. He was a dreffle smart man, Cap'n Eb was, and driv team a good many years atween here and Boston. He married Lois Peabody that was cousin to your gran'ther then. Lois was a rael sensible woman, and I 've heard her tell the story as he told her, and it was jest as he told it to me, jest exactly; and I shall never forget it if I live to be nine hundred years old, like Mathusaleh.

"Ye see, along back in them times, there used to be a fellow come round these 'ere parts spring and fall a peddlin' goods, with his pack on his back, and his name was Jehiel Lommedieu. Nobody rightly knew where he come from. He was n't much of a talker, but the women rather liked him, and kind o' liked to have him round; women will like some fellows, when men can't see no sort o' reason why they

should, and they liked this 'ere Lommedieu, though he was kind o' mournful and thin and shad-bellied, and had n't nothin' to say for himself. But it got to be so that the women would count and calculate, so many weeks afore 't was time for Lommedieu to be along, and they 'd make up gingersnaps and preserves and pies, and make him stay to tea at the houses, and feed him up on the best there was; and the story went round that he was a courtin' Phebe Ann Parker, or Phebe Ann was a courtin' him, — folks did n't rightly know which. Wal, all of a sudden Lommedieu stopped comin' round, and nobody knew why, only jest he did n't come. It turned out that Phebe Ann Parker had got a letter from him sayin' he 'd be along afore Thanksgiving, but he did n't come, neither afore nor at Thanksgiving time, nor arter, nor next spring; and finally the women they gin up lookin' for him. Some said he was dead, some said he was gone to Canada, and some said he hed gone over to the old country. As to Phebe Ann, she acted like a gal o' sense, and married 'Bijah Moss and thought no more 'bout it. She said she was sartin that all things was ordered out for the best, and it was jest as well folks could n't always have their own way; and so in time Lommedieu was gone out o' folks' minds, much as a last year's apple-blossom. It 's relly affectin' to think how little these 'ere folks is missed that 's so much sot by! There ain't nobody, ef they 's ever so important, but what the world gets to goin' on without 'em pretty much as it did with 'em, though there 's some little flurry at fust. Wal, the last thing that was in anybody's mind was that they ever should hear from Lommedieu ag'in. But there ain't nothin' but what has its time o' turnin' up, and it seems his turn was to come.

"Wal, ye see 't was the nineteenth o' March when Cap'n Eb Sawin started with a team for Boston. That day there come on about the biggest snowstorm that there 'd been in them parts sence the oldest man could remember. 'T was this 'ere fine siftin' snow that drives in your face like needles, with a wind to cut your nose off: it made teamin' pretty tedious work. Cap'n Eb was about the toughest man in them parts. He 'd spent days in the woods a loggin', and he 'd been up to the deestrict o' Maine a lumberin', and was about up to any sort o' thing a man gen'ally could be up to; but these 'ere March winds sometimes does set on a fellow so that neither natur' nor grace can stan' 'em. The Cap'n used to say he could stan' any wind that blew one way 't time for five minutes, but come to winds that blew all four p'ints at the same minit, why they flustered him.

"Wal, that was the sort o' weather it was all day, and by sundown Cap'n Eb he got clean bewildered, so that he lost his road, and when night came on he did n't know nothin' where he was. Ye see the country was all under drift, and the air so thick with snow that he could n't see a foot afore him, and the fact was he got off the Boston road without knowin' it and came out at a pair o' bars nigh upon Sherburn, where old Cack Sparrock's mill is. Your gran'ther used to know old Cack, boys. He was a drefful drinkin' old crittur that lived there all alone in the woods by himself, a tendin' saw and grist mill. He wan't allers jest what he was then. Time was that Cack was a pretty consid'ably likely young man, and his wife was a very respectable woman, — Deacon Amos Petengall's dater, from Sherburn. But ye see, the year arter his wife died Cack he gin up goin' to meetin' Sundays, and all the tithingmen and selectmen could do they could n't get him out to meetin'; and when a man neglects means o' grace and sanctuary privileges there ain't no sayin' *what* he 'll do next. Why, boys, jist think on 't! an immortal crittur lyin' round loose all day Sunday, and not puttin' on so much as a clean shirt, when all 'spectable folks has on their best close and is to meetin' worshippin the Lord! What can you spect to come of it when he lies

idlin' round in his old week-day close, fishing or some sich, but what the Devil should be arter him at last, as he was arter old Cack?"

Here Sam winked impressively to my grandfather in the opposite corner, to call his attention to the moral which he was interweaving with his narrative.

"Wal, ye see, Cap'n Eb he told me that when he come to them bars and looked up and saw the dark a comin' down and the storm a thickenin' up, he felt that things was gettin' pretty consid'able serious. There was a dark piece o' woods on ahead of him inside the bars, and he knew come to get in there the light would give out clean. So he jest thought he 'd take the hoss out o' the team and go ahead a little, and see where he was. So he driv his oxen up ag'in the fence and took out the hoss and got on him, and pushed along through the woods, not rightly knowin' where he was goin'.

"Wal, afore long he see a light through the trees, and sure enough he come out to Cack Sparrock's old mill.

"It was a pretty consid'able gloomy sort of a place, that are old mill was. There was a great fall of water that come rushin' down the rocks and fell in a deep pool, and it sounded sort o' wild and lonesome, but Cap'n Eb he knocked on the door with his whip-handle and got in.

"There, to be sure, sot old Cack beside a great blazin' fire, with his rum-jug at his elbow; he was a dreffal fellow to drink, Cack was; for all that, there was some good in him, for he was pleasant spoken and 'bliging, and he made the Cap'n welcome.

"'Ye see, Cack,' said Cap'n Eb, 'I 'm off my road, and got snowed up down by your bars,' says he.

"'Want ter know!' says Cack; 'calculate you 'll jest have to camp down here till mornin',' says he.

"Wal, so old Cack he got out his tin lantern, and went with Cap'n Eb back to the bars to help him fetch along his critturs; he told him he could put 'em under the mill-shed. So they got the critturs up to the shed and got the cart under, and by that time the storm was awful.

"But Cack he made a great roaring fire, 'cause ye see Cack allers had slab-wood a plenty from his mill, and a roarin' fire is jest so much company. It sort o' keeps a fellow's spirits up, a good fire does. So Cack, he sot on his old teakettle and made a swingeing lot o' toddy, and he and Cap'n Eb were havin' a tol'able comfortable time there. Cack was a pretty good hand to tell stories, and Cap'n Eb warnt no ways backward in that line, and kep' up his end pretty well, and pretty soon they was a roarin' and haw-hawin' inside about as loud as the storm outside, when all of a sudden, 'bout midnight, there come a loud rap on the door.

"'Lordy massy! what 's that?' says Cack. Folks is rather startled allers to be checked up sudden when they are a carryin' on and laughin', and it was such an awful blowy night, it was a little scary to have a rap on the door.

"Wal, they waited a minit, and did n't hear nothin' but the wind a screechin' round the chimbley; and old Cack was jest goin' on with his story, when the rap come ag'in, harder 'n ever, as if it 'd shook the door open.

"'Wal,' says old Cack, 'if 't is the Devil, we 'd jest as good 's open and have it out with him to onst,' says he; and so he got up and opened the door, and sure enough there was old Ketury there. Expect you 've heard your grandma tell about old Ketury. She used to come to meetin's sometimes, and her husband was one o' the praying Indians, but Ketury was one of the rael wild sort, and you could n't no more convert *her* than you could convert a wild-cat or a painter (panther). Lordy massy, Ketury used to come to meetin' and sit there on them Indian benches, and when the second bell was a tollin', and when Parson Lothrop and his wife was comin' up the broad aisle, and everybody in the house ris' up and stood, Ketury would sit there and look at 'em out o' the corner o' her eyes, and folks used to say she rattled them necklaces o' rattlesnakes'

tails and wild-cat teeth and sich like heathen trumpery, and looked for all the world as if the spirit of the old Sarpent himself was in her. I 've seen her sit and look at Lady Lothrop out o' the corner o' her eyes, and her old brown baggy neck would kind o' twist and work, and her eyes they looked so, that 't was enough to scare a body. For all the world she looked jest as if she was a workin' up to spring at her. Lady Lothrop was jest as kind to Ketury as she always was to every poor crittur. She 'd bow and smile as gracious to her when meetin' was over, and she come down the aisle, passin' out o' meetin'; but Ketury never took no notice. Ye see Ketury's father was one o' those great powows of Martha's Vineyard, and people used to say she was set apart when she was a child to the service o' the Devil; any way, she never could be made nothin' of in a Christian way. She come down to Parson Lothrop's study once or twice to be catechised, but he could n't get a word out o' her, and she kind o' seemed to sit scornful while he was a talkin'. Folks said if it was in old times Ketury would n't have been allowed to go on so, but Parson Lothrop 's so sort o mild, he let her take pretty much her own way. Everybody thought that Ketury was a witch; at least she knew consid'able more 'n she ought to know, and so they was kind o' fraid on her. Cap'n Eb says he never see a fellow seem scareder than Cack did when he see Ketury a standin' there!

"Why ye see, boys, she was as withered and wrinkled and brown as an old frosted punkin-vine, and her little snaky eyes sparkled and snapped, and it made yer head kind o' dizzy to look at 'em, and folks used to say that anybody that Ketury got mad at was sure to get the worst of it, fust or last; and so no matter what day or hour Ketury had a mind to rap at anybody's door, folks gen'lly thought it was best to let her in; but then, they never thought her coming was for any good, for she was just like the wind, — she came when the fit was on her, she stayed jest so long as it pleased her, and went when she got ready, and not before. Ketury understood English, and could talk it well enough, but always seemed to scorn it, and was allers mowin' and mutterin' to herself in Indian, and winkin' and blinkin' as if she saw more folks round than you did, so that she wa' n't no ways pleasant company, and yet everybody took good care to be polite to her.

"So old Cack asked her to come in, and did n't make no question where she come from or what she come on; but he knew it was twelve good miles from where she lived to his hut, and the snow was drifted above her middle, and Cap'n Eb declared that there wa'n't no track nor sign o' a track of anybody's coming through that snow next morning."

"'How did she get there, then?' said I.

"'Did n't ye never see brown leaves a ridin' on the wind? Well,' Cap'n Eb, he says, 'she came on the wind,' and I 'm sure it was strong enough to fetch her. But Cack he got her down into the warm corner, and he poured her out a mug o' hot toddy and give her; but ye see her bein' there sort o' stopped the conversation, for she sot there a rockin' back'rds and for'ards a sippin' her toddy, and a mutterin' and looking up chimbley.

"Cap'n Eb says in all his born days he never hearn such screeches and yells as the wind give over that chimbley, and old Cack got so frightened you could fairly hear his teeth chatter.

"But Cap'n Eb he was a putty brave man, and he wa'n't goin' to have conversation stopped by no woman, witch or no witch; and so when he see her mutterin' and looking up chimbley, he spoke up, and says he, 'Well, Ketury, what do you see,' says he? 'Come, out with it, don't keep it to yourself.' Ye see Cap'n Eb was a hearty fellow, and then he was a leetle warmed up with the toddy.

"Then he said he see an evil kind o' smile on Ketury's face, and she rattled her necklace o' bones and snakes' tails, and her eyes seemed to snap, and

she looked up the chimbley and called out, 'Come down, come down, let 's see who ye be.'

"Then there was a scratching and a rumblin' and a groan, and a pair of feet come down the chimbley, and stood right in the middle of the haarth, the toes pi'ntin' out'rds, with shoes and silver buckles a shining in the firelight. Cap'n Eb says he never come so near bein' scared in his life, and as to old Cack he jest wilted right down in his chair.

"Then old Ketury got up and reached her stick up chimbley, and called out louder, 'Come down, come down, let's see who ye be'; and sure enough down came a pair o' legs and j'ined right on to the feet; good fair legs they was, with ribbed stockings and leather breeches.

"'Wal, we 're in for it now,' says Cap'n Eb; 'go it, Ketury, and let 's have the rest on him.'

"Ketury did n't seem to mind him; she stood there as stiff as a stake and kep' callin' out, 'Come down, come down, let 's see who ye be'; and then come down the body of a man with a brown coat and yellow vest, and j'ined right on to the legs, but there wa'n't no arms to it. Then Ketury shook her stick up chimbley, and called, '*Come down, come down*'; and there came down a pair o' arms and went on each side o' the body, and there stood a man all finished, only there wa'n't no head on him.

"'Wal, Ketury,' says Cap'n Eb, 'this 'ere 's getting serious. I 'spec you must finish him up, and let 's see what he wants of us.'

"Then Ketury called out once more louder 'n ever, 'Come down, come down, let 's see who ye be'; and sure enough down comes a man's head and settled on the shoulders straight enough, and Cap'n Eb, the minit he sot eyes on him knew he was Jehiel Lommedieu.

"Old Cack knew him too, and he fell flat on his face, and prayed the Lord to have mercy on his soul; but Cap'n Eb he was for gettin' to the bottom of matters, and not have his scare for nothin', so he says to him, 'What do you want, now you have come?'

"The man he did n't speak, he only sort o' moaned and p'inted to the chimbley; he seemed to try to speak but could n't, for ye see it is n't often that his sort o' folks is permitted to speak; but just then there came a screechin' blast o' wind, and blowed the door open, and blowed the smoke and fire all out into the room, and there seemed to be a whirlwind and darkness and moans and screeches; and when it all cleared up, Ketury and the man was both gone, and only old Cack lay on the ground rolling and moaning as if he 'd die.

"Wal, Cap'n Eb he picked him up, and built up the fire, and sort o' comforted him up, 'cause the crittur was in distress o' mind that was dreffu1. The awful Providence ye see had awakened him, and his sin had been sent home to his soul, and he was under such conviction that it all had to come out, — how old Cack's father had murdered poor Lommedieu for his money, and Cack had been privy to it, and helped his father build the body up in that very chimbley; and he said that he had n't had neither peace nor rest since then, and that was what had driv' him away from ordinances, for ye know sinnin' will always make a man leave prayin'. Wal, Cack did n't live but a day or two. Cap'n Eb he got the minister o' Sherburn and one o' the selectmen down to see him, and they took his deposition. He seemed railly quite penitent, and Parson Carryl he prayed with him, and was faithful in settin' home the providence to his soul, and so at the eleventh hour poor old Cack might have got in, — at least it looks a leetle like it. He was distressed to think he could n't live to be hung. He sort o' seemed to think that if he was fairly tried and hung it would make it all square. He made Parson Carryl promise to have the old mill pulled down and bury the body, and after he was dead they did it.

"Cap'n Eb he was one of a party o' eight that pulled down the chimbley,

and there sure enough was the skeleton of poor Lommedieu.

"So there you see, boys, there can't be no iniquity so hid but what it 'll come out. The wild Indians of the forest and the stormy winds and tempests j'ined together to bring out this 'ere."

"For my part," said Aunt Lois, sharply, "I never believed that story."

"Why, Lois," said my grandmother, "Captain Eb Sawin was a regular church-member and a most respectable man."

"Law, mother, I don't doubt he thought so. I suppose he and Cack got drinking toddy together till he got asleep and dreamed it. I would n't believe such a thing if it did happen right before my face and eyes. I should only think I was crazy, that 's all."

"Come, Lois, if I was you I would n't talk so like a Sadducee," said my grandmother. "What would become of all the accounts in Dr. Cotton Mather's Magnilly if folks were like you?"

"Wal," said Sam Lawson, drooping contemplatively over the coals, and gazing into the fire, "there 's a putty consid'able sight o' things in this world that 's true; and then ag'in there 's a sight o' things that ain't true. Now my old gran'ther used to say 'Boys,' says he, 'if ye want to lead a pleasant and prosperous life, ye must contrive allers to keep jest the *happy medum* between truth and falsehood.' Now that are 's my doctrine."

LET US BE CHEERFUL.

THE world has not yet got beyond the old philosophies, so far as philosophy goes. Science, of course, is another thing; but if man has gone ahead in the knowledge of matter, he has not made much progress in the knowledge of mind, and philosophy and abstract speculations remain pretty much where they were centuries ago. And among the various dualities into which mankind can be divided, Democritus who laughed, and Heraclitus who wept, may be taken as the types of one very large system of classification. There are still those who make the best of everything, even when things are bad, who see the silver lining to the cloud, and hold on to the hope of the lane turning at last; and there are those who make the worst of what is good, who growl about the sun having spots and the morning light its vapors, and persist in their belief that night has never a day to follow, and even more, that noon is very much like night upon the whole; and they don't see much difference between dusk and dawn, whatever you may see. There are still those who hold that love and fame are but vanity, when all is told, and those who can see a certain gracious little use in vanity itself; those who give in to the worship of sorrow, and those who subscribe to the creed of cheerfulness; those who live always in mephitic vapors valley-born, and those who dwell on mountain-tops, and breast the broad breezes rejoicing.

Cheerfulness is not entirely, as it pleases some sour-blooded folks to say, a mere matter of good digestion, or the result of a well-set electric current: a thing, therefore, as little under one's own control as an attack of neuralgia or a fit of the gout, and deserving no more commendation than these deserve censure; it is much more a matter of mental power, though also, let it be granted honestly, somewhat traceable to physical condition; that is, it is a frame of mind that can be induced by a determined will; and, above all, it is the product of an unselfish nature. That

peevish despair which some people call tenderness of mind is nine times out of ten simple selfishness; and lowness of spirits is euphemistic for mental indolence, — that kind of indolence which will not take the trouble to be cheerful; which lets itself drift into foreboding and the enduring fear of disaster, because foreboding and fear, being passive states, are less difficult to compass than the active energy of hope and cheerfulness. Let no one pride himself on his faculty of gloom; he might as well pride himself on the possession of a squint or a hump.

Neither is cheerfulness want of sympathy with others in their troubles. On the contrary, no one knows so well as a cheerful person what are the difficulties to be overcome, and the amount of temptation to despair to be resisted. It is so much easier to keep down in the low levels, and to make one's final abode in the Slough of Despond, than to struggle upward for the high lands, or to strike out for the dry places, that cheerfulness is literally a step in advance, giving a wider horizon and an additional experience; but a step made only by effort and at great cost. And I presume there is no possible question as to which knows most, the person who has gone forward, or the one who has lagged behind; the person who has learnt an extra lesson, or the one who has doubled down the page for finis, and shut the book between its clasps. Moping and gloom are want of sympathy of the will; and despairing views are by no means the best coin wherewith to redeem your own or another's disaster. What is the good to be had from a person who comes to your house when you are in trouble, and makes your burden heavier by the weight of his own forebodings? Say, your child is ill, and you are in cruel anxiety; does it help you to tell you that poor Mrs. A——'s sweet boy was not half so bad as yours, and yet it died, though the doctors all said it was recovering? or is it better for you to hear, Yes, your child is dangerously ill, certainly, and there is cause for grave anxiety and the need of the most watchful care; but even worse cases have been known to recover, given that care; and while there is life there is hope: a trite proverb, granted, but sometimes forgotten in the pressure of a great dread! Which would you rather have, vinegar and red pepper rubbed into your bleeding wounds, or wine and oil poured over them? Neither the vinegar nor the oil will heal, but between irritating and soothing what must be borne either way, surely the soothing is the best! Again, if you are in that situation where you want all your energies to fight yourself as clear as may be of the ruin that must fall with greater or less force on all concerned, is it to the strengthening of your hands to be told that nothing is of any good, that you might just as well let all go by the board quietly as make a stand against the wreck; that you can save nothing out of the fire, and will only burn your fingers by thrusting them into the flames? Who is the more likely to do you good service, a narrow-chested Heraclitus, who prophesies of evil things and assures your defeat by unbuckling your armor, or a robust and brave-hearted Democritus, who says, fight to the last and remember that never a battle is lost till it is won; who points out to you this undefended corner in the enemy's ramparts, and that weak point in his lines, and who gives you the stimulus of hope and manly energy to go on with?

For my own part, I think giving up, because you are afraid you can do no good by fighting, one of the most craven things in the whole world; and never to know when one is beaten has made the Anglo-Saxon race what it is. I grant you, peevishness with some people is so ingrained and of the very fibre of their being, that they do not want to be heartened up, and indeed will not bear it; calling you cruel, coarse, unfeeling, if you speak to them cheerfully of their concerns and hopefully of their troubles, — their animosity being in exact ratio with their peev-

ishness. They are of those who will be drowned and nobody shall help them; who like to stick knives into their own flesh, and rub red pepper into the gaping wounds afterwards. But I am not speaking of these, who may well be left in the living tomb of their own building, but of the general run of folk who are influenced by their society, and either heartened or depressed according to the tone of their companions, — of those souls of wax which take the shape of any mould in which they may be run by chance or circumstance, and who are therefore pressed into the abject form of fear, or who come out with the nobler bearing of courage, according to the temper of the last mind which has manipulated them. Those who are strong can afford to despise extraneous influences; but we are not all strong, and one is bound to consider one's weaker brethren.

The greatest difficulty that besets the path of the cheerful is in the close companionship of the gloomy. Any one who can undergo this ordeal and come out of it still cheerful is a hero, or, still more, a heroine, — "still more," because of the greater impressibility of women. Ah! there are many such small, unseen dramas of heroism enacted at this moment in quiet families and subordinate positions, which does not make it less a matter of heroism, demanding our admiration and best sympathy, when we find a heart that is strong enough, not only to bear its own burden with dignity, but also to endure cheerfully that far heavier burden of a comrade's gloom. This is not so difficult a task for a period, perhaps; but it is almost impossible for a lifetime. I do not say quite, but almost; for some people have a large and beautiful power of sustainment, and can nourish their souls, not only by the power of self-support, but in the very teeth of enforced starvation. But what a life it is, if you are of a brave and cheerful nature, to be closely associated with depressed and sour and gloomy folk! You come down in the morning serene, happy, gay. The air is sweet, the birds are singing in the flowery bushes, the sun glints pleasantly on the shining laurel leaves, the flowers send out their fresh sweet morning scents, and you take joy in your existence, and are glad to be one of the great multitude of the living; but your gloom-haunted companion can see no gladness in all this. Like the princess in the fairy-tale, or the time-honored Sybarite of tradition, a bean is under the seven feather-beds, a rose-leaf is crumpled on the flowery couch; there is no rest or joy where such misfortunes exist, and the glory of Ichabod has departed. You say something bright and pleasant; it may be something very futile, perhaps a trifle silly, but it is at least a fresh and honest little bubble out of the wellspring of happiness in your own cheerful heart: you are met by a growl, by a sarcasm, or by a chilling silence, with an air of life being far too grave a matter for such levity as yours to be admitted. Then you fall back upon yourself again; and it all depends on the depth of that wellspring within whether you are substantially saddened or only temporarily depressed for want of leave wherein to expand; whether you lose of the sum of your moral vitality, or merely suffer by the barrenness of another. You must be exceptionally brave and happy-hearted if you can bear with this kind of thing for any length of time uninjured: and no one in his right mind would bear it at all if he could escape from it. Only those who have tried it know the extent of the anguish of soul that results from perpetual companionship with a gloomy temper, and how far worse than all the inevitable ills of life is that self-made evil of moroseness, which will neither be cheerful for its own part nor suffer the cheerfulness of others. A man of this temper once brought it as a serious accusation against the moral nature of his wife, who was a bright and enjoying woman, that she "looked for happiness from life." To look for happiness was to his mind an evidence of shallowness, of levity, of

sensuality, a hungering after the grosser fleshpots not to be tolerated by those who fed on more ethereal manna. He did not think that any one had the right to look for happiness in this valley of the shadow. Dwelling among the tombs as he did, by preference, and carrying the pall with which he draped all life, he imposed on others the gloomy worship of sorrow which he found profitable for his own sad soul: and those who disputed his gaunt, grim theology were worse than pagans to his mind, and below the dignity of grown men.

Your morose people are always accusing their cheerful friends of levity. Unjustly enough; for hope and courage are surely not incompatible with any amount of deep feeling and serious thought; as neither are these necessarily connected with gloom. It is simply a question of inclination of the balance, and whether the scale is more heavily weighted for good or for ill. The mystery of all the sin and misery lying in life remains the same mystery still, whether we accept it in cheerful faith as to its ultimate and hidden good, or whether we mourn over its hopeless and irremediable sadness. The cloud is there, but so is the sun above it. Which, then, shall it be, the shadow only, or the remembrance of the hidden sun? The gloomy say the first, the cheerful hold to the last; and of the two the cheerful are the wiser, the truer, and the more substantially religious. The worship of sorrow is not religion; it is superstition, and a fierce fanatic fetishism; but religion, as the best thoughts of the best men have formulized it for us, — no! it is not that!

Of all the religions which man has yet made for himself, the ancient Greek was undoubtedly the most cheerful and heartsome. Very little of the purely tragic, and still less of the grim Manichean element entered therein. It had no imps or demons, no afreets, djinns, or ghouls, as in the Persian mythology; the theory of a huge master-devil roaming through the world, seeking to-day the souls of men and making use of their very affections and virtues for that purpose, the basic idea of which came also from Persia, while the perfected and hideous superstructure was Judaic, was as foreign to its cheerful spirit as the bloody rites of Moloch or the doctrine of an offended deity living in enduring enmity with and estrangement from his creatures. The nearest approach to the Christian idea of devils which it made for itself was in its fauns and older satyrs: but these were but weak archetypes of our grim Satan, Miltonic, or of the more familiar and degraded popular idea, and scarcely to be classed as of his clan at all. The central idea of the faith was light, not gloom; and to this day the world is the better and more beautiful for the cheerful creed of Hellas! The monstrous fiends and horrible pictures of hell's mouth, by which mediæval priests and preachers sought to terrify their rude hearers from evil into good, are already forgotten; but the happy fancies of that sweet elder time when the gods and goddesses dwelt among men, and the forces of nature were depicted as beautiful and benign individualities, remain still in the hearts of those who, though they have learnt to consider them as just so many allegories, have continued also to love them as allegories expressive of enduring truth; perhaps truth as great and as noble as is to be found in the legends of saints and the asceticism of devotees.

Almost all great poets, that is, the greatest, have been men of cheerful nature; while, singularly enough, almost all half-great men, second-class poets, have been moony and mopy. No one will venture to say that the healthy cheerfulness which shines out like the sunlight from Homer, from Shakespeare, from Virgil, and even from Milton, though in this last tempered with so much stateliness and dignity as to appear almost sad, is due to shallowness of perception or to frivolity of feeling. To be sure, Dante, as great a man as any, was weighed down with gloom and sadness, living in the world as in a charnel-house, and seeing cor-

ruption and decay everywhere. But no other man, as great as he, was so sad; though the crowd of minor poets and poetasters in all ages have been lachrymose and uncomfortable fellows enough, and have taken broken-hearted views of everything within the range of their vision at all. Granting that this sorrowful appreciation of the difficulties of life is a point beyond the careless levity of the shallow-pated, or the fool's paradise of the lotus-eater, still there is a point beyond that again, where depth and cheerfulness can unite, and where the highest philosophy would express itself in the serenest faith.

If only in the way of help over bad passes, cheerfulness is such an invaluable stirrup-companion through life! Nothing puts one over those same bad passes so well when they are fairly come at and inevitable, as the cheery belief that they are temporary and conquerable. To shut one's eyes, and go doggedly at one's fences, is certainly one way of clearing them; but a better way is to be able to look quietly at one's dangers and calculate calmly one's difficulties as they stand full in view; to brace one's self to bear bravely and endure cheerfully, or to break through the quickest hedge at any cost of rent flesh, if bearing and enduring do not answer, or are incompatible with dignity. But peevish people neither break boldly nor bear cheerfully. They sit down under their troubles, and they mope or growl according to their temperament; of the magnanimity of cheerfulness they know nothing. In fact, continual gloominess so enervates the nature, that men and women given to this vice become at last incapable of energetic action, and could as soon square the circle as make themselves happy with what they have: they are always wrong in their circumstances somehow, and always suffering because of external things, not because of internal feelings. If only such and such things were different! — if only some one would go or some one would come, if this wall was thrown down or that fence built up, — they would be quite happy. Foolish people! they never think that state is being, and that happiness or unhappiness comes from within rather than from without, and that those who wish to be happy may be happy, outside absolute ruin and desolation of circumstance and soul; still those who wish to be miserable have only so to will in order to be gratified, the world being too busy to give its time to smoothing down the hairy backs of blue devils. Besides, what use is there in gloom? In this phantasmagoric life of ours, "where nothing is, but all things seem," where we are what we believe ourselves to be, and have in proportion to our faith, what good or use is there in fancying everything worse than it is, and filling one's moral paint-pot with lampblack instead of rose-color and azurine? The mind is as a haunted chamber, where the will can summon what shapes it pleases, — angels or demons, good genii or bad, — as it chooses for its own account; and while the cheerful live in the midst of smiling spirits, bright-eyed and golden-haired, with brave words and happy issues to help in times of difficulty, the gloomy call about them an array of moping, mowing imps, with lank, lean jaws, and bleary, cast-down eyes, pointing with skinny fingers to the altar of eternal sorrow, the altar at which Death stands as the high-priest, offering up the sacrifice of human souls and human joys. But angels or imps, they are essentially born of the mind alone, and are products of the will; and he who wishes to change his company has only to remember that matchless motto, *Velle est agere*, to find the thing done. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," sang the brave old cavalier. And no poet's lyre ever gave forth a truer note.

No doctrine is more important to impress on people than this of cheerfulness being able to make its own joy; the finding of life being in accordance with the spirit of the seeker, far more than with any possible run of circumstances. Even sorrow can be better

borne if there is a cheerful nature for the melancholy porterage,— melancholy at the best! — while a peevish temper turns happiness itself to gloom, and spoils the harmony of the sweetest music. The only case in which the collapse of cheerfulness is excusable is when a bright, enjoying, and energetic nature is chained up in the same yoke with a gloomy, sour, and narrow soul; when the blither and braver is under the harrow drawn by the meagre and the melancholy; when a free, full, frank nature is stunted, clipped, pressed back, imprisoned, and denied the happiness which is the God-given right of all men by the tyranny and perverseness of a comrade. Then if the chain cannot be broken, no one can wonder if the wounded spirit sinks exhausted from its many blows, and if what was once bright and smiling cheerfulness puts on the grave aspect of strong-hearted endurance only.

MASTER TREADWELL.

WHIST still has its lovers and chess its admirers, but does anybody play backgammon now, I wonder? or has that fine aristocratic old game, like ombre and quadrille, become a thing of the past, played only by the shades of our grandfathers and grandmothers? In my time, — in the days of candles, comfort, and woodfires, — backgammon was very fashionable, and was thought by fine ladies and fine gentlemen to be a more elegant as well as a more pleasant kill-time than checkers or draughts. The nabobs of Richport even preferred it to whist itself. These "nabobs" were a number of mahogany-faced shipmasters of much wealth and prodigious self-importance. They lived in big houses in the polite and genteel world of "India Square." They drank the best old port, and dined on the fattest beef and the juiciest mutton. They went bravely garbed in the finest broadcloth, and their wives and daughters rustled in the richest silks. Aboard ship these grim and grizzled monarchs of the quarter-deck were as brisk as the breeze and as restless as the sea; but on shore they were the idlest and most useless men outside of an almshouse or a custom-house. Had it not been for backgammon, they would have died of the spleen or ennui ere their ships were ready for new voyages. Doctor Johnson said that a tavern chair was preferable to a throne. Addison liked Button's humble coffee-house better than magnificent Holland House. And the nabobs of "India Square" preferred Plummer Wedgwood's shop to their own handsome parlors and comfortable sitting-rooms; and when at home from sea they passed most of their time in that favorite loafing-place, enveloped in tobacco-smoke, telling Munchausen-like stories, and playing backgammon.

Plummer Wedgwood, although he stood behind a counter, and weighed out sugar, tea, and spices, was a gentleman. He never insulted his customers — as the little-souled, twopenny grocer of the present day does — by hanging up in his store such foolish and offensive placards as these: "No Smoking," "Terms Cash," "No Room for Loafers." Though not a smoker himself, he was no enemy of the "great plant." In fact, he rather liked the smell of burning tobacco, and loved to see his friends enjoying their cigars. As for giving credit, — that was his weakness. He trusted everybody. He was proud of having the names of so many of his townspeople in his books. And although he dealt mostly with those who could pay and who did pay, he had quite a fortune owing him when he gave up business. During the last month or two of his life, when you will

say he had better have been reading his Bible and weaning himself from the world, Plummer Wedgwood whiled away many an hour in looking over his old day-books and ledgers. The pages which he examined with the most pleasure and satisfaction were not those whereon were written in his beautiful business hand the aristocratic names of Hough and Dale and Trask, but those which contained the unsettled accounts of the widows, superannuated sailors, etc., whom he had supplied with many of the necessaries of life, knowing at the time that there was not the least probability of his ever being paid. The amount of those unsettled accounts, O noble Wedgwood! let us hope was placed upon the credit side of thy page in the great ledger above.

And loafers! Plummer Wedgwood loved them, and gave up his back shop to them. This back shop had two large sunny windows that looked upon the busy wharves and the beautiful harbor. Its walls were covered with faded, quaint old house-paper, on which were depicted beasts and birds unknown to natural history. In truth, it was a pleasant, comfortable, good-sized room, once the kitchen of Madam Whittemore; there was the very oven in which madam's bread and beans were baked a half-century ago, and the deep, roomy closet in which she kept her

"Pies, puddings, and tarts.

Even after Captain Ben Northwood (who used to play backgammon at sea with his cabin-boys) lost his sight, he made his accustomed visits to Wedgwood's grocery-store. If he could not play backgammon, he could listen to the congenial conversation which was always carried on there, and gladden his heart by the dear familiar sound of the shaking dice. It was both a pitiful and a pleasant sight to see cherry-lipped Fanny Adams escorting her blind, blithe old grandfather to Plummer Wedgwood's door. How fondly the little maid clung to grandpapa's arm, and how merrily she chattered all the way! Fanny prospered in life, let me parenthetically inform the reader, and is now a comely elderly lady, with I know not how many loving grandsons and granddaughters.

Rich and grouty Captain Edward Currier (vulgarly called Ned Kyer), who married the beautiful West-Indian heiress, used to ride in his coach to this resort of the backgammon-players of Richport. At about ten of the clock in the forenoon during the summer solstice (the Captain passed his winters in Havana), his elegant plain carriage, drawn by two fine coal-black steeds, would drive grandly up in front of Wedgwood's shop. The bowing, smiling, white-aproned grocer would help the purse-proud loafer to alight, and then conduct him very politely to the back shop, where he was warmly welcomed by the backgammon-players.

These mighty men of the sea pretended that anybody, rich or poor, captain of a fine ship or skipper of a little contemptible fishing-smack, who could tell a good story, laugh at a good joke, and play backgammon, was welcome to a seat in Plummer Wedgwood's back shop. There was, however, great commotion among the frequenters of Madam Whittemore's ancient kitchen, when, one winterly night, rusty little Mr. Crafts, the fishmonger, walked into the room and took a seat at the table. He was an excellent backgammon-player, and had long desired to try his skill with the great players of Richport, and so informed one of his aristocratic customers, who jestingly said he had better go to Wedgwood's, and let them see what he could do. At this intrusion of the commonality in the person of Mr. Crafts the dice ceased to rattle and the noisy tongues were silent. For a moment or two the company were paralyzed with amazement, and did nothing but stare at the bold intruder, who was evidently considerably surprised at the sensation he had made. He soon took a very unceremonious leave, and whenever thereafter he had occasion to pass Plummer

Wedgwood's shop, he went upon the opposite side of the street.

If these proud and haughty loafers would have nothing to say to the poor fishmonger, they petted and made much of Harbord, the sexton. But Harbord wore a broadcloth coat and had a fashionable wife. He was a politer man than the parson, and could bow nearly as elegantly as the dancing-master himself. Madam Currier said she had no doubt of his being a gentleman in heaven, — he was almost one on earth. With what an air he would usher a fine lady up the aisle to her pew! and how gracefully he would trip up the pulpit stairs to hand a note to the clergyman! He was a favorite with the ladies, and always had a bit of fresh gossip or a welcome compliment for them. And — perhaps this was the crowning merit of the man — he dug such beautiful, genteel-looking graves that, as Miss Nancy Pearson once observed, one would never want to leave them to go wandering idly about at night, frightening good people and setting the dogs a howling. Harbord had a deal of leisure time, especially during the healthy season of the year, and passed most of it at Plummer Wedgwood's. He was an admirable listener, and had a very appreciative smile. With the exception of Master Treadwell, the sexton was perhaps the best backgammon-player in Richport.

This Treadwell was a character, and deserves to be painted in brighter and fresher colors than I have upon my palette. He was the only son of a poor clergyman, who obscurely but contentedly passed the best and ripest years of his life in preaching to a few farmers and mechanics in a little town among the hills of New Hampshire. Besides the consolations of the Gospel and the pious pleasures of his holy calling, this good priest had one worldly delight, one earthly solace, — backgammon, — which he sometimes played with the lawyer and sometimes with one of his own deacons. Do you object to a divine playing backgammon? It is true that in France the clergy were once forbidden to play chess; and it is equally true that in England they were not permitted to partake of the dessert at dinner. But do you believe it sinful or improper for your pastor to eat a slice of plum-pudding or a piece of mince-pie? Swift called backgammon an ecclesiastical game, and said that a clergyman could play it conscientiously. The great and good Luther used to pass an hour or two after dinner at the backgammon-table. But Parson Treadwell soon had a new player to cope with, — his own son, his darling Jotham, who at the age of nine years (the precocious youth!) actually gammoned his father. From that day forth great things were expected of thee, Jotham Treadwell. It was said — by the envious parents of dull and loutish sons, no doubt — that the minister was so constantly engaged in playing backgammon with his boy, that he found no time to write his sermons, and had to stand up in the pulpit on Sunday and preach old well-remembered discourses. O poor little congregation of Christian worshippers, longing for new truth, hungry for the fresh bread of life, did your good shepherd weary you with stale morality? Did he feed you with old musty crumbs of theology, the fragments and remains of former repasts?

When young Treadwell got appointed teacher of the winter term of the district school, his delighted parents believed that the days of their son's greatness and glory were rapidly approaching, if they had not actually arrived. Undoubtedly Jotham might, like his predecessor, have taught this school till old age had compelled him to lay down the pedagogue's potent sceptre, the ferrule, had not the meddlesome new committee discovered that he preferred giving his scholars lessons in backgammon to teaching them reading, writing, and arithmetic. And as these men thought that their sons and daughters could better dispense with a knowledge of the art and practice of back-

gammon-playing than remain ignorant of the multiplication-table and the rule of three, Master Treadwell soon had a successor.

One morning, a few days after the loss of his pedagogic honors and emoluments, Jotham astonished his parents by saying that he was going out into the world to seek his fortune.

"Fortune," said his father, "is an arrant coquette, who oftentimes confers her favors upon those who follow not in her train."

"Why go among strangers?" pleaded the good mother. "Why leave home and friends? Be patient, and abide the Lord's time; we all shall be rich when the French claims are paid."

Ah! how many indigent gentlefolks, the sons, daughters, and widows of ruined sea-captains and bankrupt merchants, lived on from day to day, from year to year, in happy expectation of the immediate settlement of the French claims!

Notwithstanding his parents' gentle protestations, Jotham left the place of his "kindly engendure," and set out upon his expedition in search of that glittering bawble, wealth. At his departure his mother gave him her blessing and a bottle of opodeldoc. His father enriched him with temporal and spiritual advice, and, as a solace for his lonely, idle hours, presented him with six of his longest doctrinal sermons. But silver and gold he had none to give him. Jotham, however, was not an impecunious traveller. He was one of those "close hunks," who, when they get hold of a dollar, keep it till death or dire necessity compels them to part with it. He had stowed away in some safe and secret pocket every cent of his school-keeping money, and nearly all of the money he had earned by surveying.

From pleasant, breezy little Pippinville (his native town) Treadwell went to Portsmouth and opened a writing-school; but not meeting with much success, he withdrew his specimens of calligraphy from the gaze of an unappreciative public, and voyaged to Bangor in the schooner Susan Jane. There he taught school successfully for several years, and introduced backgammon among the lumbermen of Maine. From Bangor he embarked in the packet for Boston, and narrowly escaped being wrecked upon Norman's Woe. He said that this rough passage killed in him what little of the sailor he had inherited from his maternal grandfather, who was a famous navigator in his day, and commanded one of Obadiah Chadwell's ships. In Boston Master Treadwell "clerked it" for three or four years in a flour and grain store on Long Wharf. He boarded in his employer's family, and played backgammon almost every evening with his employer's daughter, whom he loved and would have married if she had not died during their courtship. Soon after the loss of his sweetheart, Treadwell left the grain-dealer's employ and went to Newbury and took a five years' lease of the mill on the Artichoke. Here, when the grist was all ground, or the water was low, Master Treadwell, now a dusty "meal-cap miller," played backgammon with his hired man, or with any passing acquaintance whom he could coax to stop and have a game with him. At the expiration of his lease Treadwell returned to Boston prepared to act a new part in the tragi-comedy of life. There he made the acquaintance of Captain John Godbold, a Richport shipmaster, who was peddling out a cargo of molasses among the grocers and distillers. The Captain was so delighted with Master Treadwell that he took him home with him to Richport, and played backgammon with him day and night for a week. And Treadwell was so pleased with Richport and the backgammon-loving shipmasters and ship-owners to whom Godbold introduced him, that he resolved to remain there for the rest of his life, if he could get anything to do. Richport has a wonderful predilection for strangers, and generally prefers them to her own citizens, whom she too often neglects, giving her business to unknown newcomers, who pocket her money and

laugh at her primitive manners and old-fashioned ways. Through the influence of Captain Godbold, Treadwell was appointed teacher of the Somes School; but the pupils were so wild and unruly he could do nothing with them, and he begged the committee to choose his successor. Almost immediately after giving up the school Master Treadwell was elected tax-collector, in place of superannuated Mr. Pew. Nowadays, except in little obscure country towns, the collector sits in his office and takes the people's money. But in Master Treadwell's time your tax-collector went from house to house after the taxes, and at many of them he had to call again and again and yet again before he got the cash. Of all knocks at the door, from the bang of the well-remembered beggar to the loud, impatient thump of the Yankee Autolycus, the too-well-known rap of the tax-collector was the most unpleasant. From rich and from poor did these "ink-horn varlets" receive an uncourteous greeting. Peter Pounce groaned and growled and swore while he reluctantly counted out the amount of his tax; and Hodge grudgingly and grumblingly paid the trifle (no trifle to him) which the collector demanded. Poor Mr. Pew! they say he was a well-fleshed man ere the unkind fates made him a tax-collector; when he resigned the office he was a mere bundle of skin and bones. For years he bore bravely the scoffs and rebuffs of the fierce and fiery Captain John Godbold, who swore he was always outrageously overtaxed. But the stout-hearted collector quailed and cowered before the terrible tongue-batteries of Madam Vinson. Mrs. Vinson was a proud, handsome, high-tempered old woman, the wealthy widow of a Richport shipmaster. She was a mammon-worshipper, and counted her gold (of which she kept a goodly supply in the house) as devoutly as a good Catholic tells her beads. Most people love the spring, and hail its return with delight. But Madam Vinson hated this vernal season of the year, and grew cross and uneasy when she saw the grass growing green in her sunny front yard. For with the birds and flowers of spring came the assessors. They and the tax-collector were the torments of her life. All the winter through she dreaded the advent of the assessors in the spring; and after their unwelcome visit was over, she began to hoard up her anger against the arrival of the tax-collector in the autumn.

For Madam Vinson the sea had an irresistible fascination. Many a nipping winter's day, when the blazing wood-fire hardly took the chill out of the room, she would sit at the window, unmindful of the cold, unmindful of the friends that sat by her fire and "chatted the hours away," and gaze upon the illimitable ocean. Many a summer morning, ere the robins had breakfasted, she was at the window, watching some distant sail or listening to the melancholy song of the sea. When Master Treadwell called to collect madam's tax, he found her sitting in her comfortable easy-chair, looking eagerly seaward. He, with a Yankee's observing eye, glanced round the neat and pleasant apartment, and noticed with pleasure the quaint old pictures upon the walls, the tall, loudly ticking Willard clock in the corner, and the handsome mahogany backgammon-board under the antique work-table. All people, it is said, have their "blind sides," their assailable points. Backgammon was Madam Vinson's weakness, and Treadwell knew it, and hoped to profit by it.

"What! are you the new tax-collector?" exclaimed Mrs. Vinson, rising from her chair, and snatching the tax-bill from the Master's hand. "You look as if you were too much of a gentleman for such contemptible business as this."

"Madam," replied Treadwell, bowing in a manner that would have done honor to Daniel Webster himself, "no one can be too much of a gentleman to do his duty."

"Duty!" she screamed. "Don't try to humbug me with that cant! When men would do the Devil's dirty work they talk of duty!"

Madam Vinson was determined to show Master Treadwell no mercy. She scolded him. She laughed at him. She called him all the ugly names in her copious vocabulary of abuse. After pouring all the vials of her wrath upon the bland and unruffled collector, Mrs. Vinson fumbled awhile in her capacious pocket, and at last fished up from the depths of that wonderful receptacle of conveniences a key, with which she mysteriously unlocked a little closet in the front entry. She soon returned to the sitting-room with an apronful of money, — glittering golden eagles, bright silver dollars, and crisp new bank-bills. After carefully counting this money, she carried it all back to the closet, saying, as she coolly returned the key to her pocket, "I can't pay your bill to-day, Mr. What's-your-name." Then pointing to the door, bade the collector good morning.

"But before I go," said Treadwell, "I should like to play a game of backgammon with you, madam."

"What! you a backgammon-player?"

"Yes, madam. I was brought up on theology and backgammon."

"Then you are not quite so big a fool as I took you to be."

"O, no indeed."

"Well, Mr. Collector," said the lady, as Treadwell was placing the men upon the board, "if you gammon me, you shall have the tax to-day."

They played six games, and Treadwell gammoned Madam Vinson four times.

"There 's your money," said madam, handing the collector a roll of bills; "but don't you dare to tell Sam Tarbox that I paid my tax the first time you called."

But Treadwell did inform Sam Tarbox, the town treasurer, of his success in collecting Madam Vinson's tax, and that worthy sung the Master's praise in the ears of all his friends. And Treadwell became the hero of the hour, and for a day his masterly achievement in tax-collecting was the theme of conversation at half the tea-tables in Richport. At Plummer Wedgwood's shop he was overwhelmed with admiration. The nabobs of "India Square" forgot their greatness in his presence, and considered it an honor to be gammoned by Master Treadwell. The ladies were interested in him; and when they learned that he was a bachelor, there was, believe me, no slight flutter and commotion among the widows and elderly spinsters. Wherever he went to dine or to take tea — and he was now a welcome guest in a score of the first families of Richport — he made himself a prodigious favorite with the women, from miss in her teens to grandmamma in her dotage. Dr. Calkin's two daughters, who had long been in the matrimonial market, were madly in love with Treadwell, and tried to captivate him with their faded beauty and old-fashioned coquetry. Miss Amelia, the schoolmistress, bought with her hard-earned money a splendid blue silk dress with which to dazzle Master Treadwell into admiration; and Miss Pamela, the female Papanti, who had inducted two or three generations of children into "the shapely and salutary art of dancing," gave up whist, and devoted the time she formerly gave to cards to backgammon, — and all to obtain the smiling approbation of the backgammon-playing tax-collector. In brief, these ancient maidens did all they well could to win this man's love, but they had neither youth nor wealth, and he passed them by.

The fact was that at the very time when the Misses Calkin were trying so hard to "catch" Master Treadwell, he was courting Mrs. Prindall, the widow of Solomon Prindall, master and owner of the good brig Amazon. Treadwell liked the manners and appearance of Mrs. Prindall, and was greatly in love with her comfortable convenient house and snug little fortune. But he had a rival, — Captain John Godbold. Captain Godbold "roamed the blue deep" in the brig Minerva (the ugly old craft! how he loved her), and made in the Surinam trade what was called in his time a handsome fortune. He was a surly, narrow-minded, fiery-

tempered man. Even in his most genial moments his conversation was spiced with profanity and bristled with ill-nature. When angry — and he was angered at anything or at nothing — how he swore! This human bulldog, — this seafaring Squire Weston, had a marvellously handsome daughter. She was one of those black-eyed girls that, as Quevedo says, carry fire in their eyes. She made many a heart ache in her day. Poor thing! her triumphs were many, but her reign was short. Some day, perhaps, I may tell the story of Edith Godbold's life.

Mrs. Prindall was an old flame of Godbold's, and would, it was said, have married him in preference to Captain Prindall, had not the turbulent wooer frightened and disgusted her with his profanity. Through all the years of his wedded life Captain Godbold had never forgotten his comely youthful love; and when informed that Captain Prindall was lost at sea he clapped his hands for joy, and told poor Mrs. Godbold, who was then in the last stages of consumption, that Kate Prindall should be his second wife. Had he dared he would have made love to Mrs. Prindall at his wife's funeral. After waiting impatiently nearly three weeks for decorum's sake, — for even this hasty suitor admitted that it would not look well for a gentleman to go a-courting till his wife had been dead a proper time, — he determined to defer the business no longer, but to propose to the widow at once, "Else," as he said to his housekeeper, "some d—d fellow or other will snap her up." Accordingly the Captain dressed himself in his best, and went and offered himself to Mrs. Prindall. She refused him, and declared that she had no intention of ever marrying again. Captain John believed, with Mr. Collins, in one of Miss Austen's novels, that it is usual with ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, and therefore he was not at all discouraged by the widow's "*No*." He gave her a good many chances of becoming Mrs. Godbold. For the next eight or ten years he called upon Mrs. Prindall as often as once in every six months, and renewed his offer. He became such a tremendous bore at last, and offended her so much with his violent and profane protestations of love, that Mrs. Prindall resolved to put an end to his visits by espousing Treadwell. The Captain, in his numerous calls upon the widow, had frequently found Treadwell at her house, playing backgammon; but he never seriously thought that the tax-collector was making love to the lady. When told that Mrs. Prindall was going to marry Master Treadwell, Godbold was a dreadfully angry man, and said to his informant: "You lie, sir! She will never have the d—d beggar!" The Captain then took his hat, and left the house. In a few minutes after there was a portentous knock at Mrs. Prindall's door, and Dorcas, the ancient serving-woman, ushered Captain John Godbold into the parlor.

"Madam," said he to the widow, as he entered the room, "do you know what devilish lies folks are telling about you? They say you are going to wed that vagabond of a tax-collector!" The widow, flushing with anger, replied: "If you have been told that I am going to marry Jotham Treadwell, you had better believe it, for 't is the truth!" For a few moments passion rendered Godbold speechless, and he went spinning round the room like a humming-top. He spun himself out of the parlor into the entry, and out of the entry into the yard, where, partly recovering his speech, he sputtered out a number of oaths and curses. At the tea-table that afternoon Captain John raved profanely about the fickleness and perfidy of woman, and told the story of his wrongs to his housekeeper, Miss Polly Younger. Polly sympathized with the Captain, and unhesitatingly declared that the Widow Prindall was a fool.

"D—n it, Polly," said Godbold, clasping her in his arms, and kissing her, "you are a sensible girl, and by ——, I 'll marry you!" And marry her

he did, and a good and loving wife she made him.

Godbold and Treadwell were married in the same week, though not on the same day. Godbold and his "blooming, blushing bride" made a wedding tour to Boston, and lived in luxury and grandeur at the Elm Street Hotel for three whole days. Treadwell thought wedding tours a humbug, and passed his honeymoon at home, happily and industriously employed in examining his wife's papers and carefully ascertaining the value of his matrimonial prize. Indeed, so busy was he for a while with plans for the economical management of Mrs. Treadwell's property, that he only had time to devote a single brief hour each day to backgammon. He was a believer in the old miserly maxim, "A penny saved is a penny earned." Mrs. Treadwell, he discovered, had, considerably to the detriment of her health and wealth, lived too extravagantly hitherto. But now all luxuries and superfluities must be dispensed with, he said. The grocer's bill should be reduced, and the butcher need not call oftener than twice or thrice a month.

Master Cabra, in the true and diverting history of Paul the Sharper, pretended to prefer turnips to partridges, and Master Treadwell professed to like fish better than poultry or butcher's meat.

"Surely, my dear," argued Treadwell with his wife, who dearly loved her beefsteak and mutton-chop; "'t is a shameful extravagance to have meat three or four times a week. Now, fish is good and nutritious and *cheap*, and, in the opinion of a great French philosopher and epicure, its taste is more delicate than that of the flesh of animals." Therefore, save when fish were scarce and dear, Treadwell and his spouse luxuriated on cod and haddock and mackerel. The tattling neighbors said it was Friday every day in the week in the tax-collector's family. But they knew better, those meddlesome, calumniating neighbors. The Treadwell family did not dine upon fish more than four days out of the seven, except when the Master, who was "a brother of the angle," caught a mess of "cunners" on some non-fish day.

Mrs. Treadwell used "loaf sugar" in her tea, whereat her economical husband shook his head disapprovingly. "Brown sugar is good enough for me, and I trust, my dear, that what 's good enough for me will do for you." But Mrs. Treadwell, who was a great lover of the "China luxury," and thought that brown sugar would destroy the delicate flavor of her choice Hyson, declared, with no little warmth, that she could afford to have "loaf sugar," and should not give it up to please anybody. She did give it up, however, and was even induced to drink an inferior quality of tea in place of her favorite Hyson.

Mrs. Treadwell was likewise fond of fine clothes, and loved to appear at church on Sunday in handsome, fashionable attire. One day, a few months after her marriage, she took a number of patterns of dress stuff from her work-basket, and spreading them out upon the table, asked her husband which of them would make her the most becoming garment.

"Is it possible," exclaimed Treadwell, with surprise, "that you are thinking of buying another new dress? Why! you have dresses enough to last you your lifetime."

"'T is no such thing, Mr. Treadwell," rejoined his wife. "I 've hardly a decent gown to my back, and must have a dress off this beautiful green silk. Will you give me the money to pay for it or shall I have it charged?"

The Master, you must know, collected his wife's rents and dividends, and kept the key of her cash-box in his pocket, and whenever she wanted any money she had to apply to him. In this particular instance, knowing that Mrs. Treadwell's wardrobe was rich in silks that "stood on end," he refused to give her a cent, and forbade her to run in debt at the mercer's. She was indignant, and talked, as Pepys would say, "huge high." She said

things had come to a fine pass indeed, if she, who was worth twenty thousand dollars, could not have a new gown when she pleased. Then she cried, saying between the sobs that her husband was a mean, contemptible man, and she a very fool for marrying such a curmudgeon. Then, wiping her eyes, and shaking her head angrily, she vowed she would cease to attend public worship on the Sabbath, unless she could make as good an appearance as her neighbors. To this last assertion Treadwell, who was amusing himself at the backgammon-table by seeing how many times he could thrown doublets, replied by saying that if his wife was not going to church any more he would sell her pew and put the money at interest. And the pew would have been sold, had not Mrs. Treadwell continued to occupy it as heretofore, or rather a small part of it, for her husband had, much to her displeasure, let all the seats but two. Dorcas, the old servant, who, on stormy Sundays as well as on fine, had, for I know not how many years, modestly filled the little corner seat of the big, old-fashioned family pew, was driven to the gallery, among the poor and penniless Christians from the almshouse. If her new master could have had his way, she herself would have been sent to the workhouse, — that purgatory of the indigent and friendless. Like Scott's Jenny Dennison, like Mary Mitford's Mrs. Mosse, Dorcas was of the antique world,

"When service sweat for duty, not for meed."

Mrs. Treadwell appreciated her old domestic, and was tenderly attached to the faithful creature, and said that if Dorcas went to the poorhouse she went with her. Finding that his wife was really in earnest, and bethinking him that possibly Dorcas, though aged and infirm, was worth the pittance it cost to feed and clothe her, Treadwell thought it best to let his helpmate do as she liked in this matter. So, as long as her kind mistress lived, Dorcas went pottering round among the pans and kettles in Master Treadwell's kitchen.

Although Mrs. Treadwell did not appreciate her husband's economical management of her property, and grievously felt the loss of her accustomed liberty of spending her money as freely and foolishly as she pleased, she never complained of his parsimony to anybody save one or two of her bosom friends, who of course did not violate her confidence by talking of the matter with their compeers. Yet, somehow or other, the several reforms in the lady's household economy were known, not only to all the neighborhood, but to half the town. Indeed, Treadwell's name grew to be a synonyme for penuriousness; and it used to be said that many an extravagant young housekeeper was frightened almost into prudence and thrift by her husband threatening to adopt the tax-collector's system of frugality. The women of course pitied Mrs. Treadwell, and said she was a fool to submit so tamely to her husband's tyrannical usurpations. Madam Vinson, however, declared that Master Treadwell was doing a wise and commendable thing in repressing his wife's love of fashionable apparel and high living. Madam Vinson, to be sure, was a covetous person herself, and, like Shenstone's Abbess, added profuseness to the seven deadly sins. But even I myself, who hold with Burke that all parsimony is of a quality approaching to unkindness, believe that the tax-collector, notwithstanding his close-fisted prudence and Elwes-like frugality, was a better husband than most of his female censors drew in the lottery of marriage. Though he spoke many an unwelcome truth to his wife, and generally answered her applications for money with an emphatic "No," he never abused her with foul language, or even scolded her otherwise than in a gentlemanly manner. And when she was ill, how kind, how deferential, how attentive he was! He did not believe in doctors, however, and never willingly permitted one to enter his house. He disliked their drugs and their bills, and preferred to save his wife's money by doctoring her himself with a few simple

roots and herbs, which, if they did no good, certainly did no harm. And when she was convalescent, how careful he was that her diet should be light and spare! How learnedly he expatiated on the nutritive and sanative qualities of oat-meal! How eloquent he grew in praise of meal-porridge and water-gruel! How admirably he discoursed upon "shells," proving beyond a peradventure that they were better and wholesomer than chocolate, which Mrs. Treadwell was excessively fond of! But his masterpiece of learning, eloquence, and Jesuitical reasoning was his attempt to convince his wife, who was just recovering from a severe fit of indisposition, and was craving some appetizing morsel, some relishing tidbit, that a smoked herring was superior to a broiled chicken. At the Master's panegyric on herring John Bachalen would have wept for joy, and Father Prout have laughed with delight. But her husband's rhetoric was lost upon Mrs. Treadwell, who at the conclusion, as at the beginning of his speech, clamored for chicken. I believe the matter was settled by a compromise in the form of a slice of not too tender beefsteak.

Although Mrs. Treadwell was a true and faithful wife, and loved her husband almost as much as she did her bank-stock and real estate, she was not one of those foolish fond women who think it necessary to their happiness to have their lord forever at their side. The truth was, both she and Dorcas were happier and more at their ease when Treadwell was away than when he was at home, kindly overlooking their labors and giving them an occasional word of instruction in the frugal management of their domestic concerns, as, for instance, how to heat the Dutch-oven with the least wood, and how to sweep the room in a way not to wear the broom out. And after putting his wife's pecuniary affairs in excellent condition, and reducing her personal and household expenditures to the smallest possible sum, he passed nearly all his time in circumambulating the streets in his official character, and in playing backgammon at Plummer Wedgwood's grocery. Treadwell, after amusing himself with hunting up delinquent tax-payers, and dunning his wife's tenants for rent, would fall to work at backgammon with wonderful energy and industry. In truth, backgammon was to Master Treadwell what whist was to Mrs. Battle: it was "his business, his duty, the thing he came into the world to do." He played backgammon — as Cavanagh played "fives," or as Josie D. plays croquet — in its perfection. His lucky throws and masterly moves were the wonder and admiration of all bystanders. Except in the winter-time, when, in commiseration of his wood-pile, he indulged himself in a long morning nap, Treadwell was an early riser, and often went down to the store before breakfast and had a game or two of backgammon with Plummer Wedgwood's shop-boy. After playing busily all day — as he commonly did in those seasons of the year when he had little or nothing to do as a tax-collector — he always felt like playing all night, and dreaded to hear the nine-o'clock bell, for at its clamorous peal the stores in Richport were closed, and the backgammon-players were driven from their comfortable loafing-place. Treadwell occasionally invited some one or other of his friends to his house after the shop was shut; and there, by the dim light of a tallow candle, they played backgammon till midnight or later.

In politics Master Treadwell was a Whig, not because he believed in the principles and professions of that party, but for the good and sufficient reason that, as far as his observation went, the Whigs played backgammon and the Democrats played checkers. But the tax-collector was so little of a partisan that he lit his fire with loco-foco matches, and offended some of his Whig friends by voting now and then with the Democrats at March meeting. The fact was, Treadwell was indefatigable in his attempts to prevent the least increase of taxation, and therefore when

the Whigs of Richport advocated the making of new roads and the building of new school-houses, he, with the Democrats, who of course opposed everything their antagonists contended for, voted, to quote from one of his own town-meeting speeches, "against these shameful and outrageous projects for the depletion of the town treasury and the enlargement of the town debt." For a few years the Democrats, reinforced by the tax-collector and a few wealthy Whigs who cared more for their pockets than for their principles, were, in the language of Dr. Ellery Bray, "successful in their attempts to stop the march of improvement and stay the progress of civilization." At last, however, the people, without distinction of party, believing in the words of their champion Dr. Bray, "that the time had come for them to vindicate their rights and redress their wrongs," rose in their might and, in spite of Master Treadwell's influence and Master Treadwell's eloquence, voted to build two new roads and erect three new school-houses. "Well," said Treadwell to himself, as he left the hall after the adjournment of that memorable March meeting, "if these paltry poll-tax payers, who now outnumber and outvote the men of wealth and sense, are going to squander away other folks' money at this rate, I may as well get a little of it while 't is going myself."

At the next town meeting he said he could not afford to collect the taxes another year for the compensation he had hitherto received. His townsmen, however, practising in this instance the economy he had so often preached to them, refused to give him any additional remuneration. Whereat Master Treadwell, surprisingly angry for so mild-tempered a man, jumped up and gave the people a piece of his mind. To his hasty and unwise remarks Dr. Bray replied by nominating Zachariah Chard for tax-collector. And before Treadwell had fairly recovered his usual serenity, Chard was chosen as his successor.

Master Treadwell professed that he was glad to be rid of the toils and troubles of his ill-paying office, although at heart vexed that it had slipped from his grasp. He missed his official dignity and self-importance. He even missed the angry looks and unkind words of those who had as lief receive a call from the Devil as from the tax-gatherer. And he missed the money the most of all. It is true his emoluments were provokingly small, but they were much too large for any pocket save his own.

It was solely for the public good and the gratification of his natural, inborn love of frugality, that Master Treadwell had labored so strenuously hitherto to keep the town expenses down. Now, however, being a tax-payer himself, and having a pecuniary interest in the matter, he was more bitterly opposed than ever to all such costly superfluities as new roads and new school-houses. It was laughable, it was pitiable, and reminded one of Don Quixote's heroic encounter with the unchivalrous windmills, and Mrs. Partington's brave but unequal contest with the Atlantic Ocean, to see how vigorously and valiantly Treadwell and a few opulent graybeards fought, at each semi-annual town-meeting, against the liberal and progressive spirit of the nineteenth century. But the citizens of Richport, disregarding the ex-tax-collector's protestations and denunciations, continued to vote liberal appropriations of money for such idle and extravagant purposes as taking care of the poor, keeping the streets in a passable condition, and providing schools for the children.

Master Treadwell could not walk the streets without being annoyed at the sight of paupers whom the town had to support and of children whom the town had to educate. He never passed a school-house without shaking his head angrily, and muttering to himself something about the folly and presumption of a certain Mr. Horace Mann. Though married himself, he spoke disrespectfully of the institution of marriage, and said there should be a law to prevent so many young fools from

rushing into matrimony and swarming the world with children for the wealthy tax-payers to educate.

Richport was not now the place it was when Treadwell first knew the town. Its foreign commerce was decaying. Its old aristocratic society was dying out. Strangers were seen in the streets, and strange names were upon too many of the signs. Plummer Wedgwood's name was still over the grocery door, but Plummer Wedgwood himself no longer stood bowing and smiling behind the counter. And new faces were seen and old faces missed in Plummer Wedgwood's back shop. Democrats and checkers were tolerated now in Madam Whittemore's old kitchen. When Treadwell saw that veteran Whig and backgammon-player, Captain John Godbold, condescending to puzzle himself with checkers, he felt that the days of the great Whig party were numbered.

While Master Treadwell was fretting at Godbold's apostasy, Mrs. Treadwell was taken dangerously ill with her old hereditary disease, the erysipelas. The Master, nobly superior to his prejudices against the medical faculty, generously permitted the sick woman to have a physician. But as the doctor came out of the house death went in. Old Dorcas was dreadfully shocked by her mistress's death, and Treadwell, no doubt, painfully felt his loss. Yet with all his sorrow he kept a close watch upon Dorcas's strapping grand-niece (who came to help her venerable kinswoman make ready for the funeral), and made, it was said, a shrewd bargain with Harbord the sexton.

The late Mrs. Treadwell had a goodly number of friends and relatives, a crowd of whom came flocking to her funeral. I am afraid their sorrow for the dead lady was changed into anger against her living husband, when they found that there was not a carriage of any sort or description for the mourners. Master Treadwell disliked all funeral pomp and parade, and did not see the necessity nor the propriety of going to the expense of giving his neighbors a free ride, on this melancholy occasion. And he had, perhaps, withal a curiosity to see how many of his late wife's dear friends cared enough for her to follow her remains to the grave on foot. The day was fine and the walking good, yet of all that houseful of people not quite a score walked with Treadwell and the clergyman to the burial-ground.

Miss Nancy Pearson, who did not turn her back upon the deceased Mrs. Treadwell till she saw her put to bed, and, as it were, comfortably tucked up for the long, last sleep, said that the master shed several quite large tears at his wife's grave. "Poor man!" continued Miss Nancy, "he had cause to weep, for at Mrs. Treadwell's death he lost all control of her property." But when her relatives examined the affairs of the departed lady, they found, to their grief and indignation, that all her wealth was in Treadwell's possession.

Dorcas, who never had any great love for the Master, declared to her grand-niece, as they were putting the house in order after the funeral, that, now her poor dear mistress was gone, she would rather go to the workhouse than have to thank Jotham Treadwell for a home. Whereupon the grand-niece, whose Christian name was Sally, and whose surname was Ober, and who was the wife of a Richport fisherman, kindly gave her ancient kinswoman an invitation to come and live with her. Dorcas gladly accepted the offer, and in a few days she was comfortably and contentedly established in Mrs. Ober's family.

As the backgammon-players were rapidly decreasing, and the rates of taxation rapidly increasing, in Richport, Master Treadwell, instead of seeking for a housekeeper, resolved to leave the place, and return to his native New Hampshire hills. And before the grass was growing on his wife's grave he was gone. He found that the breezy little village of his nativity was now a busy, bustling town, with free schools all the year round, and a weekly news-

paper, "The New Hampshire Universe." The next number of the Universe published after Treadwell's arrival in Pippinville contained a paragraph or two upon that gentleman, in which it was stated, with the remarkable accuracy of a first-class journal, that "Mr. Treadwell, having accumulated in the sister State of Massachusetts a large fortune in the fishing business, has returned to Pippinville, the place of his birth; and here, let us trust, he will pass the many remaining years of his honorable and useful life in promoting, not only his own comfort and happiness, but the welfare and prosperity of this town." So well known is the ingratitude of man, that no one will be surprised to learn that Master Treadwell did not thank the editor of the Universe for his complimentary remarks, nor even subscribe for his paper. And yet Treadwell must have known that to the article in the Universe he was indebted for the honor and attentions he received from several of the citizens of Pippinville. He had not been in the place a week, before he was asked to head a subscription for a new church, to join three charitable societies, to contribute to the missionary fund, to give a new banner to the Pippinville Artillery, and a new bell to the Orthodox meeting-house. These "honors and distinctions" were so little appreciated by the Master that he packed his trunk, paid his hotel bill, and left Pippinville in dismay, and set out in search of some Utopia of conservatism, where public improvements were unknown, and free schools undreamed of, where taxes were fabulously low, and the cost of living fabulously small. Is Master Treadwell still travelling wearily from town to town in quest of his vanishing Utopia? or is he at rest in some quiet graveyard, where the tax-collector never comes with his bill, nor the beggars in broadcloth with their subscription-papers?

AN IDLER'S IDYL.

A BORROWED boat, a certain sky,
A tide whereon to dream and drift,
Delay that never seems delay,
Are more to me than gain or gift.

A boat is broader than a hearth,
To borrow better than to own,
For Care is in a manner blind,
And follows Thrift by touch alone.

The miller's heart is in his toll,
The sower's thoughts plod to and fro,
And who hath anything at sea
Forebodeth winds that never blow.

Then, Life, for thee the idle oar,
A drowsy tide to drift upon,
An air that hints of hills new-mown,
To lull thee when thy dreams come on.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI won many friends, and softened the animosity of some enemies, by a sentence in the Preface to his edition of his father's writings: "My father was wont to say, that the best monument to an author was a good edition of his works; it is my purpose that he should possess this memorial." The pious intention was worthily executed, and the edition will remain, as long as men care for curious odds and ends of knowledge, a monument both to father and son.

The Bonapartes owed such a tribute to the memory of the head of their family; for, however the account may finally stand between Napoleon Bonaparte and mankind, no one can deny that to him his relations owe the whole of their importance in the world. He was ever mindful of what is due to kindred; he was fatally generous to his family; and it was not for them to regard his fame merely as part of *their* inheritance, to be expended or husbanded according to their convenience or caprice. Moreover, a good and complete edition of the writings of Napoleon Bonaparte — who was at least the consummate specimen of his kind of man, and as such worthy of attentive study — would have been a boon so precious and interesting, that it would have atoned for much which his present representatives have done amiss. The work would have been dearly purchased, but it would have remained a solid addition to our means of knowing one another.

In the issue of costly works there is usually, in these times, a publisher and an editor; and few literary workmen have been so blessed in their career as not to know what it is to have, in the back office, veiled from the general view, a timid or an embarrassed publisher, who shrinks from liberal expenditure and trembles when one subscriber writes a fault-finding letter. The editor of this collection is Prince Jerome, who was aided by a corps of assistants. These gentlemen appear to have done their work with fidelity, giving the text with exactness, and avoiding all elucidation except such as they alone possessed the means of affording. The copy before us, which was sent for in the ordinary way, contains a large number of minute corrections with the pen, and there are many other indications, too trifling for mention, tending to show that the editors have done their duty as well as they were permitted to do it.

But they had a publisher, that "half-scared literary man," who is called Napoleon III. He appears to have bothered the zealous but irresponsible editors extremely. *They* had no throne to lose, no necks in danger of the guillotine. The issue of the letters, which was begun in 1858, came to an abrupt conclusion in 1869, with the publication of volume twenty-eighth, which is only half as thick as the others. The twenty-seventh volume fell short a hundred and twenty pages, but the twenty-eighth is so thin as to destroy the uniformity of the set, and gives a rather ridiculous dwindling appearance to it, not without significance to the minds of the Irreconcilables. The last utterance of Napoleon given in this collection is the famous Protest, dated August 4, 1815, written on board the Bellerophon, against his detention as a captive by the British government. But we learn from a "Report to the Emperor," prefixed to volume twentieth, that as late as 1867 Prince Jerome expected and intended to include the letters and documents dictated at St. Helena. He had calculated that the productions of the Emperor in exile "would form only

* Correspondance de Napoléon 1er, publiée par Ordre de l'Empereur Napoléon III. Paris. 1858–1869.

three or four volumes," which would be given to the world by the end of the year 1869. But they did not appear. After a pause of some months, a New Series is announced, to consist only of the letters written in exile, and these volumes are now issuing. We shall not wait for them, however; for, besides the fact that we do not need more material for our purpose, there is no knowing what other change of plan may occur in the councils of a family now more than "half-scared."

The publisher has unmercifully scrimped the editors in point of expenditure; for not only is the paper cheap and fluffy, but the publication has been continually retarded by want of money. "If," explains Prince Jerome, "our task has not proceeded more rapidly, it is because we believed it our duty to institute researches in the archives of Germany, England, Spain, Italy, Portugal. These researches, little as they have cost, have so lessened the fund at our disposal, that we have found it out of our power to bear the expense of printing a greater number of volumes without going beyond our allowance. . . . . The time afforded us by the slenderness of our resources we have turned to account in examining documents beyond the period reached in the volumes given to the printer, thus diminishing our general expenditures." One toilet the less in a week for Eugénie would have relieved the editor's embarrassment.

In all these volumes, though they average more than six hundred pages each, and contain twenty-two thousand and sixty-seven letters and documents, there is revealed no fact so remarkable as the one intimated in the passage just quoted, namely, that the letters of Napoleon Bonaparte, published by his family half a century after his death, in twenty-eight volumes, sold at seven francs a volume, did not pay expenses! Little as our grandfathers, who saw him at the summit of his power, the terror of the world and the delirium of France, may have believed in the duration of his throne, few among them would have hazarded the prediction that the mere curiosity of the world with regard to him would have so nearly died out in fifty years. These volumes, whatever their defects and omissions may be, do really admit the reader behind the scenes of the most startling, rapid, and tremendous melodrama ever played with real fire and real cannon, real kings and real emperors' daughters; and yet they do not sell, and we find the custodians of some of our most important libraries hesitating whether it is worth while to add them to their store. This is the more strange from the evident intention of the persons interested to publish the work on strict business principles. It is cheaply edited; it is sold at a fair booksellers' price; and the public are twice notified in each volume that the rights of translation and of republication are reserved, or that every one infringing will be prosecuted. Carlyle has lived to see his prediction of forty years ago fulfilled in good part: "The time may come when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than for his battles, and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute." This was a bold remark to utter in 1829, under the very nose of Wellington. How commonplace it seems in 1870! The prophecy would have been already fulfilled to the letter, if it had read thus: "The time may come when Napoleon himself will be more esteemed for his laws than for his battles, and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the founding of the first Workingmen's Protective Union."

There is, very naturally, a distrust of this publication in France. Frenchmen know very well who the publisher in the back office is; what he is; what his motive was in issuing the work; and whether he would be likely to give the world a sight of a document calculated to weaken the spell of Napoleon's name in France. People of our race, we think, need not share this distrust: for the family concerned in publishing the correspondence of Napoleon, much

as they might wish and intend to make his fame subservient to their interests, would not know how to present him in the most favorable light to the outside world. They would be as likely to suppress passages honorable to him as passages dishonorable. They would be likely to glory in some letters that would offend an American, English, or German reader. When a whole family have been eating garlic, they may gather after dinner about the head of the house, and the children may climb into his lap, and hug him close around the neck, and none of them will be able to discover anything wrong in his breath. To *us* these volumes exhibit the man, Napoleon Bonaparte. *We* may believe Prince Jerome when he says: "Let your Majesty be pleased to remark to what a proof we submit the memory of Napoleon I. We place in the clearest light all the acts of his government; we reveal the secret of his inmost thoughts. . . . . We have faith in the public reason." Doubtless the editor felt himself justified in commending the work to "the judgment of enlightened men" as a "loyal publication."

Certainly there is enough of detail and minutiæ to satisfy the most ravenous collector. Letter No. 8089, addressed to Berthier, is to this effect: "My cousin, the words of my writing which you cannot make out are *bataillon d'élite suisse*." No. 20093, to the Empress Marie-Louise, is: "Madame and dear Friend, I have received the letter in which you say that you received the Archchancellor in bed. It is my desire that, in no circumstances and under no pretext, you receive any one in bed, whosoever he may be. It is not permitted to a woman under thirty." No 21591, written at Elba, to an officer of the household: "I think it will be necessary for all the books asked for Leghorn to be rebound. Order that, if possible, an N shall be put upon each." There are hundreds of notes as brief and trivial as these, as well as a vast number of the answers scrawled upon the notes of ministers submitting minor questions of administration to the master. Napoleon Bonaparte is within the covers of these volumes, and he can be extracted from them by those who will take the trouble.

Upon turning over the first volume, — which begins with the siege of Toulon and includes the conquest of Italy, — we are struck at once with the maturity of mind and character exhibited by the artillery officer of twenty-four. He seems to have been completely formed before he had held a command. He never equalled, as Emperor, the exploits of the young general. We see in his earliest letters every trait that distinguished him afterwards, and we see him also employing the methods and devices which marked his policy when he gave laws to a continent. These first letters give the impression that at twenty-four he could have fought Austerlitz as well as he did at thirty-five, and Waterloo better than at forty-six. The *young* man is betrayed, here and there, by a tendency to moralize, and a habit of uttering neat generalities, such as: "It is artillery that takes places, — infantry can only help"; or, "Three fourths of men occupy themselves with necessary things only when they feel the need of them"; or, "In artillery, the most difficult operation is the formation of a siege-train." But, generally speaking, the mature Napoleon is exhibited, and the whole of his career is foreshadowed in the few letters relating to his capture of Toulon in 1793. We see in them, what we see in all his military achievements, first, that the sure way of doing the thing was revealed to him at a glance; that that sure way was so simple that, when pointed out, every man not an absolute fool saw it as plainly as he did, and wondered why no one had thought of it before; that then he executed his plan with the precision of mathematics; and, finally, that he knew how to relate what he had done so as to intoxicate Frenchmen, and concentrate their admiration on himself. He had no sooner surveyed the situation

at Toulon, than he perceived a point from which a few pieces of cannon could force the English fleet from the roads. But there were no cannon at command. Then he writes clear, masterly letters to the government, begging cannon. After two months of letter-writing and intense effort in camp, the cannon are placed in position, and all falls out exactly as the young officer had predicted.

From that time, by the mere natural ascendency of genius over ordinary mortals, Napoleon Bonaparte was the ruling mind of the French Republic. Sitting quietly at his desk in a government office in Paris, he evidently provided the Committee of Public Safety with whatever they had of continental policy and administrative skill. He suggested their plans; he wrote their important letters; he gave away some of their good places. Already he had acquired the habit of surveying the whole scene of European politics, and of seeking vulnerable points in the enemies' line at a great distance from the actual seat of war. Just as the Emperor fought England in Spain and Russia, so now the officer of artillery proposed to make a diversion in favor of beleaguered France by going to Constantinople and rousing Turkey to arms against allied Russia and Austria. Before he had suppressed the riots in Paris in 1795, before he had held an independent command of any kind; before his name was generally known in France, he could write to his brother Joseph: "I am attached at this moment to the Topographical Bureau of the Committee of Public Safety. . . . . If I ask it, I shall be despatched to Turkey as General of Artillery, sent by the government to organize the artillery of the Grand Seigneur, with a handsome allowance and a very flattering title of envoy. I shall name you consul, and Villeneuve engineer, to go with me." And in the same note, he tells his brother that he is charged by the committee with the direction of the armies and the formation of plans of campaign. Who governs a country in time of war, if not he who suggests its foreign policy and devises its plans of campaign?

These letters, written before his fame existed, show him to us in a light wholly amiable and admirable. He is in love with Josephine, and tells Joseph that it is not impossible "the folly may seize him to marry," and asks his brother's advice. The following passage, written to Joseph in September, 1795, a month before the "whiff of grape-shot" from General Bonaparte's field guns terminated the Revolution, is a pleasing specimen of his family epistles of the time. He is looking out for a good post for Joseph: "I shall remain in Paris specially for your affair. You ought not, whatever happens, to fear for me. I have for friends all the people of worth, of whatever party or opinion they may be. Mariette" (conservative member of the Committee of Safety) "is extremely zealous for me; you know his opinion. Doulcet" (member of the convention of moderate politics) "I am closely allied with. You know my other friends of opposite views. . . . . I am content with (brother) Louis. He fulfils my hope, and the expectation I had formed of him. He is a good fellow; but, at the same time, one after my own heart; warmth, intelligence, health, talent, straightforwardness, good-nature, — all are united in him. You know, my dear brother, that I live only by the pleasure I give my relations. If my hopes are seconded by that good fortune *which never abandons me in my enterprises*, I shall be able to make you happy, and fulfil your desires. . . . . To-morrow I shall have three horses, which will permit me to ride a little in a cab, and enable me to attend to all my affairs. Adieu, my dear fellow; amuse yourself; all goes well; be gay. Think of my affair, for I long to have a house of my own."

All his letters to Joseph at this happy, hopeful time are in the same tone. He appears in them the virtuous young man, distinguished in his profession, honestly in love, and looking forward to the possession of a home, devoted to his brothers and sisters, and striving to

benefit them, writing to Joseph his oldest brother every day, the life, stay, and boast of his family. He was a good Republican, too, although of the more conservative wing. "The government," he writes to Joseph, September 12, 1795, "is to be organized at once; a tranquil day dawns upon the destinies of France. *There is a primary assembly which has asked for a king. That has provoked laughter.*" Doubtless he joined in the laughter; for, so far as we can judge from his letters, he heartily accepted the Revolution, and valued himself upon his political orthodoxy. "Passions are inflamed," he wrote a few days after; "the moment appears critical; but the genius of liberty never abandons its defenders. All our armies triumph."

When next he wrote to the head of the family, it was to announce to him the event which put him directly upon the road to his great fortune, — the dispersion of the mob at the Tuileries, October 6, 1795. "At length," he began, "all is finished; my first thought is to give you the news." The brief note ends: "We have disarmed the sections, and all is calm. As usual, I have not a scratch." Five months after, we find him on the same day announcing his marriage to the Directory, and, setting off to take command of the French army in the native land of his ancestors, Italy.

Persons who remain during long periods of time the idols of a multitude usually possess, along with other gifts, a keen eye for effect, a histrionic talent which enables them, in a pleasing and striking manner, to exhibit and exaggerate their own good qualities. This wonderful being was not a hypocrite; nor, at this part of his career, was he, in any vulgar sense, an actor; but he possessed naturally an acute sense of the decorous and the becoming; and now, on his way to Italy, he gave a proof of it. The earliest letter of his which we have seen in print is one written to his mother, when he was a boy of sixteen; and it is signed, "Napoleone di Buonaparte." Just before leaving Paris for Italy he signed his marriage contract with Josephine, in the presence of a notary, thus: "Napolione Buonaparte"; and his previous letters in this collection are all signed in the Italian form, "Buonaparte." But now, being at Toulon within a few miles of the beautiful land of his fathers, which he was about to overrun and pillage, he appears to have awakened to the impropriety of spoiling Italy while bearing an Italian name. At Toulon, for the first time in his public career, he spells his name "Bonaparte"; a form from which he never after departed. It is significant, that the very page which shows this new spelling contains the proclamation offering fair Italy to the hunger and rapacity of French troops: "Soldiers: You are naked, ill-fed. The government owes you much, it can give you nothing. The patience, the courage you have shown in the midst of these rocks are admirable; but they procure you no glory: no lustre from them is reflected upon you. I desire to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. Wealthy provinces, great cities, will be in your power. You will find in them honor, glory, riches. Soldiers of Italy, will you be wanting in courage or in constancy?" Certainly we must approve the taste of a man of Italian lineage in Frenchifying his name a little before issuing such a proclamation.

With regard to those Italian campaigns, to which the first three volumes of this work are chiefly devoted, the correspondence of the commanding general confirms what military men have often remarked, that they were Napoleon's greatest. The dash, the brilliancy, the rapidity of his operations are less apparent when the mind is detained by fifteen hundred pages of orders, letters, and documents; but we see more clearly than ever what a master of his art he was. In fifteen days after setting foot upon Italian soil he had given the world assurance of a general. There was then in Europe no general but himself, and nothing remained but for him to continue his

method until the continent was his own. A great artist is not apt to talk much about the processes by which he produces his great effects, and, accordingly, there are not many passages in these letters upon the art of winning victories. The reader can see Napoleon winning them; but it is only at long intervals that we meet a sentence that betrays the master's method. One such as this: "The enemy, in the Austrian manner, will make three attacks; by the Levante, by Novi, and by Montonotte: refuse two of those attacks, and direct all your forces upon the third." This is another: "In military operations, hours décide success and campaigns." This is another: "One bad general is better than two good ones. War, like government, is an affair of tact." And this another: "If the English attack you, and you experience vicissitudes, always bear in mind these three things: reunion of forces, activity, and firm resolution to perish with glory. These are the three great principles of the military art which have rendered fortune favorable to me in all my operations. Death is nothing; but to live vanquished and without glory is to die every day." In the spirit of this last passage his Italian campaigns were conducted; especially when, after a long series of triumphs, his lines were broken and his hold upon Italy endangered. The celerity with which his scattered forces were reunited and hurled upon the enemy, and the personal daring of the young general, restored his fortunes before the news of his disaster had crossed the Alps. For the benefit of young soldiers, however, who may think that victories can be won by following maxims, we must add one of Napoleon's own comments upon the general opposed to him in Italy: "He has the audacity of fury, not that of genius."

It was in Italy that General Bonaparte exhibited his talents and revealed his moral defects. We have seen that he roused his ragged and hungry soldiers by appealing to their vanity, appetite, and avarice. They took him at his word. No sooner had he given them victory in the wealthy provinces of Italy, and possession of some of its rich towns, than they proceeded to do precisely what he had invited them to do. "The soldier without bread," he writes, a few days after entering Italy, "yields to such excesses of fury as make me blush to be a man. . . . . I am going to make some terrible examples. I shall restore order, or I shall cease to command these brigands. . . . . To-morrow we shoot some soldiers and a corporal who stole vases from a church." When next he addressed his soldiers, he began by recounting to them, that in fifteen days they had won six victories, taken twenty-one flags and fifty-five cannons, conquered the best part of Piedmont, captured fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded ten thousand men; but he ended by saying: "I shall not permit brigands to soil our laurels. . . . . Pillagers shall be shot without mercy; several have been already." And he assured the people of Italy, in the same proclamation, that the French army had come only to break their chains; that the French were friends of every people; and that their *property*, their religion, and their usages should be respected. "We make war as generous enemies; hostile only to the tyrants who abase you."

All of which signified that General Bonaparte meant to have an army, instead of a horde of robbers, and that he reserved to himself the right to plunder.

Probably no revelation of these volumes will more surprise the general reader than the prodigious extent of his spoliation of the "property" of his countrymen in Italy; especially that portion of their property which the world regards as sacred, and which really was and is most *proper* to that beautiful land, — pictures, statuary, and other treasures of art. That the kingdoms, states, and cities of conquered Italy should be laid under contribution and compelled to disgorge, each its proportion of millions, was to have

been expected; at least, might have been forgiven. But the reader of the correspondence feels that in that wholesale picture-stealing Bonaparte fell far below the natural level of his character. It might have been pardoned in a Masséna, but it was infinitely beneath Napoleon Bonaparte, — the man of intellect and breeding, whose ancestors had contributed something to what constitutes the sole glory of modern Italy, its art and literature. He knew better; for at Milan the young conqueror had written to an astronomer of the university: "The sciences which honor the human mind, the arts that embellish life and transmit great deeds to posterity, ought to be especially honored by free governments. All men of genius, all those who have obtained an eminent rank in the republic of letters, *are Frenchmen*, in whatever country they may have been born." When these brave words were penned he had already sent to Paris for a corps of artists to come and select the works of art best worth stealing.

From the mass of letters relating to the systematic plunder of Italy we select a few sentences showing how General Bonaparte squeezed the Pope. We copy from the Armistice of June 6, 1796, only premising that the Pope fared no worse than his neighbors: "Art. 8. The Pope will deliver to the French Republic one hundred pictures, vases, or statues, to be chosen by the commissioners who will be sent to Rome; among which will be comprised, for certain, the bronze bust of Junius Brutus and the one in marble of Marcus Brutus, both from the Capitol; and five hundred manuscripts, at the choice of the commissioners. Art. 9. The Pope will pay to the French Republic twenty-one millions of francs, ... independent of the contributions which will be raised in Bologna, Ferrara, and Faenza." This large sum was to be all paid in three months. Nor did the conqueror remain content with the hundred works of art demanded in the Armistice. We find at the end of volume third of the correspondence a catalogue, drawn up in form and signed by the French commissioners, of the works of art selected by them at Rome, and sent to Paris "in the year VI. of the French Republic one and indivisible," which we style 1797. The list comprises about eight hundred objects; among which are six colossal statues and six groups of statuary. The rest are statues, busts, fragments, bronzes, medallions, and vases. The readers of this interesting catalogue may be excused for not comprehending what such spoliation of Roman churches and galleries had in common with delivering Italy from its tyrants. The tyrants were squeezed and left; it was the works of art from which Italy was delivered.

At a later period of the negotiations we observe that the insatiable conqueror demanded more of the precious manuscripts of the Vatican than the number named in the Article. In recounting to the Directory the treasures extracted from the Papal dominions he remarks: "The Papal commissioners yielded with a good grace everything except the manuscripts, which they were unwilling to give up; and we have had to reduce our demand from two or three thousand to five hundred." His letter to the Directory (No. 685, Vol. I. p. 431), in which he exults over the plunder of the Pope, is more bandit-like than any other in the collection. We learn from it that, besides the works of art already mentioned, and besides retaining some of the Pope's best provinces, he obtained from him in all thirty-four million seven hundred thousand francs. He also informs the Directory that he would have wrung from him a few millions more, if he had not been interfered with by *their* commissioners. "I am *consoled*," he adds, "by the fact that what we have got surpasses the terms of your instructions."

Was there ever such a godsend to an unpopular government as this young general was to the Directory of 1796? Victory alone would have sufficed; but here was a general, who, besides send-

ing home the most thrilling bulletins, kept consigning to a drained treasury whole wagon-trains of wealth. "Twenty-four wagon-loads," he wrote from Bologna in July, 1796, "of hemp and silk set out to-day for Nice. . . . . I am getting together at Tortona all the silver plate and jewels, which I shall send to Paris by Chambéry. I hope that convoy alone will be worth five or six millions. I shall add as much in money." But what should he do with the plunder of Rome? "The statues can only be transported by sea, and it would be imprudent to trust them that way. We must box them up, then, and leave them at Rome."

The Pope, we repeat, fared no worse than the other princes of Italy. From Milan an amazing booty was sent to Paris; the first instalment being, as the General remarked, "twenty superb pictures, chief of which is the celebrated St. Jerome of Correggio, which has been sold, they tell me, for two hundred thousand francs." Another item — again to translate from the General's joyous despatch — was "two millions in jewelry and ingots, the proceeds of different contributions." Other letters announce to the Directory the coming of rare plants from the public gardens of Italy, of a fine collection of serpents from a museum, and other natural curiosities. He is so considerate as to send them "a hundred of the finest carriage horses of Lombardy," to replace "the ordinary horses that draw your carriages." But enough of larceny, grand and petit. Let us come to the volumes which show how kingdoms were stolen, and how poor France was kept reeling drunk while her life-blood was drained.

At St. Helena, in conversation with the companions of his exile, Napoleon designated the moment when he first felt the stirrings of lawless ambition. "It was not till after Lodi," he said, "that I was struck with the possibility of my becoming a decided actor on the scene of political events. Then was enkindled the first spark of a lofty ambition." Having a lively recollection of this sentence, which we read long ago in Mr. Abbott's entertaining volume upon Napoleon at St. Helena, we had the curiosity to turn to the letters written by General Bonaparte at the time, to see if there was anything in them to confirm his statement. Yes: just after Lodi, for the first time he begins to protest and swear that his only ambition is to serve France in any capacity which the Directory may be pleased to assign him. Five days after his troops had given him, at the bridge of Lodi, that surprising proof of devotion, he writes to his patron, Carnot: "Whether I make war here or elsewhere is indifferent to me. To serve my country, to deserve from posterity one leaf of our history, to give the government proofs of my attachment and devotion, — this is all my ambition." It is a touch worthy of Shakespeare. Thus might the great dramatist have indicated the birth of an ambition.

It was after Lodi, too, that he showed his eager promptitude to reward those who served him, and his tact in adapting the reward to the nature of the case. The battle of Lodi was won by the column that rushed across the bridge in the face of thirty pieces of cannon and the fire of infantry. The General caused a printed list of the names of the men composing the column to be posted in every district of France where any one of them resided! Could any reward have been more thrilling to the men or more promotive of the next conscription? At a later day it became a custom with him to have such lists posted upon the parish churches of the soldiers whom he desired to honor. But when once a priest presumed to read the list to his parishioners *in* the church, the master wrote from Vienna to the minister of police to forbid the repetition of the act; because, said he, in substance, if priests may announce victories, they may comment upon them, and if bad news should arrive, they may comment upon that. "Priests must be used with civility, but not made too much of."

From Italy the young conqueror,

after a short interval of busy preparation at Paris, betakes himself to Egypt, in pursuance of his policy of striking England through her dependencies and allies. No one, with this correspondence before him, can say that he was *sent* to Egypt by the Directory, in order to get him out of the way. It was his own conception. He was master of France almost as much in 1798 as he was in 1805; and the tone of his letters in 1798 is as much the tone of the master as in 1805. The very order assigning him to the command of the army destined for Egypt was penned by himself; and in preparing the expedition, the Directory did nothing but sign what he dictated. His object was to dispossess the English of their Indian empire, using Egypt as a base of operations; and he spoke of the enterprise, in a confidential letter, as "the greatest ever executed among men." Only it was not "executed!" Nelson destroyed the French fleet at the battle of the Nile, and blockaded Egypt with such sleepless vigilance that General Bonaparte and his army were, in effect, prisoners of war. The General himself informed the Directory that, during the eighteen months of his residence in Egypt, he only heard from Paris once; and then he received part of his despatches, snatched by the courier from his grounded boat a moment before his English pursuers clutched it. It was an error to land a French army in Egypt while the English were masters of the sea; but it is evident from the correspondence that General Bonaparte really believed the French fleet a match for the English. He was not aware that in Horatio Nelson the English possessed an admiral who trebled the force of every fleet that he commanded.

The correspondence, reticent as it is concerning whatever tends to exhibit Napoleon vulnerable, shows plainly enough that it was Nelson who destroyed him. Nelson hit him two blows, — Nile and Trafalgar. By the battle of the Nile he penned him in Egypt, killed his Indian projects, and reduced him to absolute paralysis for a year and a half. By Trafalgar he again destroyed the French naval power, made invasion of England impossible, and compelled Napoleon to continue his policy of fighting England upon the territories of her allies. In other words, he penned him in the continent of Europe. This led to that prodigious extension of his operations, until he had vast armies in Spain, Italy, Prussia, Russia, and France, and had so distended his "empire," that ten cold nights in Russia at the time when his power seemed greatest caused his ruin. This was Nelson's work, and well Napoleon knew it; for there is not in all these volumes one allusion to the battle of Trafalgar. It is a tell-tale silence. Amid the bulletins of Austerlitz, few except the master knew what had happened upon the ocean; and except himself perhaps no one comprehended its importance.

But to glean a trait or two from the Egyptian letters. The mighty man of war, it seems, was subject to sea-sickness. "Have a good bed prepared for me," he writes to Admiral Brueys before leaving Paris, "as for a man who will be sick during the whole passage." In Egypt, where he was absolute master, he had an opportunity to rehearse the drama of the French Empire, and he displayed all the devices of the emperor which the scene admitted. Despising all religions, he showed that he could flatter, use, and laugh at any religion that chanced to be available for his purpose. At Malta, on his way to Egypt, wishing to employ the bishop to conciliate the people of the island, he wrote to him: "I know of no character more respectable or more worthy of the veneration of men, than a priest who, full of the true spirit of the Gospel, is persuaded that it is his duty to obey the temporal power, and to maintain peace, tranquillity, and union in the midst of his diocese." A few days after he issued to his troops the proclamation in which he enjoined them to pay respect to "the Egyptian Muftis and Imams, as you have to rabbis and

bishops." He continued thus: "Show the same tolerance for the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran as you have for convents, for synagogues, for the religion of Moses and of Jesus Christ. The Roman legions protected all religions." He went himself far beyond the letter of this order; for he celebrated the religious festivals of the Mohammedans with all the emphasis and splendor possible in the circumstances. From Cairo he wrote to one of his generals: "We celebrated here the feast of the Prophet with a pomp and fervor which have almost merited for me the title of Saint"; and he ordered commanders of ports and garrisons to do the same.

In Egypt as in Italy, he would permit no one to plunder but himself; and it was here that he put in practice the only device for preventing pillage which has ever answered its purpose. It consisted in holding each division of an army responsible for the misconduct of the individuals composing it. A theft or an act of violence having been committed, the perpetrators, if discovered, were to make good the damage, or pay the forfeit with their lives. If they were not discovered, then their company was assessed to make up the amount. If the company could not be ascertained, then the regiment, brigade, or division. This was a masterly device, and it has become part of the military code of nations. But the plunder of Egypt, on system, by the orders of the General commanding, was great and continuous; for the French army, severed from the world without, had no resource but to subsist upon the fertile province upon which it had descended. It will not exalt the world's opinion of the Commanding General to discover, in his correspondence, such notes as the following: "Citizen Poussielgue, General Dumas" (father of the novelist) "knows the house of a bey where there is a buried treasure. Arrange with him for the digging necessary to find it." Another engaging epistle begins thus: "You did well, citizen general, in having the five villagers shot who revolted. I desire much to learn that you have mounted your cavalry. The shortest way, I believe, will be this: Order each village to furnish you two good horses. Do not accept any bad ones; and make the villages which do not furnish theirs in five days pay a fine of one thousand talari. This is an infallible means of having the six hundred horses you require. . . . . Demand bridles and saddles as well."

He found leisure to establish an Institute in Egypt, on the model of that of France. At the first sitting the Commanding General proposed the following questions: Are our army bread-ovens susceptible of improvement? Is there any substitute in Egypt for the hop in making beer? How is the water of the Nile cleared and kept cool? Which is best for us at Cairo, to construct water-mills or wind-mills? Can gunpowder be made in Egypt? What is the condition in Egypt of jurisprudence, the judiciary, and education, and what improvements in either are possible, and desired by the people of the country? He was making himself very much at home in Egypt, evidently meant to stay there, had sent to Paris for a troop of comedians, and was meditating vast plans for the improvement of the country.

But in August, 1799, a package of English newspapers, of which the most recent was nine weeks old, fell into the General's hands, and gave him information that made him willing to risk capture in order to get to France: Italy lost! The French beaten in Germany in two pitched battles, and compelled to recross the Rhine! The Russians marching to join the coalition! The English blockading every port, and lording it on every sea! The Directory distrusted, inactive, imbecile! France beleaguered on every side, and threatened with dissolution! His mind was made up on the instant. In eleven days he was ready to go. His paper of secret instructions to Kleber, whom he left in command, betrays his perfect satisfaction with what he

had done in Egypt, his entire conviction of the *right* of the French to possess and hold the country. "Accustomed," he says, "to look for the reward of my pains and labors in the opinion of posterity, I abandon Egypt with the keenest regret." Another sentence is significant: "You will find subjoined a cipher for your correspondence with the government, and *another for your correspondence with me.*"

In three months General Bonaparte and the "government" were one and the same. The very company of comedians which he had written for as General Bonaparte he sent to Egypt as First Consul. He was absolute master of France, a fact which he announced to the people in the following neat and epigrammatic manner: "Citizens, the Revolution is fixed in the principles that began it. IT IS FINISHED." Yes; it was finished, and it was General Bonaparte who gave it the finishing blow. Whether he could have *saved* it can never be known, because he did not try; and his talents were so prodigious that it is impossible to say what he might or might not have done, if he had had the "lofty ambition" to help the French govern themselves. There was so much that was large and generous in this man, that we cannot always resist the impression that he was capable of something much better than the tawdry role into which he lapsed. But human nature is so limited a thing, that there is not room in an individual for more than one decided talent; and that talent, when it is eminent, is apt to bewilder, mislead, and dominate the possessor of it. The successes of this sublime adventurer, besides being rapid and immense, were of the very kind that most dazzle and mislead. He found France impoverished, misgoverned, anarchic, without an ally, defeated, discouraged, with powerful foes on every side, on land and sea. In two years what a change! Internal tranquillity, universal joy and exultation, enemies signally beaten, territories enlarged, the treasury replenished, and peace restored! In 1799 he might have risen to the height of the great citizen; he might have fought in the service of France, and when he had delivered her from her enemies, he might have lent his great administrative abilities to the restoration of internal peace and prosperity, without despoiling her of that hope of liberty cherished through so many years of suffering and blood. This was possible in 1799, but not in 1801.

But how marvellously well he enacted the part of the ruler of a free people! How adroitly this foreigner flattered the amiable and generous people whom he had subjugated! In announcing the peace of 1801, he played upon their vanity and their patriotism with singular skill, throwing upon *them* all the glory of his achievements in the field: "Frenchmen, you enjoy at length that entire peace which you have merited by efforts so long continued and so generous. The world contains for you only friendly nations, and upon every sea hospitable ports are open to your ships. . . . . Let us perfect, but, above all, let us teach the rising generation to cherish, our institutions and our laws. Let them grow up to promote civil equality, public liberty, national prosperity. Let us carry into the workshop, the farm, the studio, that ardor, that constancy, that patience, which have astonished Europe in all our difficulties. . . . . Let us be the support and example of the peoples who surround us. Let the foreigner, whom curiosity draws into our midst, linger among us attached by the charm of our manners, the spectacle of our union, the attraction of our pleasures; let him return to his country more friendly to us than he came, a wiser and a better man." Soon after appeared the first of his annual messages, his "*Exposé de la Situation de la République*," modelled closely (as to the form only) upon the messages of our Presidents, although longer than those of Washington, Adams, or Jefferson; — a message without a legislature which could act upon it! "It is with sweet satisfaction that the government offers

to the nation a view of public affairs during the year that has passed." The government was a general of the French army, and his message was ingenious, intoxicating flattery of the most susceptible people in the world.

Was all this mere coarse, conscious hypocrisy on the part of General Bonaparte? We think not. Great histrionic personages, like Napoleon Bonaparte, appear sometimes to dazzle and deceive themselves. Men familiar with Brigham Young tell us that that stupendous American Turk is one tenth sincere; and it is the fraction of sincerity which gives him his power over his followers. There are pages in these volumes that exhibit Napoleon to us in the threefold character of hero, actor, and spectator; as though David Garrick should play Richard III., be Richard III., and see Richard III., all on the same evening; himself lost in the marvels of the scene, deceived by his own acting, and dazzled by his own exploits. We cannot believe that this delirious *Exposé* was a thing contrived to deceive and captivate the French people. He had seen such striking things done at the word of command, that he seems to have supposed all things possible to a great soldier. He appears to have thought that national institutions, industries, lyceums, colleges, universities, durable alliances, and national welfare could be summoned into being at the tap of the drum. "Thirty lyceums," said he, "wisely distributed over the territory of the Republic, will embrace all its extent by their influence, will shed upon every part of it the lustre of their acquisitions and their triumphs, will strike foreigners with admiration, and will be for them what some celebrated schools of Germany and England once were for us, what some famous universities were which, seen from a distance, commanded the admiration and respect of Europe." The whole message is in this taste. Poor man! Poor France!

The great question of the reign of Napoleon is: Which was to blame for breaking the peace of Amiens, the English government or the French? This correspondence confirms the constant assertion of French historians, that the responsibility is to be laid at England's door. Bonaparte wanted peace: that is plain. Peace was his interest: that is undeniable. England had agreed to evacuate Malta, and when the time came refused to give it up: that also is certain. England should have frankly accepted Napoleon as head of the French government, and forborne to give a pretext for breaking the peace to a man so exquisitely skilled in the use of deadly weapons. On the other hand, what absurdity more complete than for *France* to go to war with Great Britain for a little distant island in which neither of them had any rights? We cannot dwell upon this point, although there is no volume of the correspondence in which Napoleon's talents are more brilliantly exhibited than in the one which contains his letters and instructions previous to the declaration of war in 1802. He had the advantage of being technically in the right; and England labored under the disadvantage of putting forward a pretext, instead of the real grievance. Napoleon's matchless skill in the use of deadly weapons was the real grievance. The peace was broken, coalitions were formed and renewed, because four crowned persons in Europe felt that they were not safe while such a man controlled the resources and commanded the armies of France.

Behold him now at the summit of his power. The volumes devoted to this part of his career are precious to the French people at the present moment, when they are preparing to expel the Bonaparte intruders from their territory. If, on the one hand, they show him a very great general, on the other, they reveal so clearly the essential littleness of the man, and expose so fully the artifices by which he ruled, that the spell conjured up in France by his very bones twenty years ago can never be conjured up again. This publication kills Napoleonism past resur-

rection. It shows to an attentive reader that Napoleon's personal ambition was not "lofty," as he termed it, but personal, i. e. low and small; and that the means by which he gratified it were often base, often despicable, often ridiculous. The desire of this man's heart was to be admitted to the circle of European kings, and then to be the most powerful of them all. We could only make this clear to the reader by going carefully over the whole of his dealings with the reigning families of Europe, which would more than exhaust our space. The truth shines out in hundreds of passages, and it excludes him forever from the rank of the great, whose ambition is to become eminent by serving their kind. He was so little superior in moral discernment to the ordinary mortal, that he thought it grander to be the Frederick William of a country than its Bismarck; to be a George III. than a Nelson or a Chatham. So little had he reflected upon men and governments, that he did not know the proper place of a man of great talent; which is not at the head of a nation, but in a place subordinate.

The proper head of a nation is a sound average man, — one whom the average citizen can recognize as a man and a brother; one who will keep the brilliant minister, the great general, always in mind of the homely material with which governments have to deal; one who will embody and represent the *vis inertiæ* of things. Bismarck, firmly astride of Prussia, would ride that great kingdom to the Devil; as Bonaparte did France; as Hamilton might the United States, if average human nature had not stood in his way, represented in the august person of George Washington. It is *mankind* whom the head of a government should represent. The exceptionally gifted individual who serves under him needs his restraining slowness and caution, as much as the chief needs the light and help of minds specially endowed.

Of all this Napoleon knew nothing. His poor ambition was to *reign*. "For the Pope," said he, "I am Charlemagne, because I reunite the crown of France to that of the Lombards"; and he told his brother Joseph, when he put him up as king of Naples, that he wished his "blood" to reign in Naples as long as in France, for "the kingdom of Naples was necessary to him." It is at once ludicrous and affecting to see such a man so infatuated with the part he was playing, to read in his letters to kings, emperors, and popes such expressions as, "my house," "the princes of my house," "my capital" (meaning Paris), "my good city of Lyons," "my armies," "my fleet," "my peoples," "my empire," "my kingdom of Italy"; and to read elaborate papers rearranging states and nations in which everything was considered, except the will of the people inhabiting them.

Nothing will astound the reader of these volumes more than the bulletins, dictated by Napoleon on the field, and published in the *Moniteur* by his command. It was those bulletins that kept France in a state of delirium, and drew to distant fields of carnage the flower of her youth and the annual harvest of her educated talent. He was accustomed to send every day or two from the seat of war, when anything extraordinary had occurred, chatty, anecdotical bulletins, designed chiefly to keep up the martial frenzy of the French; but he inserted also many paragraphs intended to sow dissension among his enemies; knowing well that these documents would be closely scanned at every court, club, and headquarters in Europe. Those anecdotes of the devotion of the troops to the Emperor, which figure in so many biographies and histories, here they are, where they originated, in the bulletins *dictated by Napoleon's mouth, corrected by his hand, and published by his command* in the official newspaper of his empire, and now given to the world as part of his *correspondence* by the head of his family! The following are passages from the Austerlitz bulletins: —

"On the 10th" (the day before the battle), "the Emperor, from the height

of his bivouac, perceived, with joy unutterable the Russians beginning, at two cannon fires' distance from his advanced posts, a flank movement to turn his right. Then was it that he saw to what a point presumption and ignorance of the art of war had led astray the counsels of that brave army. Several times the Emperor said: 'Before to-morrow night that army is mine.'"

"In the evening he wished to visit on foot and incognito all the bivouacs; but scarcely had he gone a few steps than he was recognized. It would be impossible to depict the enthusiasm of the soldiers when they saw him. In an instant bundles of straw were placed at the end of thousands of poles, and eighty thousand men presented themselves before the Emperor, saluting him with acclamations; some complimenting him on the anniversary of his coronation; others saying that the army would present its bouquet to the Emperor to-morrow."

To any one who ever saw an army of even ten thousand men in the field, the entire and absolute falsehood of all this will be apparent. The imperial reporter proceeds: —

"One of the oldest grenadiers approached him, and said: 'You will have no need to expose yourself. I promise you, in the name of the grenadiers of the army, that you will have to fight only with your eyes, and that we will bring you to-morrow the flags and artillery of the Russian army by way of celebrating the anniversary of your coronation.' The Emperor said, upon entering his bivouac, which consisted of a sorry straw cabin without a roof, which his grenadiers had made for him: 'This is the most beautiful evening of my life; but it saddens me to think that I shall lose a good number of those brave fellows. I become sensible, from the grief which this reflection causes me, that they are truly my children; and, indeed, I sometimes reproach myself for indulging this sentiment, fearing it will render me at last unskilful in making war.'

"At the moment of sunrise the orders were given, and each marshal rejoined his command at full gallop. While passing along the front of several regiments, the Emperor said: 'Soldiers, we must end this campaign by a thunderbolt which will confound the pride of our enemies'; and immediately, hats at the end of bayonets and cries of *Vive l' Empereur!* were the veritable signal of battle!"

"This day will cost tears of blood at St. Petersburg. May it cause them to throw back with indignation the gold of England, and may that young prince, whom so many virtues call to be the father of his subjects, snatch himself from the influence of those thirty coxcombs whom England artfully seduces into her services, and whose impertinences obscure his good intentions, lose him the love of his soldiers, and throw him into operations the most erroneous. Nature, in endowing him with great qualities, called him to be the consoler of Europe. . . . . Never was there a more horrible field of battle. . . . . May so much bloodshed, may so many miseries, fall at length upon the perfidious islanders who are the cause of them! May the base oligarchs of London bear the anguish of so many calamities!"

"The Emperor of Germany" (in his interview with the Emperor) "did not conceal the contempt which the conduct of England had given both himself and the Emperor of Russia. 'They are shop-keepers,' he said more than once, 'who set the Continent in flames in order to secure for themselves the commerce of the world.' . . . . Several times the Emperor of Germany repeated: 'There is no doubt that France is in the right in her quarrel with England.' . . . . They say that the Emperor said to the Emperor of Germany, as he invited him to come nearer the fire of his bivouac: 'I receive you in the only palace I have inhabited these two months.' To this the Emperor of Germany replied, laughing: 'You turn habitations of this kind to such good account that they ought to please you.' *At least, this is what those pres-*

ent thought they overheard. The numerous suite of the two princes was not so far off that they could not hear several things!

"The corpses have been counted. The totals are, eighteen thousand Russians killed, six hundred Austrians, and nine hundred French. Seven thousand wounded Russians are on our hands. All told, we have three thousand French wounded. General Roger Valhubert is dead of his wounds. An hour before he breathed his last he wrote to the Emperor: 'I could have wished to do more for you. I die in an hour. The loss of my life I do not regret, since I have participated in a victory which assures you a happy reign. As often as you shall think of the brave men who were devoted to you, remember me. It is sufficient for me merely to tell you that I have a family; I need not recommend them to your care.'"

From the whole of the bulletins we could gather, perhaps, two hundred anecdotes similar in character and purpose to those we have given; and we do not believe that ten of them are the exact statements of fact. They were fictions coined to make France willing to bleed. Interspersed with the bulletins are quiet, business-like notes to the Minister of War and others, the burden of which is: *Conscripts, conscripts, conscripts; send me conscripts; armed or unarmed, in uniform or in peasants' rags, no matter; send forward conscripts!*

Appended to the bulletins are decrees giving pensions to the widows of every man who fell in the last battle, — six thousand francs to a general's widow, and two hundred to a private's. After Austerlitz, a decree was published which was as captivating to delirious France as it was unjust to the army in general: "We adopt all the children of the generals, officers, and soldiers who fell at the battle of Austerlitz. They will be maintained and reared at our expense, — the boys at our imperial palace of Rambouillet, and the girls at our imperial palace of Saint Germain. The boys will be placed in situations, and the girls dowered, by us. To their baptismal and family names they will have the right to add that of Napoleon." No man ever displayed such art in rousing a nation to frenzy, and silencing its reason. If space allowed, we could give a catalogue of at least one hundred different devices of his fertile mind to reward and signalize soldiers who served him with conspicuous devotion. Many of these — such as orders, medals, flattering mention, and inscribing the names of fallen soldiers upon Pompey's pillar — were of a costless and sentimental nature. Others — such as gifts of money, pensions, promotion — were of a solid and practical character. Sometimes he would order a picture painted of a feat of arms, and decree that the uniform of the soldiers depicted should be that of the corps which performed the act. Nor was he lavish of rewards and honors; but in this, as in all things relating to war, he acted upon system, and preserved perfect coolness of judgment.

And while by these various arts this Corsican kept average France in delirium, the superior mind and judgment of France were denied all utterance. We have marked dozens of passages in the correspondence showing this. While he had writers in England in his pay for the purpose of embarrassing the Ministry and making friends for himself by their articles in English newspapers, he would not permit so much as a woman to live in France whom he suspected of having escaped the prevailing madness. Three times he orders back Madame de Staël, — "that bird of evil omen," as he styles her, — when he heard she had approached or crossed the frontiers. "It is the intention of the government," he wrote in 1803, "that this intriguing *foreigner* shall not remain in France, where her family has done harm enough." Again, in 1807, he speaks of her with contemptuous fury, as a "crow" whose approach foreboded mischief, and repeats his command that she be kept from the soil of France.

Nor was she the only lady whom he feared and exiled, because he saw her sane in the midst of lunatics. As to the press, not a paragraph was allowed to appear calculated to recall Frenchmen to themselves; and not a line escaped his vigilant distrust, if it provoked Frenchmen to ask why their countrymen should be slaughtered by thousands in Poland, in Spain, in Russia, in Austria, in Prussia, for a quarrel about Malta, — an island of no interest to France, except as the source of Maltese cats.

For military men we must find room for a curious order addressed to Marshal Berthier at Boulogne, in 1805, just as Napoleon was about to begin that swift, silent march across Europe which ended at Austerlitz. It shows how little magic there was in his proceedings, and by what homely, plodding labors the most brilliant results are produced. "My cousin" (he called all his marshals cousin), "I desire you to have two portable boxes made, with compartments; one for me and the other for yourself. The compartments will be arranged in such a way that, with the aid of written cards, we can know at a glance the movements of all the Austrian troops, regiment by regiment, batallion by batallion, even to detachments of any considerable magnitude. You will divide the compartments into as many divisions as there are Austrian armies, and you will reserve some pigeon-holes for the troops which the Emperor of Germany has in Hungary, in Bohemia, and in the interior of his states. Every fifteen days you will send me a statement of the changes that have taken place during the preceding fifteen days; availing yourself for this purpose, not only of the German and Italian newspapers, but of all the information which my minister for foreign affairs may send you; with whom you will correspond for this object. Employ the same individual to change the cards and to draw up the statement of the situation of the Austrian armies every fifteen days. P. S. you must intrust this business to a man who will have nothing else to do, who knows German well, and who will take all the German and Italian papers, and make the changes which they indicate."

Before leaving the volumes, which exhibit him in the plenitude of his power and glory, we offer for the reader's amusement the most characteristic letter, perhaps, of the whole collection; one written in 1807, to that good Louis whom young General Bonaparte had so cordially praised a few years before as a lad after his own heart. Louis was now called King of Holland; and trouble enough he had between his own amiable dream of being a good to Holland and the determination of his brother to regard Holland only in the light of so much war material. Was ever a *monarch* so lectured, bullied, berated, and insulted as poor Louis was in this epistle?

"I have received your letter of the 24th of March. You say that you have twenty thousand men at the Grand Army. *You do not believe it yourself;* there are not ten thousand; and what men! It is not marshals, chevaliers, and counts that we want; we want soldiers. If you go on so, you will render me ridiculous in Holland.

"You govern that nation too much like a capuchin. The goodness of a king ought always to be majestic, and not that of a monk. Nothing is worse than that great number of journeys which you make to the Hague, unless it be the contribution made by your order in your kingdom. A king commands, and asks nothing of any one; he is deemed to be the source of all power, and to have no need to recur to the purse of others. These niceties, you feel them not.

"Some notions occur to me concerning the re-establishment of your nobility, upon which I wait to be enlightened. Have you lost your senses to that point, and would you forget to such a degree what you owe me? You speak always in your letters of respect and obedience; but it is deeds, not words, that I require. Respect and obedience

consist in not precipitating measures so important; for Europe cannot imagine you to be so wanting in a sense of duty as to do certain things without my consent. I shall be obliged to disavow you. I have asked for the document relating to the re-establishment of the nobility. Prepare yourself for a public mark of my excessive dissatisfaction.

"Despatch no maritime expedition; the season is passed. Raise national guards to defend your country. Pay my troops. Raise plenty of national conscripts. A prince who, the first year of his reign, is thought to be so good, is a prince who will be ridiculed in the second. The love which kings inspire ought to be a masculine love, mingled with a respectful fear and a great opinion of their merit. When people say of a king that he is a good man, his reign is a failure. How can a merely good man, or a good father, if you please, sustain the charges of the throne, suppress the malevolent, and conduct affairs so that the passions of men shall be hushed, or march in the direction he wishes? The first thing you ought to have done, and I advised you to do it, was to establish the conscription. What can be done without an army? For, can one call a mass of deserters an army? How could you avoid feeling (the condition of your army being what it is) that the creation of marshals was a thing unsuitable and ridiculous? The king of Naples has none. I have none in my kingdom of Italy. Do you believe that if forty French vessels should be united to five or six Dutch barks, that Admiral Ver Huell, for example, in his quality of marshal, could command them? There are no marshals in the minor kingdoms; there are none in Bavaria, in Sweden. You overwhelm men with honors who have not merited them. You go too fast and without advice; I have offered you mine; you respond by fine compliments, and you continue to commit follies.

"Your quarrels with the queen reach the public ear. Have at home that paternal and effeminate character which you exhibit in the government, and in public affairs practise that rigor which you show in domestic matters. You treat a young wife as one would lead a regiment. Distrust the persons who surround you; you are only surrounded by nobles. The opinion of those people is always diametrically opposite to that of the public. Beware of them; you begin to be no longer popular either at Rotterdam or Amsterdam. The Catholics begin to be afraid of you. Why do you employ none of them? Ought you not to protect your religion? All that shows little force of character. You pay court too much to a part of your nation: you offend the rest. What have the chevaliers done to whom you have given decorations? Where are the wounds which they have received for their country, the distinguished talents which recommend them, I do not say of all, but of three fourths of them? Many of them have done service to the English party, and are the cause of the misfortunes of their country. Was it necessary to ill treat them? No, but to conciliate all. I also have some *émigrés* in office; but I do not let them go too far, and when they think they are near carrying a point, they are further from it than when they were in a foreign country: because I govern by system, and not by weakness.

"You have the best and the most virtuous of wives, and you render her unhappy. Let her dance as much as she wishes; it belongs to her time of life. I have a wife forty years old; from the battle-field I write to her to go to balls; and do you wish that a wife of twenty years, who sees her life passing, who has all of life's illusions, should live in a cloister? should be like a nurse, always washing her baby? You attend too much to your domestic affairs, and not enough to your administration. I should not say all this to you, but for the interest I take in your welfare. Make the mother of your children happy. You have only one means of doing so; it is to show her much esteem and confidence. Unfortunately, you have

a too virtuous wife. If you had a coquette, she would lead you by the end of the nose. But you have a wife who respects herself, whom the mere idea that you could have a bad opinion of her revolts and afflicts. You should have had a wife like some I know of in Paris. She would have played you false, and kept you at her knees. It is not my fault, for I have often said as much to your wife.

"For the rest, you can commit follies in your own kingdom; very well; but I shall see to it that you commit none in mine. You offer your decorations to everybody; many persons have written to me who have no title to them. I am sorry that you did not feel that you were wanting in proper consideration towards me. I am resolved that no one shall wear those decorations near me, being determined not to wear them myself. If you ask me the reason, I shall reply, that you have as yet done nothing to merit that men should wear your portrait; that, besides, you have instituted the order without my permission; and that, finally, you give them away too lavishly. And what have all those people done who surround you to whom you give them?"

This it was to be one of Napoleon's kings! He lectures Joseph, Jerome, Lucien, his sisters, and even his uncle, Cardinal Fesch; not always with such severity, but always in the tone of the master. To Cardinal Fesch, his ambassador of Rome, he once wrote: "I find all your reflections upon Cardinal Ruffo small and puerile. You are in Rome like a woman..... Don't meddle in affairs you don't understand." *This* it was to be a cardinal of Napoleon's making.

The suddenness of the collapse of this showy mockery of an empire is exhibited in the correspondence in a manner truly affecting. It was the freezing to death of thirty thousand horses that destroyed the "Grand Army," and tumbled the empire into chaos. Burnt out of Moscow on the 14th of September, 1812, the Emperor was inconvenienced certainly, but felt still so much at ease, that he sent a note, sixteen days after, to his librarian at Paris, scolding him for not keeping him better supplied with the new publications; and he continued for another month to direct even the police of Paris from the vicinity of the burnt capital. A bulletin written on the homeward march, October 23, is all glowing with victory, and recounts the burning of Moscow only as a disaster and shame to *Russia!* It ends thus: "The people of Russia do not remember such weather as we have had here during the last twenty days. We enjoy the sun of the beautiful days of our excursions to Fontainebleau. The army is in a country extremely rich, which can compare with the best provinces of France and Germany."

This was written on the 23d of October, and published in Paris November 16th. As late as November 3d, still the Emperor wrote to one of his ministers: "The weather continues to be very fine; a circumstance extremely favorable to us." Three days after, namely, November 6, 1812, the icy blast swept down from the North and chilled the army to the marrow. Ten nights of sudden, premature cold killed or disabled nearly all the horses; which compelled the abandonment or destruction of all the provisions that the men could not carry. Clouds of Cossacks hovered about the track of the gaunt and weary troops. Napoleon was twenty days without hearing from Paris. The Grand Army perished, and the empire was no more!

He died game. He was himself to the last. As soon as he had reached a point from which a courier could be safely despatched to Paris, he sent an aide-de-camp and a bulletin to break the news to Europe. He would not trust any one to write the paragraph which he ordered the aid to have inserted in German journals on his way to Paris, but gave it to him written by his own hand. On the 2d of December, from the midst of the wreck and ruin of his army, with ghastly pallor and rigid death on every side, this great histrionic

genius wrote the following orders to the aide-de-camp charged with his despatches : —

"He will announce everywhere the arrival of ten thousand Russian prisoners, and the victory won upon the Beresina in which we took six thousand Russian prisoners, eight flags, and twelve pieces of cannon..... He will cause to be inserted everywhere in the Gazettes : 'M. de Montesquiou, aide-de-camp, etc., has passed through, bearing the news of the victory of Beresina won by the Emperor over the united armies of Admiral Tchitchakof and General Wittgenstein. He carries to Paris eight flags taken in that battle, at which also six thousand prisoners were captured and twelve pieces of cannon. When this officer left, the Emperor's health was excellent.' M. de Montesquiou will see to it that this paragraph is published in the Mayence journal. The Duc de Bassano will cause it to be put into the Vilna papers and will write in the same strain to Vienna. M. de Montesquiou will travel with the utmost speed in order to contradict everywhere the false reports which may have been spread abroad. He will explain that those two (Russian) corps meant to cut our line in two, but that the army routed them utterly, and has arrived at Vilna, where it finds numerous depots, which will at once end the sufferings which it has experienced."

This was for Prussia, Austria, England. But it would not do for France, which must instantly supply new armies. This same aide-de-camp carried a bulletin for the *Moniteur*, — long, detailed, artful, — which, with mitigations, acquainted the French people that "a frightful calamity" had befallen them. They rallied gallantly to the support of the man who had flattered them with such transcendent ability, and they fought for him with much of the old courage and devotion. It did not suffice. Elba, the Hundred Days, Waterloo, the Bellerophon, complete the story. The last line of his published correspondence charges England with having extended to a fallen foe a hospitable hand, and then, when he had given himself up in good faith, "she immolated him," — *elle l'immola !* But in 1806, when he dethroned the king of Naples, he wrote thus to his brother Joseph : "The king of Naples will never ascend his throne again. You will explain that this is necessary to the repose of the Continent ; since he has twice disturbed it."

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT.

III.

OF Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, late supreme king of Siam, it may safely be said (for all his capricious provocations of temper and his snappish greed of power) that he was, in the best sense of the epithet, the most remarkable of the Oriental princes of the present century, — unquestionably the most distinguished of all the supreme rulers of Siam, of whom the native historians enumerate not less than forty, reckoning from the founding of the ancient capital (Ayudia or Ayuo-deva, "the abode of gods") in A. D. 1350.

He was the legitimate son of the king Phra Chou-Phra Pooti-lootlah ; and his mother, daughter of the youngest sister of the King Somdetch Phra Bouromah Rajah Phra Pooti Yout Fah, was one of the most admired princesses of her time, and is described as equally beautiful and virtuous. She devoted herself assiduously to the education of her

sons, of whom the second, the subject of these notes, was born in 1804; and the youngest, her best beloved, was the late second king of Siam.

One of the first public acts of the King Phra Pooti-lootlah was to elevate to the highest honors of the state his eldest son (the Chowfa Mongkut), and proclaim him heir-apparent to the throne. He then selected twelve noblemen, distinguished for their attainments, prudence, and virtue, — most conspicuous among them the venerable but energetic Duke Somdetch Ong Yai, — to be tutors and guardians to the lad. By these he was carefully taught in all the learning of his time; Sanskrit and Pali formed his chief study, and from the first he aspired to proficiency in Latin and English, for the pursuit of which he soon found opportunities among the missionaries. His translations from the Sanskrit, Pali, and Magadthi mark him as an authority among Oriental linguists; and his knowledge of English, though never perfect, became at least extensive and varied; so that he could correspond, with credit to himself, with Englishmen of distinction, such as the Earl of Clarendon and Lords Stanley and Russell.

In his eighteenth year he married a noble lady, descended from the Phya Tak Sinn, who bore him two sons.

Two years later the throne became vacant by the death of his father; but his elder half-brother, who, through the intrigues of his mother, had secured a footing in the favor of the Senabawdee, was inducted by that "Royal Council" into power, with the title of Prabat Somdetch Phra Nang Klou. Unequal to the exploit of unseating the usurper, and fearing his unscrupulous jealousy, the Chowfa Mongkut took refuge in a monastery, and entered the priesthood,* leaving his wife and two sons to mourn him as one dead to them. In this self-imposed celibacy he lived throughout the long reign of his half-brother, which lasted twenty-seven years.

In the calm retreat of his Buddhist cloister the contemplative tastes of the royal scholar found fresh entertainment, his intellectual aspirations a new incitement.

He labored with enthusiasm for the diffusion of religion and enlightenment, and, above all, to promote a higher appreciation of the teachings of Buddha, to whose doctrines he devoted himself with exemplary zeal throughout his sacerdotal career. From the Buddhist scriptures he compiled with reverent care an impressive liturgy for his own use. His private charities amounted annually to ten thousand ticals. All the fortune he accumulated, from the time of his quitting the court until his return to it, to accept the diadem offered by the Senabawdee, he expended either in charitable distributions or in the purchase of books, sacred manuscripts, and relics for his monastery.*

It was during his retirement that he wrote that notable treatise in defence of the divinity of the revelations of Buddha, in which he essays to prove that it was the single aim of the great reformer to deliver man from all selfish and carnal passions, and in which he uses these words: "These are the only obstacles in the search for Truth. The most solid wisdom is to know this, and to apply one's self to the conquest of one's self. This it is to become the *enlightened* — the Buddha!" And he concludes with the remark of Asoka, the Indian king: "That which has been delivered unto us by Buddha, that alone is *well* said, and worthy of our soul's profoundest homage."

In the pursuit of his appointed ends Maha Mongkut was active and pertinacious; no labors wearied him nor pains deterred him. Before the arrival of the Protestant missionaries, in 1820, he had acquired some knowledge of Latin and the sciences from the Jesuits;

* See the first of these papers.

* "On the third reign he [himself] served his eldest royal half-brother, by superintending the construction and revision of royal sacred books in royal libraries: so he was appointed the principal superintendent of clergymen's acts and works of Buddhist religion, and selector of religious learned wise men in the country, during the third reign." — *From the pen of Maha Mongkut.*

but when the Protestants came he manifested a positive preference for their methods of instruction, inviting one or another of them daily to his temple, to aid him in the study of English. Finally he placed himself under the permanent tutorship of the Rev. Mr. Caswell, an American missionary; and in order to encourage his preceptor to visit him frequently, he fitted up a convenient resting-place for him on the route to the temple, where that excellent man might teach the poorer people who gathered to hear him. Under Mr. Caswell he made extraordinary progress in advanced and liberal ideas of government, commerce, even religion. He never hesitated to express his respect for the fundamental principles of Christianity; but once, when pressed too closely by his reverend moonshee with what he regarded as the more pretentious and apocryphal portions of the Bible, he checked that gentleman's advance with the remark that has ever been remembered against him, "*I hate the Bible mostly!*"

As High-Priest of Siam — the mystic and potential office to which he was in the end exalted — he became the head of a new school, professing strictly the pure philosophy inculcated by Buddha: "the law of Compensation, of Many Births, and of final Niphan," * — but not Nihilism, as the word and the idea are commonly defined. It is only to the idea of God as an *ever-active* Creator that the new school of Buddhists is opposed, — not to the Deity as a primal source, from whose thought and pleasure sprang all forms of matter; nor can they be brought to admit the need of miraculous intervention in the order of nature.

In this connection, it may not be out of place to mention a remark that the king (still speaking as a high-priest, having authority) once made to me, on the subject of the miracles recorded in the Bible: —

"You say that marriage is a holy institution; and I believe it is esteemed a sacrament by one of the principal branches of your sect. It is, of all the laws of the universe, the most wise and incontestable, pervading all forms of animal and vegetable life. Yet your God (meaning the Christian's God) has stigmatized it as unholy, in that he would not permit his Son to be born in the ordinary way; but must needs perform a miracle in order to give birth to one divinely inspired. Buddha was divinely inspired, but he was only *man*. Thus it seems to me he is the greater of the two, because out of his own heart he studied humanity, which is but another form of divinity; and, the carnal mind being by this contemplation subdued, he became the *Divinely Enlightened*."

When his teacher had begun to entertain hopes that he would one day become a Christian, he came out openly against the idea, declaring that he entertained no thought of such a change. He admonished the missionaries not to deceive themselves, saying: "You must not imagine that any of my party will ever become Christians. We cannot embrace what we consider a foolish religion."

In the beginning of the year 1851 his supreme majesty, Prabat Somdetch Phra Nang Klou, fell ill, and gradually declined until the 3d of April, when he expired, and the throne was again vacant. The dying sovereign urged with all his influence that the succession should fall to his eldest son; but in the assembly of the Senabawdee, Somdetch Ong Yai (father of the present Prime Minister of Siam), supported by Somdetch Ong Noi, vehemently declared himself in favor of the high-priest Chowfa Mongkut.

This struck terror to the "illegitimates," and mainly availed to quell the rising storm of partisan conflict. Moreover, Ong Yai had taken the precaution to surround the persons of the princes with a formidable guard, and to distribute an overwhelming force of militia in all quarters of the city, ready for instant action at a signal from him.

On the morning of the 3d of April,

* Attainment of beatitude.

after being formally apprised of his election, the Chowfa was borne in state to a residence adjoining the Phra Sâât, to await the auspicious day of coronation, — the 15th of the following month, as fixed by the court astrologers; and when it came it was hailed by all classes of the people with immoderate demonstrations of joy; for to their priest king, more sacred than a conqueror, they were drawn by bonds of superstition as well as of pride and affection.

The ceremony of coronation is very peculiar.

In the centre of the Inner Hall of Audience of the royal palace, on a high platform, richly gilded and adorned, is placed a circular golden basin, called in the court language *Mangala Bhagavat thong*, — "the Golden Circlet of Power." Within this basin is deposited the ancient *Phra-Batt*, or golden stool, the whole being surmounted by a quadrangular canopy, under a tapering, nine-storied umbrella in the form of a pagoda, from ten to twelve feet high, and profusely gilt. Directly over the centre of the canopy is deposited a vase containing consecrated waters, which have been prayed over nine times, and poured through nine different circular vessels in their passage to the sacred receptacle. These waters must be drawn from the very sources of the chief rivers of Siam; and reservoirs for their preservation are provided in the precincts of the temples at Bangkok.

In the mouth of this vessel is a tube representing the pericarp of a lotos after its petals have fallen off; and this, called *Sukla Utapala Atmano*, "the White Lotos of Life," symbolizes the beauty of pure conduct.

The king elect, arrayed in a simple white robe, takes his seat on the golden stool. A Brahmin priest then presents to him some water in a small cup of gold, lotos-shaped. This water has previously been filtered through nine different forms of matter, commencing with earth, then ashes, wheaten flour, rice flour, powdered lotos and jessamine, dust of iron, gold, and charcoal, and finally flame; each a symbol, not merely of the indestructibility of element, but also of its presence in all animate or inanimate matter. Into this water the king elect dips his right hand, and passes it over his head. Immediately the choir join in an inspiring chant, the signal for the inverting, by means of a pulley, of the vessel over the canopy; and the consecrated waters descend through another lotos flower, in a lively shower, on the head of the king. This shower represents celestial blessings.

A Buddhist priest then advances and pours a goblet of water over the royal person. He is imitated, first by the Brahmin priests, next by the princes and princesses royal. The vessels used for this purpose are of the chank or conch shell, richly ornamented. Then come the nobles of highest rank, bearing cups of gold, silver, earthenware, pinchbeck, samil, and tankwah (metallic compositions peculiar to Siam). The materials of which the vessels for this royal bath are composed must be of not less than seven kinds. Last of all, the Prime Minister of the realm advances with a cup of iron; and the sacred bath is finished.

Now the king descends into the golden basin, "Mangala Bhagavat thong," where he is anointed with nine varieties of perfumed oil, and dipped in fine dust brought from the bed of the Ganges. He is then arrayed in regal robes.

On the throne, which is in the south end of the hall, and octagonal, having eight seats, corresponding to eight points of the compass, the king first seats himself facing the north, and so on, moving eastward, facing each point in its order. On the top step of each seat crouch two priests, Buddhist and Brahmin, who present to him another bowl of water, which he drinks and sprinkles on his face, each time repeating, by responses with the priests, the following prayer: —

Priests. Be thou learned in the laws of nature, and of the universe!

King. Inspire me, O Thou who wert a law unto thyself!

P. Be thou endowed with all wisdom, and all acts of industry!

K. Inspire me with all knowledge, O Thou the Enlightened!

P. Let Mercy and Truth be thy right and left arms of life!

K. Inspire me, O Thou who hast proved all Truth and all Mercy!

P. Let the Sun, Moon, and Stars bless thee!

K. All praise to Thee, through whom all forms are conquered!

P. Let the earth, air, and waters bless thee!

K. Through the merit of Thee, O thou conqueror of Death! *

These prayers ended, the priests conduct the king to another throne, facing the east, and still more magnificent. Here the insignia of his sovereignty are presented to him; — first the sword, then the sceptre; two massive chains are suspended from his neck; and lastly the crown is set upon his head, when instantly he is saluted by roar of cannon without and music within.

Then he is presented with the golden slippers, the fan, the umbrella of royalty, rings set with huge diamonds for each of his forefingers, and the various Siamese weapons of war: these he merely accepts, and returns to his attendants.

The ceremony concludes with an address from the priests, exhorting him to be pure in his sovereign and sacred office; and a reply from himself, wherein he solemnly vows to be a just, upright, and faithful ruler of his people. Last of all, a golden tray is handed to him, from which, as he descends from his throne, he scatters gold and silver flowers among the audience.

The following day is devoted to a more public enthronement. His Majesty, attired more sumptuously than before, is presented to all his court and to a more general audience. After the customary salutations by prostration, and salutes of cannon and music, the Premier and other principal ministers read short addresses, in delivering over to the king the control of their respective departments. His Majesty replies briefly; there is a general salute from all forts, war vessels, and merchant shipping; and the remainder of the day is devoted to feasting and various enjoyment.

Immediately after the crowning of Maha Mongkut, his Majesty repaired to the palace of the Second King, where the ceremony of subordinate coronation differed from that just described only in the circumstance that the consecrated waters were poured over the person of the second king, and the insignia presented to him, by the supreme sovereign.

Five days later a public procession made the circuit of the palace and city walls in a peculiar circumambulatory march of mystic significance, with feasting, dramatic entertainments, and fireworks. The concourse assembled to take part in those brilliant demonstrations has never since been equalled in any public display in Siam.

Thus the two royal brothers, with views more liberal, as to religion, education, foreign trade, and intercourse, than the most enlightened of their predecessors had entertained, were firmly seated on the throne; and every citizen, native or foreign, began to look with confidence for the dawn of better times.

Nor did the newly crowned sovereign forget his friends and teachers, the American missionaries. He sent for them, and thanked them cordially for all that they had taught him, assuring them that it was his earnest desire to administer his government after the model of the limited monarchy of England; and to introduce schools, where the Siamese youth might be well taught in the English language and literature, and the sciences of Europe.*

* For these translations I am indebted to his Majesty, Maha Mongkut; as well as for the interpretation of the several symbols used in this and other solemn rites of the Buddhists.

* In this connection the Rev. Messrs. Bradley, Caswell, House, and Matoon are entitled to spe-

There can be no just doubt that, at the time, it was his sincere purpose to carry these generous impulses into practical effect; for certainly he was, in every moral and intellectual respect, nobly superior to his predecessor; and to his dying hour he was conspicuous for his attachment to a sound philosophy and the purest maxims of Buddha. Yet we find in him a deplorable example of the degrading influence on the human mind of the greed of possessions and power, and of the infelicities that attend it; for though he promptly set about the reforming of abuses in the several departments of his government, and invited the ladies of the American mission to teach in his new harem, nevertheless he soon began to indulge his avaricious and sensual propensities, and cast a jealous eye upon the influence of the prime minister, the son of his stanch old friend, the Duke Ong Yai, to whom he owed almost the crown itself, and of his younger brother, the second king, and of the neighboring princes of Chiengmai and Cochin-China. He presently offended those who, by their resolute display of loyalty in his hour of peril, had seated him safely on the throne of his ancestors.

From this time he was continually exposed to disappointment, mortification, slights from abroad, and conspiracy at home. Had it not been for the steadfast adherence of the second king and the prime minister, the sceptre would have been wrested from his grasp and bestowed upon his more popular brother.

Yet notwithstanding all this, he appeared, to those who observed him only on the public stage of affairs, to rule with wisdom, to consult the welfare of his subjects, to be concerned for the integrity of justice and the purity of manners and conversation in his own court, and careful, by a prudent administration, to confirm his power at home and his prestige abroad. Considered apart from his domestic relations, he was, in many respects, an able and virtuous ruler. His foreign policy was liberal; he extended toleration to all religious sects; he expended a generous portion of his revenues in public improvements; monasteries, temples, bazaars, canals, bridges, arose at his bidding on every side; and though he fell short of his early promise, he did much to improve the condition of his subjects.

For example, at the instance of her Britannic Majesty's Consul, the Honorable Thomas George Knox, he removed the heavy boat-tax that had so oppressed the poorer masses of the Siamese, and constructed good roads, and improved the international chambers of judicature.

But, as husband and kinsman his character assumes a most revolting aspect. Envious, revengeful, subtle, he was as fickle and petulant as he was suspicious and cruel. His brother, even the offspring of his brother, became to him objects of jealousy, if not of hatred. Their friends must, he thought, be his enemies; and applause bestowed upon them was odious to his soul. There were many horrid tragedies in his harem, in which he enacted the part of a barbarian and a despot. Plainly, his conduct, as the head of a great family to whom his will was a law of terror, reflects abiding disgrace upon his name. Yet it had this redeeming feature, that he tenderly loved those of his children whose mothers had been agreeable to him. He never snubbed or slighted them; and for the little princess, Chowfa-Ying, whose mother had been to him a most gentle and devoted wife, his affection was very strong and enduring.

But to turn from the contemplation of his private traits, so contradictory

cial mention. To their united influence Siam unquestionably owes much, if not all, of her present advancement and prosperity. Nor would I be thought to detract from the high praise that is due to their fellow-laborers in the cause of Christianity, the Roman Catholic missionaries, who are, and ever have been, indefatigable in their exertions for the good of the country. Especially will the name of the excellent bishop, Monseigneur Pallegorit, be held in honor and affection by people of all creeds and tongues in Siam, as that of a pure and devoted follower of our common Redeemer.

and offensive, to the consideration of his public acts, so liberal and beneficent. Several commercial treaties of the first importance were concluded with foreign powers during his reign. In the first place, the Siamese government voluntarily reduced the measurement duties on foreign shipping, from nineteen hundred to one thousand ticals per fathom of ship's beam. This was a brave stride in the direction of a sound commercial policy, and an earnest of greater inducements to enterprising traders from abroad. In 1855 a new treaty of commerce was negotiated with his Majesty's government by H. B. M.'s plenipotentiary, Sir John Bowring, which proved of very positive advantage to both parties. On the 29th of May, 1856, a new treaty, substantially like that with Great Britain, was procured by Townsend Harris, Esq., representing the United States ; and later in the same year still another, in favor of France, through H. I. M.'s Envoy, M. Montigny.

Before that time Portugal had been the only foreign government having a consul residing at Bangkok. Now the way was opened to admit a resident consul of each of the treaty powers ; and shortly millions of dollars flowed into Siam annually by channels through which but a few tens of thousands had been drawn before. Foreign traders and merchants flocked to Bangkok and established rice-mills, factories for the production of sugar and oil, and warehouses for the importation of European fabrics. They found a ready market for their wares, and an aspect of thrift and comfort began to enliven the once neglected and cheerless land.

A new and superb palace was erected, after the model of Windsor Castle, together with numerous royal residences in different parts of the country. The nobility began to emulate the activity and munificence of their sovereign, and to compete with each other in the grandeur of their dwellings and the splendor of their *cortèges*.

So prosperous did the country become under the benign influence of foreign trade and civilization, that other treaties were speedily concluded with almost every nation under the sun, and his Majesty found it necessary to accredit Sir John Bowring as plenipotentiary for Siam abroad.

Early in this reign the appointment of harbor-master at Bangkok was conferred upon an English gentleman, who proved so efficient in his functions that he was distinguished with the fifth title of a Siamese noble. Next came a French commander and a French band-master for the royal troops. Then a custom-house was established, and a "live Yankee" installed at the head of it, who was also glorified with a title of honor. Finally a police force was organized, composed of trusty Malays hired from Singapore, and commanded by one of the most energetic Englishmen to be found in the East, — a measure which has done more than all others to promote a comfortable sense of "law and order" throughout the city and outskirts of Bangkok. It is to be remembered, however, in justice to the British Consul-General in Siam, Mr. Thomas George Knox, that the sure though silent influence was his, whereby the minds of the king and the prime minister were led to appreciate the benefits that must accrue from these foreign innovations.

The privilege of constructing, on liberal terms, a line of telegraph through Maulmain to Singapore, with a branch to Bangkok, has been granted to the Singapore Telegraph Company ; and finally, a sanatarium has been erected on the coast at Anghin, for the benefit of native and foreign residents needing the invigoration of sea-air.*

During his retirement in the monas-

* "His Excellency Chow Phya Bhibakrwongs Maha Kosa Dhipude, the Phraklang, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has built a sanatarium at Anghin, for the benefit of the public. It is for benefit of the Siamese, Europeans, or Americans, to go and occupy when unwell to restore their health. All are cordially invited to go there for a suitable length of time and be happy ; but are requested not to remain month after month and year after year, and regard it as a place without an owner. To regard it in this way cannot be allowed, for it is public property and others should go and stop there also." — *Advertisement, Siam Monitor, August* 29, 1868.

tery the king had a stroke of paralysis, from which he perfectly recovered; but it left its mark on his face, in the form of a peculiar falling of the under lip on the right side. In person he was of middle stature, slightly built, of regular features and fair complexion. In early life he lost most of his teeth, but he had had them replaced with a set made from Japan wood, — a secret that he kept very sensitively to the day of his death.

Capable at times of the noblest impulses, he was equally capable of the basest actions. Extremely accessible to praise, he indiscriminately entertained every form of flattery; but his fickleness was such that no courtier could cajole him long. Among his favorite women was the beautiful Princess Tongoo Soopia, sister to the unfortunate Sultan Mahmoud, ex-rajah of Pahang. Falling fiercely in love with her on her presentation at his court, he procured her for his harem, against her will, and as a hostage for the good faith of her brother; but as she, being Mohammedan, ever maintained toward him a deportment of tranquil indifference, he soon tired of her, and finally dismissed her to a wretched life of obsoleteness and neglect within the palace walls.

The only woman who ever managed him with acknowledged success was Khoon Chom Piem: hardly pretty, but well formed, and of versatile tact, totally uneducated, of barely respectable birth, — being Chinese on her father's side, — yet withal endowed with a nice intuitive appreciation of character. Once conscious of her growing influence over the king, she contrived to foster and exercise it for years, with but a slight rebuff now and then. Being modest to a fault, even at times obnoxious to the imputation of prudishness, she habitually feigned excuses for non-attendance in his Majesty's chambers, — such as delicate health, the nursing of her children, mourning for the death of this or that relative, — and voluntarily visited him only at rare intervals. In the course of six years she amassed considerable treasure, procured good places at court for members of her family, and was the means of bringing many Chinamen to the notice of the king. At the same time she lived in continual fear, was warily humble and conciliating toward her rival sisters, who pitied rather than envied her, and retained in her pay most of the female executive force in the palace.

In his daily habits his Majesty was remarkably industrious and frugal. His devotion to the study of astronomy never abated, and he calculated with respectable accuracy the great solar eclipse of August, 1868.

The French government having sent a special commission, under command of the Baron Hugon le Tourneur, to observe the eclipse in Siam, the king erected, at a place called *Hua Wânn* ("the Whale's Head") a commodious observatory, beside numerous pavilions varying in size and magnificence, for his Majesty and retinue, the French commission, the Governor of Singapore (Colonel Ord) and suite, who had been invited to Bangkok by the king, and for ministers and nobles of Siam. Provision was made, at the cost of government, for the regal entertainment, in a town of booths and tabernacles, of the vast concourse of natives and Europeans who followed his Majesty from the capital to witness the sublime phenomenon; and a herd of fifty noble elephants were brought from the ancient city of Ayudia for service and display.

The prospect becoming dubious and gloomy just at the time of first contact (ten o'clock), the Prime Minister archly invited the foreigners who believed in an overruling Providence to pray to him, "that he may be pleased to disperse the clouds long enough to afford us a good view of the grandest of eclipses." Presently the clouds were partially withdrawn from the sun, and his Majesty observing that one twentieth of the disk was obscured, announced the fact to his own people by firing a cannon; and immediately pipes screamed and trumpets blared in the

royal pavilion, — a tribute of reverence to the traditional fable about the Angel Rahoo swallowing the sun. Both the king and prime minister, scorning the restraints of dignity, were fairly boisterous in their demonstrations of triumph and delight; the latter skipping from point to point to squint through his long telescope. At the instant of absolute totality, when the very last ray of the sun had become extinct, his Excellency shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" and scientifically disgraced himself. Leaving his spyglass swinging, he ran through the gateway of his pavilion, and cried to his prostrate wives, "Henceforth, will you not believe the foreigners?"

But that other Excellency, Chow Phya Bhudharabhay, Minister for Northern Siam, more orthodox, sat in dumfoundered faith, and gaped at the awful deglutition of the Angel Rahoo.

The government expended not less than one hundred thousand dollars on this scientific expedition, and a delegation from the foreign community of Bangkok approached his Majesty with an address of thanks for his indiscriminate hospitality.

But the extraordinary excitement, and exposure to the noxious atmosphere of the jungle, proved inimical to the constitution of the king. On his return to Bangkok he complained of general weariness and prostration, which was the prelude to fever. Foreign physicians were consulted, but at no stage of the case was any European treatment employed. He rapidly grew worse, and was soon past saving. On the day before his death he called to his bedside his nearest relatives, and parted among them such of his personal effects as were most prized by him, saying, "I have no more need of these things. I must give up my life also." Buddhist priests were constant in attendance, and he seemed to derive much comfort from their prayers and exhortations. In the evening he wrote with his own hand a tender farewell to the mothers of his many children, — eighty-one in number. On the morning of his last day (October 1, 1868) he dictated in the Pali language a farewell address to the Buddhist priesthood, the spirit of which was admirable, and clearly manifested the faith of the dying man in the doctrines of the Reformer; for he hesitated not to say: "Farewell, ye faithful followers of Buddha, to whom death is nothing, even as all earthly existence is vain, all things mutable, and death inevitable. Presently I shall myself submit to that stern necessity. Farewell! for I go only a little before you."

Feeling sure that he must die before midnight, he summoned his royal half-brother, H. R. H. Krom Hluang Wongsah, his Excellency the Prime Minister, Chow Phya Kralahome, and others, and solemnly imposed upon them the care of his eldest son, the Chowfa Chulalonkorn, and of his kingdom; at the same time expressing his last earthly wish, that the Senabawdee, in electing his successor, would give their voices for one who should conciliate all parties, that the country might not be distracted by dissensions on that question. He then told them he was about to finish his course, and implored them not to give way to grief, "nor to any sudden surprise," that he should leave them thus; "'t is an event that must befall all creatures that come into this world, and may not be avoided." Then turning his gaze upon a small image of his adored Teacher, he seemed for some time absorbed in awful contemplation. "Such is life!" Those were actually the last words of this most remarkable Buddhist king. He died like a philosopher, calmly and sententiously soliloquizing on death and its inevitability. At the final moment, no one being near save his adopted son, Phya Buroot, he raised his hands before his face, as in his accustomed posture of devotion; then suddenly his head dropped backward, and he was gone.

That very night, without disorder or debate, the Senabawdee elected his eldest son, Somdetch Chowfa Chulalonkorn, to succeed him; and the Prince George Washington, eldest son of the

late second king, to succeed to his father's subordinate throne, under the title of Krom Phra Raja Bowawn Sahthan Mongkoon. The title of the present supreme king (my amiable and very promising scholar) is Prabat Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Chulalonkorn Kate Klou Chou-yu-Hua.

"Do you understand the word 'charity,' or *maitree*, as your apostle St. Paul explains it in the thirteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians?" said his Majesty to me one morning, when he had been discussing the religion of Sakyamuni, the Buddha.

"I believe I do, your Majesty," was my reply.

"Then, tell me, what does St. Paul really mean, to what custom does he allude, when he says, 'Even if I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing?'"

"Custom!" said I. "I do not know of any *custom*. The giving of the body to be burned is by him esteemed the highest act of *devotion*, the purest sacrifice man can make for man."

"You have said well. It is the highest act of devotion that can be made, or performed, by man for man, — that giving of his body to be burned. But if it is done from a spirit of opposition, for the sake of fame, or popular applause, or for any other such motive, is it still to be regarded as the highest act of sacrifice?"

"That is just what St. Paul means: the motive consecrates the deed."

"But all men are not fortified with the self-control which should fit them to be great exemplars; and of the many who have appeared in that character, if strict inquiry were made, their virtue would be found to proceed from any other than the true and pure spirit. Sometimes it is indolence, sometimes restlessness, sometimes vanity, impatient for its gratification, and rushing to assume the part of humility for the purpose of self-delusion."

"Now," said the king, taking several of his long strides in the vestibule of his library, and declaiming with his habitual emphasis, "St. Paul, in this chapter, evidently and strongly applies the Buddhist's word *maitree*, or *maikree*, as pronounced by some Sanskrit scholars; and explains it through the Buddhist's custom of giving the body to be burned, which was practised centuries before the Christian era, and is found unchanged in parts of China, Ceylon, and Siam, to this day. The giving of the body to be burned has ever been considered by devout Buddhists the most exalted act of self-abnegation.

"To give all one's goods to feed the poor is common in this country, with princes and people, — who often keep back nothing (not even one *cowree*, the thousandth part of a cent) to provide for themselves a handful of rice. But then they stand in no fear of starvation; for death by hunger is unknown where Buddhism is preached and *practised*.

"I know a man, of royal parentage, and once possessed of untold riches. In his youth he felt such pity for the poor, the old, the sick, and such as were troubled and sorrowful, that he became melancholy, and after spending several years in the continual relief of the needy and helpless, he, in a moment, gave all his goods, in a word ALL, 'to feed the poor.' This man has never heard of St. Paul or his writings; but he knows, and tries to comprehend in its fulness, the Buddhist word *maitree*.

"At thirty he became a priest. For five years he had toiled as a gardener; for that was the occupation he preferred, because in the pursuit of it he acquired much useful knowledge of the medicinal properties of plants, and so became a ready physician to those who could not pay for their healing. But he could not rest content with so imperfect a life, while the way to perfect knowledge of excellence, truth, and charity remained open to him; so he became a priest.

"This happened sixty-five years ago. Now he is ninety-five years old; and, I fear, has not yet found the truth and excellence he has been in search of so long. But I know no greater man than

he. He is great in the Christian sense, loving, pitiful, forbearing, pure.

"Once, when he was a gardener, he was robbed of his few poor tools by one whom he had befriended in many ways. Some time after that, the king met him, and inquired of his necessities. He said he needed tools for his gardening. A great abundance of such implements was sent to him; and immediately he shared them with his neighbors, taking care to send the most and best to the man who had robbed him.

"Of the little that remained to him, he gave freely to all who lacked. Not his own, but another's wants, were his sole argument in asking or bestowing. Now, he is great in the Buddhist sense, also, — not loving life nor fearing death, desiring nothing the world can give, beyond the peace of a beatified spirit. This man — who is now the High-Priest of Siam — would, without so much as a thought of shrinking, give his body, alive or dead, to be burned, if so he might obtain one glimpse of eternal truth, or save one soul from death or sorrow."

More than eighteen months after the first king of Siam had entertained me with this essentially Buddhistic argument, and its simple and impressive illustration, a party of pages hurried me away with them, just as the setting sun was trailing his last long, lingering shadows through the porches of the palace. His Majesty required my presence; and his Majesty's commands were absolute and instant. "Find and fetch!" No delay was to be thought of, no question answered, no explanation afforded, no excuse entertained. So, with resignation I followed my guides, who led the way to the monastery of Watt Rajah Bahdet Sang ("Temple by order of the king"). But having some experience of the moods and humors of his Majesty, my mind was not wholly free from uneasiness. Generally, such impetuous summoning foreboded an interview the reverse of agreeable.

The sun had set in glory below the red horizon, when I entered the extensive range of monastic buildings that adjoin the temple. Wide tracts of waving corn and avenues of oleanders screened from view the distant city, with its pagodas and palaces. The air was fresh and balmy, and seemed to sigh plaintively among the betel and cocoa palms that skirt the monastery.

The pages left me seated on a stone step, and ran to announce my presence to the king. Long after the moon had come out clear and cool, and I had begun to wonder where all this would end, a young man, robed in pure white, and bearing in one hand a small lighted taper, and a lily in the other, beckoned me to enter, and follow him; and as we traversed the long, low passages that separate the cells of the priests, the weird sound of voices, chanting the hymns of the Buddhist liturgy, fell upon my ear. The darkness, the loneliness, the measured monotone, distant and dreamy, — all was most romantic and exciting, even to a matter-of-fact Englishwoman like myself.

As the page approached the threshold of one of the cells, he whispered to me in a voice full of entreaty to put off my shoes; at the same time prostrating himself with a movement and expression of the most abject humility before the door, where he remained, without changing his posture. I stooped involuntarily, and scanned curiously, anxiously, the scene within the cell. There sat the king; and at a sign from him I presently entered, and sat down beside him.

On a rude pallet, about six and a half feet long, and not more than three feet wide, and with a bare block of wood for a pillow, lay a dying priest. A simple garment of faded yellow covered his person; his hands were folded on his breast; his head was bald, and the few blanched hairs that might have remained to fringe his sunken temples had been carefully shorn, — his eyebrows, too, were closely shaven; his feet were bare and exposed; his eyes were fixed, not in the vacant stare of death,

but with solemn contemplation or scrutiny, upward. No sign of disquiet was there, no external suggestion of pain or trouble; I was at once startled and puzzled. Was he dying or acting?

In the attitude of his person, in the expression of his countenance, I beheld sublime reverence, repose, absorption. He seemed to be communing with some spiritual presence.

My entrance and approach made no change in him. At his right side was a dim taper in a gold candlestick; on the left a dainty golden vase, filled with white lilies, freshly gathered: these were offerings from the king. One of the lilies had been laid on his breast, and contrasted touchingly with the dingy, faded yellow of his robe. Just over the region of the heart lay a coil of unspun cotton thread, which, being divided into seventy-seven filaments, was distributed to the hands of priests, who, closely seated, quite filled the cell, so that none could have moved without difficulty. Before each priest were a lighted taper and a lily, symbols of faith and purity. From time to time one or other of that solemn company raised his voice, and chanted strangely; and all the choir responded in unison. These were the words, as they were afterward translated for me by the king.

First Voice. Sâng-Khâng sârâ nang gâch' châ mi! (Thou Excellence, or Perfection! I take refuge in thee.)

All. Nama Poothô sang Khâng sârâ nang gâch' châ mi! (Thou who art named Pootho! — Either God, Boodha, or Mercy, — I take refuge in thee.)

First Voice. Tuti âmpi sang Khâng sârâ nang gâch' châ mi! (Thou Holy One! I take refuge in thee.)

All Tè sâtiyâ sang Khâng sârâ nang gâch' châ mi! (Thou Truth, I take refuge in thee.)

As the sound of the prayer fell on his ear, a flickering smile lit up the pale, sallow countenance of the dying man, with a visible mild radiance, as though the charity and humility of his nature, in departing, left the light of their loveliness there. The absorbing rapture of that look, which seemed to overtake the invisible, was almost too holy to gaze upon. Riches, station, honors, kindred, he had resigned them all, more than half a century since, in his love for the poor and his longing after truth. Here was none of the wavering or vagueness or incoherence of a wandering, delirious death. He was going to his clear, eternal calm. With a smile of perfect peace he said: "To your Majesty I commend the poor; and this that remains of me I give to be burned." And that, his last gift, was indeed his all.

I can imagine no spectacle more worthy to excite a compassionate emotion, to impart an abiding impression of reverence, than the tranquil dying of that good old "pagan." Gradually his breathing became more laborious; and presently, turning with a great effort toward the king, he said, *Chan-chai pai damni!* — "I will go now!" Instantly the priests joined in a loud psalm and chant, "Phra Arahang sang Khâng sârâ nang gâch' châ mi!" (Thou Sacred One, I take refuge in thee.) A few minutes more, and the spirit of the High-Priest of Siam had calmly breathed itself away. The eyes were open and fixed; the hands still clasped; the expression sweetly content. My heart and eyes were full of tears, yet I was comforted. By what hope? I know not, for I dared not question it.

On the afternoon of the next day I was again summoned by his Majesty to witness the burning of that body.

It was carried to the cemetery, Watt Sah Kâte; and there men, hired to do such dreadful offices upon the dead, cut off all the flesh, and flung it to the hungry dogs that haunt that monstrous garbage-field of Buddhism. The bones, and all that remained upon them, were thoroughly burned; and the ashes, carefully gathered in an earthen pot, were scattered in the little gardens of wretches too poor to buy manure. All that was left now of the venerable devotee was the remembrance of a look.

"This," said the king, as I turned away sickened and sorrowful, "is to

give one's body to be burned. This is what your St. Paul had in his mind, — this custom of our Buddhist ancestors, — this complete self-abnegation, in life and in death, — when he said, 'Even if I give my body to be burned, and have not charity [*maitree*], it profiteth me nothing."

The renascence of Buddhism sought to eliminate from the arrogant and impious pantheisms of Egypt, India, and Greece a simple and pure philosophy, upholding virtue as man's greatest good and highest reward. It taught that the only object worthy of his noblest aspirations was to render the soul (itself an emanation from God) fit to be absorbed back again into the Divine essence from which it sprang. The single aim, therefore, of pure Buddhism seems to have been to rouse men to an inward contemplation of the divinity of their own nature; to fix their thoughts on the spiritual life within, as the only real and true life; to teach them to disregard all earthly distinctions, conditions, privileges, enjoyments, privations, sorrows, sufferings; and thus to incite them to continual efforts in the direction of the highest ideals of patience, purity, self-denial.

Buddhism cannot be clearly defined by its visible results to-day. There are more things in that subtile, mystical enigma, called in the Pali *Nirwana*, in the Birmese *Niban*, in the Siamese *Niphan*, than are dreamed of in our philosophy. With the idea of Niphan in his theology, it were absurdly false to say the Buddhist has no God. His Decalogue * is as plain and imperative as the Christian's: —

I. From the meanest insect up to man thou shalt kill no animal whatsoever.

II. Thou shalt not steal.

III. Thou shalt not violate the wife of another, nor his concubine.

IV. Thou shalt speak no word that is false.

V. Thou shalt not drink wine, nor anything that may intoxicate.

VI. Thou shalt avoid all anger, hatred, and bitter language.

VII. Thou shalt not indulge in idle and vain talk.

VIII. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.

IX. Thou shalt not harbor envy, nor pride, nor revenge, nor malice, nor the desire of thy neighbor's death or misfortune.

X. Thou shalt not follow the doctrines of false gods.

Whosoever abstains from these forbidden things is said to "observe Silah"; and whosoever shall faithfully observe Silah, in all his successive metempsychoses, shall continually increase in virtue and purity, until at length he shall become worthy to behold God, and hear his voice; and so he shall obtain Niphan. "Be assiduous in bestowing alms, in practising virtue, in observing Silah, in performing Bavana prayer; and above all in adoring Guadama, the true God. Reverence likewise his laws and his priests."

In the royal private temple, Watt Phra Keau, on the Buddhist Sâbâto, or One-thee-sin, I have contemplated, with a respect approved by all true religious feeling, the devout deportment of that *élite* congregation of pagans.

The women sat in circles, and each displayed her vase of flowers and her lighted taper before her. In front of all were a number of my younger pupils, the royal children, in circles also. Close by the altar, on a low square stool, overlaid with a thin cushion of silk, sat the high-priest, Chow-Khoon-Sâh. In his hand he held a concave fan, lined with pale green silk, the back richly embroidered, jewelled, and gilt.* He was draped in a yellow robe, not unlike the Roman toga, a loose and flowing habit, closed below the waist, but open from the throat to the girdle, which was simply a band of yellow cloth, bound tightly. From the shoulders hung two narrow strips, also yellow, descending over the robe to the feet, and resembling the scapular worn by certain orders of the Roman Cath-

* Translated from the Pali.

olic clergy. At his side was an open watch of gold, the gift of his sovereign. At his feet sat seventeen disciples, shading their faces with fans less richly adorned.

We put off our shoes, — my child and I, — having respect for the ancient prejudice against them ;† feeling not so much reverence for the place as for the hearts that worshipped there, caring to display not so much the love of wisdom as the wisdom of love ; and well were we repaid by the grateful smile of recognition that greeted us as we entered.

We sat down cross-legged. No need to hush my boy, — the silence there, so subduing, checked with its mysterious awe even his inquisitive young mind. The venerable high-priest sat with his face jealously covered, lest his eyes should tempt his thoughts to stray. I changed my position to catch a glimpse of his countenance ; he drew his fan-veil more closely, giving me a quick but gentle half-glance of remonstrance. Then raising his eyes, with lids nearly closed, he chanted in an infantile, wailing tone.

That was the opening prayer. At once the whole congregation raised themselves on their knees and, all together, prostrated themselves thrice profoundly, thrice touching the polished brass floor with their foreheads ; and then, with heads bowed, and palms folded, and eyes closed, they delivered the responses after the priest, much in the manner of the English liturgy, first the priest, then the people, and finally all together. There was no singing, no standing up and sitting down, no changing of robes or places, no turning the face to the altar, nor north, nor south, nor east, nor west. All knelt *still*, with hands folded straight before them, and eyes strictly, tightly closed. Indeed, there were faces there that expressed devotion and piety, the humblest and the purest, as the lips murmured, "O Thou Eternal One, Thou perfection of Time, Thou truest Truth, Thou immutable essence of all Change, Thou most excellent radiance of Mercy, Thou infinite Compassion, Thou Pity, Thou Charity ! "

I lost some of the responses in the simultaneous repetition, and did but imperfectly comprehend the exhortation that followed, in which was inculcated the strictest practice of charity, in a manner so pathetic, and so gentle, as might be wisely imitated by the most orthodox of Christian priests.

There was majesty in the humility of those pagan worshippers, and in their shame of self they were sublime. I leave both the truth and the error to Him who alone can soar to the bright heights of the one and sound the dark depths of the other ; and take to myself the lesson, to be read in the shrinking forms and hidden faces of those patient waiters for a far-off glimmering *Light*, — the lesson wherefrom I learn, in thanking God for the light of Christianity, to thank him for its shadow too, which is Buddhism.

* The fan is used to cover the face. Jewelled fans are marks of distinction among the priesthood.

† "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

THE LOGIC OF MARRIAGE AND MURDER.

IT is altogether probable that before this reaches the reader, Daniel McFarland, who killed A. D. Richardson, will have been acquitted of murder, on the ground of insanity. But, let the trial issue as it may, the interests of justice do not appear to be very largely involved in it. If McFarland is acquitted, it will not be because he deserves to live, but because his attorneys have the requisite amount of audacity, and his jurymen the requisite amount of credulity, to secure that boon to him. Neither if he be condemned, will it be because he actually deserves to die, but because the conscience of every civilized community exacts, ever and anon, the immolation of a victim to purge its own accumulated but unacknowledged guilt. It is clear to me, indeed, as it must be, I conceive, to every unsophisticated judgment, that McFarland committed a foul and cowardly murder; and it is equally clear that the law which visits murder with death will be outraged by his acquittal. But what I wish to urge upon the attention of the reader is, that the blame, which in that event would seem obviously to reflect itself upon the administration of justice among us, has in reality a deeper ground; that it attaches, in fact and primarily, to the social constitution under which we live, inasmuch as that constitution makes the true sanction of marriage to be force, not freedom.

I do not pretend, of course, to any knowledge of McFarland's character, apart from the testimony adduced upon the trial, but it is fair to infer from this that he is a man of maudlin egotism or self-pity, prone to assassination, but afraid to encounter its risks; in short, a man of savage tendencies when provoked, without the courage which on occasion redeems the savage and renders him picturesque. And yet this man, thus characterized, is endowed by the law with a strictly *personal* property in his wife; that is, a property quite irrespective of his essential nature and habits, provided he can in any way contrive to keep up a plausible appearance before the world. Under these circumstances, accordingly, given such a man as McFarland, and such a woman as his wife, what is the inevitable result? "Inevitable," I say, considering the motives usually operative in human conduct. In the first place, the "marriage" of the ill-fated pair confesses itself a loathsome concubinage. In the next place, the wife — all whose instincts, in true marriage, are towards submission — is driven by those very instincts themselves to disown every obligation imposed upon her by this false marriage. In the third place, the husband — all whose instincts, even in true marriage, are towards dominion — is driven, now that his purely legal property in his wife is menaced, to insist upon it with unmanly zeal; so that, if he cannot succeed in reducing his revolted vassal to her former servitude, he is almost sure to grasp his remedy in some vile and dastardly revenge inflicted either directly upon herself, or else indirectly upon somebody dear to her. And then, finally, what the outraged law of the land is much too often successfully invoked to do, is to dissemble its just indignation at crime, and absolve the criminal of his guilt, by authorizing instead an unscrupulous defamation of the character of his victim.

Such is the state of things which, in my opinion, makes it absurd to pretend that the interests of justice are involved, save in a merely derivative or secondary manner, either in the acquittal or the condemnation of McFarland. These interests are directly violated, not by the exceptional but by the habitual judgment we cherish in regard to marriage; and it is only an indirect

violation they encounter, when some self-indulgent ruffian presumes upon the current sentimental morality of the community to right his own conceded wrongs in his own tempestuous way. In other words, the interests of justice are flagrantly, though of course unconsciously, violated, whenever the existing marriage is publicly enforced, or not left to its own free determination; and this sneaking McFarland iniquity is only a *premature* flowering of that insane root. I know very well that the family institution or the interests of inheritance, alone, control marriage, and keep it the grovelling, unhandsome thing it is. And I have no objection, doubtless, but, on the contrary, all manner of good-will, toward society guaranteeing every man's domestic peace and honor against defilement. But you can only fortify the family bond against outward aggression by purifying it from within. Guarantee the family against *inward* harm, — the harm which flows from the degradation of the marriage sentiment, — and then you will see clearly how to shield it from all outward harm, or such as arises from the interference of third parties. Marriage is only recognized at present as the basis of the family unity. It is held to be properly servile to that interest. That is to say, you claim a free or spiritual basis for a fixed or material superstructure. Take extreme good care, then, that there be some harmony or proportion kept between the two. You may, indeed, spiritualize your superstructure, or enlarge your family unity, as much as you please; but you cannot materialize your base, or reduce marriage from a living spirit to a dead letter, without erelong bringing your house in ruins about your ears. Marriage is notoriously, and first of all, a free or spiritual relation of the parties to it, and only, or altogether, in subordination to that, an obligatory or material covenant. What right have I, if I am habitually false, tyrannical, or simply self-seeking, to the affection of wife or child, unless, indeed, they be as degraded as myself? No doubt I have a right to their forbearance, so long as I do not impose my will upon them; but not even to that, a moment longer. The moment I claim authority over them, or, being what I am, seek to coerce their well-grounded disgust and aversion by an appeal to the existing constitution of society, I lose all claim — unless, indeed, they be very exceptional persons — even to their forbearance, and deserve to be treated only as a madman. Undoubtedly I should be so treated in a perfectly righteous state of society; that is, such a state as implied just and equal relations between each and all, and not, as now, an organized inequality or injustice. Let me repeat, then, with all unreserve, that the obligation which we owe even to the family, considered as the germ or nucleus of our existing civilization, binds us to relieve marriage of its conventional degradation, by affirming its absolute or unconditional sanctity as the supreme law of human life.

"All this is easily said," the reader will object; "but how is it to be actually done?" Let me reply: By administering the institution no longer primarily in the interest of the family, but in that of abstract or impersonal justice. And if this reply still appear enigmatical to the reader, let me solve his doubts by seeking an illustration of my meaning in his own familiar practice.

My reader no doubt is sometimes liable, like everybody else, to find his domestic rule called in question by child or servant. And when this is the case, what does he usually proceed to do? Madly insist upon the literal allegiance which is his due? Or wisely endeavor to placate his revolted subjects by teaching them that the outward homage he claims from them is only the mask of a higher obligation they owe to themselves, and is not intended to be enforced save in so far as this higher obligation is unrecognized by them? Unquestionably the latter. He uses all diligence, in fact, to heal the existing breach, and obviate future

casualties of the sort, by making his rebellious subjects understand that it is never he, but always they, who are the true end or spirit of the law embodied in his person; so that whenever they are ready to discern the spiritual scope of the law, and accept all the obligations it imposes, he will at once confess himself *functus officio*, and acquit them of all further allegiance. He, to be sure, is the provisional head of the family, but they are the family itself; and he can only vindicate his headship, therefore, by persistently ruling the family primarily in the interest of justice and only derivatively thence in his own.

Such is the illustration which the reader's own habitual practice affords to my words, when I say that society should no longer administer the marriage institution selfishly but justly. The reader, whenever his domestic rule is compromised by the insubjection of his children or servants, manages still to maintain his authority, and recover the ground he has lost, how? By brutally compelling submission? No, but simply by spiritualizing his sway, or claiming for it a social instead of a selfish sanction. And this is what society has got to do in order to uphold the essential sanctity of marriage, namely, to spiritualize the family evermore, by converting it from the contemptible fetish it is in itself, having interests at variance with all other families, into the great divine society it was intended to represent, whose unity is coextensive with all mankind.

Society, as constituted by the family bond, has no regard for marriage on its spiritual or religious, nor indeed on its moral, but only on its economic, side. It does not care a jot for it in its subjective aspect, or as it bears upon the parties to it, but only in its objective aspect, or as it bears upon the family, and thence upon itself. So far, consequently, as our existing civilization is concerned, the married pair are free to live like cat and dog; it is only when their discord threatens society, by loosening the family bond, that the latter is moved to interfere. If the married pair would agree to subjective divorce, while still maintaining their objective relation to society, they might carry such divorce to any length they pleased, without society bestowing a thought upon them. "I did not enjoin marriage upon you," society says to them. "I found you disposed to marriage of your own accord, and what I did was skilfully to provide for my own subsistence and perpetuity, by availing myself of that free and generous impulse on your part, and promising you my countenance and protection in carrying it out. In short, I had no devout, but a purely selfish, end in ratifying your marriage, and have no real solicitude as to whether the marriage itself bring you happiness or misery. Thus you have my consent to be to each other, in all moral and spiritual regards, precisely what you will, so long as you unflinchingly promote my economic purposes, in rearing and educating the family upon which my evolution is contingent. Do this faithfully, and although you should be inwardly or spiritually as disaffected to each other as the poles, I will firmly close my eyes to every outward or moral sign of the inward fact which you yourselves do not actually force upon my attention. Fail to do it, and although I myself all the while have no spiritual, but only a mercenary regard for marriage, I will not fail to stigmatize either party, on the complaint of the other, as an infamous person, for infidelity to it. I know absolutely nothing of marriage in itself, or for its own sake, that is, as a law of human nature. I only know and esteem it for the admirable uses it promotes to me. And you have my cordial permission consequently, so long as you do nothing to estrange it in your own case from these objective ends, to be as untrue to it subjectively, or in spirit, as you please."

How is it conceivable, then, under this utterly selfish administration of marriage, that marriage itself should not be degraded to the mud of the streets, or that the civilization which it breeds

should not be a hotbed of every corruption possible to men's perverted instincts? What frank or honest reverence is ever, in fact, accorded to marriage? How do our novelists and farce-writers deal with it? Do they not habitually treat it in a way to make fools merry and wise men sad? And why is this, but because our civic administration robs the institution of its inherent spiritual lustre, and degrades it into a mere economic necessity? Marriage is, in truth, the crown only of the most perfect culture known to humanity. It is the ineffaceable sign and seal of the purest and highest natures. And yet in its actual administration it has become the privilege of every filthy vagabond to whom culture is unknown, and who finds in it only an unlimited justification of his natural egotism and lust. Practically, the law says to every such man: "Your wife is your personal property. She no longer stands invested with that personal sanctity which every woman wears naturally to the imagination of man, for she has passed into your ownership, has become your chattel, or thing, and of course nothing can be sacred to you which you yourself absolutely own. Subject her, therefore, to your basest personal necessities or caprice as much as you will. Compel all her affections and thoughts into your service by whatever methods you can pursue consistently with your own love to yourself, or your own instincts of self-preservation, and I shall have nothing whatever to say to you in the premises. What I care about in either of you is, not the soul, but the body; not the moral being, but the animal, prolific of offspring." Suppose, now, that the sot, the scamp, the ruffian, the simple lout even, thus practically addressed by society, finds or conceives his wife to be unfaithful to him, and in a moment of vindictive rage takes her life or that of her lover, imagined or real? Has society any right to condemn him? Is he not reproducing in act the spirit with which society has always inspired him?

How is any remedy conceivable for these things short of an actual change of administration; that is, short of allowing an absolute or independent sanctity to marriage, by ceasing to enforce it any longer in any merely civic interest, or any interest below the outraged dignity of human nature itself? Of course, this great change implies a very advanced intelligence on the part of society, a very advanced social consciousness; implies, indeed, that same spirit of humiliation or self-surrender on the part of society towards its children, which we have just seen illustrated by the head of the family towards his. The true disease of civilization is organic, not functional; and the evils of lying, theft, adultery, and murder, which we see overlying all the surface of our life, are only so many symptoms, not sources, of this constitutional infirmity. Let us thank God, at least, that they come to the surface in such rank luxuriance, since it evidences the undiminished vigor of the organization, internally, to throw off corruption, or aspire to health and purity. Injustice of the foulest type is bred in the bone of our civic consciousness, and is, therefore, inseparable from its functioning, let that functioning be conventionally either good or evil. To be sure, the injustice in question being constitutional, is not of a partial character, and therefore escapes a hasty observation. It does not bear harder upon one person than another, for it is in reality universal or all-pervasive; and although it may more manifestly come to the surface, or more forcibly arrest the senses in one place than in another, it really eludes a rational scrutiny nowhere, but confesses itself the hidden root no less of our highest conventional virtue than of our lowest conventional vice.

But though our civic unrighteousness be thus impartial, it is only on that account all the more terribly real and earnest. What is the fundamental axiom upon which it reposes? It is this, namely: That a normal inequality exists between society and the individual, or between the universal and

the particular life of man; hence, that the only way in which harmony can ever be promoted between them, is by the forcible and permanent subjugation of men's private to their public interests. It is not supposed that any rightful or normal inequality exists between man and man, but only between the universal and the individual element in existence; and as between man and man, accordingly, our civic conscience feels itself competent to mediate. But between man and society, between the part and the whole, or the individual and the mass, this inequality is held to be legitimate and inexorable; so that in any collision of interests that chances between a private person and the community of which he forms a part, it is held to be absolutely just that the former defer to the latter. Hence it happens invariably, that the best conventional character recognized upon earth is that of the man who voluntarily surrenders his own dignity to the presumed exigencies of the public good. Hence, also it is that martyrs have enjoyed so great a repute; and that statesmen, soldiers, kings, priests, governors, — public functionaries of whatever name, in short, — claim a greatly superior social consideration to that of the private citizen.

Jesus Christ was the first, as indeed he has been as yet the only man in history, livingly to refute that monstrous superstition. The Jewish polity — the theocratic empire into which he was born — was originally founded, in fact, upon a precisely opposite conception of the truth. It was founded, apparently, upon the axiomatic principle of the subserviency of the race to the species, of the whole to the part, of the community to the individual. Else why was Abraham, a solitary outcast from his country, selected by the Divine will to become a great nation in whom all the families of the earth should be blest? Surely it is not in his personal, but only in his typical character that Abraham makes the slightest appeal to our reverence; only as he represents the household of faith, that great society or brotherhood of the race which was spiritually to spring from the loins of his greatest descendant, and of which the fundamental maxim is that "the greatest serve the least." The Jewish people, indeed, so long as it remained faithful to its father's God, was lifted above fear, and enjoyed a more solid renown than has befallen any other nation. But the Jews soon grew tired of the Divine rule, and lusted after "a king to judge them like all the nations." Their great prophet remonstrated with them, and strove to arouse their fears by showing them the nature of the tyranny they invited. He said: "This will be the manner of the king that shall reign above you. He will take your sons and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some shall run before his chariots. And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties, and will set them to ear his grounds, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war and instruments of his chariots. And he will take your daughters to be confectioners, and cooks, and bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your olive-yards, the best of them, to give to his servants. And he will take your men-servants and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work. He will take the tenth of your sheep, and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you, and the Lord will not hear you in that day. Nevertheless, the people refused to hear the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay, but we will have a king over us, that we, also, may be like all the nations, and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles." In other words, Abraham's descendants had not the least spiritual apprehension of the great humanitary truth which underlay their remarkable history, and was destined to be finally wrought out by it; so that when Christ came he found them so besotted by worldly lusts, as

cheerfully to swamp piety in patriotism, and esteem every one good or evil in heart, not as he related himself to God and man universally, but only as he stood affected to their own pretentious and now lapsed nationality.

In fact, so perfectly incorporate has this letter of nationality become with the Jewish consciousness, that none of the amazing vicissitudes of their history has had any power to weaken it; so that to this very day they carry the stigma of their infatuation in their face, and with no territorial foothold upon the earth to separate them from other nations, are yet the most clearly pronounced and odious type of nationality extant. No wonder, then, that Christ, animated by so utterly antagonistic a temper, found little acceptance at their hands! In truth, he performed his thankless office under such terrific odds at the scurvy hands he came to bless, whether Jew or Gentile, that it is only now, in this nineteenth century of his spiritual sway, that men are beginning faintly to discern the true breadth of his Gospel, and to perceive the endless social consequences with which it is fraught. It is, in fact, rather by our instinct than by our intelligence, rather by our hearts than by our minds, that we even yet are able to perceive that the truth which moved his mighty heart in life, and bowed his majestic head in death, was no such paltry figment as that of the equality of one race, or one nation, or one man, with another race or nation or man; for in the plane of individuality no equality, but only the greatest possible inequality, exists and reigns; but, on the contrary, the truth of a normal and invincible equality between every individual race, nation, or man, *and all other races, nations, and men put together;* that is to say, between the strictly individual and the strictly universal life of man, or the sphere of his delight and that of his duty. This is the sheer pith and scope of the Christian Gospel, to affirm a normal, but hitherto unsuspected, unity, and not division, between the interests of the race and those of the individual, or between the empire of material force in human affairs and that of spiritual freedom. And every community, civil or religious, which constitutes itself upon the opposite intellectual conception, is flagrantly derelict to the spirit of Christ, and can only hope to escape the judgments incident to such dereliction by frankly recognizing the error of its ways, and insisting betimes upon its public or organic interests becoming — no longer indifferent as now — but acutely sensitive and tributary to the individual dignity, or free spiritual worth, of all its members. Let this grand reform be practically inaugurated in however minute a measure, and we should at once feel its pacific and purifying sway in every remotest finger and toe of our associated consciousness. Marriage, especially, would soon become garlanded with immortal freshness. For, being at length divorced from the disfiguring servitude it has always been under to the merely material instincts of society or the race, it would be left free to assert its ineradicably spiritual aims, and so would, erelong, avouch itself for what it really is, the consummate flowering of God's infinite love in the earth of our finite human nature.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Earthly Paradise. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Part III. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

OF late it would seem that the poet, or maker, has turned himself too wilfully into the versifier, or manufacturer. And when we take up such bulky volumes as Mr. Morris has produced, in quick succession, during the last two or three years, we have a certain overgrown and still cumulative fear or suspicion of the days of labor, — to say nothing of nights of waking, — consumed in doubtfully profitable factory-work. This, we say, is our fear, and we cannot but feel afterward that there is too much of realization. For, however full of sweetness and beauty of feeling and richness of words these books are, their sweetness is long drawn out, even love must labor strenuously through them, and a crude surfeit reigns. Often, too, their stories are almost lost in the telling. Yes, to be sure it is good to have wide fields to delay and wander in sometimes, to feel our feet tangled in soft luxuries of grass, and turn backward and sideways to pluck posies; but the longest way around is not the nearest way home for the true artist, when he wishes to lodge himself securely overnight in the heart of his reader. He may find that far-off, invisible person tired of waiting (there are many long-sitting and long-suffering readers, nevertheless), with the door shut, the light put out, and — is he musing or asleep?

The third part of "The Earthly Paradise" contains six separate poems, — two for each of the autumnal months, — three of which are from old Greek fables or histories, and the other three from Northern sources. For the former Mr. Morris has taken the root from the Greek story, and his invention has supplied new leaves and branches, making a wide-spread tree for us to lie under in summer idleness. These Greek themes are "The Death of Paris," "The Story of Accontius and Cydippe," and "The Story of Rhodope."

"The Death of Paris," with which the autumnal period of Mr. Morris's book opens, follows with slight difference the suggestions of the classical fable; but the various speeches seem to wound and hopelessly cripple the poem, and are so confused as to render some of the scenes between Paris and Œnone hardly intelligible; we only know certainly that Paris is left alone at the close, and, with a cry for Helen on his lips, — the ruling passion breaking out at last, — is dead.

"The Story of Accontius and Cydippe" was in the original a pretty little story, but Mr. Morris changes it somewhat (no one need insist on the history), introducing as machinery the celestial nakedness of Venus, who purveys the prepared apple to Accontius in a dream; and he is a long while about it, — thirty pages; this being one of the instances we have hinted where the story is very charmingly dragged to death, or luxuriously lost, in the narration.

"The Story of Rhodope" is, we believe, the antique thread from which the priceless modern fairy-jewel of Cinderella is suspended. Mr. Morris introduces Rhodope as the daughter, late born, of poor and aged parents; at her birth a dream of her father's having hinted some high future which awaits her, she grows up under the subtile education of this forecast, a stranger among her kindred and people, dreaming and longing, beautiful, but cold and reserved. One day, while her father is brooding over his misfortunes and her discontent, he shows her a pair of jewelled and wonderful shoes which he got long ago as a prize in some sea-capture; and she, carrying them as a gift from him to the high-priest of a neighboring temple, dreamfully tries them on, and, afterward stopping for a bath by the way, leaves them on the shore, and the rape by the eagle follows. The poem, though too long, and tedious with its minute descriptions here and there, is the fullest of life, and seems to us the most satisfactory piece from the Greek themes in the present volume; something of reality is impressed upon us, especially in the closing portion, where the separation of the new fate from the old life and its associations takes place, affecting us with much of the pathos of a genuine human history. Rhodope, who shows a tenderness of feeling upon the sudden change

of her fortune, is desirous of having her aged parents accompany her and share her great change; but after the ship that bears her away is parted from shore, she awakes from an abstraction and discovers that their hearts failed them at the gangway, that they have remained behind, and that her new life is cut off by fate entirely from her old one. The following closing stanzas well describe her acceptation of this destiny: —

"'Where is my father? I am fain to speak
Of many things with him, we two alone;
For mid these winds and waves my heart grows weak
With memory of the days forever gone.'
The moon was bright, the swaying lanterns shone
On her pale face, and fluttering garments hem
Each stared on each, and silence was on them.

"And midst that silence a new lonely pain,
Like sundering death, smote on her, till he spake:
'O queen, what say'st thou? the old man was fain,
He told us, still to dwell among his folk;
He said, thou knewest he might not bear the yoke
Of strange eyes watching him — what say I more,
Surely thou know'st he never left the shore?

"'I deemed him wise and true: but give command
If so thou willest; certes no great thing
It is, in two hours' space to make the land,
Though much the land wind now is freshening.'
One slender hand to the rough shrouds did cling,
As her limbs failed: she raised the other one,
And moved her lips to bid the thing be done.

"Yet no words came, she stood upright again,
And dropped her hand and said, 'I strive with change,
I strive with death, the gods' toy, but in vain:
No, otherwise than thus might all be strange."
Therewith she turned, her unseeing eyes did range
Wide o'er the tumbling waste of waters gray,
As swift the black ship went upon her way."

The other three poems are "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," "The Man who never laughed again," and "The Lovers of Gudrun." The first affects us vaguely but subtly, and seems to have in it somewhat of the same fairy-tale that is familiar as "The Sleeping Beauty." It pretends to be a dream, and its impression really overtakes us as a dream reaches us by daylight, — something gossamer-like and impalpable that escapes and eludes yet charms us. The poem is full of tender and beautiful passages, — sensuous often, but pure as the white nakedness of marble, — and is written in the octosyllabic rhyme-verses, which are often managed so happily by Mr. Morris, especially in his effective modulations and skilful use of pauses. Here he seems to have closely imitated Chaucer, to whom his method and manner have been carelessly compared by people who have never cared to read Chaucer. But he can hardly be credited with the real simple, hearty directness and freshness of Chaucer. His simplicity is not always of natural birth, for in it we too often feel the constraint of labored art trying unsuccessfully to conceal itself. "The Man who never laughed again" is somewhat similar in its suggestions to the last; having mystery and enchantment and the atmosphere of "fairy lands forlorn."

But of all the poems in this new volume, it is in "The Lovers of Gudrun" that we are made to feel that we are in presence of assured flesh and blood and the hearts of men and women with real personality and characters, and it is here, we think, Mr. Morris touches us most surely. "The Lovers of Gudrun" is a story of Iceland, and refers to the period of the introduction of Christianity into that island. There is more of human action herein, with a series of incidents each newly interesting to the reader; and the unhappy loves of Gudrun with Kiatan and Bodli, Kiatan's trusted foster-brother, are set before us in such a way as to fill us with a sense of genuine sorrow and suffering. It is a painful story, — a sad and tragic history. It is written in the simpler heroic rhymed verse, and is generally straightforward and vigorous, not wearying us with languid monotones, as do many of the long poems in stanzas whose lines are too often oppressive with monosyllables. This poem is far the longest in the volume, and, as the poet tells us in his argument, "this story shows how two friends loved a fair woman, and how he who loved her best had her to wife, though she loved him little or not at all; and how one of these two friends gave shame to and received death of the other, who in his turn came to his end by reason of that deed." The following final closing passage in which Gudrun, in her blind old age, answers her son Bodli's question as to which of her four husbands she loved the best, will indicate perhaps the strong quality of the verse and poem: —

"Then her thin hands each upon each she pressed,
And her face quivered, as some memory
Were hard upon her:
'Ah, son! years go by.
When we are young this year we call the worst
That we can know; this bitter day is cursed,
And no more such our hearts can bear, we say.
But yet as time from us falls fast away
There comes a day, son, when all this is fair
And sweet, to what, still living, we must bear —

Bettered is bale by bale that follows it,
The saw saith.'
Silent both awhile did sit
Until she spake again: 'Easy to tell
About them, son, my memory serves me well;
A great chief Thorkel was, bounteous and wise,
And ill hap seemed his death in all men's eyes.
Bodli thy sire was mighty of his hands;
Scarce better dwelt in all the northern lands;
Thou wouldst have loved him well. My husband Thord
Was a great man, — wise at the council-board,
Well learned in law. For Thorwal, he indeed,
A rash weak heart, like to a stinging weed
Must be pulled up — ah, that was long ago!'
Then Bodli smiled. 'Thou wouldst not have me know
Thy thought, O mother, — these things know I well;
Old folk about these men e'en such tales tell.'
She said: 'Alas, O son, thou ask'st of love!
Long folly lasteth: still that word doth move
My old worn heart — hearken one little word,
Then ask no more; ill is it to be stirred
To vain repining for the vanished days.'
She turned, until her sightless eyes did gaze
As though the wall, the hills, must melt away,
And show her Herdholt in the twilight gray;
She cried, with tremulous voice and eyes grown wet
For the last time, whate'er should happen yet,
With hands stretched out for all that she had lost:
'I did the worst to him I loved the most.'"

The last line refers, of course, to Kiartan (whose home was Herdholt), whom she had loved passionately and to whom she had been betrothed; through a fatal misunderstanding, she had wedded Bodli, his foster-brother, whom she did not love, instead, — thus bringing about sorrow, hatred, ruin, and death.

These poems, we think, generally compare favorably with those in the preceding parts of "The Earthly Paradise," though perhaps no one of them floats in memory so clear in its charm as "The Love of Alcestis," or touches us so distinctly as "The Proud King." They are nearly all brightened through frequently with fresh, healthful landscapes, painted in lines that have a dewy clearness and sweetness; here is such a picture from "The Lovers of Gudrun": —

"Then the man turned and smote his horse; but they
Rode slowly by the borders of the bay
Upon that fresh and sunny afternoon,
Noting the sea-birds' cry and surf's soft tune,
Until at last into the dale they came,
And saw the gilt roof-ridge of Herdholt flame
In the bright sunlight on the fresh grass,
O'er which the restless, white-wooled lambs did pass
And querulous gray ewes; and wide around,
Near and far up the dale, they heard the sound
Of lowing kine, and the blithe neat-herd's voice."

But in this third part of Mr. Morris's book, wherein we have, so to speak, lost sight of the prelude to the poems and the embracing fiction that gives the book its general title, we feel that the machinery is rather an added weariness and interruption. The company by whom and among whom these tales are feigned to be told appear vague and without character, — ghostly personages, that move about in worlds not realized, and seem to have no excuse for being anywhere. Nor are the little pieces of monotonous boundary verses which describe the beginning and the ending of each month very desirable, although one of them, under the head of "October," and beginning,

"O love, turn from the unchanging sea, and gaze,"

is as delicious in tone as Indian summer and "divinest melancholy."

"Is Mr. Morris a great poet?" It is very easy for contemporary critics of prophetic confidence to answer this question, and take the far-off province of their great-grandchildren, but the great-grandchildren still think they have the better right to answer for themselves. That Mr. Morris is great in proportion to the bulk of his books, however, we may venture to doubt. But it is safe to say that he is an unusually sweet and fine poet, who if condensed sufficiently would find more present readers to delight in him and more readers in the future to keep him from being forgotten. Enough is good as a feast, and we should want more than enough rather than have it.

An Old-fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women." With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

If we said that Miss Alcott, as a writer for young people just getting to be young ladies and gentlemen, deserved the great good luck that has attended her books, we should be using an unprofessional frankness and putting in print something we might be sorry for after the story of the "Old-fashioned Girl" had grown colder in our minds. And yet it *is* a pretty story, a very pretty story; and almost inexplicably pleasing, since it is made up of such plain material, and helped off with no sort of adventure or sensation. It is nothing, in fact, but the story of a little girl from the country, who comes to visit a gay city family, where there is a fashionable little lady of her own age, with a snubbed younger sister,

a gruff, good-hearted, mischievous brother, — as well as a staid, sensible papa, a silly, sickly mamma, and an old-time grandmother. In this family Polly makes herself ever so lovely and useful, so that all adore her, though her clothes are not of the latest fashion, nor her ideas, nor her principles; and by and by, after six years, when she returns again to the city to give music-lessons and send her brother to college, Mr. Shaw fails, and the heartlessness of fashionable life, which his children had begun to suspect, is plain to them, and Tom's modish *fiancée* jilts him, and Polly marries him, and Fanny Shaw gets the good and rich and elegant Sydney, who never cared for her money, and did not make love to her till she was poor. That is about all; and as none of these people or their doings are strange or remarkable, we rather wonder where the power of the story lies. There 's some humor in it, and as little pathos as possible, and a great deal of good sense, but also some poor writing, and some bad grammar. One enjoys the simple tone, the unsentimentalized facts of common experience, and the truthfulness of many of the pictures of manners and persons. Besides, people always like to read of kindly self-sacrifice, and sweetness, and purity, and naturalness; and this is what Polly is, and what her character teaches in a friendly and unobtrusive way to everybody about her. The story thus mirrors the reader's good-will in her well-doing, and that is perhaps what, more than any other thing, makes it so charming and comfortable; but if it is not, pleasing the little book remains nevertheless; and nobody can be the worse for it. Perhaps it is late to observe that the scene of the story is in Boston; at least, the locality is euphuistically described as "the most conceited city in New England"; and we suppose Springfield will not dispute the distinction with us.

Hereditary Genius. An Inquiry into its Laws and Consequences. By FRANCIS GALTON, F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1870.

THIS interesting and well-digested treatise opens with a concession which seems to us quite needless. Mr. Galton hastens to admit that his views concerning the transmissibility of genius by inheritance are "in contradiction to general opinion." We believe, on the other hand, that the crudely formed opinions of the general public are quite as often to be found on Mr. Galton's side as on the opposite. Uneducated people always expect to see children resemble their parents; and to such an extent is the theory carried, that if a dissipated man dies leaving a son, all the old cronies of the neighborhood will wag their heads and predict of the innocent boy that "he is going to be just like his father." Of every newborn child the question is asked, Which of his parents does he look like? and every peculiarity of character, temperament, or personal attitude, which he may manifest, is ingeniously traced by aunts, uncles, and admiring friends, to its ancestral sources. So true is this that when Mr. Buckle — a writer but little acquainted with biology, in spite of his vast pretensions — made bold to deny the transmissibility of mental and moral characteristics, he expressly recognized that he was running counter to a "popular prejudice."

In this case, however, popular prejudice is unequivocally supported by scientific investigation. The thoroughly educated biologist, or even the intelligent amateur student of the laws of life, is the last person who needs to read a treatise like Mr. Galton's in order to be convinced that children derive their mental capacities as well as their physical organizations from their parents. This point has been so often illustrated, and has been established by such overwhelming evidence, that if Mr. Galton had aimed at nothing more than a fresh demonstration of it, his book would hardly have had any *raison d'être.* Pure biological considerations, for instance, assure us that a man like Newton must have had parents of rare mental capacity, even though they have done nothing by which to be remembered in history: the son of ordinary parents could no more have discovered the law of gravitation than the offspring of a pair of cart-horses could win the Derby.

But Mr. Galton aims at something more than the illustration of this truism. He aims at illustrating the character and extent of the limitations under which the principle of heredity works; and here his contributions to our knowledge of the subject are both novel and important.

There is a great deal of loose thinking current, both as to the kind and degree of the innate differences of capacity between different men, and as to the mode in which

such differences are transmitted from parents to children. Upon both of these points Mr. Galton furnishes ingeniously arranged data for forming precise estimates. After a careful comparison of biographical dictionaries, etc., he arrives at the conclusion that one man in every four thousand becomes by his own exertions sufficiently distinguished to leave a name recorded in history; while about one man in every million leaves behind him an illustrious name. Then, by a curious calculation, the principles of which are familiar to the scientific student of statistics, but the details of which are too voluminous to be given here, he divides men into sixteen grades of natural ability, separated by equal intervals. The ascending grades are designated by capitals, the descending by lower-case letters. Thus *a* and *A* representing that mediocrity which may be found to characterize most provincial gatherings, *c*, for instance, would denote the class of decidedly silly persons, *e* would stand for those who are half-witted, *g* for those who are absolutely idiotic; while, on the other hand, *D* would include the mass of men who obtain the ordinary prizes of life, — about sixteen thousand in each million, — *F* represents the degree of eminence achieved by about two hundred and thirty-three men in each million, *G* that reached by fourteen in each million; and, finally, *X* includes the wide variety of grades above *G*, forming the class of men whose names are inseparably associated in history with the best achievements of the age in which they have lived. Thus the difference between extreme *X* and *x* represents the difference between Shakespeare and the most degraded idiot mentioned in medical literature; but generally about one man out of each million of adult males is entitled to rank somewhere in class *X*. To illustrate the actual differences in natural capacity between these grades, Mr. Galton cites the competitive examinations in mathematics which are held yearly at Cambridge. Of the four hundred students who take their degrees each year, — and who, on the whole, rank above mediocrity, say in class *B* or *C*, — one hundred regularly apply for mathematical honors. Of these about forty succeed in becoming "wranglers," and even to be a low wrangler is considered no small honor, since it is a passport to a fellowship in some college. Now the differences in the number of marks obtained each year by these candidates for honors is at first sight astonishing. Let us remember that they are all working to the utmost limit of their capacity, like oarsmen in a race, and that, in general, they have had about equally good opportunities for preparation. Well, the lowest man on the list regularly obtains less than three hundred marks; the lowest or fortieth wrangler obtains about fifteen hundred; the second wrangler obtains from four thousand to five thousand; while the first or senior wrangler does not fall short of seven thousand and sometimes reaches nine thousand five hundred. In the examinations for classical honors the figures are similar; and no better proof could be desired of the decided superiority of some men over others in point of natural ability. For, in spite of the popular prejudice, the young man who wins university honors must be several degrees above mediocrity. He may be an Adams or a Herschel, belonging to class *X*; but if, disappointing the sanguine expectations of his friends, he does not rise so high as this, he will at least be likely to obtain a place in class *E*, — to achieve as much as is achieved by two thousand four hundred and twenty-three men out of each million. And the difference between the "poll-man" who, from lack of ability, obtains no honors whatever, and the senior wrangler, will represent the difference between classes *B* and *C* on the one hand, and *E* or *F* on the other.

Now Mr. Galton, in his inquiry, deals only with the three highest classes, *F*, *G*, and *X*. His object is to estimate the probability that any member of one of these classes has had parents or will have children belonging to the same or to the adjacent class. And it is to this end that he has compiled his very interesting, though by no means exhaustive, series of statistical tables.

In discussing this point we must observe, first, that an illustrious man (of class *X*) is much more likely to have had eminent parents than to have eminent children. To produce a Pericles, excellent parents are absolutely essential; but a Pericles often produces nothing better than a Paralos and a Xanthippos. This is the fact which so often puzzles those who would trace the workings of heredity among men of genius. Yet biology supplies three adequate foundations upon which to build a complete explanation of it. In the first place, the sons of great geniuses are likely to be excessively precocious. Now excessive precocity indicates that the brain is increasing in complexity of structure faster than it increases in mass and weight.

In other words, it *develops* faster than it *grows;* and it is a law of biology that *development is antagonistic to growth;* the force used up in the one process is not available for the other. Consequently the excessively precocious sons of geniuses are likely either to die young from local over-nutrition of the nervous system, or else to stop short in mid-career from defective brain-growth due to excessive brain-development. In the second place, "genius" is not a simple but a very complex phenomenon. To obtain a place high up in class *X*, a man needs a rare combination of intellectual, moral, and physical qualifications. He must have vivid imagination, unusual power of concentrating his attention, inflexible determination, and prodigious capacity for work, for the triumphs of "genius" are not to be won without prolonged labor. Now if a man possess all these qualities, gained by the addition of the various good qualities possessed by his able though not illustrious parents, it is not likely that he will transmit them all unimpaired to his children. His son may possess them all save the vivid imagination, in which case he will be perhaps an excellent routine-worker instead of a genius, or he may inherit all save the rare capacity for continuous work, in which case he will be a brilliant performer of trifles. But since the mother, although a sensible woman (say of class *C* or *D*), will almost inevitably fall very far short of the father, the chances are that the son will miss some essential quality, and will fall into class *E* or *F;* in which case his achievements, however creditable, will appear very meagre compared with those of his father.

But the third and chief reason why the sons of great geniuses should be inferior to their fathers is to be found in the law of biology, that *individuation is antagonistic to reproduction.* That is to say, "the attainment of the highest possible individual excellence is incompatible with the highest possible manifestation of the reproductive function." This law holds throughout the vegetable and animal kingdoms. In some lower organisms, the birth of offspring is the signal for the death of the parent; reproduction completely checks individuation. The prime functions of the organism are three, — nutrition, nerve-action, and reproduction. Now in a man of extraordinary genius (high up in class *X*) nutrition and nerve-action are likely to consume the force of the organism, so that little is left for reproduction. What is spent in one direction must be hoarded in the other. To produce a child of rare mental vigor requires a liberal outlay of phosphorus compounds. But in the man of class *X* these compounds are liable to be completely absorbed in the support of the brain. Hence, of the twenty or thirty greatest men who have lived, one at least (Newton) has been rendered impotent by excessive brain-action, many have remained unmarried, and only two or three have produced sons above mediocrity.

These considerations are more than sufficient to account for the often noticed inferiority of the sons of great men. We can no more produce a whole race of Newtons and Shakespeares than we can produce perpetual motion: the principle involved is the same in both cases. A Nicholas Bacon may produce a Francis Bacon, a Bernardo Tasso a Torquato, a Philip an Alexander, but the culminating genius of the family is likely to be the last. We do not mean to imply that it is necessarily so. Sebastian Bach had twenty children, of whom three are immortal composers, while the other seventeen were professional musicians. But when genius ends in sterility or mediocrity, as is so often the case, the physiologist has ample means of accounting for the phenomenon.

In spite of all the drawbacks here enumerated, and concerning which Mr. Galton says but little, more than half of the celebrated men of history have had celebrated kindred. The fact is abundantly proved and illustrated in Mr. Galton's very interesting tables, which exhibit extensive and careful research, though we notice in them several serious omissions. Mr. Galton gives us Pepin Heristal, Karl Martel, Pepin the Short, and Charlemagne; why should he not have added that Louis IX. was grandson of Philip Augustus, and grandfather of Philip the Fair? Why has he omitted the long line of hero-kings who governed England from Egbert to Edmund Ironside? Why has he failed to notice the large percentage of varied ability combined with unequalled personal beauty among the royal descendants of William the Conqueror, down to Richard III.? And why is he silent about the Roman Emperors of the house of Hohenstaufen, a family in which each generation seemed to outdo the preceding one, until the climax was reached in Frederic II.? Besides these omissions, we notice a few inaccuracies. Cardinal Richelieu is said to have been minister under

Louis XIV. On pp. 173 and 190, Jane Austen, the novelist, is confounded with Sarah, the talented wife of John Austin. On p. 216, Humboldt is said to have finished his "Kosmos" æt. 82; he died, æt. 89, without having quite finished it.

Mr. Galton concludes with some interesting reflections on the comparative natural abilities of different races. We think he is here misled by the assumption that the variations of ability are equal in different races. Thus he concludes that the *A* of the negro race corresponds to our *c*, because Toussaint l'Ouverture, the only *X* of that race, answers to our *F*. He forgets that the negro race has produced but one Toussaint l'Ouverture, while the Aryan race produces *X*'s at the rate of one in each million of adult males. Taking this fact into the account, the negro average will be found to correspond to our *d*. With reference to the Athenians as compared with the English race, Mr. Galton falls into a more pronounced error. From the fact that Athens, with an average population of about twenty thousand native adult males, produced fourteen *X*'s in one century, he concludes that the Athenian *A* corresponded to our *C*, so that the Athenians surpassed us even as we surpass the negroes! This result astonishes Mr. Galton himself, and is no doubt preposterous. In the first place the classical scholar will dispute four of his *X*'s, namely, Miltiades, Aristides, Kimon, and Xenophon. This would materially alter the result; but a far more fundamental objection remains. England, according to Mr. Galton, regularly possesses six contemporaries who will rank in class *X*. We grant this, and for the sake of clearness name the present six: Spencer, Mill, Darwin, Maine, Browning, and George Eliot. Now, if the Athenian race surpassed ours even as we surpass the negroes, there ought to have been 1355 Athenians living between 530 and 430 B. C., equal in ability to the six persons just named. This, of course, lands us in an absurdity; the entire annals of the human race will barely furnish 400 names as illustrious as those which we have taken for examples.

The wonderful fertility of Athens in great men cannot be explained on physiological grounds alone. Historical, or, rather, sociological factors were at work in causing this anomalous manifestation of genius, and Mr. Galton's is only one of the many cases in which biologists have erred by trying to explain too much with the materials furnished by their own science. We freely admit a slight superiority of the Athenian race over our own. The causes of it lie to a certain extent within the ken of the historical inquirer, but we have not space to examine them here, or to do further justice to Mr. Galton's excellent book, save by advising our readers to study it carefully. It raises many important questions, the solution of which affords a good opportunity for sharpening one's wits and extending one's researches.

Hedged In. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, Author of "The Gates Ajar," etc. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

"THE book is a poem," said a friend of ours, on closing this volume. The criticism gives in a nutshell our first impression of the story as a work of art. Its two leading characters, Nixy and Mrs. Purcell, are ideal women. Neither can be fairly said to represent a class. The one is not a fit inmate of a Magdalen asylum, nor is the other a specimen of the average Christian woman, as the Christian world goes. Yet exception to the make of the story on this account would be unjust. Its great charm is its fidelity to the best possibilities of character. We doubt whether literary art can do much that is worth doing, on any other principle, to adjust the relations of fallen to unfallen womanhood. Any such work should be constructed on a profound faith in humanity, reaching out in both directions; to the fallen, conceiving what they *may* be; to the pure, what they *ought* to be. In this idealizing of the two characters most difficult of representation in any natural womanly relations to each other, Miss Phelps has certainly achieved a rare success.

The subordinate personages also are most of them drawn with a singular blending of delicacy and power. Mrs. Myrtle, Jacques, the French fiddler, the Scotch landlady, Moll, Dick, and "No 23," are all clear-cut and true. In versatility and in literary finish, the book is far in advance of "The Gates Ajar"; and in power it exceeds anything else which the author has written.

The morality of "Hedged In," like that of almost everything which Miss Phelps has published, is intense and intensely Christian. One may think what one pleases of her conception of religious faith, but there can be no doubt that she is keenly in ear-

nest in it. It is not a theology but a life, and she means it. Matthew Arnold would classify her in the "Hebrew," not in the "Hellenic" school of moralists. We presume that she would be content with that. Yet there is nothing acrid in her moral judgments. On the contrary, she wins by a certain genial and hopeful look at the worst side of things. If nobody is quite angelic in her thought, neither is anybody satanic. With not a bit of sympathy with the effeminate culture which sickens at the world as it is, she takes it to her heart with a sad yet elastic faith in its destiny.

Among my Books. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, A. M., Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE essays which form this book are on Dryden, Shakespeare, Witchcraft, New England two centuries ago, Lessing, and Rousseau, and they are among the most valuable and delightful papers that their author has written, — that is, among the best that any one has written in our day. That on Dryden is almost an ideal criticism, and expresses for most readers all that they hesitate to utter, lest they

> "leave it still unsaid in part,
> Or say it in too great excess."

It leaves the imagination in entire possession of its poet, while it gives the mind something of Mr. Lowell's means of more clearly and distinctly judging him. This is so perfectly managed that the reader may with no great immodesty find himself thinking, at the end, that it had always been just his own notion of Dryden.

The paper on Shakespeare is better in parts than the Dryden, even, but is less complete, necessarily, since Shakespeare has no bounds that criticism can set, and is only to be marked, as to his height and depth, at here and there a point. Still, this essay seems more strongly characterized than any of the rest by some of Mr. Lowell's peculiar traits, and the whole is done in a wonderfully light, fresh, and racy spirit. There is much, of course, in it of the sort of thing which will always make him a puzzle to many very well-meaning people, who would like to fix his character as that of a humorist, or satirist, or critic, or moralist, or poet, and who are painfully affected when they find him all these at once. In his poetry he has a trick of singing as if he had been thinking, and in his prose of thinking as if he had been singing, that may well confound the single-minded; some good hearts, without heads to match, have been troubled that with his love of reform he has so small passion for reformers; and more than one learned person is doubtless shocked at his habit of studying with his library windows up, and letting in the summer morning and the talk of the hired man in the meadow. A man who in a serious disquisition can speak in the following terms of the classic principle, as we moderns know it, can never be other than a mystery to many who would fain have him for a friend: —

"So far as all the classicism then attainable was concerned, Shakespeare got it as cheap as Goethe did, who always bought it ready-made. For such purposes of mere æsthetic nourishment Goethe always milked other minds, — if minds those ruminators and digesters of antiquity into asses' milk may be called. There were plenty of professors who were forever assiduously browsing in vales of Enna and on Pentelican slopes among the vestiges of antiquity, slowly secreting lacteous facts, and not one of them would have raised his head from that exquisite pasturage, though Pan had made music through his pipe of reeds. Did Goethe wish to work up a Greek theme? He drove out Herr Böttiger, for example, among that fodder delicious to him for its very dryness, that sapless Arcadia of scholiasts, let him graze, ruminate, and go through all other needful processes of the antiquarian organism, then got him quietly into a corner and milked him. The product, after standing long enough, mantled over with the rich Goethean cream, from which a butter could be churned, if not precisely classic, quite as good as the ancients could have made out of the same material."

It is seldom that Mr. Lowell barely states his conception of character; he clothes it and makes it charming in beautiful or grotesque figures, and his notion of Dryden is given in a series of these. "Thrice unhappy he who, born to see things as they might be, is schooled by circumstances to see people as they are, to read God in a prose translation. . . . . He who was of a stature to snatch the torch of life that flashes from hand to hand along the generations, over the heads of inferior men, chose rather to be a link-boy to the stews." "But this prosaic element in Dryden will force itself upon me. As I read him I cannot help thinking of an ostrich, to be classed

with flying things, and capable what with leap and flap together, of leaving the earth for a longer or shorter space, but loving the open plain where wing and foot help each other to something that is both flight and run at once." "In his prose, you come upon passages that persuade you he is a poet in spite of his verses so often turning state's evidence against him as to convince you he is none. He is a prose-writer with a kind of æolian attachment." "His mind (somewhat solid for a poet) warmed slowly, but once fairly heated through, he had more of that good luck of self-oblivion than most men." "His phrase is always a short-cut to his sense, for his estate was too spacious for him to need that trick of winding the path of his thought about, and planting it out with clumps of epithet, by which the landscape gardens of literature give to a paltry half-acre the air of a park."

These passages, so perfect in themselves, are hurt by being taken from their context, where they are each a climax, and grouped together; but the reader will account for this injury and enjoy them none the less, as he recurs to them in Mr. Lowell's book. In our own copy we marked them and their kind for the memorable things without thought of their precise use here; and they seem forcible illustrations of the imaginative or creative character of his criticism. He instinctively strives to give his sense not only a perfect form of speech, but to make it a tangible, detachable, portable image: the critic in him turns artist or poet, upon the first occasion. Of Davenant's "Gondibert," he says: "Its shining passages, for there are such, remind one of distress rockets sent up at intervals from a ship just about to founder, and sadden rather than cheer"; of the early New England life, "If there be any poetry, it is something that cannot be helped, — the waste of the water over the dam"; of the Puritans, "If their natures flowered, it was out of sight, like the fern"; and in these and other like passages he gives meaning that no extent of comment would convey, and throws you, in a pure pleasure of some kind, an exquisite touch of wit or of poetry. We must own amid our liking that we have seen it doubted whether this sort of writing be true criticism, and it is certain that not one critic in a thousand can follow the costly fashion: we should all ruin ourselves upon our first book-notice.

Of the Rousseau and the Lessing in this volume, it is safe to say that they are of the same kind as the Dryden, but of less value: that is, they less completely embody literary character to the reader's mind. But, as the reader will learn for himself, what they lose by comparison with the Dryden, here, they will gain by contrast with any essays out of the book.

Twilight Hours in the Adirondacks. The Daily Doings and Several Sayings of Seven Sober, Social, Scientific Students in the Great Wilderness of Northern New York, variously versified in Seven Hundred and Seventy-seven lines. By HOMER D. L. SWEET, Farmer and Chronicler. Syracuse: Wynkoops and Leonard.

MR. SWEET has not only presented his thoughts to the public with uncommon advantages of tinted paper, gilt, and luxurious binding, but has added his *carte de visite*, framed, and, as it were, festooned in his family coat of arms upon the second page of his book, thus anticipating the curiosity that every one will have to see him after he has become famous. This, however, is somewhat embarrassing to criticism, a shy muse, who does not confide her praise or blame to the public with the same *naïveté*, when the author is, as it were, looking on with a long line of baronial ancestors at his back, — not but that Mr. Sweet's face is a kind and amiable one, in spite of its noble heraldic setting. The book is certainly handsome in every way, and the author might justly feel the pride we fancy him to have in it. Neither is the literary conceit a bad one, though it is not the newest in the world, — the poet speaking alternately for himself, the historian, the engineer, the traveller, etc., his comrades in an Adirondack camp, upon the various subjects that interest such various people, and intending to cast about all the romantic charm and picturesqueness of life in the woods. In this effort he has recourse to many of the known measures of our prosody, and has made some adventures in rhythm for himself, including a species of unlearned hexameter. Yet as Mr. Sweet has not, to our knowledge, been able to make any of his characters or metres utter a line of poetry for him, we cannot feel that he ought to be quite satisfied with the book as an æsthetic result, though perhaps he is so. In his approaches to poetry he is, as they say in the children's game, generally cold, sometimes warm, very rarely hot, and never

burning hot; and this is all the odder because there is ever so much human nature in the book, both of the kind that is meant and of the kind that is not meant, — chiefly the latter.

The most successful effort of all is that part of the work called "The Farmer," in which the rustic year is described in a good, wholesome, realistic way, with a true feeling for natural beauty, and no mean effort to poetize, not merely the homely aspects of country life, but the use of the various inventions and appliances which are supposed to take sentiment out of farming. Here is a fair example of Mr. Sweet's manner, which is so hearty and simple that it seems a pity that he should lack just the last essential grace: —

"See yonder meadow just three quarters mown,
One fourth is drawn and added to the stock,
Another fourth lies flat, by Tedder thrown.
The other fourth is windrowed, or in cock.
Around the fence an old-time mower swings, —
The spanking bays come dancing through the gate,
The bar is dropped, the Clipper Mower rings.
And knows no wages — frets not when 't is late.

"Now following soon the kicking Tedder comes,
And in the air the emerald bunches flings;
The Sulky Horse-rake cleans the ground like combs,
And gathers windrows with its steely springs.
Some men are opening out the cocks to dry,
From last night's windrows shaking off the dew,
A bumble-bee makes one young urchin fly, —
He gets the bitter with the sweet, 't is true.

"A part is dry and can be taken in,
The wagon 's coming with the men and forks,
The loose boards rattling making a vexing din,
And noisy boys, — now every school-boy works.
The heavy forkfuls rise upon the rack,
The loader treading builds it true and square,
The sides keeps equal, guided by the track,
The boys behind with hand-rakes glean with care.

"They reach the barn, roll in upon the floor,
The men and boys ascend the sweltering mow,
An active horse stands by the open door,
He starts the fork, and pulleys rattle now.
From horse to load the rope by rafter leads,
The great heap rises o'er the purline beam,
A click! 't is dropped; another soon succeeds;
'T is off! and almost easy as a dream.

"We view again this scene a few days hence,
In harvest days, with men and boys and teams,
The stalwart cradler cutting by the fence,
The horses' pathway very narrow seems.
The flaming Champion Reaper follows soon,
Around the field a Harvest Hymn it sings,
The ripe grain falls as in a sudden swoon,
The strong rake travels its eccentric rings."

There is an equally sincere description of a threshing as it is performed by machinery; and we like, also, Mr. Sweet's pictures of the different rural merry-makings, the Fourth of July, the Paring Bee, the Husking, and so forth; and as mere character, as a mind of original cut (for both the splendor and quaintness of his book betray this), in a world where most minds seem turned out ready-made from some great slop-shop, we feel that he is not to be scorned. We can fancy him a good comrade and an admirable farmer, a worthy citizen, and an esteemed friend; but a poet — no, by the British Classics! Though, after all, as to the British Classics there are people among them harder to read than Mr. Sweet, — if he will take this for a compliment.

"*The American Colonies previous to the Declaration of Independence.*" (The Arnold Prize Essay, read in the Theatre at Oxford, June 9, 1869.) By JOHN ANDREW DOYLE, B. A., of Baliol College. "Westward the course of Empire takes its way." Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge.

NOTHING does more to stimulate international sympathy than to have a foreigner write the biographies of our great-grandfathers. We, at least, are bound to think that "it 's a good text," as old Dr. Beecher used to say, in his hearty manner, at the beginning of a sermon. And in this case, the sermon is really worthy of the text, for without being brilliant, it is in the highest degree candid, careful, and appreciative.

The plan of the book is well and briefly stated in the Introduction: —

"I propose in this essay to examine a few of the most remarkable in that course of events by which a wilderness, inhabited only by savages and wild beasts, was changed in less than two hundred years into the home of one of the greatest of the civilized powers of the world. For this purpose I propose, first, to glance briefly and in outline at that movement which changed the sober, homely Englishman of the earliest Tudor reigns into the enterprising, versatile Elizabethan Englishman, and which moulded the gentry, yeomanry, and merchants of the sixteenth century into a race of navigators and explorers, the boldest and most adventurous that the world has ever seen. I propose, then, to trace fully the growth of the several colonies, to illustrate their social and political life, their manners, religion, and laws; to pass in review the most striking incidents and the most eminent characters in their

history; to consider their relations to the savage inhabitants whom they drove out, and to the colonists of other civilized nations with whom they came in contact; lastly, to examine the principal causes which gradually alienated and finally rent them asunder from their mother country, and bound them together in one independent empire."

The candor of Mr. Doyle's mind is well shown in his remarks on the character of the American Puritan as distinct from the English type. It is pleasant to find a countryman of Matthew Arnold writing this, for instance: —

"If we would see English Puritanism in its best form, we must study it in the early fathers of New England. The idea that a Puritan was a tasteless misanthrope is of course absurd. The greatest epic and the greatest allegory in the English language are a sufficient answer to that charge. But it cannot be denied that the Puritan in England too often acquired the morose fanaticism which his enemies represented as natural to him. To live in danger of being 'harried out of the land,' and having their ears grubbed out by the hangman's knife, is not calculated to make men gentle or loving to the world around them. In New England all this was different. There the Puritan was no longer a bondman in Egypt; he had reached the Promised Land. The dark past was separated from him by a vast ocean, the bright future was what he had to live for. In England we have almost lost sight of the domestic and civil life of the Puritan, we know him only as a preacher, or a soldier; if we would contemplate him as a citizen we must turn to America." (p. 76.) And he quotes admiringly the well-known saying of John Higginson, that "New England was originally a plantation religious, not a plantation of trade; . . . . and if any make religion as twelve and the world as thirteen, such an one hath not the spirit of a true New England man."

When the author comes to the more difficult narrative of the opening events of the Revolution, the same spirit of perfect candor is shown. "The Americans," he says, "were asserting and recovering freedom, if not for themselves, for their children's children." He thinks that the success of the royal arms in America would have brought the greatest danger to English liberty, and quotes Burke and Chatham for similar opinion. "To such a pass," he frankly says, "had misgovernment brought England, that our only hope lay in the incapacity of her commanders and the courage of her foes." (pp. 186, 187.) The key to the whole struggle lay in this, he thinks, that it was both "a democratic and a conservative revolution." And he finally declares that, "as a step in the progress of the human race, the American rebellion was in advance of any movement that had gone before it." (p. 218.)

Yet the book is written without a tinge of flattery or sycophancy; it is only pervaded by that perfectly manly spirit of fair play which we once loved to associate with the English mind. This "Prize Essay" really deserves republication, for there is no American book that covers so satisfactorily the precise ground here comprised. The only thing to be regretted is that the author suffered from the drawback, almost inevitable in a foreign country, of not possessing the latest special authorities upon many points he treats. Not to speak of less important memoirs or monographs, he writes of the French and Indian wars without alluding to Parkman, of the siege of Boston without citing Frothingham, and of the witchcraft delusion without a reference to Upham. Yet so completely have these writers, each in his special department, superseded the authorities whom Mr. Doyle cites, that it is as if an American were to write about the reign of Henry VIII. without having read Froude. It is remarkable, in view of this want of recent authorities, that we note so few errors of detail.

Search for Winter Sunbeams in Riviera, Corsica, Algiers, and Spain. By SAMUEL S. COX. With numerous Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MR. COX dedicates this volume to his constituents of the Sixth Congressional District of New York, and we beg to assure such of that highly respectable body as can read, that they may spend their time to far better advantage in looking over their Congressman's book than in listening to his political speeches; and that if they were minded to hold public meetings, and read aloud portions of it to their illiterate fellow-constituents, they would be doing an act favorable to civilization. The ground over which Mr. Cox passes is not strange to travel, and to many people outside of his district perhaps there would be no great novelty in what he says. Yet he writes in

amiable spirit; he has a lively manner, and he is an intelligent and shrewd observer. He is at his best in Africa, which has not remembered his political offences against him; and when he gets to Spain and talks of the revolution and the public men, he is to be read with profit. Of course we come in for a bull-fight: but it is not produced for a thrilling effect; and there is very little about art, and that is some compensation. The descriptions of the countries and people seen are clear and good; Mr. Cox has a poetical feeling for what is pretty or grand in travel, and the prevailing modesty of his rhetoric might be usefully studied by his fellow-Congressmen, and any young roughs among his constituents who chance to be forecasting the succession to his place. Not that we think his style good as a general thing: those short sentences, following one another like the detonation of Chinese crackers in an empty barrel, are easy things to understand, but grace or music is not in them; and then Mr. Cox has sad lapses of taste. As to his humor, it is dreadful, coming out in puns, and the like.

Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea. Translated by ELLEN FROTHINGHAM. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MISS FROTHINGHAM has for the most part accomplished very well a task which is not very easy, as any one may learn who will trouble himself to turn a few of Goethe's lines into English hexameters so faithful to the original as hers are. Perhaps she found her task the harder from the deceitful nature of the measure used, for if you are strange to it, your hexameter will at times affect to be entirely an affair of the ear, and at others will demand the most skilful touch of the yardstick: in the former case it will be apt to play you false by a foot more or less, and in the latter the lithe and sinuous thing will often stiffen under your measuring-wand until the old miracle is reversed, and the serpent turns into a stick. But in spite of all, the verse has a charm of movement and music under the hand of a master which is very tempting, and which silences every doubt of the fitness of English for it, — "Evangeline" and "Andromeda" are answers to all the sceptics.

The worst thing about Miss Frothingham's verses is that sometimes they obey neither rule nor ear, as in this line: —

"They shall depart from my house, and strangers agreeably can flatter."

And the best thing about them is that, so far as we have been able to compare them with Goethe's, they are a very literal and truthful rendering. Of course, they have now and then their lapses. We do not find the line which describes certain vines as

"Bearing inferior clusters from which the delicate wine comes,"

at all a good translation of

"Kleinere Trauben tragend von denen der köstliche Wein kommt":

for *inferior* gives an idea of poor quality, and fails to convey the sense of the original, wherein *kleinere* refers only to size. In another place excessive literality denies us good English as well as good sense, Miss Frothingham rendering

"Kaum mehr hinaus: denn alles soll *anders* sein und geschmackvoll"

by the verse

"Scarcely I venture abroad. All now must be *other* and tasteful."

She also, from the same good motive, vexes our idiom with this strange construction: —

"'May not the threatening heavens,' said Hermann, 'be presently sending
Hailstones upon us,'" &c.,

which is not a question on Hermann's part, as the reader of the English would suppose, but an aspiration, and the version of

"Möge das drohende Wetter," &c.

At times the German order has been so diligently followed that we are led into crooked and uncomfortable ways like this: —

"I will have one for a daughter
Who the piano shall play to me, too; so that here shall with pleasure
All the handsomest people in town, and the finest, assemble."

Yet, with all its defects, Miss Frothingham's translation is something to be glad of: it lends itself kindly to perusal, and it presents Goethe's charming poem in the metre of the original; while its blemishes are those which careful revision would remove. Besides, there is nothing in the order of Providence to prevent any one who is so gifted, from replacing her version by a better, and then, there is always the German, to which this or any other translation cannot do better than tempt the reader. It is not a poem which could be profitably used in an argument for the enlargement of the sphere of woman; it teaches her subjection, indeed, from the lips of a beautiful girl, which are always so fatally convincing;

but it has its charm, nevertheless, and will serve at least for an agreeable picture of an age when the ideal woman was a creature around which grew the beauty and comfort and security of home.

Unforgiven. A Novel. By BERRIEDALE. New York: George S. Wilcox.

As literature, we suppose that "Unforgiven" is not wholly worthy of notice here or elsewhere; and yet it is such a story as very many people would read if it fell in their way, — we have, indeed, read it quite through ourselves. It illustrates, too, some fatal æsthetic and ethical tendencies, and would afford a text for a very pretty discourse, if one had a mind to preach either good taste or good morals; and as it seems a first book, and the author appears very much in earnest, and does not mean any harm (as so many novelists of her sex seem to do, nowadays), we think it not quite unprofitable to speak of it. She — for, on the whole, we think it is not *he* — who has written it, undertakes to make us acquainted with the sorrows of such a sinful experience as Hawthorne has depicted in "The Scarlet Letter," only in this case the victim is a young lady in the best society, whose error is so well concealed that she continues a leader of fashion, and but for "a drawn look about the eyes," and a "cold, impassive expression," shows no outward mark of the anguish within. She will not marry her seducer when he returns penitent from Europe, and the man whom she comes to love, and whom, after a terrible struggle, she allows herself tacitly to deceive as concerns her past life, and promises to marry, discovers her secret by chance. He is one of those all-accomplished doctors in whom lady-novelists delight, and it is at the death-bed of Clarine's child, which he had supposed to be her brother's, that he learns the truth from her frantic grief. This scene is really well conceived, and for the most part well executed, but it stands almost alone in the book. Here two people actually speak from hearts of their own, simply and strongly, and the effect is necessarily good. But usually the characters are uncertain in their motives, and insupportably ornate in their conversation. Their talk is often such as you would expect to hear, say, at a Southern tournament, — so ceremonious, so flowery, so bland, while their moral ideas have a curious obliquity. We shrink from noticing the ease with which Clarine's ruin is accomplished; but it is surprising that she should consider herself deceived by a man who did not intimate marriage to her. She is, however, of an odd temper throughout, and carries a particularly high hand with her father, whom she thinks she may learn to hate, because he wishes some visible token of the remorse that afflicts her, but who is yet on his own part a person of singular habits of mind for a clergyman. It is not so bad that he should wish her to marry her "deceiver," and thus secure the family respectability against the chances of the discovery of her secret; but it is very bad that he should suffer his particular friend, Doctor Purdon, to fall in love with Clarine and offer her marriage, and should rejoice in their engagement, without thinking it his duty to tell him her history. There is ever so much anguish asserted for Clarine, but her beauty, her elegance, her social brilliancy, are fondly dwelt upon, and as to her error the reader has only a wretched and confusing sense of incongruity somewhere. Clarine suffers chiefly from those perfunctory pangs which the author makes her feel when she gets her alone. It appears no more than is due that at last, having found peace by forgiving everybody, and resolutely eschewing marriage, she should live to be just as lovely in gray hair as in blond, should not look half her age, and should be able to sing in such a way that young girls must cry out, "It is surely an angel's voice! O, I could worship her!"

We ought to be grateful, however, to the author of "Unforgiven," that she did not take a shorter method than broken pride and relinquished hate to make her Clarine an honest woman, for every one must see what a simple and easy thing it would have been to restore her uncontaminated to the bosom of society by having her reverend father shoot the betrayer on sight.

In the course of the book there are the awfulest things hinted about New York fashionable life, which it would be really shocking, though ever so interesting, to believe. We prefer not to believe them, on the whole; and, for our own part, we wish heartily that the ladies, when they write novels, would leave such cruel themes as the author of "Unforgiven" has chosen. We should like, now, to have a little of the amusing insipidity, the admirable dulness, of real life depicted in fiction. We would rather know what took

place in a young lady's mind on a shopping excursion than be told of the transactions of her soul after her ruin; and the chances are, we hope, that most novelists of her sex could treat her better in the former attitude. To our simple taste there is sufficient tragedy in the idea of her getting home a new dress spoiled by the dress-maker; and if you must have intrigue, what black arts are not employed to avoid the acquaintance of certain people, what wiles to achieve the friendship of others! Besides there is in life ever so much love-making of a perfectly harmless kind, and even amiable flirtation, that we ask nothing worse. What more pathetic figure need one look upon than that of a young girl who somehow expects a call, or a bow, or an invitation to dance, which she does not get?

These things, carefully studied and lightly done, are really much more desirable in fiction than clouds and crimes and sins and shames of whatever tint; and we respectfully ask the attention of Berriedale to them when she writes again.

My Enemy's Daughter. A Novel. By JUSTICE MCCARTHY, Author of "The Waterdale Neighbors," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE enemy in question is a very rich and proud and insolent Member of Parliament, whose like we think we have met in fiction before, and yet he is in many respects worked up into decided novelty; and his daughter, if not very new or strange, is very tender, sweet, and true. She is loved by the hero, a mediocre singer, who has first loved and lost a young German girl, — later a great *prima donna* and wife of an Italian patriot. Of course (and this will be no betrayal of confidence to the ladies at least, who always look at the back of the book first), Emanuel Banks marries Lilla Lyndon, and the irreclaimable Member of Parliament is duly carried off by the avenging gout of his class. This is the outline, not very surprising or promising, of a singularly good novel, — good enough in plot, and thoroughly good in tone and conduct of character. There are two or three people in it whose betters we have not seen since the days of Thackeray. First of these is Stephen Lyndon (reprobate brother to the M. P.), who after deserting his wife and daughter (another Lilla Lyndon), and beating about all countries, and living upon his wits and others' want of them, comes to be stabbed at last by an Italian whose fellow-conspirators he has betrayed to the French government. His character is so life-like that it might very well be life down to that very little ultimate compunction which he feels when dying, or seems to feel, for you are not sure in the end. His talk is perfect of its kind, and the talk of most of the others is natural and good. He is quite incapable of receiving offence, though he can be very malicious and abusive, and there is hardly anything good in him, except a love of the beautiful, which he himself is inclined to think sufficient for his salvation. It is an artistic and delicate piece of work to reproduce, as Mr. McCarthy does, his luxury and sensuousness and humor, purged of their evil, in his daughter's temperament, who is the next best creation of the book, and who is really a delightful bit of original character. The hero, in whose mouth the story is put, is also pleasant, a manly, generous fellow, whom you like. Italian conspirators we do not get on well with, nor opera singers of any nation; but we are bound to say that Mr. McCarthy has managed these contrary people with great skill. It seems a pity that the character of Christina, the first love of the hero, which is really subordinate, should be suffered to take up so much space and time; but as it is not really uninteresting, perhaps we ought not to complain. No part of the book is dull. A high level is kept, and the story abounds in neat and truthful touches; — capital sketches and studies of persons and places.

The Chinese Classics, a Translation by JAMES LEGGE, D. D., of the London Missionary Society. Part I. CONFUCIUS. Part II. MENCIUS. Hurd and Houghton. New York.

DR. LEGGE, a London missionary in China, has translated and edited the Chinese classics, amounting in all to a ten-volume series, and he gives us in the above-named volume the first instalment of the publication. It is well reprinted; but we wish the American editor could have been content to give us Dr. Legge's Prefaces without mutilation, whether he should see fit thereupon to criticise them or not. Dr. Legge is evidently a man of original knowledge on the subject of which he speaks, and whatever defects his judgment may exhibit, it is at all events entitled to be respectfully heard.

There seem to be three great schools which claim between them the empire of the Chinese intellect, the earliest and the latest of which, those respectively of Lao-tse and of Fo or Buddha, contain a speculative doctrine, while the middle school, that of Confucius, is severely practical or moralistic. Indeed, Confucius is so deficient on the speculative side, that his ideas are often supposed to be atheistic. But this charge appears to be unreasonable. He accepts *ex animo* the traditional faith of his countrymen in a heavenly providence, according to which man, being imperfect, is bound to shape himself. "Upon the highest as upon the humblest of men," he said, "one equal obligation impended, that, namely, of self-correction or moral progress." He indulged in no sceptical flings at the popular religion, but, on the contrary, affirmed very heartily all its ritual principles and practices, lending himself to its ideas about spiritual existences, sacrifices, and other ceremonials, with even uncommon devoutness. In fact, he seems altogether to have been a curious amalgam of formal superstition and rational freedom. The most vigorous utterance we have found cropping out of the somewhat dreary flow of his meditations is where he says that "to give one's self earnestly to present duty, and *while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them*, may be called wisdom." This looks like genuine manhood; but, on the whole, apart from the elevated morality of the book, a Chinese flavor abounds, and you scarcely for a moment lose sight of the pigtail. Confucius himself was a sort of Chinese Dr. Johnson, with a good deal more amenity, doubtless, because he had a less scrofulous temperament; but with the same tendency to conservatism and the same proclivity to dogmatizing. Mencius was a man of higher intellect and wider sympathies, and his portion of the volume before us will better repay modern perusal. The critical spirit entered to some extent into his cogitations, and no better democratic doctrine can be desired than we find in his pages. "Mencius said, Kee and Chow's losing the empire arose from their losing the people, and to lose the people means to lose their hearts. There is a way to get the empire. Get the people, and the empire is got. There is a way to get the people; get their hearts, and they are got. There is a way to get their hearts; it is simply to collect for them what they like, and not to lay on them what they dislike." Mencius held to the goodness of human nature; and maintained that if any one did evil he did so by the constraint of his passions disturbing his rationality. Mencius had a distinguished opponent, Sun-tse or Sun-king as he is called by Dr. Legge, who maintained that human nature was evil, and endeavored to refute the reasonings of Mencius on that subject.

No one, we think, can seriously ponder the literary remains of the great Eastern religions, which so many erudite scholars are now elucidating for us, without being forcibly struck with the vast intellectual superiority which Christianity avouches to them all, in claiming as it does to construe both nature and history as a mere *revelation* of God in man. None of the older religions make the least claim to this superb office. In fact, they all identify God and nature, or turn out practically and at best a gigantic scheme of naturalism as stifling to the life of God as it is to that of man. In all these ancient pantheistic religions man is presented to us simply as the victim of his participation of the divine nature. Existence or consciousness is his burning hell, and no rest or heaven is attainable to him save by the cessation of consciousness, that is, by annihilation. All that the very purest of these faiths can do to soften this really immitigable doom of man is to make his annihilation convertible with absorption in God; and the conception of God as a creator, and of man consequently as a creature, is as repugnant to them as day is to night. Naturalism, in short, is the ineffaceable stigma of all the old religions, and naturalism is the almost ineradicable disease of the human mind itself; so that Christianity, which is religion in its sovereign spiritual form, as implying the essential subserviency of nature to spirit, or of the universe to man, is only now at last laying off her carnal fetters, and displaying an infinite interior significance, ample at once to satisfy the deathless craving of the soul after inward peace, or harmony with God, and the deathless craving of the senses after outward prosperity, or harmony with man and nature. But once entered upon this career, its march is destined never to relent until science recognizes in nature no longer a field of true being, but only of pure seeming; no longer a divine finality, but a strict divine method for the education of the human mind into harmony with infinite goodness and truth.

ATLANTIC ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

No. CLII. JUNE, 1870.

THE DICKENS GALLERY. — There is now publishing, in the form of Supplements to EVERY SATURDAY, a series of striking full-page drawings by Mr. Eytinge, illustrating the more prominent characters in Charles Dickens's novels. Mr. Eytinge's designs for the holiday edition of "A Christmas Carol" (published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. in 1868) have won him an honorable place among the various artists who have been most successful in illustrating the pages of the great novelist. How appreciatively Mr. Eytinge has studied the writings of Dickens may be seen at a glance in "Mr. Pickwick's Reception," a double-page cartoon issued with the opening chapters of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" in EVERY SATURDAY No. 15. Notwithstanding that the figures in this picture were necessarily diminutive, they were, unmistakably, "Dickens's people." In the drawings which constitute the Dickens Gallery, the artist, dealing on each occasion with only two or three characters, has ample room to work out the detail of his designs. The first two pictures of the series have been published, — "Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig," in EVERY SATURDAY for May the 7th; and "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness," in the number bearing date of May 21st.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP AND OTHER SKETCHES, by F. Bret Harte, is a notable addition to American fiction. "It is very rarely indeed," says the *Universalist*, "that we meet a book of so much freshness, piquancy, and unstrained grace. Some of the best writing, to our mind, that we have lately seen, is in this book. With a few strokes the author draws a picture or paints a scene; and with a few genuine touches of nature he recalls incidents that were plain prose then, but are poetry and tragedy now. It may seem to those who have caught only an exaggerated or at least partial view of early California life, that it had little that was worthy of preservation. The reader of Mr. Harte's book will be able to correct this notion, and will be glad that so appreciative an artist was sent out with the motley crowds that thronged to the golden land. The past lives again in these pages; and we see that, coarse and crude and lawless as it was, it was not without a peculiar charm."

The critic of the *New York Times*, in a review of this book, very justly remarks: "It is a remarkable fact, that although we have many magazines, we have very few good magazine writers of sketch or fiction. The right mixture of imagination and good taste, of crispness of style and harmony of thought, of humor and pathos, is much talked of but seldom found. If we may believe some of the newspapers, there are hundreds of brilliant young men and women writing for the magazines who every month combine these qualities in the most catholic manner. But we know, in point of fact, that there is much nonsense in this, and that the hyperbole that might have been absurd, even if lavished upon CHARLES LAMB or WASHINGTON IRVING, is not in reality applicable to the writers who make up the staple of most magazines. We know that a large part of this staple is to literature what amateur performances are to theatricals, — things to look on with an amused and indulgent eye, and in which to strive to see the germs of promise, but things that by no means warrant the extravagant praise so often bestowed upon them, and which has grown of late to such excess as almost to threaten to change the meanings of words. Now, Mr. BRET HARTE has the attributes that are so often erroneously imputed to many others. He has humor, pathos, imagination, a sententious yet picturesque style, and he has, what is better than all, a manifestly good heart. His sketches are therefore attractive, and they are also instructive; the latter not only because of a keen knowledge of human nature, but because that knowledge is accompanied by graphic and truthful pictures of early Californian life such as are seldom to be met with. This life was different from any other perhaps ever led by man; its experience is hardly likely to be repeated; and hence the preservation in sketches like those before us of its most salient episodes is a boon to appreciate and be grateful for. Mr. HARTE's generosity of nature is shown in the naïve steadfastness with which he ranges himself on the side of those whom the world agrees to persecute or to despise, even when such suffering or obloquy are what we are accustomed to think justified by the moral nature of things. The tenderness with which he deals with the female outcasts of his stories — and as he describes early California life, the sketches naturally contain several of the stamp — is the best illustration of this; but even his gamblers and thieves have something redeeming about them, are not totally and irretrievably bad, do something noble or atoning in critical junctures that makes the heart melt and the soul feel shame for perchance judging these poor fellow-creatures so harshly. Mr. HARTE is no apologist for crime, but he is an apologist for the criminal. He makes allowance for circumstances, for the lack of education and training, and the wholesome attritions which so often make dark and malefic natures that might, under happier circumstances, have been only a little lower than the angels, and which by Heaven's mercy may hereafter be so in the future. Teaching these lessons with a tenderness that is abundant, yet singularly chastened and self-restrained, Mr. HARTE mingles them with a quick eye for the ludicrous, and a felicity of expression in describing it that will give him in due time high rank as a humorist. We rejoice heartily in his deserved success, and hope he will continue to do himself and his country credit by the production of literary wares, the native supply of which is far more limited than could be wished."

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS. — This exquisite Summer Book by Mrs. Helen S. Conant has found troops of admiring readers in all parts of the country, who will eagerly indorse the following commendation of it by the *New York Times:* "Mrs. Conant's agreeable little book introduces a bevy of 'butterfly hunters' with whom her young readers take a long and delightful summer ramble, wherein boating and botany, walks and talks, incident and boyish adventure, mingle with butterfly lore. In this way she converts what might be an irksome task into an eager sport, and the story, with its

dialogue and circumstance, carries along its undertow of instruction, and, better than all, its inspiring invitation to the study of nature. In the exciting butterfly chase, the little hunters find time to note the beauties of violets and anemones, of mosses underfoot and wide-spreading trees overhead; and, indeed, the whole book is redolent of country air and flowers, of green field and pleasant dell. The profuse and careful illustrations, prepared from the author's collection of butterflies, add much to the value of the book, which has been issued in tasteful and beautiful style, and will be sure of finding a multitude of delighted little readers."

EVERY SATURDAY — MONTHLY PART. — The *Boston Courier* says of the monthly part of EVERY SATURDAY for April: "A folio of such imposing proportions as the monthly part of 'Every Saturday' presents so many points for examination and includes so many varieties of literary matter, as to almost defy a criticism which must be limited to a few lines. But it is possible, even in that space, to enumerate a few of the attractions which lie within its covers, and enable it to minister to the entertainment of people whose individual tastes are widely dissimilar. We can imagine the delight, for instance, which the arrival of such a visitor must cause in many a remote country home, in which are young, active minds that crave some knowledge of the world of art; that would fain have some notion of literature beyond what can be gained by perusal of a few volumes, however well chosen; and that pick up with avidity all stray bits of information as to what the big, busy, talking, working, thinking world is about.

"A mere list of the contents of the number before us is eloquent of the enterprise of the publishers and prophetic of enjoyment to the expectant reader. There is the new story of "Edwin Drood" by Dickens, — who probably counts up a larger number of admirers in America than any other living author; and they are to be furnished with it in all that spirit of prompt haste so delightful to the American mind. There is foreign correspondence putting us in communication with current European chat; fine selections from magazines filled by the best minds of the age; bits of wit and gossip in the intervals between the longer articles, and poems come in occasionally to bring back memories of the past to some, or suggest dreams of the future to others. Then come those advertisements — often very agreeable reading — which let us know, in brief, what is agitating, or about to agitate, the mind of the community, or supply it with new material for further advance. Last, not least, here are no less than thirty-three illustrations full of spirit and variety. Some of these will tell, to those who have not seen for themselves, how Booth and Fechter look as Hamlet, and the promise is given of Booth in other of his most celebrated impersonations. We are also to have "counterfeit presentments" of certain typical characters so often looked at by the mind's eye that we are sure to recognize their portraits when they come. Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig, — and will not the artist strive to seize for us the impalpable lineaments of the immortal Mrs. Harris, Captain Cuttle, and Mr. Micawber? — we shall know them all.

"We were very fond of 'Every Saturday' in its early days. There was a charm in its compact, business-like pages, and its size was suggestively convenient for the pocket and the table. In enlarging its dimensions, however, it has secured so many new opportunities for adornment which were not possible under the old *régime*, that a strong argument may be made in favor of the change. At present 'Every Saturday' is encyclopædic in its grasp, and capable of supplying food for its most omnivorous readers. We hope it will be reached by millions of such a public as only the American temperament can furnish, and enjoyed after the fashion in which our busy nation likes to take a taste of every dish that has an appetizing flavor."

CHARLES READE'S NEW NOVEL. — Those who possess the Household Edition of Charles Reade's entertaining novels, published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., will be very glad to add another volume to the series. Mr. Reade's exciting story, "Put Yourself in his Place," will be issued immediately, uniform with the author's previous writings. The novel is given complete in one volume, handsomely printed, and bound in green cloth. Price One Dollar.

MUSIC-HALL SERMONS, by the REV. W. H. H. MURRAY. — Mr. Murray has succeeded, not only in writing one of the most popular summer volumes lately published ("Adventures in the Adirondacks"), but has contributed to serious literature a collection of sermons of permanent interest. The twelve discourses comprised in this volume were originally delivered before large audiences of all denominations at the Boston Music Hall. That Mr. Murray's magnetic oratory was one of the charms that filled the spacious hall with attentive listeners Sunday after Sunday is not to be denied; but the sermons are eloquent in themselves, and deal with subjects that appeal to every thoughtful mind. Their Christianity and practical good sense are as impressive in the printed page as when they came from the lips of the speaker. "We lately referred," writes Mr. Tuckerman, "to the remarkable literary success of several volumes of sermons in England and this country; those of W. H. H. Murray have the added interest of an experiment in preaching, — the gathering of audiences in a hall not identified with a special sect, after the manner of antiquity. It seems as if under such circumstances the preacher became more free from conventional trammels, — as if the man predominated over the priest. Certain it is that, in this neat little volume, there is a practical application of Christianity, a direct, earnest, and wise utterance of religious truth, which every true heart must accept and profit by. The Music-Hall Sermons will take their place as part of standard popular religious literature."

MEN AND MYSTERIES OF WALL STREET. — All people are anxious to make money, and consequently desirous of knowing how that all-desirable end is to be accomplished. Mr. Medberry, in the pleasant volume just published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., imparts this information. He prescribes no infallible methods of accumulating fortunes, but simply relates how wealth has been accumulated and squandered in that great financial arena of the country, Wall Street. Though treating of business, a dry subject, the book is a most readable one, for it is studded with anecdotes of "bulls" and "bears," and contains accounts of all the stock bubbles ever blown in Wall Street; how they were manipulated, the causes of the collapse, and who were injured in the process. How pleasantly Mr. Medberry writes may be judged from the annexed pen-and-ink picture of the New York Stock Board: —

"Peaked faces, rosy faces, faces like sunshine, and faces over which ripple all forms and shadows of expression; voices like a church organ and voices like a bagpipe; stridulous, whooping, screeching, deep-toned, piping voices; voices like a trip-hammer, crashing through all other cries, and carrying the whole market down by an offer as tremendous as the lungs which gave it birth; every step and crevice jammed with men; note-books, arms, fists, dexter fingers, hats, heads tossing, swaying, darting hither and thither with nervous eagerness, and suggesting a perpetual explosion of bombshells from below; now concentrating upon a single stock; again

breaking out into twenty different markets. Supple youths loom up above the level, with feet apparently planted upon nothing, and standing firmly there, snapping up an odd lot of Pacific Mail here, and selling five thousand Michigan Southern there, buying a 'put,' making a loan, doing it all in the same moment, like flashing lightning, and then, like lightning, disappearing in the broadcloth darkness. Dante, gazing down into this human craze, would have added another book to 'Il Inferno.' Men might go mad here and no one know it. In this hot air and reeling life they would go mad, were it not for the great undercurrent of humor which bubbles up continually through the earnest confusion. In the old days, when buying Erie was not like pumping out the Atlantic Ocean, and Daniel Drew was wont to send in a legion of brokers with cross orders of 'carry it up to 90' or 'sell it down to 80,' and the Long Room would lurch and roll under the tornado of perplexing orders and bids, a lank face once emerged from the crowd with a rocket-like cry of, 'I 'll buy any part of half a million Erie at 33!' Smash went the man's hat down over his eyes. 'Give us a power of attorney on your brandy bottle at Delmonico's,' shouted somebody. A roar of laughter followed, and the fit of fun still on, a broker, with rich mellow voice, struck up, —

'John Brown's body lies a mouldering in his grave,'

The whole assembly beating time with feet and hands, and joining uproariously in the chorus. Such transitions are of daily occurrence, and the immense flow of ready gayety perpetually relieves the tense and jaded brains of the *habitués* with some fresh and lively outburst."

THE NATURALIST'S GUIDE. — Youthful naturalists, who wish clear, practical suggestions for collecting and preserving birds, insects, fishes, eggs, and other objects in Natural History, will find valuable assistance in Mr. Maynard's "Naturalist's Guide," just published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. Professor Agassiz, whose indorsement stamps any scientific work as possessing genuine value, commends this book as follows: "I have carefully examined the manuscripts of Mr. Maynard's work upon Taxidermy. It is a well-digested, thoroughly practical treatise of the subject. Nothing of the kind has yet been published in the United States, and with the growing taste for Natural History among our young people, I would expect an extensive demand for such a book. Moreover, the second part, in which the birds of Eastern Massachusetts are enumerated, contains many valuable notices upon the habits and distribution of our birds, interesting even to the advanced students of Natural History."

THE LONDON TIMES ON CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW NOVEL. — The "Thunderer," which is seldom in haste to praise a work of fiction, gave two or three of its columns to an examination of the first few chapters of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," issued in numbers in London, and published simultaneously in EVERY SATURDAY by a special arrangement with the Author. The Times' critic pronounces "Edwin Drood" a literary as well as a financial success, and concludes as follows: —

"Mr. Dickens has given us some admirable photographs of still life, and has cut out in prose, which is close as ivory, some dozen of distinct characters. So far from losing his old touch, it is, we think, more delicate than ever, and yet as firm. The scene at the Nuns' House during Edwin's visit to his betrothed is as charming as almost anything ever written by its author. The saucy girl, who will not kiss her lover 'because I have got an acidulated drop in my mouth'; Miss Twinkleton, the schoolmistress; and Mrs. Tisher, her companion, who is described as 'a deferential widow, with a weak back, a chronic sigh, and a suppressed voice,' — all of these combine to make a most amusing episode. The Nuns' House is never in such a state of flutter as when Edwin Drood calls. 'Every young lady who can, under any pretence, look out of window, looks out of window; and the French class becomes so demoralized that the Mark goes round as briskly as the bottle at a convivial party in the last century.' The interview between the young people is, of course, 'by authority'; nevertheless, Miss Twinkleton thinks it necessary, 'either in her own person or in that of Mrs. Tisher, to lay an offering on the shrine of propriety,' by gliding in every three minutes and affecting to look for a paper-cutter or a pair of tweezers. Mr. Sapsea, the Cloisterham auctioneer, promises to be a great source of entertainment. He is the butt of the story, and we look forward to his absurdities with an appetite stimulated by the morsels already given to us. We are very much mistaken if ninety-nine hundredths of its readers do not see in this first number of 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' the promise of a novel well worthy of its author. One piece of even higher praise we must venture, — it is that Edwin Drood himself shows signs of freeing Mr. Dickens from the reproach which has sometimes been made against him, that though he can sketch admirably many eccentricities of character, he cannot draw a hero who is simply a gentleman. We look forward with great pleasure to the next and subsequent numbers; we believe that Mr. Dickens will show himself artist enough to interest us in each, and yet to preserve the unity and continuity of his story. Veteran of letters as he is, he cannot say that

'A sprightlier age
Comes tittering on and shoves him from the stage.'

"As he delights the fathers so he delights the children, and this his latest effort promises to be received with interest and pleasure as widespread as that which greeted those glorious papers which built at once the whole edifice of his fame. Its perusal will leave his readers still hoping and still asking, like the irrepressible Oliver, for 'more.'"

THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF WONDERS. — Some of the last-issued volumes of this charming and instructive series received the following well-merited commendation in the May number of OUR YOUNG FOLKS: "Teachers and scholars, to say nothing of those who have to do their reading 'around the evening lamp,' will find a treasure in the recent volumes of the 'Illustrated Library of Wonders,' issued by Charles Scribner & Co., New York. The 'Wonders of the Sun' and 'The Sublime in Nature' will be sure to add zest to the study of Astronomy and Geography. 'Egypt Three Thousand Years ago' and the 'Wonders of Pompeii' — the latter a most interesting description of the exhumed city whose history is in itself a marvellous romance — form a valuable accompaniment to the reading of ancient history; and 'Glass-making' will bring an added pleasure to those who enjoyed the articles on the same subject in our last year's volume."

MRS. FARRAR'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SEVENTY YEARS. — The recent decease of Mrs. John Farrar has revived the public interest in her literary labors, especially in her "Recollections of Seventy Years," published in 1865 by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. Mrs. Farrar spent many years in England and on the Continent, under circumstances highly favorable to acquaintance with persons eminent in literary, political, military, and social life. Her sketches and anecdotes of individuals so well known in a past generation as Mrs. Barbauld, Benjamin West, Mrs. Opie, Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton, Robespierre, Crabbe, Joanna Baillie, George the Fourth, Miss Edgeworth, and a host of others, are exceedingly interesting, and have no little historical value. Her reminiscences are rendered yet more attractive by the perfect simplicity, truthfulness, and good taste by which they are characterized.

HEDGED IN continues to engage the attention of all thoughtful readers. The skill, delicacy, and intense earnestness with which Miss Phelps treats the appalling social evil which furnishes the theme of her story are cordially recognized. The *Presbyterian Review* says: "We have read Miss Phelps's story with unmixed approval. There is a purpose in it and a power, that ought to make it more popular than 'The Gates Ajar.' It treats a delicate, difficult, and commonly avoided subject — the duty of society to fallen women — with so rare a delicacy, and yet thoroughness, — from so heroic a stand-point, and with such a clear apprehension of the spirit and principles of Christ's teachings, and at the same time with a heart so full of sisterly sympathy and love toward the unfortunate class, — that no true man or woman can read it and not be moved in the right direction. The work loses nothing in interest or power of impression by being wrought into a story." The *Independent* pronounces it "A story of remarkable power, pathos, and beauty. Some of its descriptions of the street-life and house-life of the very poor are hardly surpassed by Dickens himself. The character of Margaret Purcell, the good Samaritan, who shelters and saves poor Nixy, is drawn with rare skill and delicacy. Nothing could be more naturally and touchingly painted than the mental struggle of this noble woman, — the doubts, the perplexities so candidly acknowledged, the womanly shrinking from contact with vice, and the pure, resolute Christian heart triumphing over all, and enabling Margaret Purcell to defy the world, the flesh, and the Devil in her great task of redeeming a fallen fellow-creature.

"HEDGED IN is a beautiful, touching tale, inspired by noble womanly feeling and true Christian faith."

THE AMERICAN ORGAN. — The piano-forte is essentially a home instrument, and for a time it held that place almost exclusively; but it now has a powerful rival in the reed organ, from the fact that the organ is capable of many musical effects of which the piano is not. Music with sustained harmony cannot be played upon the piano, while the organ can give it full expression. The great improvements made in this class of instruments within a few years past have deservedly brought them forward very prominently. Among the best and most popular are Smith's "American Organ." In all that goes to make a superior instrument — purity of tone, power, nicety of touch, promptness of action, breadth of expression and musical effect, and elegance of exterior as well as interior finish — these organs are unsurpassed. Their unquestioned excellence has gained them a high reputation and a large sale in Europe as well as America.

AMERICAN BANKERS ABROAD. — The *New York Home Journal* says: "The annual exodus of Americans to Paris and the Continent, and in many cases the permanent residence of some of our best families abroad, have made the usual banking facilities necessary for their accommodation. The result has been that several American bankers have established themselves in that city, and within a year or two a branch of the time-honored house of DREXEL & Co. has been added to the list. This firm, which began its existence a generation ago, in Philadelphia, and has been for some years past represented in New York by DREXEL, WINTHROP, & Co. of No. 18 Wall Street, has survived all the financial storms that have swept over the country in the last twenty-five years, and kept steadily on, acquiring year by year more of the public confidence, and accumulating a capital now numbered by millions. This great and marked success is largely due to the high personal character of the DREXELS, whose name in Philadelphia is a synonyme for perfect integrity as well as great executive capacity in their business connections. Their office in Paris (DREXEL, HARJES, & Co.) is located at No. 3 Rue Scribe, where they advertise to transact all kinds of banking business in the most satisfactory manner, collect interest and dividends free of charge, issue drafts and circular letters of credit, etc. They also take charge of correspondence or papers directed to their care, and of surplus baggage, jewelry, or valuables of any kind, thus answering the purpose of a safe-deposit company. To the travelling public, and to our readers while visiting Paris, we take pleasure in commending this house as in every way worthy of their confidence."

Messrs. Hubbard Brothers & Co. of Boston issue Drexel & Co.'s Letters of Credit.

MISS PHELPS'S BOOKS IN ENGLAND. — The *Examiner and London Review* says of the author of "The Gates Ajar": "Miss Phelps is known as the successful authoress of a class of fiction which, although free from sensationalism in the ordinary acceptation of that term, is nevertheless marked by such vigorous drawing of character, such keen analysis of motives, and such powerful description of places and things, that more genuine interest is evoked from her admirably written single books than from many of the three-volume combinations of sin and sensuality which are nowadays so popular. Equally free are they from that sickly goody sentimentality, the milk-and-water religious element, which many tales with a professed moral are so full of."

BOOKS IN PRESS. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have in press for publication during the present season several new works of special interest, among which may be mentioned the second and concluding volume of William Cullen Bryant's translation of the Iliad of Homer; "Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil," by Louis Agassiz and his Travelling Companions (with one hundred engravings and maps); "The Seat of Empire," by Charles Carleton Coffin ("Carleton"), with original illustrations; "The Naturalist's Guide," by C. J. Maynard, illustrated; and "Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne," in two volumes, uniform with the "American Note-Books."

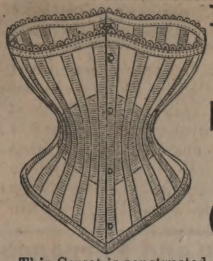
The same publishers have also in preparation three volumes of their Illustrated Library Edition of Thackeray's Works: "The Newcomes," with forty-five drawings by Richard Doyle; "The Adventures of Philip," with twenty illustrations by Frederick Walker; and "Harry Esmond and Lovel the Widower," with fourteen designs by George Du Maurier and the Author. This is a uniform, elegant, and cheap edition of Thackeray's novels.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATURALIST'S GUIDE in collecting and preserving Objects of Natural History, with a complete Catalogue of the Birds of Eastern Massachusetts. By C. J. MAYNARD. With Illustrations by E. L. WEEKS. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 179. Morocco cloth, $2.00.

THACKERAY'S NOVELS. *Illustrated Library Edition.*
Vol. IV. THE NEWCOMES. By W. M. THACKERAY. With 45 illustrations by RICHARD DOYLE. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 551. Green morocco cloth, $2.00.
Vol. V. THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. THACKERAY. With 20 illustrations by FREDERICK WALKER. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 442. Green morocco cloth, $2.00.
Vol. VI. HENRY ESMOND AND LOVEL THE WIDOWER. By W. M. THACKERAY. With 14 illustrations by GEORGE DU MAURIER and the Author. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 367. Green morocco cloth, $2.00.
☞ These volumes complete the *Illustrated Library Edition* of Thackeray's Novels, uniform with Dickens, Scott, and George Eliot.

These books can be procured of Booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., Boston.



FANNING'S PATENT KID FITTING SKELETON CORSET.

This Corset is constructed on an entirely new principle, being *open*, and thereby allowing the freest circulation possible, besides giving perfect ease and comfort to the wearer, and at the same time possessing all the advantages of the common Corsets in giving support to the body.

For **Health, Grace, and Comfort** they are UNRIVALLED IN THE MARKET. They are particularly recommended for summer wear, and warm climates, although equally well adapted to all seasons of the year. They are highly recommended by medical and scientific men.

For circulars, prices, &c. address the

WORCESTER SKIRT CO.,
Worcester, Mass.

PET SEWING MACHINE. — The Wonder of the World! Price $5. Send $5 by your Express-man or by mail for one. Call and see it. Send Stamps for sample of work and circular. Agents wanted. Address

PET SEWING MACHINE CO.,
7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

LAW & BANKING OFFICE.

PITKIN C. WRIGHT,

DEWITT, CLINTON CO., IOWA.

Money loaned for a term of years on unincumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, net, payable annually. Interest collected when due. *All charges* paid by borrower. Have been in business over nine years.

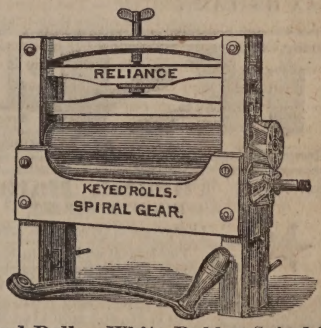
PARTIES HAVING MONEY TO INVEST PLEASE NOTICE.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.

The reputation of the **Novelty Job Printing Press** is thoroughly established as meeting all the requirements of a first-class press, with which to "*do your own printing*," and as being second to none for the use of *general Job Printers*. Many printers are using them, and find them most admirably adapted for job work. Many young men have bought them, and are doing all the printing for the house which employs them, thereby materially adding to their salaries. TRADERS and MANUFACTURERS are finding them great aids to their business. Principals of Schools are finding them very useful assistants; and boys are finding them a never-failing source of instruction, pleasure, and profit. Most lads of fourteen, with one of these presses and a few dollars' worth of material, are perfectly capable of doing all the printing for their father's business, and will be thereby gaining instruction. **Prices of Presses, $15, $30, $32, $50.** Send for full descriptive illustrated circular, with testimonials from all parts of the country, and specimens of plain and color printing done on the press, and specimen sheets of types, cuts, &c., to **BENJ. O. WOODS,** Manufacturer, 351 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS., dealer in every description of printing material; or to the following Agents: — C. C. THURSTON, No. 16 College Place, New York; KELLY, HOWELL, & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. C. KELLOGG, 68 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Reliance Wringer,

IMPROVED.



Keyed Rolls. White Rubber Spiral Cogs. Easy Working. Has Curved Clamp. Fits any Tub. The Best. The Cheapest. Try it.

PROVIDENCE TOOL CO.,

29 Beekman St., N. Y. PROV., R. I.

REMDEY FOR PIMPLES.

To all who desire it, the undersigned will mail (free) on receipt of 6-cent stamp the recipe and full directions for preparing and using a

GENUINE VEGETABLE BALM

that will immediately remove **Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Tan, Black Worms,** and all eruptions and impurities of the skin, leaving the same clear, with a healthy glow.

He will also send (free) **instructions for producing a growth of hair** on a bald head or smooth face.

The above can be obtained by return mail by addressing

F. W. TRUER, Chemist, 113 Broadway, New York.

THE COMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

By JOHN D. SHERWOOD. 1 vol. 12mo. With 60 original Illustrations by HARRY SCRATCHLY. $2.50.

THIRD EDITION.

"As a history the book has merits of no ordinary kind." — *New York Times.*

"One can hardly take it up and begin to read at all without being insensibly drawn on by its pleasant, genial, and smoothly flowing style." — *Independent.*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers, Boston.

THE BEST

FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

UNEQUALLED for **simplicity** and **durability of construction.**

EXCELLING ALL OTHERS in its capacity for all kinds of work without change of adjustment, and for **BEAUTY** and **ELASTICITY** of **STITCH.**

Manufactory at FLORENCE, MASS.

AGENCIES—505 Broadway, New York; 141 Washington St., Boston, and in all the **principal cities** in the **UNITED STATES** and **GREAT BRITAIN.**

WEBB ADDING MACHINE.

In the first year of its introduction has made itself an established success. In accuracy—mechanical—its labor-saving qualities are seen at a glance. A child can operate it. Lumber yards find it indispensable in tallying. Guaranteed to do all claimed for it. Price $8 and $10. Sent on receipt of price, or by express, C. O. D. Circulars, containing full description and testimonials, sent on application. Agents wanted in every city and county. Address

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, N. Y

Cooking Ranges and Furnaces.

With my new improvements in these well-known and everywhere popular Furnaces and Ranges, together with the fine quality of stock and superior workmanship, combine to make them still more desirable than ever before. A careful examination of my improvements will be interesting to those wanting good work, including my *new Cooking and Parlor Stoves and Summer Cooking Range*, Parlor Grates, Registers, Ventilators, &c., &c. Special attention given to putting up Furnaces and Ranges and the ventilation of buildings in any part of the country. Wholesale and Retail Warerooms, 99 and 101 Blackstone Street, Boston, and at my Foundry at Mansfield, Mass.

GARDNER CHILSON.

Spring Styles of Furniture!

PARLOR SUITS!

New and **Original Designs,** made in **our own Factory,** by experienced workmen, from kiln-dried stock, and warranted in every particular.

SOFAS, LOUNGES, &c.

BRAMAN, SHAW, & CO.,
27 Sudbury Street, Boston.

U.S. PIANO CO. N.Y.

Beautiful rosewood case—carved legs—large square grand overstrung scale—French action—iron plate—7 octaves—pure, sweet, rich, and powerful tone—boxed and sent everywhere for trial—warranted 5 years—Price **$290.**—Circulars mailed free.—*Address*—UNITED STATES PIANO CO., No. **645** Broadway, New York.

Boston Turkish Baths,

1427 WASHINGTON STREET,

(BETWEEN NEWTON AND RUTLAND.)

The largest and best in New England. Preventive — restorative — luxurious! Ladies — 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Gentlemen — 6 to 8½ A. M., 2 to 9 P. M., and until 11 on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

L. L. DEAN, M. D., Manager.

Facts for the Ladies.

I purchased my Wheeler & Wilson Machine, July 10th, 1857, and for the first six years used it constantly from morning until late in the evening on heavy cloth and Marseilles work, and the remainder of the time I have used it for family sewing, without repairs, and the machine is in so good condition that I would not exchange it for your latest number. It will wear a dozen years more without repairing. I have used one needle nearly three years, and have some of the dozen needles that I received with the machine.

MRS. T. EDMONDSON.

JERSEY CITY.

$2,000 A YEAR AND EXPENSES

to agents to sell the celebrated

WILSON SEWING MACHINES.

The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* ONE MACHINE WITHOUT MONEY.

For further particulars address

THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

DIABETIC FLOUR.

Prepared FLOUR OF BRAN for making Biscuit for the Diabetic and Dyspeptic.

JOHN W. SHEDDEN, Pharmacist, 363 Bowery, Cor. 4th St., New York.

ONLY 25 CENTS.

A HANDSOME ALBUM holding 20 card pictures. Full gilt cover. Novel, new, and serviceable. Sent free on receipt of 25 cents.

SAMUEL BOWLES & CO., Springfield, Mass.

VINEGAR.

HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, MOLASSES, OR SORGHUM, in Ten Hours, without using drugs.

For Circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker Cromwell, Conn.

TO REMOVE MOTH PATCHES, Freckles, and Tan from the face, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

COLTON'S SELECT FLAVORS

Of the Choicest Fruits and Spices.

They are the **True, Rich Flavors of the Fruits,** of *remarkable strength* and *economy*, requiring much less than of the ordinary Flavoring Extracts, and are securing an unparalleled and constantly increasing trade, and always *reliable* — **the Best. Colton's Rich Vanilla Extract is sought by many who prize the delicious purity.** References from **Families, Dealers,** and **Hotels,** who use them, and say "**Very Choice**": *Gov. Wm. A. Buckingham*, Conn.; *Gov. J. Y. Smith*, Prov., R. I.; *Dr. J. G. Holland*, the Poet, Springfield, Mass.; *Julius Sayer*, Newport, R. I.; and *I. Miller & Sons*, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., among the largest dealers in American and Foreign Luxuries and Fine Groceries. Proprietors of the following well-known Hotels: **Delavan,** Albany; **Congress Hall** and **Clarendon,** Saratoga; **Fort William Henry,** Lake George; **Arlington,** Washington, D. C.; **Massasoit,** Springfield; **Ocean,** Newport; **Profile,** White Mountains; **International,** Niagara Falls, and many others who seek **the Best.** *First-Class Hotels, Confectioners, and Ice-Cream Makers seek them.* Dealers in Choice Flavors treble their sales with them. Sold by Grocers and Druggists, Wholesale and Retail.

J. W. Colton's N. Y. Depot, 71 Maiden Lane.

One Million Acres of Choice Iowa Lands

FOR SALE, at $3 per acre and upwards for cash, or on credit by the **Iowa Railroad Land Co.** Railroads already built through the lands, and on all sides of them. Great inducements to settlers. Send for our free Pamphlet. It gives prices, terms, location; tells who should come West, what they should bring, what it will cost; gives plans and elevations of 18 different styles of ready-made houses, which the Company furnish at from $250 to $4,000 ready to set up. Maps sent if desired. Address

W. W. WALKER, Vice-President, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

THE NEW FOOD.

Sea-Moss Farine.

This new and elegant preparation, made from Irish Moss, or Carrageen, is conceded to be the cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world. As a delightful table-dessert it has no equal, and as a light and delicate food for Invalids and Children it is superior to all kindred preparations.

The new article of food has everywhere won "golden opinions" of all sorts of people, and the housekeepers of the land generally regard it in the double light of a staple necessary and a delicious luxury, for while it lessens the expense of living, the exquisite dishes prepared from it cannot be obtained, even at an extravagant cost, from any other source. For twenty-five cents you can buy a package which will make sixteen quarts of Blanc Mange, and a like quantity of Puddings, Custards, Creams, Charlotte Russe, &c.

RAND SEA-MOSS FARINE CO.,
53 Park Place, New York.

THE GREAT SPRING TONIC.

Plantation Bitters.

This wonderful vegetable restorative is the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. As a tonic and cordial for the aged and languid it has no equal among stomachics. As a remedy for the nervous weakness to which women are especially subject, it is superseding every other stimulant. In all climates — tropical, temperate, or frigid — it acts as a specific in every species of disorder which undermines the bodily strength and breaks down the animal spirits.

Wherever it is introduced it becomes a standard article, — a medicinal staple. It is to-day the best and purest tonic, and the most popular medicine in the civilized world. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Druggists.

The Rice Divorce Suit for fraud in age, is causing great excitement in Boston. It should warn young men not to marry in haste. Rice is but 22; his bride 37. He swears that she made him believe she was but his own age, by using Magnolia Balm upon her face, neck, and hands. Poor youth. He probably found her elbows were n't quite so soft and pretty. Ought Hagan to be indicted? We know of many similar cases. This Balm gives a most wonderful pearly and natural complexion, to which we don't object. We like pretty women. To finish the picture they should use Lyon's Kathairon upon the hair. With pearly chin, rosy cheeks, and soft, luxurious tresses, they become irresistible.

PARING, CORING, AND SLICING MACHINE. Four turns to an apple. Sold at stores. D. H. WHITTEMORE, Mfr., Worcester, Mass.

NEW Book. — Agents sell 100 per week. Price, $5. Address L. STEBBINS, Hartford, Ct.

Fowle's Pile and Humor Cure.

Warranted a perfect CURE for all kinds of PILES, LEPROSY, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH, and all diseases of the SKIN and BLOOD. Entirely vegetable. In case of failure please send and get your money. No failures for 12 years. Over 16,000 certificates on hand. **H. D. FOWLE, Chemist,** Boston. Sold everywhere. $1 a Bottle. *Send for Circulars.*

$250 A Month with Stencil and Key Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples, free. Address S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED. — Samples sent free with terms to clear from $5 to $10 per day. Two entirely new articles salable as flour. Address N. H. WHITE, Newark, N. J.

LEE AND SHEPARD'S MONTHLY BULLETIN.

IN PRESS.

PARAGUAY.
Its History, Past and Present.
By HON. CHARLES A. WASHBURN,
Late U. S. Minister to Paraguay.
Fully Illustrated.

ALASKA
And Its Resources.
By WILLIAM H. DALL,
Director of the Russian Telegraph Expedition.
Elegantly Illustrated.

The Divine Man.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "CREDO."

The Theory of the Calculus.
By WILLIAM B. GREENE.

Williams College
Biographical Annals.
By REV. CALVIN DURFEE.
By Subscription only.

Manual for Railroad Engineers
And Engineering Students.
By GEORGE L. VOSE.
Complete every way. Maps, Plans, &c.

Insanity in Women.
By PROF. HORATIO ROBINSON STORER, M. D.,
Author of "Why Not?" "Is it I?" "On Nurses and Nursing," &c.

The Boys of Grand Prè.
By PROF. JAMES DeMILLE,
Author of "The Dodge Club," "Cord and Creese," "B. O. W. C.," &c.

NOW READY.

The New American Novel.

LIFE AND ALONE. $1.50.

The Young Ship-Builders
Of Elm Island.
By REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG.
Illustrated. $1.25.

The Tone Masters.
Mozart and Mendelssohn.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SOPRANO."
Illustrated. $1.25.

Dialogues from Dickens.
For School and Home Amusement.
By W. ELIOT FETTE, A.M.
Illustrated. $1.50.
Contains 45 selections from the Writings of Dickens adapted to all ages.

The Bible in the Schools.
The Question of the Hour.
By REV. RUFUS W. CLARK, D. D.
Paper, 40 cents. . . . . Cloth, $1.00.
Cheap Edition for distribution. Terms on application.

New Edition.
The Gates Wide Open.
By GEORGE WOOD.
$1.50.

Eighth Edition.
Credo.
A SUPERNATURAL BOOK.
$1.50.

LEE AND SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

NOV 21 1940